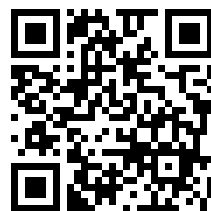
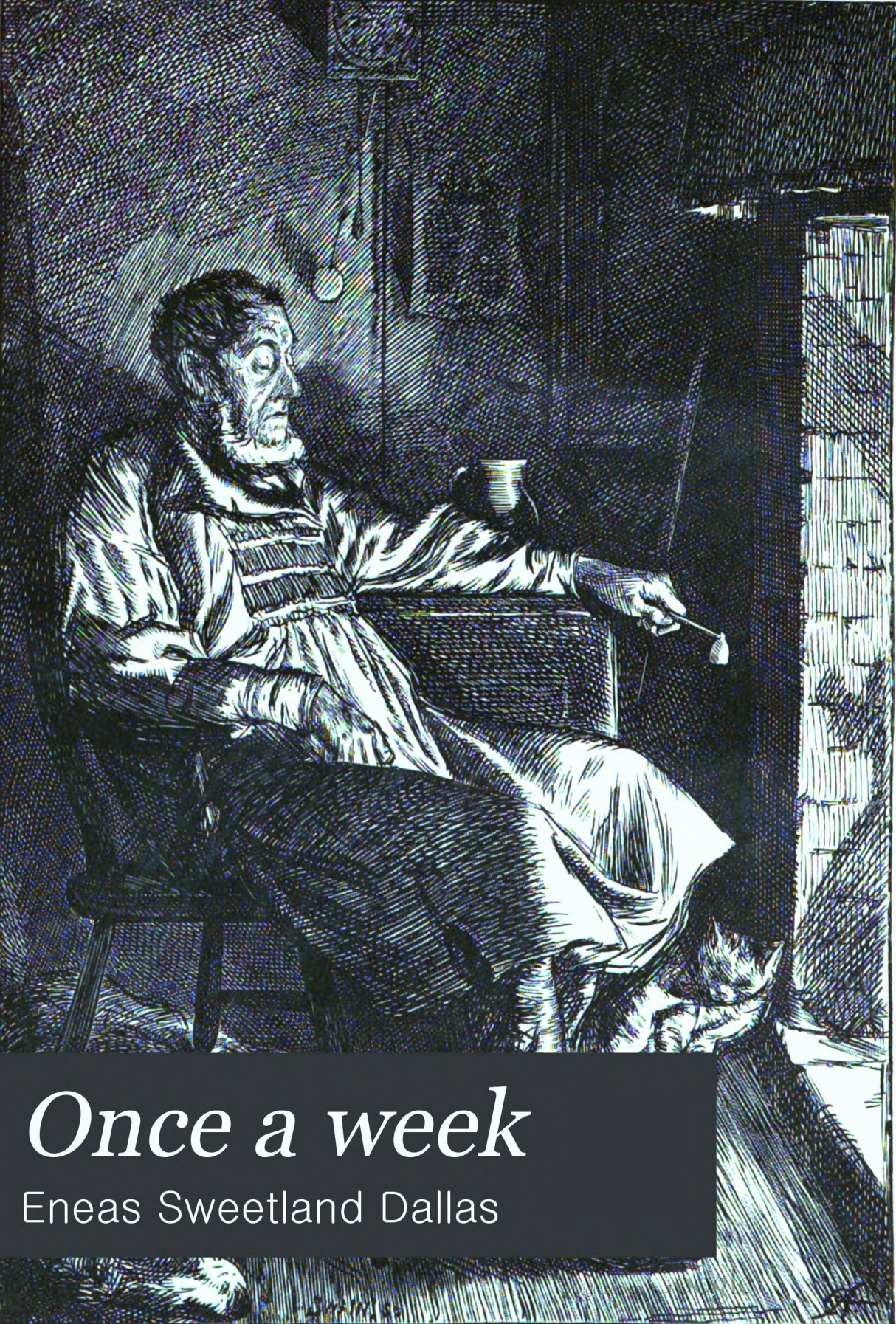

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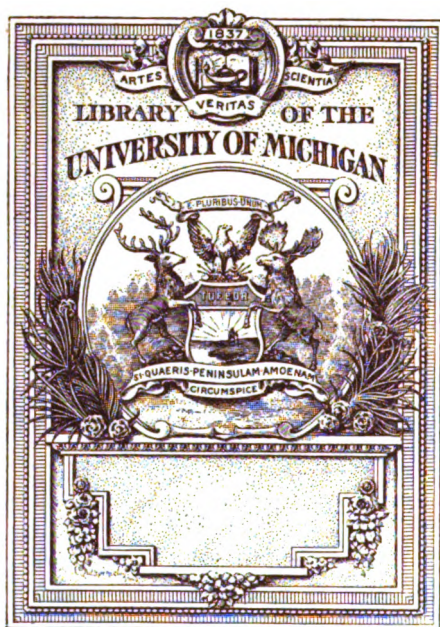
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Once a week

Eneas Sweetland Dallas





n.s.

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THE OLD SHEPHERD ON HIS PIPE.—BY C. KEENE.



What! keep a week away? seven
days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and
lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight
score times?
O, weary reckoning!

SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE

WEEK

AN
Illustrated Miscellany
OF
LITERATURE,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND
ART.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IV. JULY—DEC., 1867.

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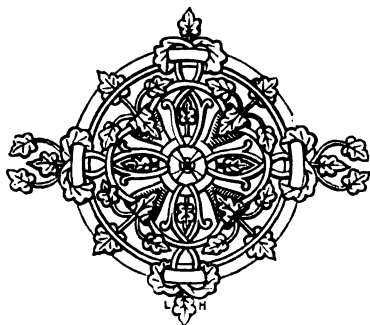
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NOTICE TO THE BINDER.

The Extra Illustrations, by Eminent Artists, on Toned Paper, should be placed as follows :—

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"THE HAYMAKERS." By E. M. WIMPERIS	To face page 105
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"IMMA AND EGINHART." By W. SMALL	„ „ 644
"THE CHRISTMAS CHOIR." By F. A. FRASER	„ „ 762



CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER I. ON THE SANDS.

"THAT will do, Stephen, thank you. You may let us out here. A charming scene, is it not, Richard?"

The speaker was a young lady of nineteen; looking, however, not older, but far wiser than her years. A thoughtful face by nature, and besides, one upon which some sorrow and much care for others had set their marks. The hazel eyes, large and tender, were confident, without being bold. The forehead, from which the heavy folds of bright brown hair were not drawn back, but overflowed it from under her summer hat at their own wild will, was broad and low. The form tall and slender, but shapely; the voice singularly clear and sweet, and whose tones were such as seemed to give assurance of the truth they utter. She was certainly speaking truth now when she said, "A charming scene."

The persons she addressed were seated with her in a cart, in the middle of one of those bays upon our north-western coast, from which the sea retires, with every tide, for many miles, and leaves it a level waste of sand, save for two river-channels, besides several smaller streams, fordable in places, but always running swiftly. Some islands, oases in this desert, dotted here and there at no great distance, yet farther than they

seemed, showed grandly with their walls of rock and crowns of foliage. The shores of the bay itself, miles away at the nearest point, were of a beauty singularly varied, considering their extent. To southward a range of round, green hills sloped down to a white fringe of coast, on which a tolerably large town could be distinctly viewed, with, behind it, a castle on a hill, which marked the site of a much larger town. Upon the spurs of these hills were almost everywhere to be seen a cluster of grey dwellings, and from the valleys thin blue smoke; the district, although somewhat un-come-at-able, was so fair that many came to dwell there, especially in the summer; but yet it was not densely peopled. Eastward, these signs of habitation were more rare, and the hills began to rise in grandeur, till, in the north-east, they culminated to mountains, a knot of which towered in the extreme distance at the head of the bay. Small coves and inlets indented the northern shore, which was, moreover, thickly wooded; a white village or two, from one of which the cart had just arrived, glimmered through the trees; and to the west a far-stretching promontory, with one beetling cliff, concluded the fair scene,—that is, so far as the land reached. Upon the south was the sea, separated from them by no bay or bound of any sort, and roaring in the distance, as though for prey.

It was this which formed the most striking feature in the picture, and indeed, to a stranger to the position,—as was one of the three individuals we are concerned with,—it was almost terrible.

"Well, Agnes," observed Richard Crawford to his cousin, to whom he looked junior by at least twelve months, but was really her senior by that much; "this is truly grand. I could never have imagined what a spectacle 'Over Sands' afforded, if I had not thus seen it with my own eyes. It is certainly the very place for a sketch. Now, jump, and I will catch you."

The young man had leapt lightly from the back of the cart upon the brown, firm sand, and now held out both his arms, that his cousin might alight in safety.

"Thank you, Richard, I am used to help myself out of this sort of difficulty," replied she, smiling; "am I not, Stephen?"

"Yes, miss," returned the driver, respectfully, but in broad north-country accents; "this is not the first time you have been in my cart, nor yet the second. She's as active as any deer in his lordship's park out yonder, that I'll answer for, Mr. Richard. Lor bless you! you don't know Miss Agnes; but then, how should you, you that has been in foreign parts so long!"

Richard Crawford had, it was true enough, been for many years in a far-distant climate, and one which had turned his handsome features to the hue of those of a bronze statue; but he grew a more dusky red than even the eastern suns had made him, when his cousin, touching one of his extended arms with her finger-tips only, lightly leapt upon the sand. She took no notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, gaily, "Now, Stephen, the chair and the camp-stool; then go your ways, and good-luck to your craam. I dare say Mr. Richard here does not know what a 'craam' is; so great is the ignorance that prevails in the tropics. See here, cousin." She drew out from the cart a sort of three-pronged, bent fork, used by cockle-gatherers for getting the little bivalve out of the sand, beneath the surface of which it lies about an inch. "There! that is the true Neptune's trident. No barren sceptre, but one upon whose magic movement, thus"—she deftly thrust it into the sand, where two small eyelet holes announced the presence of the fish, and whipped one out—"meat, and drink, and clothing are evoked for many a poor soul in these parts. Why, you need not go far afield, Stephen, since there seem to be cockles here."

"Nay, miss, there's nobbut but one or two here about," returned the man. "The

skeer* lies far away out yonder. You'll not be afraid to bide here till I come back and fetch you?"

"Certainly not, Stephen. How many hours shall we have to spare, think you?"

"Well, with this light south wind stirring, perhaps not four, miss. But I shall pick you up long before that—just as usual, you know. A deal of company you will have upon Sands this afternoon, I reckon," added the man, as he drove off to the cockle-ground; "you have brought Mr. Richard out on quite a gala day."

The scene upon the wave-deserted bay was indeed growing quite animated; for, in addition to many carts, such as that in which they had come, the owners whereof were all setting to work with their craams, two long strings of horsemen and wheeled conveyances were beginning to cross from either side of the bay, making almost to the place where the two were standing, sketch-books in hand; each band, both from the east and west, were conducted by a guide over the first *cau* or river, after which their course lay plain enough across certain broad, but shallow streams, to the second, near the opposite shore, where the other guide was posted.

"I have seen nothing like this since I crossed the desert," ejaculated the young man, with admiration. "I can almost fancy that those horses are camels, and the trees on yonder island palms, only there are no thieves of Bedouins."

"But in Egypt there is no sea, Richard, like that which seems to hunger yonder for men's lives. Is it not strange to think that all this space now used as a safe road by man and beast will, in an hour or two hence, be landless sea? that not one of those black rocks that stand out so prominently yonder will lift its head above the waves. Folks talk of there being 'no sea to speak of' in these parts, but if they mean that the ocean has here no elements of grandeur and terror they are much mistaken. Its very retreat and advance so many miles are something wondrous; and when I see the crowds of people crossing thus during its short absence, I always think of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea upon dry land. Nay," added she, as if to herself, and with reverence, "it is only God's arm that keeps the waves from swallowing us up to-day."

"Yes, of course," returned Richard, drily; "yet the tides obey fixed laws, I suppose, and can be calculated upon to within a few minutes; otherwise I should say these good folks, including ourselves, are somewhat foolhardy."

"I have known the tide come in here more

* The local name for the large beds in which the cockles are found.

than two hours earlier than usual," observed the young girl, gravely. "There was a ship wrecked in yonder bay in consequence; the men having gone ashore and left her, high and dry, and feeling confident of returning in time. A strong south wind will always bring the sea up quickly."

"There's a south wind to-day, Agnes," laughed her cousin. "I think you must be making experiments upon my courage."

"Nay," returned she, "the breeze is very light. Besides, the guides and the cocklers all know very well what they are about. It is very seldom anyone is lost, and when they are, it is through their own folly, poor folks."

"They get drunk a good deal in these parts, don't they?" said the young man, carelessly, as he sat down on the camp stool and began to sharpen a pencil, "and being half-seas-over before they start, why it's no wonder if the tide——"

"Hush, Richard, do not jest with death," said the girl, reprovingly. "Men and women have sins to answer for here as in other places; but I have ever found them an honest and kindly race."

"Well, I only hope in addition to kindness and honesty your friend Stephen reckons sobriety among his virtues. What! He is a little fond of tipping, is he? Phew!" here the young man indulged in a long low whistle, and his black eyes beamed with sly laughter.

"Stephen is weak," replied Agnes Crawford, gravely; "though not so bad, even in his weakness, as some say."

"There, I see it all," cried the young man, clapping his hands so sharply that the half-dozen gulls that strutted on the sands a little way off rose heavily, and wheeled in the blue air, ere alighting at a greater distance; "I see it all quite plainly. My Cousin Agnes, who is so good herself that she can believe evil of nobody, employs this Stephen because no one else will employ him; she trusts him because everybody says that he is not trustworthy."

"I believe he would risk his life to save mine," rejoined Agnes, simply.

"Of course he would, my dear cousin; for without you he is probably well aware that he could not gain a living. Don't be angry now! I am only delighted to find you are so unchanged; the same credulous, tender-hearted creature that I left when I was almost a boy, who never allowed herself the luxury of going into a tantrum, unless one of her dumb favourites was ill-treated. Now let me tell you a secret—that is, something which is a secret to you, although it is known to everybody else who knows you. My dear Agnes, you are an angel."

"Don't you rumple my wings, then," replied the young girl, coolly, as Mr. Richard Crawford concluded his eulogistic remarks by patting her on the shoulder. "See! yonder is a drove of cattle about to cross the *eau*. Are they not picturesque? Now, if you were an animal painter instead of being, like myself, only able to draw immovable objects—to shoot at sitting birds, as it were—we might by our joint efforts make a very pretty picture of this scene."

"You make a very charming picture alone, I do assure you," said her cousin, admiringly.

The remark evoked no reply, nor even a touch of colour on the young girl's cheek. Her brow just clouded for a moment, that was all.

"We have secured an excellent position for our sketches," said she, after a pause, and each took their seat.

"Do people ever cross the sands on foot?" inquired Richard, presently, in a constrained voice. He had parted with his somewhat free and easy manner, and manifestly felt that he had been going too fast or far with his compliments.

"Very rarely," returned she. "There are always some places tolerably deep, as yonder, where, as you see, the water is above the axle-trees of the coach. The poorer sort of cocklers, however, sometimes come out without a cart. Once no less than eight people were lost in that way, and on a perfectly windless day. It happened before we came to live here, but I heard the story from the guide's own lips. A sudden fog came on, and they were all drowned; and yet it was so calm that when the bodies were found at the next tide the men's hats were still upon their heads. A little girl, he said, with her hands folded across her bosom, lay dead beside her dead father, just as though she slept."

"Even if they had had carts, then, the poor folks could not have been saved," observed Richard.

"Yes, it was thought they might," returned the young girl, sadly. "The guide has a trumpet which carries his words, or at all events the sound of them, to a great distance. It was supposed they were making for the right direction when the waters overtook them, but being encumbered with women and children, and on foot, the party could not hurry on."

"What a repertory of dreadful stories your friend the guide must have, Agnes."

"Yes, indeed," answered she, gravely. "There's one churchyard I know of in our neighbourhood in which have been buried no less than one hundred persons, victims to these treacherous sands."

"And the quick-sands themselves are the graves of many, I suppose?"

"No, never; or, at least, almost never. They are quick-sands in the sense of instability; but they do not suck objects of any considerable size out of sight, or at all events they take some time to do so. The bodies of drowned persons are almost always found."

"Upon my word, Agnes, you make my blood creep. Talking to this guide of yours must be like a business interview with an undertaker."

"Nay, Richard," rejoined the girl, solemnly, "such stories are not all sad. Death has been sometimes met, as it were, with open arms by those who knew it was eternal life. And, besides, there are narratives of hair-breadth escapes from peril sometimes, too, which instance the noblest courage and self-sacrifice. I wish, however, that there was no such road as Over Sands."

"Nay, then we should never have been here with our sketch-books," returned the young man, gaily. "See! I have put in the three islands already."

"So I perceive, Richard; and the largest of them in the wrong place. Where are you to sketch in yonder village?"

"Oh! bother the village. The picture is supposed to be executed when the country was not so overbuilt. What are those little trees sticking up above the river? Everything here seems so anomalous that I ought not to be surprised; but nothing grows there surely."

"They are only branches of furze called 'broggs,' which are set up by the guides to mark the fords. It is their business to try the bed of the stream every tide,—for what was fordable yesterday may be quick-sands to-day,—before folks begin to cross. There goes the coach."

"Yes, and how the passengers do stare," returned Richard; "nor, indeed, is it to be wondered at, if it is their first experience of this road. I think some of them will be glad when they find themselves on *terra firma*. Perhaps you might have seen me arrive rather pale in the face, Agnes, if I had come home this way, instead of by sea, to Whitehaven."

"No, Richard; to do you justice, I think you are afraid of nothing."

"I am afraid of one thing, and that is of you, cousin, or, rather, of your displeasure," said the young man, sinking his voice, and speaking very tenderly.

"If you are, you would not talk such nonsense," rejoined his cousin, quietly.

"Dear Agnes, don't be cruel, don't; nor affect to take for jest what I mean with all my

heart and soul. Thousands of miles away on the wild waves the very likeness of your face has comforted me, which you gave me when we parted, boy and girl, so many years ago. Think, then, what happiness it is to me to gaze upon that face itself, a child's indeed no longer, but with all the innocence and purity of the child beaming from it still. You used to tell me that you loved me then, Agnes."

"And so I tell you now, Richard," returned the girl, changing colour for the first time, as she bent over her drawing, and forced her trembling fingers to do their work. "I love you now, very much indeed, dear cousin."

"Cousin," repeated the young man, slowly, "yes; but I don't mean that, as you well know, Agnes. I only wish you could have seen me in my little dingy cabin, reading your letters by one wretched candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle—don't laugh, Agnes; I am sure you would not have laughed if you really could have seen it. I quarrelled with the only one of my companions whom I liked, and knocked him backwards down the companion-ladder because he put his stupid foot upon the desk you gave me. You are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was only a poor lad in the Merchant Service, and poverty is always ridiculous; but I would have shown my love for you in other ways had it been possible. Heaven knows I thought of little else than you!"

"Look here, cousin Richard," said Agnes, rising quickly from her seat and speaking with some severity. "I will not hear this talk; you are well aware what my father thinks of it."

"I cannot help my uncle's not liking me," said the young man somewhat sullenly.

"Nor can I, Richard, or you know I should make him esteem you as I do myself. But you are under his roof now; he his your host as well as your uncle—and my father. That is reason good—independent of other very valid ones upon which I do not wish to enter—why you should not address such words to me. I think you should have seen they were distasteful, Richard, without obliging me to tell you so."

The young man did not utter a reply: he only bowed, not stiffly however, and held his hand up once and let it fall again with a certain pathetic dignity that seemed to touch his companion's heart, and indeed did so. Her large eyes swam with tears.

"Forgive me, Richard, I am sorry to have pained you," said she, in soft low tones, inexpressibly tender; "very sorry."

"I am sure you are, cousin." That was all he said; his handsome, clear cut features

appeared to have grown thinner within the last few minutes, as she watched his side face bent down over his sketch-book. They were both silent for a long time, during which they plied their pencils. Draughtsmen know how quickly the hours pass in this way without notice. Presently Richard lifted his eyes from his work, and looked around him. "Agnes," said he, "why does not Stephen fetch us?"

She looked up too, then started to her feet with agitation. "My God!" cried she, "the carts have all gone home."

"Don't be frightened, dearest," said the young man, confidently. "There are two carts still, and Stephen's is one of them. My eyes are good, and I can recognize it plainly, although it is a great way off. He is running the thing very near; that is all."

"Alas! he has forgotten us altogether, Richard. Both those carts are making for the other side; he could not now cross over to us even if he would. Do you not see how the sea has stretched its arm between us and him?"

Richard Crawford uttered a tremendous imprecation.

"Do not curse him, Richard. They have given him drink, and he knows not what he is doing: or perhaps he concludes that we have gone home by other means, as indeed we might have done. Poor fellow, he will be sorry to-morrow. Curse me, rather, my poor cousin; for it is I who have murdered you in having brought you hither."

"No, no!" ejaculated the young man, vehemently. "Do not think of that. I swear I would rather die with you like this, than live without you. But is there no hope? Hark! what is that?"

"It is the guide's trumpet; they see our danger from the land, although they cannot help us."

"Let us hasten, then, in God's name!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "and if He has ordained it so, let us die as near home as we can."

CHAPTER II. BY THE WATERS OF DEATH.

THERE was no necessity for the words "let us hasten." Both had left chairs and sketch-books, and were running as swiftly as they could towards the western shore: but the sand, lately so hard and firm, was now growing soft and unstable—the flowing tide already making itself felt beneath it; their progress, therefore, was not rapid.

"The thought that I have brought you hither, Richard, is more bitter to me than will be these waters of death," said Agnes, earnestly. "You can run where I can scarcely walk; leave me, then, I pray you, and save yourself. Remember, you cannot

save me by delaying, but will only perish also. Why should the sea have two victims instead of one?"

"If the next step would take me to dry land," answered the young man, vehemently, "and you were deep in a quick-sand, lifting your hand in last farewell—like the poor soul you told me of yesterday—I would gladly think that you beckoned to me, and would turn back and join you in your living grave."

She reached her hand out with a loving smile, and he took it in his own, and hand in hand they hastened over the perilous way. Richard, because he knew his cousin and how little likely she was to be alarmed, far less to despair, unless upon sufficient grounds, was aware of their extreme danger; otherwise, a stranger to the place would at present have seen no immediate cause for fear. The sea was yet a great way off, save for a few inlets and patches which began to make themselves apparent as if by magic; moreover, the shore to which they were hastening had become so near that they could plainly perceive the knot of people gathered round the guide, and hear the words, "Quick, quick," which he never ceased to utter through his trumpet, with the utmost distinctness. It seemed impossible that two persons should be doomed to perish within sight and hearing of so many fellow-creatures, all eager for their safety. And yet both were doomed. Between them and the land lay the larger of the two rivers that emptied themselves into the bay at high water, and ran into the open sea at low. The current was setting in by this time very swiftly, and the swirling turbid waters were broadening and deepening every minute. The banks of this stream, instead of being firm sand, were now a mass of white and slippery mud, a considerable extent of which lay between the *eau* and the shore; so that it was impossible to carry or even push down a boat upon its treacherous surface to the river's edge. The bank upon which the two unfortunates were standing was not as yet so much dissolved as the other, but they could feel it growing more and more unstable beneath their feet, as they now stood on the brink of the *eau*, not fifty yards from their would-be rescuers. The scene was only less terrible to these than to the doomed pair themselves. Women could be seen among the crowd wringing their hands in agony, and strong men turning their heads away for the pity of so heart-rending a spectacle. Once, either moved by the entreaties of others, or unable to restrain his own feverish desire to be doing something, a horseman spurred his steed upon the ooze, as though he would have crossed the river to their aid; but the poor animal, well accustomed to the sands, and

conscious of danger, at first refused to move, and when compelled, at once began to sink, so that it was with difficulty that either man or horse reached land again.

"Swim, swim!" cried the guide, through his trumpet.

"Yes, swim," echoed Agnes. "How selfish it was of me to forget that. It is very difficult, but to a good swimmer like yourself it is not utterly hopeless. Let the tide carry you up yonder, as far as the island, Richard, then strike out for that spit of land; there is firm footing there. Take your coat off, and your shoes; quick, quick!"

The young man looked mechanically in the direction indicated, then smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"We are not going to be parted, Agnes; we are to be together for ever and ever. You believe that I love you now?" added he, with grave tenderness.

She did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on a high-wooded hill, close by the promontory I have mentioned, with the roof of a house showing above the trees. This was her home.

"Poor papa, poor papa!" murmured she; "what will he do now, all alone?" The tears stood in her eyes for the first time since she had been made aware of their danger. Both had now to step back a little, for the bank was crumbling in; the increasing stream gnawed it away in great hunches, which fell into the current, making it yet more turbid than before. There was still a considerable tract of sand, firm to the eye, although in reality quite unstable, lying between them and the sea; but the latter had now altered its plan of attack. It no longer made its inroads here and there, running slyly up into creeks and coves of sand, and holding possession of them until reinforcements came up, but was advancing boldly in one long low line, with just a fringe of foam above it like the sputter of musketry. In addition to the threatening growl noticeable so long, could also now be heard a faint and far-off roar.

"It will soon be over now, Richard," said the young girl, squeezing the hand that still held her own; "that sound is our death knell."

"What is it, Agnes?"

"It is the tidal wave they call the Bore. It may be half an hour away still; it may be but a few minutes. But when it comes, it will overwhelm us."

She raised her eyes to the blue sky, which was smiling upon this scene of despair and death, after nature's cruel fashion, and her lips, which had not lost their colour, moved in silent prayer. Suddenly a great shout from

the shore, echoed by another from Richard, drew her thoughts again to earth.

The crowd of people on the shore were parting to admit the passage of a man and horse, both so large that the guide and the animal he bestrode seemed by comparison to become a boy and pony.

"What are they shouting for, Agnes?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because," said she, "yonder is the man who can save us yet, if man can do it."

She spoke with calmness, but there was a flush upon her cheek, and a light in her eye, which the other did not fail to mark.

"Who is it?" asked he, half angrily. For if men can be angry on their death-beds, how much more when, though in view of death, they are still hale and strong.

"It is John Carlyon, of Woodless," said she.

(To be continued.)

HUNGARIAN SONG.

Do you not see how our gallant Theresa
Sits her white charger a-top of the hill?
Do you not hear how the people applaud her,
A woman in heart, and a hero in will?
We are the men who ride
Round her on every side,
Bearing the banner and wielding the spear:
Many a dinted brand
Glued to the striker's hand
Bites through her foes, when Theresa is near!

Gloriously rich is the crown of St. Stephen;
Many a bossy bright jewel is there;
Gold, ruddy gold, of the Lombards' own making,
Fit for the brows of our Captain to wear.
We are the men who stand
Round her on every hand,
Waiting to offer the welcome we bring,
Till she hath claim'd her own,
Till they have press'd that crown
Firm on the head of Theresa, our king.

Warriors from Pesth that looks down on the Danube!
Men from old Gran to the forts of Belgrade!
All that are girt by our circling Carpathians,
Hear the deep vow that Theresa hath made!
We with the rest of you,
March as the best of you—
Round her the Magyar do march as her sons;
Claiming our liberty
Only to fight and die
Thus, for Theresa, the King of the Huns.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

LOVE, THE AVENGER.

I HAD only returned from Australia a few days when I fell in, by one of those coincidences which people won't believe in novels, and which so often occur in real life, with a man whom I had not seen for ten years, and whom I had lost all trace of. He was Philip Chasmore, a surgeon, whose life and abilities

had been devoted to the obscure well-doing of a country practice, although his abilities were worthy of a more brilliant sphere of action. And I specially wished to see him, because he had been the intimate college friend and companion of a man who was the admiration of most of the men in the university during my time, their admiration being only equalled by their perplexity; for the man in question, Gerald Stauncel,—“Firework Gerald,” as he was surnamed from his erratic genius,—was a person very unique in his way. With the most brilliant abilities and some of the best qualities, he united to these others proportionally bad. Generous, courteous, high-spirited, free of money, time, and interest on his friend's behalf, and the life and soul of every circle wherein he chose to exhibit his *real* wit and humour, he would change in a second from the frank brilliant *bon vivant* companion to an enemy fierce and passionate as a revengeful southern; the blaze in his dark eyes, and the white pallor of fury which overspread his face, might be excited by a harmless speech at any moment, and his physical strength rendered him a most dangerous antagonist. No wonder, then, that with all their admiration of his good qualities, men felt insecure as on a volcano's edge when in Gerald Stauncel's society.

His intellect was of the highest order. How often have I heard the brilliant epigrams and the lucid arguments flow in an unbroken stream from his lips when he was really warm to his work and nothing crossed his temper. The lore of Greece and Rome was as familiar and dear to him, with all his fondness for modern life and pursuits, as the latest odds and the gossip on the things of the day were to his companions. The power of concentration, argument, and fluent diction which he possessed—and he had little or none of the wordy crudity of youth—marked him out for distinction. So thought we all, and so, of course, did his father, a grand old specimen of the English squire, a stately country gentleman, who supported his load of years like a boy, and carried his white head as gallantly as a soldier of the old guard. He was the owner of the grey Stauncel Court, which stood surrounded by its beeches in the midst of a fair domain of three thousand acres, every tenant on which was prepared to fight any man who doubted that the young squire would be the best “member for the county” in Parliament.

When he and I quitted the university simultaneously, an advantageous offer in Australia caused us to separate. I had heard nothing of “Firework Gerald” for ten years. I had been thinking of him but a few hours back, for I landed at the place where ten years

previously he had wished me good-bye, and the first man I lit on in London was one better able than most to tell me of Gerald's career.

“And you have never heard?” said Chasemore, gravely. “Why, his name was in most of the newspapers.”

“Likely enough; but in the bush, newspapers were very few and far between.”

“It's a long story,” said Chasemore; “dine with me, and I'll tell you about it. I'm all alone, for my wife and child are at the seaside.”

A few hours afterwards I found myself an inmate of a house which showed that its owner had a good London practice. Chasemore had certainly made his *coup* in quitting Muddletown and settling in Tyburnia.

The cloth removed, my host pushed over the claret, and, drawing his chair to the fire, relapsed into silence; his cheery conversation ended, silence remained unbroken.

“Ah,” he said, suddenly, “I never feel so thankful for my own domestic happiness—I wish my Laura had been at home for you to make her acquaintance—than when I put together all the links, half forgotten, of poor Stauncel's story.”

He rose and went to a drawer, took something out, and brought it to me. It was a leathern case, in which was a gold hunting watch, with one cover dented in by a heavy blow. I looked at the crest and saw it was the Stauncel falcon.

“There,” said Chasemore, “there's my sole relic of poor Gerald. He gave it me just before he died.”

“Died!” I said, in utter bewilderment; “do you mean that Gerald's dead?”

“Dead. Eight years ago.”

I was thunderstruck. I had so keen a remembrance of the man we spoke of. His athletic form and splendid health were the envy of us all. He came of a long-lived and sound stock as could be found in England; and eight years ago he was in the very first prime of matured manhood.

“Ah,” said Chasemore, as if he guessed my thoughts, “no disease carried off Gerald; he was killed. I'll tell you all the story.”

“You know the generous offer the old squire made to me to reside as the salaried physician of the family at the Court till I could find a practice to suit me. To a young fellow fresh from college and hall, with a brand new diploma, the attractions of a handsome salary, perfect kindness, and equality with an ancient family, one of the first in the county, were great temptations. I went. I was treated by everyone as a friend and visitor, and shared all their invitations. My work was a

sinecure, so I kept my hand in by prescribing for the village, and aiding a little the over-worked Union medical officer. As for Gerald, he was my constant companion, shooting and riding, and filled up his working hours by studying for his political career; for he was no mere *fainéant* aspirant to legislative initials. You know what an intellect he had.

"One of Mrs. Stauncel's oldest friends was a neighbouring Mrs. Chetwynd, widow of an Indian Major, who had left her with a fair income and a beautiful daughter. The widow and her daughter were constant visitors at Stauncel; in fact, they were on the most intimate footing, and Miss Chetwynd was 'Lucy' to everybody (Gerald included) except myself. She was a brilliant blonde, with a very fair complexion, deep blue eyes, and a rosebud of a mouth. Tall, graceful, slimly-formed, and light in all her movements, she was a model of feminine vigorous grace.

"The young lady was clever in her own way. She drew well, talked French and Italian well, and danced well; but she had no taste for music or intellectual pursuits; therefore there wasn't much sympathy on that point between her and Gerald.

"Gerald grew, I saw, fond of the young beauty, and he was not the man to enter half-heartedly on any cause. Ere long he was evidently passionately fond of Lucy Chetwynd. He told her so, and the girl confessed her *penchant* for him, for she was fond of him—very few girls would not have been so. And her mother, a thorough woman of the world, was alive to the eligibility of Mr. Stauncel's eldest son—Mr. Stauncel being a rich and long descended landowner. Generally you don't find the qualities united.

"Lucy behaved very prettily. That's a queer word, isn't it? but it means just what I think. 'Pretty,' her demeanour, and manner, and speeches to him were: 'loving,' I never thought them. She was rather *distraite* at times when he used to try to make her as enthusiastic as himself over Byron and Edgar Poe, or ran on for an hour descanting on Mozart's sonatas. Music to him was his life-blood; with her, it was a 'pretty' accomplishment. Still, to all appearance, they seemed to suit each other well. But the engagement seemed only a half one.

"In the summer down came a visitor. He had been a tuft at Christchurch in Gerald's time, and an ally of his on the river. He was a handsome man, rather *insouciant* in manner, and stupid in his ideas, or lack of them. But he was Raoul, fifth Viscount Desserton, and owner of half a Welsh county. That fact his admirers never forgot, and it threw a haze of romance and intellect round

him. And the viscount never forgot it himself.

"He seemed very much struck with Lucy Chetwynd's beauty. Indeed, her tranquil loveliness was eminently adapted to catch admirers by a *coup d'œil*. And the young lady, even while knowing Gerald's fondness, and really fond of him herself, was not indisposed to receive a peer's glances of admiration. So matters went on for some days.

"Mrs. Chetwynd was an old campaigner. The glitter of a coronet dazzled her and made her feel thankful that the engagement between her daughter and Stauncel was only an embryo one. And so she gave her daughter sundry secret instructions.

"I don't think, looking back, that at first Lucy Chetwynd had any intention of jilting Gerald. But the girl's character was a weak one, and her love of admiration had been fostered from her childhood. So she gradually listened more and more complacently to Desserton's compliments, for a season of utter dissipation at Paris had taught him one accomplishment, which was his sole one—saying pretty things neatly; and as Gerald was away day after day on his electioneering business—poor fellow, he'd come in at night and tell Lucy his day's adventures canvassing, as if she should share them—the peer had good chance of making play. And he made it.

"The Squire and his son were too thoroughly high-bred to dream of treachery in a guest. Moreover, the generous spirit of Gerald led him to trust a former friend, and especially an university friend, implicitly; so he let the viscount escort Lucy hither and thither, with the full trustfulness of a confiding nature. But when those natures are deceived, their wrath is terrible."

"I can fancy what an unchained lion Gerald would have been," said I.

"Yes," said Chasemore, "you are right.

"After about three weeks, and during Gerald's absence, Lord Desserton formally proposed to and was accepted by Miss Chetwynd. The secret was well kept, and he having procured a licence, they were married at a church near the parish; then Lord and Lady Desserton went suddenly abroad, accompanied by Mrs. Chetwynd.

"The old Squire's first intimation of the news was a letter well and craftily written by Mrs. Chetwynd. It dwelt much on the incompatibility of temper, &c., of her daughter and his son, and ended by every wish for Mr. Gerald Stauncel's happiness. When Gerald returned flushed with success (for he was returned by a majority), his mother met him, and lovingly, tearfully broke the news to him. He listened to her, and then rushed into the old

hall, where I was pacing up and down, sorely ill at ease. His face was flushed crimson, and his eyes glittering as you have seen them once or twice when he was in a fury. He seized my arm like a vice, and his working lips showed how the fierce wrath within choked his words.

"'You heard the news, Chasemore,' he said, at last. 'You know what that villain has done. You know he's robbed me of Lucy. Smooth-tongued, lying, treacherous cur! Curse him! he's taken advantage of my miserable weakness and blighted my life.'

"'Hush, Gerald,' said I, 'the servants——'
 "I had no need to say more; the pride of race was more potent even than love or hate. He bit his lip till it bled, and his anguished face settled into stern calm.

"'You are right,' he murmured; 'but if I live, I'll be revenged. Ah,' and his voice broke, 'my lost love! my lost love!'

"After this he grew calm and never spoke of the matter. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and though Lord Desserton's name brought the mad fury into his eyes, and a burst of curses from his lips, his fits of rage never turned against his false betrothed. To him she was a victim merely; he never blamed her in the slightest degree; his voice softened, and his eyes filled at allusion to Lucy. But all his anger was reserved for Desserton. You know what his anger was, and can easily guess its intensity when roused by such a wrong.

"Two years rolled away. Gerald devoted himself to his parliamentary work. At the end of the time he asked me in the summer to take a walking-tour. We went, therefore, into Wales, with our rods and knapsacks, and amid the glorious scenery, the good fishing, and the novelty of life, enjoyed ourselves much.

"One day, as we were walking towards a small town, a carriage passed. Gerald started, turned pale, and gasped out one word, 'Lucy.'

"'Whose carriage was that?' said I, to an English slate miner passing.

"'His lordship's,' said the man, civilly; 'he owns all our mines hereabouts.'

"'Not Lord Desserton?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"Gerald Stauncel's face wore the old look of vengeance which had gone from it so long. I tried to soothe him, but my efforts were useless.

"'You heard me swear, Chasemore,' said he, sternly, 'that I'd be revenged. You can do no good. You know me, and might guess that, therefore.'

"I said nothing, and we reached our inn. All night long in the next room I heard my

companion's restless steps, and in the morning he looked haggard with watching and care; but over his face there brooded that grim and savage look which boded the worst.

"He ate nothing, and after breakfast asked the way to Desserton Hall. It lay three miles off, and seeing he was bent on going, I decided on accompanying him.

"We went on for some two miles, until we crossed a railway line. By the side of this ran a private road, marked 'Private.'

"'His private path,' said I, mechanically.

"'Yes,' said Gerald, with a ferocious glare in his eyes that made me shudder, 'therefore let us use it.'

"Hardly had we crossed and entered on the road, when coming towards us from a little copse on the other side, we saw two women. They advanced from some distance, and to reach us would cross the line.

"'Merciful heaven!' said Gerald, with a quick gasp, 'Lucy!'

"I looked, and recognised Lady Desserton, her companion a nurse, carrying a cowering, laughing baby. Stauncel's eye fell on it like that of a famished wolf; the hungry glare in them was horrible, and the convulsion of his features was dreadful.

"'His child,' he muttered; 'the future viscount—their heir.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and her child, Gerald, too.'

"He shivered, passed his hand over his eyes, and said in a calmer tone, 'Aye, hers—Lucy's—Lucy's,' with a pathetic intonation very pitiful to hear.

"The gallop of a horse was heard behind us. I looked back and saw Lord Desserton. Stauncel looked round and started, while the red flush darkened his face with passion.

"'D'you see the dog?' said he, furiously. 'Now's my time—now!'

"He turned. I seized his arm, dreading some act of violence, when the shrill whistle of a steam engine rang out. I looked and saw the express coming at a tremendous speed, while a shriek from Lucy drew my attention to what was indeed a terrible sight. The nurse had slipped on the rails, and the child had rolled in front of the advancing train, while the unhappy mother made the air resound with her screams; suddenly her eyes fell on my companion. Stretching out her hands, she shrieked, 'Save him, Gerald, save him!' and then fell fainting into her husband's arms, who had reached the spot.

"Gerald paused a second, and then, with a glance at Lucy, sprang on the line. He seized the baby, tossed it to the nurse, and turned; but the express was on him like a flash, it passed, and Gerald Stauncel lay mo-

tionless between the rails. Desserton, his face blanched to the lips, hurried over, as did some labourers near. I, half frantic, rushed to our poor friend, and a cursory examination showed me how fatal his injuries—arm and ribs broken, by the blow of the engine buffer, and internal wounds. He only lived for an hour from the time he was struck down. He was sensible, and we carried him into a cottage near, and there in a strange group we stayed.

"By-and-by, the white face grew for a second flushed, the eyes opened, the lips quivered. And Lady Desserton burst into bitter tears.

"The child?" gasped Stauncel, half inarticulately.

"You've saved him—you whom I so wronged," she sobbed out.

"I," he said, with a look of happiness on his bleeding face, "I, Phil; you hear her? That's my revenge." W. READE, JUN.

HOW VOGEL VON FALCKENSTEIN BECAME A SOLDIER.

It may be remembered that Vogel von Falckenstein was at the head of that division of the Prussian army which acted on the Main against the Bavarians and Confederate troops during the late war, and was thus called the "Main armée." The following story, given from his own words, will help to show what might also be proved from many other instances, viz., that the successes of the Prussians were owing less to any special preparation on their part, than to a thorough devotion to their calling in the officers, and an untiring industry in fitting themselves for its practical work. He says:—

I passed the whole of my early life in the belief that I was destined for a priest. The idea took my fancy excessively, and it never occurred to me for a moment that at some future day I should cause my poor mother a great deal of grief and anxiety by breaking free from this plan of my own accord.

Our family is a very old one, but at the beginning of the present century was sadly reduced in circumstances. My father had been major in the Prussian army, and as such, assisted at the siege of Cosel, soon after which he died, leaving my mother almost penniless. She therefore looked upon it as a marvellous piece of good-fortune when my uncle, the Archbishop of Breslau, offered to provide for me on condition that I should enter the Church.

In Germany, Roman Catholic noblemen so seldom take holy orders that with my own old name, and my uncle's protection, I had every prospect of a brilliant career, and my mother

cannot be blamed for having allowed this thought so completely to possess her mind, that she afterwards used every endeavour to persuade, and even compel, me to persevere in it. But surely seldom had a son weightier grounds for disobedience to his mother.

A feverish thrill was running through the land: men said that Germany was to be German once more; that our king had flung the gauntlet to the foreign conqueror; that from every province old and young were crowding round his standard—that he himself had called his people, one and all, to arms. It was as if a whirlwind had seized me in the midst of my quiet studies—in one day all former plans vanished; my relations entreated, besought, threatened—all was in vain. The Prussian and the Falckenstein awoke within me, and in opposition to my weeping mother arose the remembrance of my dead father; he, while only major, had gained the order *pour le mérite*, and his memory bade me do my duty to my fatherland. Then came a hard struggle. My mother, backed by the family, positively forbade me to carry out my wish; and I, on that very day, gave in my name as a volunteer. I was just sixteen. It seemed, however, as if my family were right. I was rejected on the ground of bodily weakness. I tried another regiment with the same result; a third; and at last the Foot-guards themselves. The colonel, after listening quietly to my petition, asked whether I had "brought the others."

"What others?" said I, in surprise.

"Why, the men to carry your gun and knapsack, for you certainly can't do that yourself."

I turned as red as fire, ran off like a madman, and, child as I was, told the whole story to my mother.

The truth was that no regiment could have been expected to admit me. I was unusually weak for my age, my chest was narrow, and people thought I must be consumptive; indeed, one physician told me so point-blank. This brought me to despair; I had no rest day or night, and the triumphant feeling of my relations made the matter harder to bear. Then, one sleepless night, I remembered that, at my father's funeral, one of his friends, a Colonel von Klux, had told my mother to rely on his help if she should ever wish to place her son in the Cadet College, a promise which, of course, had never been claimed, since I was destined for a seminarist. In a moment my mind was made up, and the next morning I started, found the colonel, told him my decided resolution to go into the army, and at the same time all the hindrances which lay in my path, and begged him in my father's name to help me. Now, at last, I had succeeded in finding

some one who quite understood my feelings in the matter, and he promised me all the assistance in his power. I went home in triumph, and, as usual, told my mother everything. She put on her walking-dress at once and left the house, returned in an hour's time and reported that she had seen the colonel herself, and that he had said it was utterly impossible to make a soldier of me, for I had not as much strength as a girl of twelve, but that he had not liked to tell me this because I seemed so excited about it. Here was a petrifying piece of news! Of course I wanted to rush off at once and ask what he had meant by thus deceiving me; but this my mother would on no account allow. She went out again, and to make my obedience sure, locked the outer door of our apartments. There was I shut up and chafing like a wild beast in its den, raging against myself and my miserable fate, but especially against the colonel for having cheated me so shamefully.

Quite by chance I went into the kitchen, and there saw, as I stood looking down into the courtyard, that one of the windows in the public staircase had been left open. A daring idea came into my mind. I took a long ironing board which stood in the kitchen and pushed it out from one window to the other. Oh, joy! it just reached across. In another moment I was on my bridge; my head swam; I could think of nothing but the pavement underneath me, and the chance of falling; however, there was no choice, on I was obliged to go, and did go, and at last was free. I rushed off and presented myself boldly before the colonel. He laughed at me for having been so easily hoaxed by my mother (who was probably acting under the advice of the family), but said that, on the contrary, he had told her I should become a sturdy soldier some day, if the French would only give us time. "And now," he went on, "to put an end to all these lamentations, here are twenty-five thalers, buy your equipments and appear with the battalion at Jauer," naming a particular day.

I will not stay to describe all the scenes which took place at home before I left. It was a great trouble to my poor mother. And that was not all; when I reached the battalion the captain of the company to which I was assigned looked at me and cried, "Can't make any use of you; you may go home. I want men, not children." This was another fatal blow; my energy and my invention were now exhausted, and there seemed only one chance left, viz., to wait (as a friend advised me) for the colonel's arrival, and trust to his speaking with the captain in my favour.

Fortunately he came the next day, and the battalion had to defile before him at once.

Contrary to the captain's orders I stepped into the ranks, but made myself as small as possible to escape his notice.

The colonel rode up, halted in front of our line, and called out in a tone which I have never forgotten, "Where is the volunteer, Von Falkenstein?"

"Here, colonel," I answered, stepping out of the ranks and going up to the captain, who could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, turning to the officers, "I must beg you to be considerate with this young man while on march. He is young, and not strong; but his father was a brave officer, and he himself has given up everything to fight for his king. You will have to take some pains with him; but when we catch sight of the enemy he will do his duty like a man; I will answer for that."

So now, after all, I was really a soldier, and the captain who had sent me off yesterday was the first to offer me his hand and wish me success. The result, however, proved that the officers who had refused to let me serve in their regiments had not been mistaken. Though I exerted an almost unnatural strength of will, I should certainly have broken down on those long, weary marches, if the officers had not come to my help. One day one of them, a Herr von Kleist, sent for me. "Falkenstein," said he, "this won't do; you are killing yourself with that confounded knapsack. I would let you put it on the baggage-waggon with pleasure, but that the men would be sure to laugh at you; so, look here, take your things out, put them with mine, and we'll stuff the knapsack with straw; that will set the matter right every way."

No sooner said than done.

"By the bye, though," said Herr von Kleist, the next morning, as he saw me marching along like a veteran, "this permission can only last till the next engagement. Then you must win your epaulettes, and get rid of your knapsack that way."

These words haunted me day and night. I really believe I would rather have died at once than feel my breast-bone torn asunder again by that awful knapsack. And so it was that, at the close of the very first action in which our troops were engaged, I was asked to take my choice between the rank of officer and the Iron Cross. All my bravery must be attributed to the dreaded knapsack, for Herr von Kleist had seemed to think the time of leave getting too long, and the fearful alternative left me no peace. I must confess it was a great temptation to think of wearing the much-sought-for Iron Cross at seventeen, but still I chose the epaulettes, and comforted myself by thinking that the war was not over

yet, and the Iron Cross could still be won. At Montmirail, soon after, I did win it. I was the only officer in the battalion uninjured. The rest were all killed or wounded. I had to command the battalion at eighteen, and the same evening the Iron Cross became mine.

Of the next few years of my life I have no agreeable recollection; a thorough military education was harder to gain than the Iron Cross, but I gave my whole heart to the work, and in time became a tolerable lieutenant. During the long and tedious years of peace which followed I was fortunately appointed to the topographical bureau, an appointment which has laid the foundation of a military career for many beside myself. Here I learnt drawing, and found such delight in it that, in my leisure hours, I took lessons in oil-painting. But, like my colleague Moltke, I had nothing but my lieutenant's pay, and I venture to think that my financial operations were even more brilliant than his, for I managed not only to obtain lessons in painting and modern languages, but to keep a horse, a thing which, to this day, I am proud of. My secret was work and economy; I was bent on making a career which, in time of peace, without fortune or friends, was difficult, if not impossible; I determined, therefore, to perfect myself in some one branch of my calling, and pursue that meanwhile as a secondary occupation. Drawing was my greatest pleasure; I undertook to survey for maps, and as these were afterwards engraved, I not only furthered my topographical knowledge, but earned a sum sufficient to help out my pay. Some years passed in this manner, till, by the time the desired captain's epaulettes appeared, I not only was well up in my own profession, but, if necessary, could have earned my bread by painting and drawing. Promotion came slowly at first, but as the years went on its steps quickened, and at last I reached the rank of colonel, and was attached to General Wrangel's staff.

After the war in Schleswig, where I held the post of chief to the general staff, my career seemed at an end, and I was content, for I had succeeded in gaining the highest wish of my whole life. The order *pour le mérite* that my father had worn hung round my own neck, and I desired nothing more than to spend the evening of my life quietly in my own family. But, far from this! in the last few months I have lived to see more than in my whole previous life.

Everything in the army of the Main was extemporised, even its commander; and this is the best answer to those who say we had been long preparing for war with South Germany. A prepared Prussian army looks, I

must say, rather different from the one of which I had then to take the command. Everything necessary to an army in the field was wanting there, but what was *not* wanting was a courage in the men, a devotion and intelligence in the officers, and a sagacity and energy in the leaders commanding immediately under me, such as I had not expected to find.

We forced ourselves, like a wedge, between the two hostile armies, and pressed on both sides till they were rent asunder. I am at a loss to account for the weakness of the enemy; their soldiers fought well; the lists of killed and wounded prove that the officers did their duty; their men are, without question, better shots than our own; they had splendid cavalry, good arms, a perfect knowledge of the ground, and the great advantage of always being able to act on the defensive on ground which offers great difficulties to an attacking force. I can only come to the conclusion that their weakness must have lain in a want of unity and energy among their leaders, who, besides, had evidently no correct idea of the organisation or powers of the Prussian army. Yet even this will not entirely account for their unprecedented weakness. In my opinion the real ground must be sought for in their entire organisation. I shall not live to see the day, but, when once the German armies are all organised on the pattern of our own, let come who may we can defy the world.

At Aschaffenburg we had the army of the empire against us. Ah! if I could only lead those brave fellows and my own Westphalians together against a *foreign* enemy, why then we should see wonders! But these are castles in the air for an old man who will be seventy next January.

ELEANOR GROVE.

A HONEYMOON UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR READER, probably you have been married; if such be the case, doubtless your reminiscences of that era in your life will take you back to some ivy-covered village church, where the solemnity of the rite was undisturbed, except, perhaps, by the tap of the schoolmaster's cane upon some delinquent's head. Or if the nuptial knot was tied in London, memory will recall the great sounding building, empty saving where the bridal party made a spot of life and colour, and where the distant rumbling of wheels made a dismal refrain to the priest's voice, reminding you perhaps of Byron's bitter words,—

A long last sigh to Love and thee,
And back to busy life again.

Alas! far other and more troublous, if more romantic, are the circumstances that my memory

re-awakens—circumstances which, I trust, will in the telling secure your sympathy.

When the year of grace 1848 threw France into a ferment of republicanism, and clouded the horizon of almost every country in Europe, I was engaged to François A—. Our friends said "Wait for peace;" but when hearts are young and loving, it is hard to convince them as to the good of waiting, so we resolved to get married at once.

We had just returned from the notary's in the Rue R—, where, in accordance with the prevailing custom, we went to sign our names on the wedding-eve. All around us was tumult and disorder, therefore we thought it better to arrange with the Curé D—, an old friend of our family, to perform the ceremony at an early hour the following morning, when we intended leaving Paris immediately, to spend our honeymoon in England or some country then at peace—as we thought.

Next morning, my old *bonne Céleste* having just finished arraying me in my bridal robes, and pronounced my *tout ensemble* "*charmant*," François hastily broke into the room, and without waiting to admire my toilette, much to my disappointment, bade me undress quickly and put on my every-day gown, as we should have to go to church on foot, the mob having laid hands upon every vehicle (the carriage that was ordered for us, among the number) to form barricades. There being no help for it, I made a virtue of necessity, and resigned myself to my fate; not, however, without a bitter sigh, when taking off my pretty white dress I donned the serge one which but a short time previously I had laid aside, remarking "I shall never require your services again." Alas! how little do we know what an hour may bring forth! Now I must consent either to be married without my bridal dress or not at all—so François at least informed me; so I, not caring much about the attendant difficulties I might have to encounter, provided the end was obtained, readily agreed to all he proposed. We had hardly gone fifty yards before we perceived, to our horror and alarm, that the mob had blockaded the thoroughfares around us, making egress by the usual method impossible. There was no alternative but that of scaling the barricade, a feat which we were fortunate enough to accomplish without being perceived, though it was not an easy task; and how I should have alighted safely on the other side without the help of my good François is more than I can say, as my dress did all in its power to hinder us, by persistently catching wherever it could find an excuse for so doing. The only other impediment we met with before reaching the church was caused by a noisy

procession, from which, as it was composed of the *canaille* of Paris, we were glad to retreat into a shop near at hand. As soon as the danger was over we emerged from our kindly shelter; but we were half an hour beyond the time appointed by the curé. Was any couple ever so late for a wedding before? We found that Curé D—, having waited some time, had at last given us up in despair, supposing the disordered state of Paris had prevented us fulfilling our engagement. What was to be done? At this moment our attention was momentarily distracted from our dilemma by a slight noise, and turning, we beheld the beadle gazing at us in astonishment. On our giving him a *pour-boire*, in order to make sure of his willingness to serve us, he readily agreed to go and fetch the curé, who arrived soon afterwards with many apologies for detaining us, and the service commenced without further delay, the old beadle acting as best man, witness, and clerk, and giving me away at the same time. Never had beadle such an accumulation of honours showered on him. But the sense of these dignities did not prevent him exclaiming, "*Quel drôle de mariage!*" I could not but agree with him, for such marriages must be of rare occurrence.

The service over, the fees paid, and our names signed, we walked out of church man and wife. We could, in fact, hardly realise that the ceremony had been performed, minus all the customary additions usual on such occasions. No bridesmaids, no favours, no breakfast, no toasts, no weeping mother and sisters—in a word, the whole affair struck me as being such an anomaly that, to the amazement of François, I gave vent to my long pent up feelings in a hearty fit of laughter, in which he did not sympathise, as I afterwards found out, when he confided to me in a weak moment that though he felt in an elysium of bliss, yet he could not bear to see his bride going home on foot like a "*bonne bourgeoise*." It needed but the magic of a few words to the effect that as long as he was with me I did not mind about the rest, to restore his usual flow of spirits. In answer, he pressed my hand warmly, assuring me that this was the happiest moment he had ever known. By this time we had reached my apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré, so I went to my room, and, aided by Céleste, hastily packed a small portmanteau with indispensables, leaving her in charge of the rest of my luggage, with orders not to forward it until she should hear from me.

Soon after, François reappeared with a carpet-bag, and announced that he was quite ready; so we took our departure as soon as I could free myself from the embraces of Céleste,

who seemed impressed with the dismal idea that she had seen the last of me. We were lucky enough to find a boy idling about, who gladly undertook for a few sous to carry my box to the *Chemin de Fer*, and thus we started on our honeymoon, carrying our little all with us, snail fashion. Fortune favoured us in catching the train by five minutes; we, moreover, were fortunate enough to find an unoccupied *coupé*, in which we were hardly seated when the train started at the usual speed of trains in our country, that is to say, at anything but express speed.

In due course of time we arrived at Boulogne, and found that a steamer would leave for England at nightfall. Finding that we had a couple of hours to spare, we were unpoetical enough to think of recruiting at a *table d'hôte*, having had no substitute for the wedding breakfast. After an excellent dinner we made our adieux to our native land and repaired to the steamer.

It was a lovely night in June, and we infinitely preferred staying on deck all night to ensconcing ourselves in the regions below. The stillness of the night was undisturbed save by the sound occasioned by the splash of the paddle, and the noise and din of the preceding day seemed like a nightmare which I wished might never return again, as I looked up at the beautiful blue expanse above me, studded with myriads of stars. The sensation was a delightful *dolce far niente* one, from which, alas! on the morrow how rudely I was to be awakened, as on landing, we were assailed immediately by a mob. An election was going on, and men and boys with blue ribbons and cockades were pelting and hooting men and boys with yellow ribbons and cockades. Our knowledge of the English language being but slight, we could not understand, and what is more, did not wait to inquire much about the meaning of all that was going on in the streets. But seeing signs of disturbance all around, our courage failed us, and we retraced our steps to the steamer, which fortunately was bound for France that same evening. Arrived once again on French ground we took care to steer clear of Paris. We hoped to settle down quietly in Germany, thinking there at least to escape all signs of war, knowing proverbially what a peaceable people the Germans are. Here, also, we were doomed to disappointment, for hardly had we set foot on Prussian territory when, on inquiring for an hotel, we heard that the best one in the place had been burned down on the previous night by a band of stragglers, and, indeed, the whole town of H—— bore, to say the least, a very ominous aspect.

No rest for us yet, we must go on further.

I think François' motto must have been "Ever forwards," to judge from what we did.

But where to go? that is the question. To Switzerland, suggested François. I encored the proposal, wondering that we had never given that land, famed from ages immemorial for honeymoons, a thought, though it had always been a great ambition of mine to go for a walking tour up Mont Blanc.

"Yes, Helvetia shall be our haven of rest," cried I. "It is already a republic, so that there, at least, can be no rebellion in order to obtain that desired end."

Without further delay we bent our steps towards the pet land of nature, our hearts elated with the certainty of finding the long-denied rest for which we had hitherto searched in vain.

Arrived at Neufchatel, we hired a picturesque little chalet at the foot of a mountain, and a little distance from the town, and in it we passed a happy day in quiet seclusion. But, oh, unpropitious fate! on the morning of the second day as we were reclining in a mossy dell on the hill side, François reading aloud to me extracts from a translation of "Paradise Regained," by the great English poet, Milton, our quiet was rudely broken in upon by a band of marauders, who took what money we had out of our chalet, crying out "*d bas les aristocrates*," and they would probably have offered to relieve us of our watches, &c., had not François started up looking very fierce, at the same time pointing a pocket pistol at the head of the leader. This unexpected resistance cowed them, and they took their departure. That little episode disgusted me with Switzerland, and no longer able to contain my feelings, I exclaimed, "François, *mon ami*, I am certain quiet is restored in Paris; at any rate, we were better off there in the very middle of the revolution, for at least we escaped unmolested."

My good François never thought of opposing my wishes for a moment, so that once again we steered our course towards Paris, where we arrived in safety a couple of days later.

We hurried to the Faubourg St. Honoré, startling Céleste by our sudden reappearance. Her joy at seeing us return in safety was so great that the faithful creature shed tears of joy. We gladly took up our abode *au troisième*, happy in having at last secured a tranquil retreat. Paris rapidly quieted down, and nothing worthy of notice happened to us after our return.

We were unanimous that Paris is the best place in the world to spend a honeymoon in; and in no other city do the rays beam so permanently and so brightly as in "la belle Paris."

M. L. W.



ON THE BAR.

ALL that day on the shore I kept
Weary watch, while my fond eyes swept
The jagged sea-line—never a sail,
Save one, was battling the fearful gale!

Nearer—nearer—the tiny speck
Grew, till I saw two men on deck—
My brave lad's boat! How the white crests towered
Behind her—and how the black clouds lowered.

Over the breakers I saw her spring,
(Poor wounded bird with a drooping wing.)

Into the treacherous seething foam
Of the cruel bar—and in sight of home!

"Ruffian! The life-boat will be too late!
Widowed mother left desolate!"
He waved his hand once towards the shore—
And then she struck—and I saw no more.

All day long on the shore I keep
Woeful watch—while my wild eyes sweep
The jagged sea line, I pray no sail
May cross the bar in this fearful gale!

EVELYN FOREST.

"BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS."

A Story in Six Chapters.

CHAPTER VI.

It was nearly dark before we arrived at Clearbrook, and we found the family just sitting down to tea; but I was so engrossed in thinking over the events of the morning, that I remember but little how that evening passed.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, I said to Emily as she was working in the little drawing-room with her sister,—

"Could you spare me five minutes in the garden, Miss Eliot? I have some new ferns I should like to show you."

As soon as we were alone, her face assuming a serious expression, she said,—

"Fred has told you, then, Mr. Beverley, of this act of folly of his."

"Yes," I replied, "he has; and I am as much grieved at it as I see you are."

"I have known of it some time," she continued, "but my mouth has been sealed; but since you have been here I thought that you were the best person to aid us in this difficulty, so I begged of Fred to admit you into his confidence. You've known him some time, and he will put great faith in your advice, and is more likely to follow the course you may suggest, than any proposed by me. What do you advise?"

"Well," I answered, "the first thing is that this marriage must remain a secret no longer; your father and mother must know of it, and Sir John Hambleford also. The next is, that Eliot's wife must be introduced to you all here, and acknowledged as such; there must be no further delay. Eliot has acted like a madman in concealing it so long, and the only reparation he can make is to have a meeting as soon as possible between you all and her. I would advise, and I trust you will agree with me, that your father and mother should be acquainted with the whole truth at once—to-day—and I think that there is no one better fitted for the task of informing them than yourself, and if my assistance is of any service, I shall be happy to aid you in the difficult duty; though, mark me, Miss Eliot," I continued, "I don't think matters are so bad as you may imagine, and I think you will like your brother's wife."

"How do you know?" she said, interrupting me; "you've never seen her."

"Yes, I have," I replied. "I walked over to her father's yesterday with Eliot, and was introduced; and I acknowledge that a more charming person I never wish to meet: but what say you to my plan?"

"Charming!" said Emily, losing for a

moment that self-command which up to this moment she had maintained. "That Fred should have been so weak as to be taken with a pretty face—that my brother," she said, her eyes now flashing with anger, "should have so demeaned himself as to marry a girl so far beneath him! We're poor, Mr. Beverley, but we're proud; that an Eliot should be thus disgraced, is a blot that can never be effaced."

I had never seen Emily thus angered, and I little thought that within that quiet unassuming woman there burned such fierce and fiery pride as was now manifesting itself.

"Nay, Miss Eliot," I interposed, "you argue on a foregone conclusion, which is hardly fair to your brother, especially since you have never seen the object of his choice."

"Seen her!" she said, scornfully; "I have but little wish to see her. What right had he, dependant as he is, to marry a girl as penniless as himself?" Then, overcome with passion, she hid her face in her handkerchief, and cried for some minutes; at last, recovering, she went on. "Pardon me, Mr. Beverley, I'm better now," and then, with an effort at self-control, she said, "What do you propose?"

"As I said, Miss Eliot; to inform directly your father and mother."

"Well, be it so," she answered.

So after this somewhat stormy scene, it was arranged that we should both go together, first break it to the mother, and then to the father; and afterwards I should go alone and inform the squire personally.

The first of our difficult tasks was to acquaint Mrs. Eliot of her son's rashness, a business that I would have given worlds to have escaped. At first I resolved that Emily alone should tell her mother, but I thought afterwards that a word from me might do much to soothe her sorrow; yet I trusted more to the skill and womanly tact of the daughter, than to my own feeble powers to console her.

The old lady, as Emily and I entered the room on our painful mission, was seated by the open window, enjoying the soft and balmy breeze that was blowing gently from the sea.

Emily began the conversation with some cursory remarks, and then gradually drew round to the subject of our visit; this she did with such skill and judgment that the blow fell upon the old lady lessened of half its weight, and I was surprised and overjoyed to find that she did not think so badly of the match as I imagined she would do.

"Fred! Fred!" she exclaimed, half soliloquising, "you have acted very foolishly, my boy, very foolishly. True, you were at liberty to marry whom you pleased, but not in your present position. Oh, Mr. Beverley!" said

she, as she turned her aged face towards me, "you who are rich know not what it is to be poor. Fred has acted wrongly, not in marrying, but in marrying without the prospect of being able to support a wife; but as he has married," she went on, "I should like much to see my boy's choice. He's my only boy, and I trust him so implicitly that I know that whatever his wife may appear to be, he would never—no, my boy would never marry ought but a lady. It is impossible for Fred, it is impossible for one of such refined feeling, for one so innately a gentleman, to admire any woman unless she shares his tastes; and though poor, this girl may be—I know, I feel confident—she is a lady."

That she should regard this marriage from such a point of view, delighted me; but it must be owned it was entirely due to the daughter's clever diplomacy that the mother looked upon her son's rashness in so favourable a light. Emily knew her mother's weak point, her devotion to her son, and she had played upon it.

Just as we had ended, Eliot, not knowing we were there, entered the room. Her tone, to my surprise, was changed in an instant, and it told me that whatever might be her inward feelings, and however much she might love him, she was not going to allow her idol to commit an indiscretion unnoticed and unrebuked.

"Fred," she said, in a cold, stern, and haughty voice, "I've but just been told of your madness in marrying, as I hear you have done. Fred, this will grieve your father as much as it now does me; you have acted with ingratitude and with a want of filial duty that ill-becomes you. What have we ever denied you that we could afford to give you? and yet you have taken one of the most important steps in life without our consent—nay, without even consulting us, or asking our advice. You've done wrong, very wrong," she continued, raising herself up and sitting upright in her chair, "not only to marry without our leave, but to marry at all, circumstanced as you are now. You are but a boy; you've barely been a year at college, and what is of far more importance, you are dependent on a neighbour's generosity for your education; yet, in spite of all this, you have foolishly married, without one farthing that you can really call your own to live upon. Silence one moment," as Eliot was about to interrupt her. "If you loved this girl, you were at liberty, it is true, to marry her; an Eliot, I know, will never disgrace his family by marrying a woman that is not his equal. If you loved her, Fred, I know she must be a lady, or I am very much

mistaken in my boy's character; but whatever she may be, you had no right to ask her to share with you your—what?—your nothing."

"But I can obtain——" interrupted Eliot.

"Obtain," she replied, not giving her son time to finish his sentence, "obtain what?" she said, scornfully. "You are destined for the Church, it is true; but what have you to expect there?—a miserable pittance. Look at your father, a poor man; and what can you hope to be? What's a curacy for a man and wife, and perhaps five or six children?—starvation. Fred," she continued, bitterly, "you are not yet old enough, but you may be some day, to know the truth of the proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' No, my boy, you've done wrong, very wrong; but as it is done, we must now do what we can, with God's help, to aid you."

The poor old mother was fairly overcome with excitement and exhaustion, and she sank back in her chair and sobbed convulsively.

I left the sister and brother alone with her, as soon as I could get away unnoticed, knowing full well that the affectionate attentions of a child would be far more efficacious than any efforts of a stranger to quiet and soothe her.

As I was leaving the room, I met Mr. Eliot in the little hall, just as he was going out.

"Going for a walk, sir?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "I have a sick old man, some mile or so down the road, whom I must visit this morning."

"May I have the pleasure of going part of the way with you?"

"Certainly," he answered; "I shall be delighted to have a companion."

As we walked along, I thought it a good opportunity to break to him the intelligence I had just related to the mother. At first he seemed hardly to comprehend me; at last I told him the truth outright.

"Fred married!" said he. "Impossible! Mr. Beverley, you are joking, though pardon me for saying that I think it no fit subject for jest. Fred married! and you say to a woman, the daughter of that fellow, Davis. I remember the man well, though he's gone out of the parish these three years: he's the same man who pulled Fred out of the water once. But his daughter; yes, I recollect, a light-haired girl, as you say; but Fred marry her! absurd. Come, Mr. Beverley, be candid; I'm a man of the world; Fred *desires* to marry this woman, and you have adopted this mode of obtaining my consent. Is this so? Come, tell me." But not waiting for a reply, he went on,—"Fred married, without consulting me or his mother? he'd never do such a thing! Ridiculous! How's he to

keep a wife? You know his position with the squire? Why he has not a sixpence to call his own! Why he is but a mere boy! He married!" and the old man laughed outright.

"No, sir," I answered, "I fear it is no jesting nor laughing matter; I fear we shall find the stern fact to be as I've stated. Your son is married, and has been so these four months."

"Mr. Beverley," said he, looking steadily at me, "on your honour as a man, are you joking, or is it true?"

"It is true, upon my honour, Mr. Eliot; be it far from me to deceive you!"

"Then Fred is mad!" was his reply. "Why I remember now the girl well; she was pretty, it is true, but quite a child. I remember her; she had a scar on her face. Why, she is a peasant—a common sailor's daughter. My son—an Eliot—to marry a peasant! Fred must be mad."

His anger had been gradually becoming the master of him, and now it burst forth like an unstemmed torrent, and, for a few moments he was purple with rage; but with an extraordinary effort of self command, he checked himself, and soon again assumed his ordinary quiet manner; and after some minutes' silence, he said in a low, submissive voice, "God's will be done. If this be true, it is a sad blow indeed. She a poor penniless beggar, and he but little better. How are the poor things to live? But that it should have been done so secretly! This, Mr. Beverley, causes me more pain than all the disgrace. Fred, whom we have all trusted so implicitly, to thus deceive us; and me, too, his poor old father. Why, why, did he not tell me of this love? Now I see it—now it is clear to me why he was so often away from us; for whole days together he would leave us. Oh Fred! you, my only boy, have deceived me—the comfort of my old age. O God! this is more than I can bear;" and the tears stole, one by one, slowly down the old man's furrowed cheeks, as he looked upwards in his mental sorrow.

"But, sir," I said, willing to alleviate his trouble, "it is by no means as you imagine. Eliot has chosen a wife, though poor, yet, I trust, worthy of him. She's pretty and very lady-like; and you cannot fail to like her when you see her."

"Don't talk to me, sir, of pretty faces," said he, sharply; "a pretty face is only skin deep—well enough in its way, but of little use when you're starving. Come, Beverley, let's turn back home. I feel in no mood to administer comfort to others,—nay, I need much myself. When we reach home, Beverley, desire Fred to come to me. I must not be hard upon

the boy; we all make some fatal step in the path of life—pray God this may not be his!"

We were by this time come to the parsonage; and now that he had fully realised the fact, he seemed to submit to it, seeing that it was inevitable, and bore it better, and was more resigned, than I could have expected.

My task with the Squire was by no means so difficult as I had conjectured it was likely to be.

Fortunately I had once met him, when out walking with Eliot, who had introduced me; so that I was not quite a stranger to him.

I luckily found him at home. He was engaged writing when I was shown into his study; and he rose and received me cordially on my entry. He was an old friend of my father's, so we talked on that and other matters, till I could introduce the subject on which I was so anxious. I then related to him my story, as simply and in as few words as I could, but in the most favourable light for my friend Eliot; he listening to me in silence, not uttering a word till I had ceased speaking. When I had concluded, he looked at me steadily, and said,—

"Mr. Beverley, have you seen this girl yourself, or do you report to me from hearsay?"

"I have seen her," I replied; "and she is perfectly free from vulgarity; but I should like you to judge for yourself, and I feel confident that you will agree with me, and I think you will say she is a pretty one too."

"Poor foolish boy," he answered. "Fred is not the first that has been caught by a pretty face. Well! well! I did silly things myself when I was young, so I must not be hard upon him."

"Mr. Beverley," he continued, "I love that boy, Fred Eliot, as I should my own son, had God so granted me my desire. I have done all that man could do for him, and I will not desert him now, though he has acted foolishly, most foolishly. He shall be as before to me. Yes, Mr. Beverley, he shall; but mind, he must not be told so yet—he must do penance for his folly—but I forgive him. Yes, I forgive him. But I must see this girl—his wife—I must see her, and if I find she is as you say, Mr. Beverley, well then I shall have but another *protégée* to care for. Yes, I can well afford two. But keep your own counsel, sir," he went on. "Mr. Beverley, you will pardon me; but remember you are but a very young man yourself yet,—take warning by your friend, don't fall in love with penniless, fair-haired beauties, as Fred Eliot has done."

I soon after rose and left. On the road back, I met Eliot, who had walked towards the house to meet me.

"Well, what result, Beverley?" was his eager inquiry.

"Oh! better than I expected," I replied. "He did not take kindly to it at first, but I think he is to be pacified. You are to go and see him to-morrow, and hear your own fate. I am desirous to say no more."

"Well," rejoined Eliot, "if he cuts off my allowance, I must put up with it: I have brought it on myself. But I have yonder," said he, pointing along the shore, "a jewel that's more precious to me than all the squire's gold; though I shall grieve much to have hurt so true and kind a friend to me as Squire Hambleford."

Eliot went next morning to see him. I never knew exactly what took place at that interview; but I suspect the Squire rated him soundly for his folly, while holding out hopes of pardon, for Eliot told me, on his return, that it would be all right in the end.

Before I left Clearbrook, Mrs. Frederick Eliot had been formally introduced to her husband's family; and though, at first, they were not over cordial, yet a few mutual visits soon set matters on a better footing.

Old Mrs. Eliot took kindly to her fair-haired daughter, and the old gentleman, before the end of a week, could disguise no longer that he was delighted with her.

But Emily was her truest friend, while Rose, on the contrary, never did, and does not now, treat her as a sister, but rather as a guest in the family.

After a visit prolonged from a few days to over a month, I at last returned to my father's.

It seemed a year at least, so much having taken place in so short a time.

At last our holidays were at an end, and Eliot returned with me to our old college. He worked hard and steadily for the next two years, and was rewarded for his labours by coming out no less than "fourth wrangler;" and obtained a "Fellowship" almost immediately, having had the good luck to choose one of the very best and very pleasantest of colleges.

I, on the other hand, was not so fortunate, though I obtained a "first class" in the "Classical Tripos;" yet it was not sufficiently high to ensure me a seat at the "Don's table."

Soon after being ordained, thanks to the influence of Squire Hambleford, the Lord Chancellor presented Fred Eliot with the living of Newborough, worth some five hundred a year, and he now is as happy as needs be, with two charming miniature Fannies, with as pretty blue eyes as those of "The Fisher-

man's Daughter." But the bright picture is not without its clouds.

Dear old John Davis is no more. He died shortly after Eliot obtained his living, but leaving his daughter, or, as he termed her in his will, his "adopted daughter," the good round sum of twelve hundred pounds: and what was more precious, an old Family Bible, on the fly-leaves of which was related the history of his adopted child—a history both curious and romantic.

I still remain a bachelor, enlivened with the remembrance of the many bright college days I've spent with my old friend, Fred Eliot, both within the old walls of our college, and at his pretty village of Clearbrook.

After I had taken my degree, and when those bright days were gone for ever, and I had embarked in the busy struggle of political life, I asked one of that happy Eliot family to share with me the trials and troubles of a politician, and, as the wife of a young M.P., to join me in my struggles.

But the reply was in her quiet and simple way:—

"No, Mr. Beverley, the younger daughter of a country parson will be no fit companion for a man like you."

I was forced to submit, though it was a sad blow to me; and a few years after, I learnt that Emily Eliot had married a Mr. Shirley Michell, the very man whom her brother had rescued from a watery grave during his first term at college, and who was now the curate of the village next to Clearbrook.

Rose still remains Rose Eliot; and as far as I am concerned ever will. J. J. C. W.

THEATRICALS IN STANGATE.

THOUGH the Italian Opera is a refined amusement, it is rather expensive. Even the gallery is half-a-crown, so we suggest for the benefit of the economical a cheap and transpontine house of entertainment, unfamiliar to the world of fashion, but recognised in the wilds of Surrey, as the "Shakspearian Hall," the "Operatic House," but more commonly as the "Bower Saloon."

To reach it we must cross Westminster Bridge, and having taken the first turning to the right, thread a narrow thoroughfare shaped something like the letter S. After five minutes' brisk walking, we shall espy a dingy tavern with its proprietor's name painted in huge characters between the bar and first-floor windows. To one side of it stands a wooden portico whereof the colour may have been white during some remote period of history, and

of which the columns are of the Corinthian order—worm-eaten and with broken capitals. Glancing upwards, we perceive two windows, one coated with dust a quarter of an inch deep, the other wholly denuded of its glass; to the left, a noisome alley, and a little farther in the same direction, a small greengrocer's shop, whose proprietor, compelled by want of space, has ranged his vegetable-baskets under the dilapidated portico of the despised Saloon. The doors of this last-named establishment are pasted over with play-bills, and the hoarding on the opposite side of the road is decorated in a manner similarly chaste. Should we be anxious to communicate with the lessee, we must enter the tavern, and he will appear to us in the shape of a short, stout, round-faced little man, serving out liquors behind the bar. The attendant parties of "seedy" aspect, with carefully buttoned-up coats, heelless boots, clean shaven cheeks, fiercely curled moustachios, and either closely cropped or ringletted hair, are unsuccessful members of the dramatic fraternity. Their conversation is professional, and their glances are hungry. They cannot afford to eat, but by dint of diplomacy get more than enough to drink. They are without talent, but brimful of hope. Their probable destiny is the work-house, but with a confidence in the future only to be met with in Thespian circles, they anticipate "better times;" and though for the most part in the "sear and yellow leaf," still nourish vague dreams of coming greatness. We address the proprietor, purchase a glass of ale "for the good of the house," and request permission to view the theatre. The great man hesitates, and murmurs something about a Mr. So-and-so who produced a pantomime at Christmas and forgot to pay the rent. He is doubtful whether we are plausible swindlers, the representatives of an amateur company, or well-to-do vagrants desirous of gratifying an idle curiosity. However, even a faint chance must not be neglected, so suspicions are pocketed, and in a loud voice he summons the stage-manager. A slight commotion ensues amongst the dilapidated individuals afore-mentioned, and the least mildewed of the group advances towards us and courteously raises his hat. He scents an engagement not far off, and a glass of gin-and-water, warm—the favourite theatrical beverage—in the "immediate present." But independent of this, he is glad to make our acquaintance, if only for the pleasure of having someone to talk to. He is never tired of praising the wretched little theatre over which he presides, and will, if allowed, descend on matters of professional interest for hours together. True, he has starved in his

vocation, but, like most of his brethren, **he is** incapable of turning traitor to his first love, and however much he may grumble in private, not a word of depreciation will escape him in the presence of strangers.

"Unattached," Thespians are gossip personified. Listen attentively as you stand at the bar, and you will hear poor fellows who have had no breakfast and entertain but slight hopes of a supper, comparing notes as to the respective merits of Kean and Maccready, or discussing those idols of the penny stage, Mr. Pitt, the "sailor actor," and one Biddles, the only man who ever succeeded in making the Bower pay. But to return. Having asked the stage-manager if he will take any refreshment, he smiles, and hints at a glass of gin-and-water, warm. The beverage is handed over the counter, and for twopence half-penny we are kings until further notice. A lull ensues in the conversation, and the dilapidated glance over their shoulders to "take stock" of our appearance, and to discover some clue as to the object of our visit. Their chief seemingly resents this curiosity as an invasion of his own prerogative, tosses off the remainder of his "half quartern," and suggests the propriety of "leading the way;" accordingly we are conducted through the bar, down a gloomy passage, round a corner and into a narrow paved yard, surrounded by ruinous tenements. Here are gracefully commingled some half-dozen filthy rags, divers worn out scrubbing-brushes, a battered saucepan, and a large black tub, half full of rain-water. Passing through a door, we grope our way down a second passage darker than the first, take one step upwards, and are upon the stage.

The "Bower," so far from being a mere doll's house, is almost as large as the "home of burlesque" in the Strand, with a roomy auditorium, and a stage broad, though somewhat deficient in depth. The seats are divided into pit, boxes, stalls, and gallery. The terms of admission are 2d., 3d., 4d., and 6d. Private boxes may be hired for two shillings a night. The decorations are anything but sumptuous; the very atmosphere seems impregnated with mildew, and the ceiling is covered with a cheap flowered paper, soiled, and hanging in strips. The gaslights are two in number; one being on each side of the stage. The orchestra is spacious, and, as will presently be seen, rather unnecessarily so. The stock of scenery is considerable—if we can credit the assertion of our guide, but the difficulty is to find it. Referred to a corner near the door by which we entered, and used as a sort of "property room," we beg to dissent from the opinion that strips of torn and

soiled canvass, halves of arches that in vain seek a corresponding half, and "flats," liable to tumble to pieces if meddled with, are scenery. The stage-manager remarks with conscious pride, "that he has been preparing an elaborate 'set,' for the chief play of the evening." It consists of a "fall," whereof the predominant hue is mud colour, and which, at least by daylight, resembles the segment of a gravel pit traversed by blue worms of abnormal bulk; half a rustic porch; and a wall perforated by a square aperture, and was considerably accepted in lieu of a window. To its rear lies a plank supported on tressels, and at the extremity of the said plank stands a step ladder by which Juliet mounts to the balcony, or the hired ruffian gains access to the cell of his victim. Our conductor is now in his element, and insists on supplying us with an order for a private box. He is particularly anxious that we should witness the performances, and begs that we will look round at the first opportunity. Returning to the bar, we again wish to know what he will take; he replies, as might have been anticipated, the theatrical beverage as before. His heart warms under the influence of the liquor, and he develops schemes that are appalling from their magnitude. What wonders might be done with the Bower by a man of capital! See how Biddles succeeded! And as for Pitt—not the illustrious orator—he cleared upwards of seven pounds at the end of the first week!

Having determined to witness the performances at the Saloon, we made certain arrangements, and so managed as to arrive at the theatre a little after seven on Monday evening. The entrance was brilliantly illuminated by a couple of gas jets, and the tavern door was guarded by a select company of "roughs," engaged in refreshing their "inner man," preparatory to assuming positions in the pit. We advanced, and were greeted by our friend, the stage-manager, who proceeded to inform us, that, though seven was the hour announced for the commencement of the entertainment, the curtain would probably not rise till nearly eight, the audience seldom being densely packed during the early part of the evening, and neither he nor his colleagues having much relish for exhibiting to empty benches. The conventional modicum of gin-and-water having been disposed of, we were asked if we should care to visit the dressing-rooms, and, having left home in quest of information, of course replied in the affirmative. Upon this we were led across the stage, down one step and up three, into a large shed with white-washed walls, and tenanted by six or eight gentlemen busily

engaged in attiring themselves for the drama with which the performances were to commence. Most of the actors were merelads; but our guide, who had to sustain a leading part, might have been forty-five or fifty, and the low comedian, a stunted individual of swollen aspect, was possibly a year or two older. A tall young man, simply attired in a pair of black trousers and a shirt, was busy powdering his face, and tracing thereon lines of humour and sarcasm, with a piece of burnt cork. Having donned a peaked cap and a blouse, he became the virtuous artizan and "principal lover." A second individual, swathed in a voluminous robe like an antiquated dressing-gown, assumed a carrotty wig, placed a patch over his left eye, and daubing his forehead and cheek-bones with carmine, passed muster as a deep-dyed villain, with a propensity to commit murder with or without pretext, and to intrude uninvited into countesses' boudoirs. A third aspirant drew on a mangled jacket and some old trousers, extemporised a moustache with a burnt cork, assumed a straw hat of dilapidated texture, and became the "second ruffian," with a weakness for imprisoning victims in a dungeon extensively patronised by rats. As for the stage-manager, he brickdusted his face, tied a dirty pocket-handkerchief round his neck, pulled on a pair of ragged drawers, and half a coat, threw a large black felt hat jauntily on one side of his head, and by so doing, resolved himself into a brigand capable of being reclaimed to virtue by the summary process of a good drubbing, and a hint to the effect of his having "a heart and honour."

The "properties" in use at the Bower were useful, but by no means magnificent. In addition to those already enumerated, we espied a dirty red coat, with tarnished lace trimmings, a cocked-hat in an advanced stage of decay, one or two rags suspended on hooks, and a brown wig suggestive of gregarines. Our conductor bade us admire the noble proportions of the dressing-room, and its excellent appointments, comprised in a stove and a diminutive wash-hand basin. He hastened to assure us that an apartment, so meritorious in every respect was a rare phenomenon in theatres, and drew a gloomy picture of the accommodation provided for members of the dramatic profession in the provinces.

By this time the gas had been turned on, and the stage looked a little more lively. Near a table covered with a red cloth, and flanked by a couple of cane-bottomed chairs, stood a young lady, attired as a commissary of police, and studying her part from an attenuated number of "Cumberland's British

Stage." The carpenter being anxious to confer with the manager apart, we seized the opportunity to peep through a slit in the act drop, so as to form an idea of the size and characteristics of the audience. There were a couple of young women in the boxes, twelve or fourteen lads in the gallery, about eight in the pit, and a diminutive urchin, two little girls, with their backs towards us, and three costermongers in the stalls. Divers of the company found solace in short clay pipes, others regaled themselves on immense hunches of bread and remarkably thin slices of beef; and whilst a select few pinched and wrestled with their neighbours, a choice trio sat, with their legs gracefully disposed over the opposite benches. Pottery lads figured in the cheaper parts of the house; costermongers in the more select; very, very small tradesmen's wives in the boxes, and the proprietor's children in the little pigeon-holes at the sides.

Directly the band entered there was a round of applause; and yet we are told that the British public has no taste for music! The instrumentalists consisted of a violinist and the proprietor of a bass viol. The conductor led both with much majesty, and his little daughter sat at his right hand to fill up a vacancy, and be kept out of mischief. The overture—a set of quadrilles—being ended, the curtain rose upon the first scene, and a desperate combat was introduced without loss of time, and for the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the audience. It was then that the conversion of the stage-manager was effected in the remarkable manner already alluded to. Having requested the heroine to provide him with liquor,—possibly gin-and-water warm,—at the expense of his parents, he met with condign punishment at the hands of a young man in a blouse, who appeased his victim's sense of wounded dignity by a pretty speech, in which occurred those striking expressions "a heart and honour." After this, a great thumping of breasts took place, and the scene was shifted to a forest, in which a couple of robbers, personated by the lad with a patch over his eye and the young gentleman in the tattered straw hat, were "taken in charge" by the lady dressed as a commissary of police. Once again did a fearful struggle ensue, certainly not for the sake of variety, pistols and swords being the weapons, and the result, a rapid descent of the act-drop. A double scene, delineative of equal portions of a dungeon and a cottage, and in which the virtuous artizan clanked his chains, and writhed under the fangs of imaginary rats, wrought upon the feelings of the spectators. The party in a straw hat performed some interesting manœuvres with an old coat and a

pan of charcoal; and a second ruffian coming down the step-ladder in order to mock the dying agonies of his victim, was interrupted by the individual with a "heart and honour," and visited with poetical justice in the shape of a good thrashing for his pains. In the course of the third act he reappeared with a patch over both eyes, and leaning on the arm of a knock-kneed youth, who had extemporised a highly original hump by means of a bundle of rags, stuffed between his back and his jacket. He growled at intervals, "Boy, torment me not;" incited by which remark, the young hopeful invariably pinched his venerable friend on the fleshy part of the arm, or tickled him in the ribs. The disabled ruffian then proceeded to inform the audience that he owed the loss of his sight to "Rodolph," the virtuous artizan, "who thrust out my eyes rather than deliver me into the hands of justice;" in reply to which touching remark, a charitably disposed individual in the boxes murmured, "And a good job too."

Thus far of the style of drama in vogue at the "Bower;" and now a few words as to the peculiarities—we had rather not say merits—of the performers. None were even tolerably letter-perfect; and the delivery oscillated between unmeaning rant and a monotonous gabble. The terms "heart and honour," were invariably yelled forth at top voice; but to judge from the manner in which the audience bestowed its applause, vehement declamation enjoyed higher esteem than subtle delineation of character. With regard to the scenery, it was not quite so bad as we had anticipated; but sufficiently miserable. In addition to the elaborate "set" referred to by the stage-manager, there were six "falls," respectively representing a castle, a forest, a drawing-room, a cottage, "an open space," and a blank wall.

The tragedians of Lambeth seemed to be but inadequately supported. An attendance, thin at the outset, gained but slightly in bulk as the evening progressed. The receipts could hardly have been in excess of a pound; and out of this deductions were necessary for the rent, the expenses of lighting, and the carpenter's wages. When the remnant came to be divided, the share of each actor must have been dishearteningly small.

On the evening of our visit, we noticed during the progress of the performance, a number of persons passing behind the box-seats into a room connected with the theatre. On inquiry, we learnt that a ball was about to take place, for the benefit of a workman out of employ, and whose two children had lately died of a fever. The apartment was of considerable size, and supported by a double row of pillars. The decorations consisted of a

flowered paper, originally showy, but now full of stains and tatters, a cracked mirror, and some patches of gilding. A window without glass, and minus its framework, commanded a cheerful view of the neighbouring house-tops. A refreshment-bar, covered with oil-cloth, stood at one side of the room, and there were numerous chairs and tables for the accommodation of the dancers, or those who resigned themselves to a state of philosophic contemplation. The charwoman had diligently scrubbed the floor, and traces of her handiwork were still perceptible. A harp and a violin occupied a corner by themselves, and on each table were laid three "church-warden" pipes placed crosswise. The beer was handed round in pewter measures, and as the male visitors entered they seated themselves and began smoking; but, perhaps, for fear of a draught, generally abstained from removing their headgear. The ball, we were told, would begin almost immediately and be kept up till an early hour the next morning. However, the master of the ceremonies delayed his arrival, and our disposable time being limited, we wished our informant good night, and quitted the premises.

In concluding our notice of the "Bower Saloon," we may observe that it was built about thirty years ago by a well known artist who had a taste in theatricals, and used it as an Operetta house. The pieces produced under his management were placed upon the stage with much care; the scenery being as realistic as any ever used at the Lyceum or Princesses'. The music of the plays was selected and composed by Mr. J. H. Tully, now conductor at Drury Lane, who led a small but highly efficient orchestra. Unhappily the enterprise failed, and, after a brief interregnum, the theatre passed into the hands of a Mr. Hodson, father of the well known "Irish Comedian," who headed a strong company, and produced a number of old English Operas, to wit, "No Song no Supper," "The Highland Reel," "Castle of Andalusia," &c. Amongst the performers were Mr. Wingrove, one of the most esteemed tenors of that day, Miss Georgina Hodson, an excellent actress, who has since attained a prominent position in Australia, and Mr. Arnold Cave, the present proprietor of the Marylebone Theatre, who discharged the duties of low comedian. The father of Mr. Hermann, now leader of the band at the "New Royalty," played the double bass in the orchestra; and the late gifted Mr. Robson, who had not then embraced the theatrical profession, frequently attended in the capacity of an enthusiastic admirer. After a brief and anything but prosperous reign, Mr. Hodson retired, and, in process of time, a Mr.

Biddles arose to the head of affairs. It will be remembered that we referred to this gentleman as the only individual by whom the Bower had been made to pay. It was under his management that the peculiar form of entertainment known as the "bleeding drama" was inaugurated; but though the theatre had sunk to a low ebb, it had not yet seen its worst, for the majority of the actors still were professionals, and in their ranks were numbered Mr. J. F. Yonge and Mr. Fernandez, both of whom subsequently attained leading positions. Biddles was a man of business, and succeeded because he knew how to cater for the taste of the pottery lads. The dramas he produced were thrilling; but the *mis-en-scène* was not unnecessarily magnificent. The orchestra was larger and rather more efficient than it is at present, and included a piccolo, a bass viol, two violins, and a cornet; the leader's little boy occasionally being hired at a cheap rate to beat the drum.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

THE KABYLES OF THE DJURDJURA.

In the South Kensington Museum there is a little case of pottery, of which the history from first step to last is interesting enough, could it be placed before the admiring spectator. We say admiring, advisedly, for though rough and unfinished for the most part, there is a grace, a variety, and a picturesqueness about these Kabyle water-jars, cups, and vases that cannot fail to make them attractive.

Who are the Kabyles, and what is the country of Great Kabylia, about which the French writers on Algeria prophesy such great things? If we may give credit to the speculations of these philo-Kabyles, a great and glorious future is in store for the French kingdom founded opposite Marseilles, and the builders of this glory are the natives of Great Kabylia. The Arabs, people say, are a dwindling and degraded race, from whom nothing but trouble can be expected. But the Kabyles are a loyal, improvable and increasing nation, and if ever Algeria is to bring peace and profit to the parent kingdom, it must be through their medium.

A few months back I was travelling through this lovely land, and it is from cherished experiences chiefly, and only here and there from books, that the materials of this little paper are gleaned. Lying within two days' journey from the city of Algiers, and easily accessible by carriage-road or bridle-tracks, Kabylia is yet but seldom visited by those hosts of human swallows who fly southward as soon as the northern winter sets in. The

fact is, Algiers and its immediate environs offer so many distractions, that there is no possibility of satiety or ennui. Still no one can traverse Kabylia without regretting that its scenery and people should be so little known to those of our countrymen and countrywomen who spend their winters in Africa.

Kabylia, the *Mons Ferratas* of the Romans, and the stronghold of Berber liberty and nationality through the successive periods of Roman, Vandal, Turkish, Arab, and French invasion, lies to the east of Algiers, and the journey thither is full of variety and interest. We had sent on relays of horses the day before, and not afraid of tiring our animals, drove through the plain of Metidja at a rattling pace. The weather was bright and warm, but, no sooner had we entered Kabyle territory, than the way was one continued ascent, and the air brisk and bracing. We now saw no more wretched Arab villages built of sticks and straw or mud, and no more wretched Arab crops, planted patchwork-fashion among the clumps of palmetto and brushwood, but on every side, cropped up evidence of an industrial and agricultural people. The valleys were perfect little oases of cultivation, whilst orchards of the olive, the plum, the fig, and the almond-tree covered the hill sides. Here and there, one was reminded of the Rhine and its persevering labourers by the sight of women and children carrying baskets of soil to apparently inaccessible ridges on the heights; or we came upon a group of men eating their noonday meal of figs beneath the olives, with rude wooden farming implements lying at their feet; or a group of children would leave their task of gathering fruit in some steep orchard by the wayside, and scamper down the banks, crying "Soldi, soldi!" At every step we were reminded of a primitive pastoral life, and at every step felt more inclined to believe in the golden prophecies of French political economists.

The country was fertile and very fair to the eye. In the distance rose the snow-tipped peaks of the Djurdjura, whilst around extended chain after chain of lesser magnitude, but not of lesser beauty. The far-off Djurdjura looked as if cut out of pure amethyst against the clear sky, but the hills about us were feathered to the peak with olive and Aleppo pine, and enclosed well cultivated valleys, all sunshine and verdure.

The chief peculiarity of the Kabyle landscape is the position of the villages. Each cluster of houses is perched on the summit of a hill, and nothing can be prettier or more picturesque than the aspect of these compact little settlements and the green ramparts sur-

rounding them. The Kabyle has no taste for architecture, but likes comfort after his own acceptance of the word, and his house is solid, weather-tight, and decently built of stone and tiles.

Our good little horses trotted uphill very cheerily, and at noontide of the second day we dashed through the gateway of Fort Napoleon, the chief military station of the French in Great Kabylia. Fort Napoleon stands upon a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and nothing has so much impressed the warlike Kabyles with an idea of French achievements as the occupation of so inaccessible a place. Every inch of Kabyle territory through which we had come could tell its own story of blood and turmoil. Till very lately the road to Fort Napoleon indeed was considered by the government as unsafe for travellers; but now all is peace and friendliness, and the beautiful fire-arms fabricated by these ingenious people are rarely used even against each other.

At Fort Napoleon we found very poor accommodation in the matter of inns, but inexhaustible subjects of interest and distraction. Indeed, I can fancy nothing more pleasant than a sojourn of some weeks in Kabylia. The scenery is superb, the few French residents scattered here and there are pleasant and intelligent, the natives are well worth study; in fine, there is food for the artist, the historian, the botanist, and the sportsman.

We made the best use of our stay at Fort Napoleon, and saw some very intelligent and rather handsome Kabyles. The men are strange looking but harmless creatures, with close-cropped hair, woollen shirts, and leathern aprons. They do not wear the flat slippers or *babouches* of the Arabs, but tie up their feet in linen with twisted camel's hair. The women wear a dress of almost classic simplicity and grace. It must, however, not be supposed that all Kabyle women are quite as handsome as one whom I saw, as she lay side by side with her pair of goats, taking her mid-day siesta in her house. But taking the Kabyles as a race, I should call them good-looking. The type of face is in no degree Arab: the forehead is broad, the face square, the complexion inclined to fairness, the hair and beard brown, the eyes grey.

The women have a great love of jewels, and wear necklaces, ear-rings, anklets, brooches, and armlets, of infinite variety and taste. The metal is a kind of oxydised silver, and into it are worked coral, palm seeds, scarlet berries, and beads of a pretty blue stone like turquoise. The coveted adornment of all is a circular brooch or fibula, worn on the forehead by

her who has become the mother of a male child.

Jewellers carry on a thriving trade in Kabylia. If anyone wants a bracelet he goes to an artist of taste, lays upon his work-table so many pieces of money and gives his order. The jeweller melts down the money, works the metal, and returns his bracelet, which must not miss a scruple of the original weight, and is then paid according to the laboriousness of his work.

We went into some of the houses, which have an enticing appearance from the mountain path below, standing as they do amid orchards of almond and olive; but when reached they are not quite so pretty. Truth to say, the Kabyles have not yet mastered the rudiments of hygiene, and are sadly neglectful of cleanliness. Heaps of refuse are allowed to accumulate, children wallow in the mud with the goats, and not all the sweet mountain air of the Djurdjura can prove a sufficient counter-action against unwelcome odours.

The houses are built on a plan simple enough, and generally contain two compartments, in one of which sleep the parents, in the other the children. Their beds are merely mats, laid upon raised stone benches, and the family mule, ass, and cow, share the same shelter as their masters. A loft overhead contains corn and forage for the animals, and large earthen vessels for the provisions of the family make up the rest of the furniture. In some houses a little more luxury is to be found, such as carpets, ornamental pottery, arms; but as a rule the Kabyles are children of nature, content with necessities only. It is only in the matter of their women that they manifest such a love of adornment, and they have no craving after foreign finery: you will never see a Kabyle, however poor, clothe himself in cast-off European or Moorish habiliments. If poor, he wears his woollen tunic or shirt till it falls to pieces with age; if rich, he equally scorns alike the Moorish culotte, and the Arab vest; is seldom seen with the burnous, and seems as little inclined to indulge in purple and fine linen as his fierce ancestors who defied Rome.

It must be admitted that a Kabyle village is a pleasant contrast to the wretched hovels of the Arabs and the half-cultivated wastes they pretend to cultivate. Kabylia is a fertile country, and the Kabyles are laborious though somewhat primitive farmers. They make rich harvests of figs and olives, and are apt at capricification and grafting: of lesser stature but better knit than the Arabs, they make admirable farm labourers, and are not afraid of work. They are to be depended upon, too, and have a moral character that will better bear inspection than that of the handsome

and dignified Arab. What a Kabyle undertakes to do he will do fairly; what he borrows he will pay; what he affirms, is true to the best of his knowledge. Though a Mussulman, he marries but one wife, and treats her as his equal; and though a fierce soldier and an indomitable patriot, he makes a faithful ally. The women go unveiled, eat with their husbands, take an active part in the business of social life, and both sexes mix freely at all feasts and ceremonies. If all that is said of Kabyle thrift and trustworthiness be true, what a blessing it would prove to London ladies if a tide of female emigration set in from Kabylia! Cooks and housemaids would then learn to know their places; and how every happy mistress of a Kabyle maid would be envied by her friends and neighbours! I saw many and many an intelligent girl in these villages I would fain have carried home with me to England. But I much fear whether any amount of comfort or civilisation would have compensated for the free life and sweet mountain air of her savage Switzerland. The Kabyle woman is, moreover, too valuable to be lightly parted with. She it is who fashions and colours that pretty pottery I have before mentioned; and so highly is the artistic faculty valued that a clever artificer in clay is sought after beyond all the beauties of the village. The curious feature in their work is that no two vessels are made precisely similar. There are lamps, stands for fruit, saucers, wine-cups, and vases without end; but you may hunt all through Great Kabylia and never match a favourite piece.

The Kabyles are a grave but sociable people, and in the summer evenings it is customary for neighbours to meet when the labours of the field are done. The men play on their little home-made flutes, the young people dance, all is sociability and content. I was sorry not to witness some of these little gatherings, but the Kabyles are naturally reserved, and only a long residence among them enables one to break the crust of shyness that is half pride and half horror of intrusion.

Sorry enough were we to turn our faces towards Algiers, and leave behind us—no doubt for ever—the lovely snow-peaks, the teeming valleys, the happy villages, and fruitful gardens of the Djurdjura.

Whether these thrifty mountaineers will realise the high expectations entertained of them, it remains to be seen; but it is quite certain that all the elements of well-being lie within their reach. A fruitful soil, an admirable climate, a friendly and protective government, a hardy physique, a liberal turn of mind, the Kabyles possessing all these things may well create such interest in high places: and they

make admirable soldiers. It is not perhaps generally known that the Zouaves are named from a Kabyle tribe, the Zouaoua. The Spahis are recruited from the pure blooded Arab families of Algeria; but the best Algerian soldiers, so say competent authorities, are the Kabyle infantry, mis-named Turcos, who fought so well in the Crimea, in Senegal, and in Mexico.

No wonder that Kabylia, having been so hardly gained, is strongly kept, and that whilst every effort is made to conciliate and civilise the tribes around Fort Napoleon, a goodly show of guns is seldom or never absent from its walls.

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

IL "RÈ D'ITALIA."*

To a grand old music the ocean rings,
That has sounded since Time began;
Through lonely places, from deep sea-spaces,
Rolled forth to the ears of man.

It has answered the shout of the wandering wind,
- It has echoed the wild storm's laughter;
And has made its moan in sorrow alone
When the calm has followed after.

But the noblest song it has ever sung
It is singing by Lissa's shore;
And while men shall last, and till Time be past,
Shall sing it for evermore.

For the cannon's din was the funeral hymn,
And the smoke their canopy,
Who fought for the right and sank in the fight,
Shouting for Italy.

And 'tis said that at night the sea is loud
When all is still beside;
And resounds again in mysterious strain
With the voices of those that died.

And now it seems a dolorous plaint;
And now, when the wind is strong,
Ringing forth with might through the hollow
night,
Rises up a triumphal song.

For the Rè d'Italia's name for aye
Shall be glory's brightest gem:
And the sound of the sea on Lissa shall be
An eternal requiem.

CANONBURY TOWER.

Few of our suburban parishes possess such antiquarian interest as large and populous Islington, where, whatever may be the boast, the present has not effaced the glory of the past. The original hamlet of *Iseldon* was, in all probability, of British origin, lying within the forest of Middlesex, whither the conquering

Roman came with camp, and station, and Ermine-street,—all to be traced to the present hour. The village of huts, the *Iseldon* of the Britons, became a Saxon parish before the coming of the Normans; and its winding ways are identified in the irregular features of the old village. Among its early landowners was the family of Berners, who, in the thirteenth century, granted to the Prior of the *canons* of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, for a *bury*, or retiring-place, the manor, which took the name of *Canonbury*. The year of the gift is unknown, but the estate is enumerated among the possessions of the priory, in a confirmation granted by Henry III., bearing date 1253. A silly notion once prevailed that there was formerly a subterranean communication between the Priory of St. Bartholomew and Canonbury House. We have contemporary evidence of its general productiveness, its meadows for pasture, its fields of corn, and the excellent produce of its dairies; so that from the thirteenth century till the Reformation, Canonbury, and other large estates in Islington, were cultivated under the monks. Those of Canonbury even supplied the distant priory with water, much esteemed for its clearness and purity, from "the condyte hede of Saynt Barthilmewes, within the manor of Canbury," or Canonbury. To it a small piece of land called *le Coteliers*, or the Cutlers, was added, to benefit the soul of one John, of Kentish Town, deceased. The manor retains its old boundaries to the present day, *i.e.*, from the Cock, at Highbury, along the Upper Street, to the statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, on Islington Green; thence, *vid* Lower Road to St. Paul's Church, Ball's Pond; and so by St. Paul's Road back to the starting point. The waste of the manor is the triangular plot of land called Islington Green.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, under Henry VIII., the Priory of St. Bartholomew surrendered itself into the king's hands, and the manor of Canonbury, with other lands, was granted to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. In his hands it remained but one year; for in 1540, having assisted in palming off Anne of Cleves on Henry, as a marriageable beauty, he suffered attainder; and the manor again reverted to the king, who charged it with an annuity of twenty pounds, payable to Anne of Cleves, the innocent cause of Cromwell's disgrace and ruin, and who received this annuity until her decease in 1557. The manor remained in the hands of the crown till Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, granted it to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey; and he held possession till his attainder, in 1553, put the place into the hands of Queen

* Sunk in the battle of Lissa, July 20, 1866.

Mary, who granted it first to Broke, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Katherine his wife (whom the patent declared to have been Mary's "suckling nurse"); and in 1556, the queen granted the manor to Thomas, Lord Wentworth. In 1570, Wentworth first mortgaged, and then shortly afterwards sold the estate for 2000*l.* to Sir John Spencer, Knt. and Bart., (commonly called "Rich Spencer"), of Crosby Place, the distinguished Lord Mayor, in 1595. Sir John Spencer died in 1609. There is an extraordinary story of a pirate of Dunkirk, who had heard of Spencer's immense wealth, plotting to seize upon him, convey him to France, and there hold him to a heavy ransom. The pirate came over with twelve musketeers, in a shallop; he reached Barking Creek in the night, and leaving his shallop in the custody of six of his men, with the other six he came as far as Islington, where they hid themselves in ditches, near the path by which Sir John usually came to Canonbury; but by an accident he was detained in London, and thus escaped—the pirate and his mates returning to their shallop, and safe to Dunkirk again. Elizabeth, his only daughter and heiress, married William, second Lord Compton, Lord-President of Wales, who is traditionally said to have contrived her elopement from her father's house at Canonbury, in a *baker's basket*! This was the lady who, about the year 1617, wrote the remarkable letter to her husband, in which, after requiring an annuity of 2200*l.*, the like sum for her privy purse, and 10,000*l.* for jewels; her debts to be paid; and horses, coaches, and female attendants, &c., to be

provided for her, she concludes by praying him, when he becomes an earl, "to allow her 1000*l.* more than she now desires, with *double attendance.*"

These reasonable requests, as the lady terms them, serve to prove the great wealth of the family; but whether they were granted or not does not appear. There is little doubt that this lady served Massinger as a model for the daughters of the rich merchant in his play of "The City Madam." The conditions which they attempt to make with their suitors are precisely in the spirit of this letter, and often almost in the same words.

Upon Sir John Spencer's death, Canonbury, in common with his

other possessions, descended to his daughter. In 1618, Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton. He died in 1630, in this strange manner, as described in a letter of the time: "After he had waited on the king at supper, and had also supped, he went into a boat with others, to wash himself in the Thames; and so soon as his legs were in the water but to the knees, he had the colic, and cried out, 'Have me into this boat again, for I am a dead man.'" From the earl the present owner of Canonbury, who is the eleventh earl, and third Marquis of Northampton, is lineally descended.

We now return to the mansion. The year 1362 has been assigned as the date of the original building, though two Arabic figures, or numerals found therein, imply a much later date. Previous to the Dissolution, the last head was Prior Bolton, and in his days, which extended from 1509 to 1532, the old manor-house was rebuilt, and the adjacent lands, to the extent of about sixteen acres,



Exterior, Canonbury Tower.

inclosed. The central object is the red-brick Tower, seventeen feet square by fifty-eight high. Stow informs us that the prior "builded of new the manor of Canonbury, at Islington, which belonged to the canons of that house." The entire site, together with a small park, abutting southward on Hopping Lane, was inclosed with a brick wall, forming a perfect square, that extended from the wall now visible in the Alwyne Road northward to Hopping Lane; and in this wall, let into the brickwork, were several stone carvings, about sixteen inches square, of the prior's *rebus*—a bird-bolt through a tun—

"Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun."

One of these sculptures is still perfect, and visible in one of the two octagonal buildings at the south-east and north-west angles of the wall, viz., upon the one annexed to the dwelling-house, No. 2, Alwyne Villas (opposite No. 15, Canonbury Terrace), in the lane that leads from the New North Road to Canonbury Tower. This *rebus* is also said to be still extant in three other parts of the building.*

Sir John Spencer, after his purchase of the manor, did not probably reside here till 1603. It must have been about this time, if at all, that Sir Walter Raleigh resided here. Hone refers to such residence, but his authority is not given. Sir Walter, it is true, lived on the manor, in a house believed to be near the site of Islington Chapel.

It is concluded from a lease, dated 1603, that Sir John Spencer was then resident at Canonbury; and from his grand-daughter being baptised at Islington, it is probable that Sir John's daughter and son-in-law, Lord and Lady Compton, were resident at the mansion in 1605. About that date, Thomas Egerton, both when Lord-Keeper Ellesmere, and when Lord-Chancellor, resided here; as did the great Sir Francis Bacon, when Attorney-General, from February, 1616; as also at the time of his receiving the Great Seal, on the 7th of January, 1618, and for some time afterwards. From 1627 to 1635, Canonbury was rented by Lord-Keeper Coventry. In the Strafford Papers is a letter from the Earl of Derby, dated January 29th, 1635, from Canonbury Park, where he was staid from St. James's by the greatest snow he ever saw in England. In 1641 commenced the Great Rebellion, in which James, Earl of Northampton, was slain at Hopton Heath, near Stafford, in 1642. The young earl, together with his brother, were actively engaged on the king's side; and its noble and loyal owner, in 1650 and 1661,

was compelled to mortgage Canonbury, to enable him to incur debts in the service of his sovereign. From this time Canonbury House was occupied separately; for it is apparent from the mortgage of 1661, that the mansion-house was on lease to Arthur Dove, and the Tower to Edward Ellis. The last nobleman who resided at Canonbury was William, Viscount Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, who died here the 23rd of August, 1685.

During the last century, Canonbury was occupied, says Tomlins, "by transitory visitors, who went thither for fresh air, or to pursue their literary labours in retirement; indeed, a list of its occupants would comprise jaded statesmen, wearied encyclopædists, busy citizens, and controversial nonconformists, who all seemed to regard Canonbury as a place of repose." It was let in separate compartments or suites, each door having a knocker on the outside, which puzzles occasional visitors at the present day. Prior Bolton's Tower, though its oak-staircase is far from fine, is the most interesting portion of the whole place. It is, indeed, the staircase to the four-and-twenty rooms of the Spencer mansion, which has been ruthlessly dealt with in modernisation of all styles and patterns. Only two of the rooms contain the original oak panelling of Spencer's time. These chambers are large and lofty: in one the fireplace is surmounted with figures of Faith and Hope, and above are the Spencer arms.

Ephraim Chambers, the dictionary-maker, who has been grandiloquently styled "the prince of booksellers, and the honour of the English nation," was one of the literary lodgers at Canonbury, where he died May 15th, 1740; he was buried from thence in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Samuel Humphreys, a writer of some merit, died at Canonbury House, Jan. 11th, 1737. Oliver Goldsmith came to lodge at the Tower at the close of 1762, as Mr. Forster gathered from Newbery's memoranda and account-books. Sir John Hawkins tells us that Newbery had apartments in the Tower, and induced Goldsmith to remove there, the publisher being Oliver's responsible paymaster, at 50*l.* a-year—equal to twice the amount now. The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, stout and elderly, was, it is said, painted by Hogarth, one of Goldsmith's visitors. Mr. Forster touchingly writes: "There were still green fields and lanes in Islington. Glimpses were discernible yet even of the old time, and the country all about was woodland. There were walks where houses were not, nor terraces, nor taverns; and where stolen hours might be given to precious thoughts in the intervals of toilsome labour." While here, Goldsmith wrote his

* "A Perambulation of Islington." By Thomas Edlyne Tomlins, Esq., p. 194. 1858.

"History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." Oliver had several visitors here, as testified in Mrs. Fleming's

incidental expenses: "four gentlemen have tea for eighteenpence;" wines and cakes are supplied for the same sum; bottles of port



Interior, Canonbury Tower.

are charged two shillings each; rent for the retention of Goldsmith's room in his absence, is charged at the rate of about three shillings a week. At Islington, Oliver continued a resident till towards the end of 1764. Sir John Hawkins has recorded Goldsmith's abode here as "concealment from his creditors," though the reverse may have been the case, his removal thence being occasioned by his arrest, or threatened arrest. His landlady latterly narrowed the credit to such items as sixpence for "sassafras-tea," twopence for a pint of ale, and twopence for "opodeldock." A number of literary acquaintances Goldsmith had for fellow-occupants of the *Castle* (as Canonbury Tower was called): they formed a temporary club, which held its meetings at the Crown tavern, on the Islington Lower Road, and here Oliver presided in his own genial style, and was the life and delight of the company. Here ends the literary tenancy:—

See on the distant slope, majestic shows,
Old Canonbury's tower, an ancient pile
To various fates assigned; and where by turns
Meanness and grandeur have alternate reigned;
Thither in later days hath genius fled

From yonder city to repine and die.
There the sweet bard of Auburn sat and tuned
The plaintive moanings of his village dirge;
There learned Chambers treasured lore for men,
And Newbery there his A B C's for babes.

The mansion becoming dilapidated, was leased in 1770 to Mr. John Dawes, for sixty-one years, who converted the ancient mansion into three dwelling-houses; Mr. Dawes also built other houses on the old site. Viewed from the Alwyne Road, that occupies the space between the New River and the ancient garden-wall, Canonbury House presents to the eye a lofty range of well-tiled buildings, with some gardens, that still possess an air of seclusion. Nelson, in 1811, noticed the pleasing appearance of these gardens, when the New River formed their boundary, and the neighbouring fields were unenclosed. From the leads of the Tower may be enjoyed in fine clear weather a delightful view of London. In 1817, it was described as including "a vast extent of country, teeming with towns and villages, and finely diversified by hill and dale; that over London is uncommonly grand; and on a clear day the whole course

of the river Thames may be traced as far as Gravesend, with the hills of Kent rising beyond, and all the intervening tract spotted by buildings, and enriched by cultivation." This may have been correct fifty years ago, when it was written; but the increase of cities is apt to spoil the prospect of them. There are several prints of Canonbury at different periods—one of the most comprehensive is the frontispiece to Nichols's "History and Antiquities of Canonbury House," from which the extent of the mansion and grounds can be discerned.

There are few traces of the magnificence of Canonbury in the portions adjoining the Tower: they must be sought in the portions of the old mansion, which Mr. Richardson, the architect, thus described several years since: "Canonbury House internally is one of the richest specimens of the architecture of James I. in the neighbourhood of London. The house, or rather the remains, form at the present time several large dwelling-houses; including a portion of the great chamber, with a rich ceiling, date 1599; a quaintly-carved oak fireplace, with statuettes of Mars and Venus, draped, and a doorway with bust of an old English gentleman and dame; the Roman mouldings and enriched frieze very fine; several other rooms are sumptuously carved, and the parlour retains its original decoration."

The transition of the old manorial estate into a village of square, street, and terrace, has proved a valuable addition to the suburb of our over-grown city: "The park-palings and old oak-trees of Miss Spencer's time," it has been well observed, "have been exchanged for Compton Terraces, Marquis Roads, and Aboyne Castle Taverns." The park and the fish-pond have disappeared; though here and there a stately cedar, or a massive mulberry-tree tells of other years. The old Tower also remains, the rich green of its ivy harmonising with the deep-red brickwork—an effect which the noble owner of the property has decided shall be carefully preserved.

Here, in the last century, rose from a small alehouse, Canonbury Tavern, started by a landlord who had been a private soldier; but its celebrity was chiefly owing to the fame of an attractive widow, who resided here from 1785 to 1808; she added several new rooms, and laid out the bowling-green and tea-gardens; and the ancient fish-pond was included in the premises, which occupied about four acres, within the old park wall of the priory of St. Bartholomew. Next were added Assembly-rooms, and the gay Assembly in 1810. But manners change with times, and the crowds who enjoyed themselves on the green, and were at home among the gro-

tesquely costumed figures provided for their amusement, could not be expected to reach the higher delights of the ball-room. The costly rooms were swept away, and upon part of the site has been erected a well-appointed tavern, nearly opposite to the ivy-clad Tower. The old glass-coach no longer brings its gay freight to Canonbury Tavern; but there may be treasured up a few of the quaint artistic conceits—the grotesque tenants of the old grounds—for the gratification of the curious, and such as can "suck melancholy from a song."

Meanwhile, the old house has its frame about to be invigorated with new life. The Tower has been taken by the Church of England Young Men's Society. In a clever little journal, devoted to their praiseworthy objects, a Correspondent appositely remarks: "From Rahere the king's jester, in the twelfth century, to 'Our Society,' in the nineteenth, seems a chasm wide and deep enough; still there is a chain which connects the two—a chain of strong and multitudinous links. Chancellors and clothworkers, philosophers and poets, friars and reformers, have unknowingly forged it between them, and the anvil on which they have forged it—the old Tower—still remains. Built for the recreation of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, associated with the quieter hours of Francis Bacon, and others scarcely less renowned than he; henceforth to be a place of resort for the young men of a reformed Church in their leisure hours. May it be as happy in its future as it has been in its past! and may its last days be better than its first!"

JOHN TIMBS.

ENGLISH PARKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—At the commencement of an interesting article, by the Rev. M. G. Watkins, concerning our English Parks, in No. 63 of the New Series of ONCE A WEEK,* I read:—

"Were a distinguished foreigner to apply to me to show him the most characteristic feature of England in my neighbourhood, I should not take him to our local Snowdon or Lodore, or to a paper-mill, or a cotton factory, but to one of our ancestral parks."

May I be allowed to state an incident which came under my observation, and which fully bears out the correctness of the above judgment?

Last autumn the son of a late Confederate officer was staying at my house for a few days, and upon my taking him to see Kimberley Park,—which contains nearly seven hundred acres of land, well stocked with deer and game, and beautifully diversified with wood and water, splendid old oaks and an extensive lake, a winding stream and a sparkling waterfall,—he said that nothing in England had afforded him so much gratification, or impressed him with such feelings of wonder and admiration; adding, emphatically, "We have no such parks in America."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Thuxton Rectory, Norfolk.

H. WRIGHT.

* See Vol. III., p. 299.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER III. THE ROAN AND HIS RIDER.



T might well have surprised and shocked a stranger to have seen that cluster of village folks watching for so long the approaching doom of two of their fellow creatures, without making—with the exception of the attempt we have mentioned—a single effort to save them. Their inaction, however, really arose from their thorough knowledge of the fruitlessness of such efforts. It was not the first time, nor the second, nor the fiftieth that the sea had thus marked out for itself prey in that same bay hours before it actually seized it, quite as certain of its victims as though its waves were already rolling over them. Hundreds of years ago it was the same, when the guides were paid with Peter's pence by the old Priors of Melior, and were prayed for during their perilous passage together with those entrusted to their

guidance by the monks on Lily Isle, the ruins of whose oratory could yet be seen. As *Ave* and *Kyrie* had failed to save those who had delayed too long upon that treacherous waste, so good wishes availed not now. And they were all which could be given in the way of aid. It was very doubtful whether Richard Crawford could have saved himself by swimming even at the moment when it had been suggested to him. The strength of the tide of the *eau* was very great; "the furious river struggled hard and tossed its tawny mane," and firm footing there was none on either bank. It was this last fact which the stranger was slow to comprehend.

"Surely," he would say, "a good swimmer has only got to wait for the water to come up." But long before it could do so the victim found himself in something which was neither land nor water, and in which he could neither stand nor swim. Neither could boat nor horse get at him under such circumstances.

When the two cousins had first made towards the shore, they had to traverse only wet

sand, which somewhat clogged their footsteps. Some patches of this were more watery than others, and through these, progress was more difficult. Presently the whole surface of the bay assumed this character, and then where the patches had been, appeared shallow strips of water, as yet unconnected—superficially at least—with the sea. Through these they had to make their way, ankle-deep in sand, knee-deep in water. The bank upon which they now stood was higher than the surrounding space, and as I have said, had only suffered the first change, from sand to a sort of white mud. The people on shore were as perfectly aware of what these two had had to contend with, as though they had accompanied them in their useless flight; and they knew now, as well as Agnes knew, that their life was to be reckoned by minutes, and depended upon how rapid or how slow might be the advance of the Bore or tidal wave.

This wave which in winter or in storm was sometimes as tall as a man, was in summer very much less; but it never came up until the whole surface of the bay was under water, and all hope was therefore gone for them it found there.

It was to the menacing roar of this coming doom that both victims and spectators were now listening.

"It will be twenty minutes yet," said some among the latter; "Nay, not so long," said others; "The sooner the better, poor things," added one, to which many murmured a sorrowful assent.

All seemed to know how the sad mischance had occurred, and yet no one alluded to the man whose forgetfulness or more culpable neglect had caused the catastrophe. The reason of this was that William Millet, Stephen's only son, was among the crowd. His face was deadly pale, and twitched like one with the palsy. He would have given his life to have saved the victims of his father's folly, and, indeed, had almost done so, for it was he who had mounted the guide's horse, awhile ago, and strove to reach them. Every word that was spoken around him, notwithstanding the reticence above alluded to, went to his heart like a stab.

"How I wish we had brought them home in our cart," said one woman, who had been cockling upon the sands the preceding tide.

"Ay, or we in ours," returned another; "but there, how is one to know? Who could have thought——" and William knew, though his own eyes were fixed upon the cousins, that a glance from the speaker towards where he stood, concluded the sentence.

"The Lord will take Miss Agnes to himself, that's sure," said one in a solemn voice. "It is the poor folk who are to be pitied, rather than she, for they will miss her."

"Ay, that's true," murmured many voices.

"She will be in heaven in twenty-five minutes, or half an hour at farthest," continued the same speaker, with exactness,—a good man, by trade a cobbler, but who, imagining himself to have the gift of preaching, was sometimes carried beyond his last.

"And the lad, too, I hope," returned a fresh-featured dame somewhat sharply. "Did you not see how he would not leave her when Dick called out to him to swim. That will be taken into the account I suppose."

"We have no warrant for that," resumed the cobbler, shaking his head.

"God will never be hard upon one so young and so bonny as yon," rejoined the dame, with a certain emphasis about the words, implying that the cobbler was neither the one nor the other.

"I trust not," returned the other simply. "Let us all entreat of Him to be merciful to those who are about to fall into His hands."

If there had been time to reflect, not a few of those present would doubtless have hesitated to follow such a spiritual leader as the mender of material soles; but as he raised his voice in passionate pleading with the Almighty—using such texts of Holy Writ as seemed to him applicable to the circumstances—every man bared his head, and every voice joined audibly in the Amen that followed his supplication.

Never, perhaps, since the days of the Early Church, was any company gathered together by the seashore in act of worship more reverent and awe-struck than was that little handful of fisher-folk in those brief moments; but while the last solemn word was being spoken, and its sound growing faint and far overhead, as though already upon its way to the Throne of Grace, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard from the village street, and down the steep lane which led from it to the sea came a rider at full speed. His own height, as far as you might judge a man in the saddle, must have been considerably more than six feet, but the red roan which he bestrode was so large and powerful, that steed and rider together looked quite colossal; just

as though a mounted statue had descended from its pedestal, as in the days of portents.

"Make way, make way," cried he; and as the obedient crowd parted to right and left, "A rope, a rope!" he added, then galloped right on to the white unctuous mud. So great and swift was the impetus with which he rode that he got beyond the place which the guide's horse had reached without much difficulty, or hindrance. Here, however, the roan began to stagger and slide, and then, as he sunk fetlock deep, and further, into the impatient ooze, to flounder in a pitiful manner. Upon such unstable footing the weight of his rider was evidently too much for his powers. Ere, however, that thought could shape itself into words among the lookers on, the man leapt from his saddle, and while obliged to shift his own feet with the utmost rapidity to save them from a like fate, he drew the animal by main force out of the reluctant mud, and led him trembling with sweat and fear, to the brink of the *eau*. Now the river, although swollen by this time to a most formidable breadth, and running very swift and strong, had about this spot a bed comparatively firm, and which seldom shifted; so that what seemed to the superficial observer the most perilous part of the whole enterprise—namely, the passage of the river—was, in reality, the least difficult. Horse and man seemed to be equally well aware of the fact, and when the former felt the water up to his girths, he for the first time ceased to plunge and struggle, and even stood still for his master to remount him.

"Up stream, up stream," roared the guide with trumpet voice to the two unfortunates, who were watching the heroic efforts of their would-be rescuer with earnest eyes; "he cannot come straight across." And indeed, while he yet spoke, the current had taken man and horse, despite their weight and determination, many yards to the northward; and the two cousins hurried in that direction also, over the fast-dissolving ooze. If once the roan lost footing, himself and master would have been carried to a spot where the river ceased to be fordable, and where the banks were even of a less trustworthy nature than those between which they now were; and, but that his heavy rider kept him down, this would have assuredly happened. With such a weight upon him it seemed easier to the poor animal to walk than to swim; his vast strong back was totally submerged, and only the saddle visible; but his head showed grandly above the stream, the fine eyes eager for the opposite bank, and the red nostrils pouring their full tide of life in throbs like those of a steam-engine. But for that head the rider himself, half hidden by the tawny

waves, might have been taken for a centaur. He looked like one quite as ready to destroy men's lives, if that should be necessary, as to save them; to snatch a beauty for himself from a Lapathean husband, as to preserve her from the ancient ravisher Death! He was by no means a very young man; but if he had passed the prime of life, he was still in its vigour, and that vigour was something Herculean. His hat had fallen during the late struggle with his horse, and the short brown curls that fringed his ample forehead showed here and there but scantily, although they had no tinge of grey. His large brown eyes, although fixed steadfastly enough upon the point he hoped to reach, exhibited little anxiety, and certainly no fear. Their expression, although far from cold, was cynical, and the firm lips, pressed tightly together as they now were, yet spoke of recklessness if not of scorn. The gallant roan, as he neared the wished for shore, drew gradually out of water, until his girths scarce touched the stream; but his rider made no attempt to force him to climb the bank.

"Be ready," shouted he to those who awaited him; then leaving the saddle, he hastily motioned to Agnes to take the vacated seat. "No, no!" cried he, as she was about to put her foot into the stirrup-leather, "you must trust to me to hold you on," and he passed his huge arm round her dainty waist. "Hold fast by the other stirrup," said he to Richard, "and stand against the stream all you can." Then, leading his horse close under the bank to southward, so far as he judged safe in order to allow for shifting, he turned his head to land. A shout of admiration had burst forth from those on shore when he had succeeded in crossing the *eau*; but every voice was hushed as the horse with its fair burthen, and the two men on either side her saddle, began the return passage. Nothing was heard save the laboured breathing of the roan and the increasing roar of the ocean, enraged, as it seemed, at this attempt to deprive it of its lawful prey. Richard, who was upon the side next the sea, had trouble enough to keep his footing; but the stranger had allotted to himself a far more difficult task; his huge form leant against the horse with all its strength, and so strove to neutralise the rush of the tide, which was bearing them all to northward.

"God bless you, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes once, and then was silent.

The strong man bowed gravely and smiled—though his air was not so confident as when he had made the passage alone—but answered nothing. Indeed, he had no breath to spare. Clogged with his wet clothing, pushing

through sand and water, and fighting against the weight of his two companions and the roan, as well as against the stream, his task was arduous enough, even for one of his enormous strength. The water deepened with every step, and the force of the current increased.

"Not so fast," cried Richard, staggering in vain to keep his feet.

"Faster, or you are a dead man," was the stern response.

They were at the very worst by that time and in the centre of the flood. Richard almost neck deep; the horse still feeling ground, but with his very nostrils in the water; Agnes deadly pale, but bearing herself as resolute and quiet as though she were Undine herself. The great shoulders of John Carlyon still showed above the tawny waves. They had passed the centre, and were getting into shallower water. The breathing of the horse was, however, growing very laboured and painful.

"He will never climb the bank," said Agnes, calmly.

"I know it," returned the other; "but I shall save you, do not fear."

His eyes fell once upon her grave and glorious beauty, then turned anxiously to southward. The roaring of the sea was growing very near. As they reached the bank, and before the roan could lift his forefeet, and so place the barrier of his neck and shoulders between his burthen and the shore, John Carlyon's arm swept Agnes from the saddle and drew her up the bank. The poor roan, the bulk of his protector thus withdrawn, uttering a terrible snort of fear and anguish, was instantly whirled away. Agnes had stretched out her hand and caught her cousin by the collar of his coat, or he would assuredly have shared the same fate. As it was, the three together struggled on through the water, for all was water now. It was then, for the first time, that Agnes uttered a stifled cry of horror. The tidal wave was coming; within ten feet of them it reared its creaming crest. Carlyon saw it too, and stretched out one giant arm as though for help. As he did so something struck him sharply in the face, and his fingers closed upon a rope, thrown at him lasso-wise by some one on the land. The next moment all three were under water, with a noise in their ears like the roar of a broadside from a three-decker. But the line was being pulled taut, though not too sharply; and presently the three were dragged on shore in a tangled mass, like some great waif from a wreck.

The first to rise was Richard Crawford. He pushed his wet hair back with both his hands, and gazed vacantly at the other two,

round whom the crowd was standing, although at some little distance, for they knew better, from long experience of like mischances, than to throng close about folks in such a plight, who need air above all things, and to whom at first all help is an encumbrance.

As consciousness returned, Richard's brow began to knit, and he strove feebly to unclasp the arm that still encircled his cousin's waist.

But the powerful muscles mechanically retained their hold.

Presently Agnes opened her large eyes and gazed wonderingly about her; the colour rushed to her white cheeks, and her hand, too, sought to release itself from that which held her. At the touch of her cold fingers those of her preserver began at once to relax their grasp; but the next instant, catching sight of the ghastly face beside her, she desisted.

"He is dying," cried she; "fetch the doctor. Fetch Mr. Carstairs. Quick, quick!" and taking one great palm between her small hands she strove to recall in it the warmth that seemed to have fled for ever. Truly it seemed strange enough that this strong man, to whose Herculean force the pair were indebted for their safety, should be the last of the three to recover from the late shock. The fine face was pale as marble, except for a certain blue tint about the temples; the eyes between their half-shut lids expressionless and dim; the limbs rigid; and the still curved left arm lying motionless beside him, which had so lately borne her from death to life. He did not want for tendance: other hands were chafing his wrists, and had unloosed his neckcloth, and propped his stately head; but she knelt by him still, ceaselessly adjuring them to fetch the doctor. At last he came; a middle-aged, intelligent man, with a quick step and voice.

"Bring blankets," cried he, sharply. Then poured the contents of a phial into the unresisting mouth.

"Is he drowned?" asked the young girl, in an agonised whisper.

"No, ma'am, no, it is not that," returned he, hastily, but with an anxious look. "Here, William, you and three more take Mr. Carlyon to my house. Gently, gently; keep his head up. No, my dear Miss Agnes," said he, firmly, as the girl strove to accompany the party, still clinging to the hand that hung down cold and lifeless, "your presence will be worse than useless. Go home at once, and you, Mr. Richard, too"—for the young man had constituted himself one of the bearers of the inanimate body—"unless, that is, you wish me to have three patients to attend to instead of one. Stop!" The white set lips of John Carlyon began to twitch a little, and Mr. Carstairs bent down to listen. "Yes,

Miss Agnes is safe, sir; don't disturb yourself, I beg. It was William Millet who threw the rope. There, I will answer no more questions; move on, men."

"He has spoken, he will live, then," exclaimed Agnes, joyfully. "Oh, tell me, we have not caused his death?"

"No, ma'am, you have not caused it. That is—what nonsense I am talking. You should never bother a medical man, Miss Agnes," said Mr. Carstairs, testily, "during his professional duties. Go home and get to bed. You are as wet as a mermaid. I will bring you word of Mr. Carlyon to-night."

"This Carlyon is a fine fellow, whoever he is," observed Richard Crawford, as the two cousins walked swiftly homeward by the side of the bay that had so nearly proved their grave; "but who is he?"

"He is the owner of Woodlees, the estate that lies between us and the earl's."

"A rich man, I suppose, then. Is he a married man, or a widower?"

"He has never been married, I believe," said Agnes, changing colour in spite of all her efforts to prevent it.

"Oh, yes, I remember now," observed Richard, drily. "He lives rather a queer life, don't he?"

Agnes threw at him a glance of reproach, almost of resentment.

"He has just saved our lives," said she.

"Yes, true; he is a fine fellow, as I said, whatever he is. I shall certainly make a point of calling upon him to thank him in person on behalf of us both. Carlyon—what an odd name. It's scarcely English."

"It was once French. The old family name, they say, was *Cœur-de-Lion*," answered Agnes, coldly; "nor can it be denied that its present inheritor worthily bears the title. He has shown himself a lion-hearted man to-day."

CHAPTER IV. A TERRIBLE TURK.

"WELL, doctor, you are not going to send for Puce, are you?" was the inquiry addressed by John Carlyon, as he lay upon the horse-hair sofa in Mr. Carstairs' uncheerful little parlour. The two men were alone; those who had carried the patient to the doctor's house having departed, well pleased enough to see the large blue eyes of Squire John gaze upon them once more in their old kindly fashion. "It is not time to think about the Rev. Mr. Puce yet, is it?"

"No," returned the doctor, gravely; "it is not necessary to think about Puce, Mr. John; but it is always worth a man's while to think about God."

Mr. Carlyon turned his yet pale face very

sharply round upon the speaker. But Mr. Carstairs was gazing through the wire blind upon the dusty village street, and he could gather nothing from the expression of his shoulders.

"My good friend, you are rather like Puce yourself in one thing," resumed the patient, dropping his eyelids, partly from weariness—for he was still very weak—and partly because it was his wont so to do when indulging in sarcasm; "although his trade is to cure souls, he dearly loves to recommend all sorts of patent medicines, which he protests have done him good; so much so, that I sometimes think he is a paid agent of Parr or Holloway; and you, in the same way, and perhaps in retaliation for his conduct, I have observed to take *your* opportunities of dropping in a word or two of religion."

"It is not so altogether unreasonable, Mr. Carlyon, as you seem to imagine; if I had made an investment which produced a very tolerable percentage even now, and which promised to pay a thousand-fold at some future time, is it not natural that I should give a hint to my friends that they also might lay out their money to so great an advantage?"

"Very good, doctor. It is extraordinary with what a gift of imagery the profession of religion seems to endow its advocates. They take up their parable at the shortest possible notice, just as a mere infidel might pick up a stone. There is Puce, for instance, who when pushed by simple folk like me, will envelope himself in a mist of metaphor, like any cuttle fish, and so escape. When a man becomes a parson it really seems as if he could no longer speak straight. His words begin to wheel about the subject supposed to be next his heart, "like doves about a dove-cot," but never alight upon it. He studies to say the least he can in the most words."

"I don't think you are much worried by sermons, Mr. Carlyon," returned the other, drily.

"Well, it is true, I don't give Puce much opportunity for punishing me in that way. But I heard him preach only last Sunday."

"You were not at church, were you?" ejaculated the other, turning a face of great amazement upon his patient.

"Not in church, but I was just outside, so that not a single trope was lost upon me. Berild and I were wandering about in the sunshine, and while he cropped a little churchyard grass, I thought I would get some spiritual provender for myself. We were quite alone out there, for the earl was at church—he never fails to go once a year, you know, and not a soul (worth saving, that is) in all the parish but was there. Not only a

great muster of carriage people and gentility, but all the fine-wooled sheep from the cobbler's fold. You may talk of the dangers of dissent, but if they get to be serious you have only to ordain half a hundred of the junior nobility and send them into the disaffected districts, and not a female saint but will return to her allegiance forthwith. The attention of the congregation—nobody thought of looking at *me* when I peeped in—seemed to be about equally divided between Heaven and his lordship; but that of Puce, I will do him the justice to say, was entirely concentrated upon the crimson pew. 'Now,' thought I, 'here is our reverend friend's opportunity for saying a word in season. He has this chance but once in twelve months, and surely he will not fail to take advantage of it. There will be something in the discourse for his lordship's particular ear (as, indeed, there was, although scarcely of an edifying kind), or else he is even a more pitiful sneak than I take him for.' I confess I was curious to hear the elegant periphrasis by which he would delicately refer to the existence of Mademoiselle Debonnaire, the latest acquisition to our respectable neighbourhood, and whom I had just met, with two of his lordship's grooms sitting behind her, driving a pair of the prettiest little cream-coloured ponies in the world. An allusion to this particular weakness, if not to the object of it, might surely have been hazarded, considering the very advanced age of the noble sinner, and the extreme probability that Puce would never catch him at church again. And yet what do you think that sermon was about? From first to last it was a denunciation of the unpardonable crime of poaching. The snare of the wicked one was represented in the literal form of a wire and horse-hair springe; his net was a partridge net; and the human agent he found most ready to his hand was an uninquiring game dealer."

"The fact of Puce happening to be a mean skunk—which I grant very readily," observed Mr. Carstairs, cheerfully, "does not invalidate the claims of religion. Of course it is very sad that a clergyman should pander to his patron in the manner you describe, and I have no doubt truly, for I heard that his lordship congratulated him on his discourse. But the man is not aware of his own degradation. Many persons who fill our pulpits are quite ignorant of the true nature and beauty of the thing which it is unhappily their lot to preach. You might as well expect to find in an organ-grinder, nay, in the monkey whose mission it is to sit upon the organ, an appreciation of Mozart."

"It appears to me, doctor," observed Mr. Carlyon, shily, "that that last remark reflects

upon the Church as well as the parson. You don't think much of hurdy-gurdies, I suppose?"

"I think a good deal of Mozart," answered the other, coldly. "Man's attempts to express his religious sentiments may fall very short of what he feels; his apparatus of worship may be exceedingly incomplete; but to deny the necessity for an operation merely because our means are inadequate for perfect success, seems to me illogical; and, if you will forgive me, rather ungenerous."

"Now, don't get angry, my dear doctor," observed Mr. Carlyon, laughing; "I have no objection to the monkey and the organ, I do assure you. I even pay them what is customary without a murmur, although they are far from pleasing to me. I am not like the cobbler who is always refusing to pay his church-rates."

"No; nobody accuses you of being a hypocrite, Mr. Carlyon," returned the doctor, not unwilling to exchange argument for agreement, even if only upon the demerits of a ranter. "That Job Salver is certainly a most offensive humbug. I understand the fellow was singing a psalm tune on the shore yonder, within hearing of that poor girl and boy, instead of stirring a finger to help them. Both would have solved the problem long ere this which you and I have often so vainly contended about, had their safety depended upon that whining charlatan, who ventures to oppose himself to all authority, speaking evil of dignities and things that he understands not."

"And yet," said Mr. Carlyon, thoughtfully, "it is very curious—but the singing of that very hymn did, in point of fact, save those two lives. Red Berild and I were going slowly home, and had even reached the cross-roads, when the sound of the psalm-singing reached us; whereupon, instead of riding down the hill to the Hall, I cantered up the rise to see what they were making such a noise about. Then, thanks to poor Berild, who did the half mile in about a minute, we got down just in time. It was a precious narrow thing even then; and if it had not been for William Millet and the rope, we should all have been in kingdom-come by this time—that is, if your views are correct. If otherwise, we should have been, as the jockeys say, 'nowhere'—out of the human race altogether."

"And the thought of that gave you no uneasiness, Mr. Carlyon, eh?" inquired the other, sharply, and regarding his patient with great earnestness.

"I did not think about it, doctor, for there was no time for thought, but only for action. If I had been quite certain that I was going

to my death, I don't quite know how I should have felt. All change is disagreeable to a man who has reached my time of life; if you were to tell me, 'You will die in an hour from this time exactly,'—as in certain cases you doctors are acquainted with—it would 'give me a turn.' If I know myself, however, I should certainly entertain no fear. There is nothing terrible to me in the idea of annihilation."

"What? to lie in cold obstruction and to rot?"

"In other words, to go to sleep and not to wake again, my good doctor. What is there objectionable in that? That is one of the ideas which it is conventionally agreed upon among religious people to shudder at. I am very much mistaken, however, if nine-tenths of the good folks, who express themselves so strongly upon this subject, would not gladly welcome extinction rather than run the risk of a much worse thing.

"What! would men be content to die like dogs?" exclaimed Mr. Carstairs.

"Ay; and most of them would think themselves lucky in so doing. I am as certain of that as that I am lying upon this sofa. Many who are not absolutely terror-stricken, are conscious that they have been more fortunate in this world than they deserve; and are afraid of matters being righted in the other to their own disadvantage. A few, such as my lord up at the park yonder, justly conclude (with some character in one of Bulwer's novels, I forget whom or which,) that it is doubtful whether, in any other state of life, they can possibly be so well off as they have been in this. For my own part I sympathise with none of these people; but I have not found life so pleasant as not to have got over my first love for her. It is only the young who are in reality enamoured: for though the old cling to her oftentimes with impotent desire, it is not because they love her, but because they fear the shadow that is beckoning them away. As for myself, I have said I have no fear, and what loss can death inflict upon me? You and I are very good friends, doctor; but we can endure to part from one another though it even should be for ever. Observe, for yourself, how absence cools the friendship of the very best of friends; the materials of it being generally far from lasting. Love, indeed, is said to be "for evermore;" but I am not in a position to offer an opinion on that delicate matter; and as for the ties of blood, I am sure I could bear to part from my only sister, Margaret, with equanimity; and I rather fancy that both she and nephew George would suffer such a calamity with equal resignation, provided they got Woodlees."

"Mrs. Newman does not behave to you in a very sisterly manner, I must own," said the doctor, grimly; "but there is one excuse to be made for her; she is a bilious subject. Without revealing matters that should be sacred, I can assure you, as her medical attendant, that she has a great deal of bile."

"Has she?" returned the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I thought it was religion: the symptoms of both are often much alike to the unlearned."

"My dear Mr. Carlyon," said the doctor, earnestly, "I am no bigot; I don't print texts round the wrappers of my physic bottles as some do."

"What moderation!" exclaimed the other.

"But, I do confess," continued Mr. Carstairs, without heeding the interruption; "that nothing annoys me more than these ill-natured carpings against what is to me, a great truth. From your lips they are especially obnoxious. Here is a man who has just risked his life—nay more, put it in the most eminent peril—to save two helpless fellow-creatures deserted by all other human aid——"

"Tut, my friend, you make too much of a small matter," interposed the other, with an air of some annoyance; "and besides, you know," he added gaily, "I have no right to any credit; it was not even a good action in your eyes."

"I am d——d if it was not!" cried Mr. Carstairs, slapping his hand upon the little round table till the phial danced in the tumbler.

"Nay, the condemnation falls on me," replied the other bitterly. "What, have you served the office of churchwarden, and yet not learnt that works done by unbelieving wretches (like me, my dear sir,) lack grace of congruity, and even have the nature of sin? It would have been wrong for me *not* to have assisted those two poor tidebound fellow-creatures, and it was also wrong for me to do so. Hit high, hit low, we can never please you theological gentry."

The speaker's face was very stern and pale, and his voice shook with passion.

"I do not deny," he continued, "that there are worse Churches than the Church of England. There is one that says 'For the manifestation of the glory of our Creator, some men are fore-ordained unto everlasting death;' and yet they say the nation that invented *that* dogma has no sense of humour. Well, sir, *your* Church is only a little less barbarous than this."

"John Carlyon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," returned the doctor, walking swiftly towards the couch. "To say such words

within sight of yonder church, where your poor father is lying in his grave, is shameful. You should have respect for his memory, if for nothing else. What an example of faith, of piety, of goodness, was thrown away upon you in that excellent man's life; how you disgrace his teaching; how you insult——"

"That will do, sir," said Carlyon, coldly, raising himself with difficulty from the sofa; "I congratulate you upon having discovered a method for shutting my mouth. I can walk alone, sir, thank you, very well."

So saying he seized his hat and staggered to the door. His countenance wore the same leaden hue as when he lay upon the beach, an hour or so ago, just rescued from the sea, but it had not the same vacant expression. He looked angry, and pained, but also something more and worse. If it had been possible in a man of such calibre—both mental and bodily—as John Carlyon, one would have said that he looked panic-stricken.

"I am sorry," began the doctor, pleadingly; "it was cruel and unfair, I own."

But holding up one hand as though to deprecate all further talk, Carlyon groped about the door with the other, and presently getting it open, felt his way along the passage like a blind man, and so into the street, and took his way towards home.

"I am a beast," exclaimed Mr. Carstairs, self-reproachfully, standing in his little porch and watching his departing patient move slowly and painfully away. "And the beast which I am is an ass. I have done him more harm than good in every way. Matters could scarcely have been worse, had I told him the truth at once, although he did say it would have 'given him a turn,' and yet how could I have known that the mention of his father would have put him into such a state! it was a mercy he did not drop down dead at my very door. Such a gallant, honest fellow, too! He will be a loss to the world, although, maybe, the world, as he says, will be no loss to him: but as for you, Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., and late overseer of this parish, when *your* turn comes to be grassed over, you will be a loss to nobody, being an ass."

(To be continued.)

TIME AND BEAUTY.

ONE ray from thine orient beauty,
One diamond spark from thine eyes,
Were a lamp to illuminate duty,
Were a pole-star of brilliant emprise.

Oh! say not how soon they must perish,
Those charms that delight and amaze;
We ever most tenderly cherish
The visions that wane as we gaze.

Aurora, the sunset, the flowers—
All exquisite things of this earth—
Live rather in minutes than hours,
And die from the moment of birth.

More precious the more evanescent,
Love proffers a fugitive boon,
While we look on the heavenly crescent
It is growing on towards the full moon.

Then truce to predictions alarming;
Forget, love, the fatal "no more;"
I only believe thou art charming,
And bid thee believe I adore.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

TINY GARDENS AND TINY GARDENERS.

WITH the eye intently fixed on some large and distant object, we are very apt to forget the lesser things that lie immediately beside us. We look through a telescope anxiously and patiently, learning nothing much, perhaps, after hours of study; whereas, had we examined something absolutely within touch, we might have acquired sweet wisdom from the scrutiny, and have been able to instil sweet wisdom from it into others also. It is good, therefore, at times, to have done with distance and look at home; and let us do that, for a few minutes, with exhibitions. Let us turn from Paris, at whose great show all the world is now gazing, and let us visit a little modest show in our own land, the sample of many held in different parts of the country, and the forerunner, it is to be hoped, of a great many more.

Let us take a walk to pretty, hill-built Hampstead. There was a child's posy show held there the other day, which need not hang its head before any exhibition of its size and purport held at any time or anywhere. The exhibitors were a handful of little children; the few out of the hundreds attending the parochial national schools who had ambition enough and industry enough to leave "tip-cat" and marbles, and exciting "touch," and go forth into the fields and hedgerows, and try the best that they could do. There was no fanfaronade heralding their humble little show. The small demi cul-de-sac in which it was held—known, locally, as Bradley's Buildings—was quite quiet and unobtrusive, and unobtruded on by any but those whom it well concerned. It turned sharply and very narrowly, and intricately, from the broad street of Hampstead town, and in it stood the pleasant yellow and red brick-built school-rooms in one of which the show was held. Entrance was to be had into this favoured apartment at four distinct and separate times and terms. Were you one of the clergy, or some neighbour's gardener (and had kindly

volunteered to act as judge), or were you a lady of the committee, or the master or mistress of the schools, you might be on the premises gratis any time from nine o'clock till two, and you might work hard at receiving consignments from the proud little exhibitors, at placing them to the best advantage, at decorating the room, unpacking the prizes and deciding who should carry them away. Were you a *bond fide* spectator—in Hampstead parlance, one of the "gentry," and an active well-wisher to the school—you might invite as many friends to luncheon as you pleased, take them with you through the sunny and placid streets, and get them all admitted from three o'clock till five, at sixpence a head. Were you a child—a child belonging properly to the schools—you might have an hour's wonderment and delight for nothing, from five o'clock till six. And, finally, were you a cottager, or a "parent," and liked stimulation and a squeeze, you might be admitted for a penny to the prize-giving, which was from seven o'clock till nine. The whole pomp and pageantry were to be over in the day. The show was to be like the sunny life of the airy insect, that has no morrow and closes with the night. But, like the short hour of this ephemera, the exhibition had its incidents. It was full. Going in punctually at three o'clock that no press might interfere with quiet inspection, there were already two chosen boys at the gate to receive the sixpences, and give a little cardboard cheque; at an inner door there were two more trusty boys, with brown holland bags, to receive these cheques; and then the whole interest and prettiness of the exhibition were within view. The little feet and fingers that had brought the "exhibits" together had been very nimble and adroit. They had furnished the show managers with so much *matériel*, the available desks of the school-house were not sufficient, and the workhouse authorities had kindly lent several tables more. These had been arranged all round the pretty oak-roofed room and down its middle; and on them the specimens were laid. And it was wonderful what varieties the active little exhibitors had obtained. Hampstead, it may be supposed, is well placed for such a show. It has its lanes, where Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and poor wearied Haydon once walked and chatted; it has its heath (and may it never be enclosed!), and its buttercup and daisy-spangled meadows; and the little parish school children had hunted these from hill to hedge, had coursed about amongst the gorse and bramble, peeped under blooming bushes, climbed the trees, scoured the ditches, and got together such a collection of Nature

treasures, it will be almost wearisome to write them down. They had procured beech-nuts, bladder-nuts, chestnuts, wood-nuts; horn-beans, acorns, hips and haws; fir-cones, oak-apples, walnuts in the pod; every berry that can be thought of—elderberry, snow-berry, and the coral berries of the mountain ash; honeysuckle seeds, dahlia seeds, wheat, barley, oats, and hops. Many a finger must have got a scratch, and many a torn frock or trouser become more torn, in the chase the little people must have had after their pretty parcels of blackberry, whortle-berry, cherry-apple, and bloom-set aloe. Many a pair of dusty and mud-stained boots must have gone home for much of "mother's" extra cleaning after such an accumulation of barberry, savine, meadow-sweet, and ragwort; of knapwood, nipplewort, nettle, and clover; of white buttons, pink buttons, ox-eye, and daisy; of fever-few and privet, and holly and wild-briar. To think of the rosy cheeks the gathering these must have brought, the used limbs, the chorus of merry shouts, makes us reflect sadly on the little pale-faced street children of our great towns, whose growth is stunted, and who scare us with old men's and women's wisdom peering from their great hungry eyes. But surely something approaching the work of the Hampstead scholars might be done for these. There are many schools in the metropolis, and many more in other monster towns, within reach of field and meadow; and where there are meadows there is sure to be a ditch, and where there is a ditch there is nearly sure to be a hedge, the hedge, in turn, being certain to be shadowed, more or less, by trees; and even such a common-place *locale* would produce something worth the searching for, if the proper impetus could be given. It would be worth the trial, at any rate, should any enterprising person be moved to take it in hand.

Many trials would have to be made, though, before attaining the efficiency of the Hampstead little folks. Some of the small people were quite wonderful in their art-notions. One little fellow had produced a picture of a man on horseback, accompanied by a dog, and all at no cost at all. He had provided himself with a small glazed frame, evidently once belonging to a looking-glass; he had made a pretty margin inside this of yellow and claret-coloured dahlia petals; his horse was of brown oak-leaves tightly gummed down, his dog of leaves of bright yellow tint, his man's coat of petals of scarlet geranium, his foreground of real upstanding grass. Another little chap had taken sycamore leaves, lime leaves, any leaves he could find, and had sown them on a cardboard picture in the shape of a bird.

Another had stitched his leaves into words, and sensible words. They read, with a prettily-arranged leaf-margining round, "We all do fade as a —," the missing word being, of course, substituted by the thing it was meant to represent. It was quite delicious, too, to see the wee cottages that were the expression of some of the children's ideas of rusticity. Imagine a fairy homestead, about the size of a half-quartern loaf, roofed with orange nasturtium petals! Imagine it, also, having ivy trailed about it, and a garden in its front, surrounded with a miniature mud wall! There was another of these diminutive cots made of clay studded with cherry stones. A third was built in colonial fashion, of logs of just-felled wood; each log about as big as a stick of barley-sugar, each little window showing glimpses of lace curtain, with smart pink calico behind, no larger, certainly, than the palm of the little maker's hand. A fourth of these fascinating mansions had a rustic porch, and quite a large garden, large enough to be diversified by a pond, which was a piece of looking-glass, on the bank of which a gentleman reclined; and this gentleman, who had been once a Dutch doll, and who showed his origin in much the distinct way that we all do when we are off our guard, was of studious, though wooden, mind; in the rim of little flowers that garnished the bank he lent on, lay an open book (half-an-inch by half-an-inch, perhaps, if any one had been so unimaginative as to measure it), and the book was no more able to rivet the gentleman's attention than it should have been, for he was conquered by lovely woman in quite the ordinary way. He was contemplating a lady, not quite so large as himself, walking upon a lawn, dressed in bewitching fashion, with a parasol as big as half a nutshell, and a little hint that solitude was not agreeable to her, for she was accompanied by a tiny tuft of tawny fluff that was clearly intended to represent a dog. Then another child, a girl, had built no house, but had exhausted ingenuity in the planning of a mimic pleasure-ground, where the little walks were sand, and the grass-plots green berries, and the flower-beds scarlet berries or yellow berries, or white berries, and any coloured berries she could find. She had put a flower vase, of thimble stature, in the centre of her grounds, and she had not forgotten visitors to admire the beauties she had put there. Some of these (easily to be recognised as the Shem, Ham, and Japhet of a Noah's ark) were disporting themselves as elegantly as their rigid attire would let them; others, alas! were left ruthlessly outside, peeping disconsolately through a little closed gate; for they had a dog with them (from the Noah's ark, too), and

the fatal notice was written up, "No dogs admitted, miss," and they could not be so cruel as to leave their canine friend behind. The little wag who had conceived this piece of disappointment had written another label descriptive of her work; it read, "This is composed of 32 varieties, including Cedar of Lebanon, Scotch Fir, pine, wild crabs, nuts, and berries;" and this statement gives some idea of the pains the garden took to make, and of the justice that determined it was to carry off a prize.

Then, besides these intricate designs, requiring positive manufacture, there were others considerably more simple. A basket had been taken—some old basket that was "mother's," or had been lent by a sympathising "teacher"—and it had been covered, handle and all, with strings of berries. These berries were nut-brown chestnuts, perhaps, or the orange and scarlet seeds of the wild-rose; sometimes there would be festoons of some other bright-coloured berry hanging from the basket's rim; in one case a fairy stood on the topmost part of a handle, wielding a corking-pin, that was her magic-working wand—said wand being stuck through the lady's muslin cape, instead of in her hand, for she, too, was of Dutch extraction, and clung too fondly to the characteristics of her ancestry. And there were trays with the berries merely laid in them in patterns,—a scarlet berry cross, for instance, on a background of green; or the initials of the school in green, with a background and diaper bordering of black and red. There was one cross made of chestnut-shells, all opened regularly, so that each formed an extremely pretty quatrefoil. There was a motto written in thin blades of grass—"The grass withereth," it said, very fitly leaving the conclusion to be inferred. And, of course, there was a device with the never-failing motto, "Excelsior;" and there was another to which, at "father's" desire, undoubtedly, there had been fixed the pregnant word, "Reform." Then, one nature-loving, or prize-wishing little fellow had been great in leaves—green leaves, not the dried ones mentioned before. He had obtained sixty or seventy different sorts, and had pinned them on to a sloping piece of wood, and written the names to every one. Variegated holly, he had procured, and fir, and ash, and hazel, beech, laurel, bay, rose, syringa, pine, laburnum, honeysuckle, vine, box, oak, furze, cranberry, camellia, maple, cypress, briar, filbert, cherry, poplar—and so many more, that we should deserve a prize as richly as he did, if we were to write them all down. One would have thought he had exhausted every leaf to be found in Hampstead parish, when he had

collected these. Not so, nor anything like so. One of the very next "exhibits" was to him, on the same table, not a yard away, was a circlet of violet leaves (not one of which could have possibly come within reach of his busy fingers), and these violet leaves had an inner ring of large ox-daisies, and these surrounded a tuft of golden buttercups, that looked exactly like a crown. And another rival had done wonders with a lapful of pink and white clover. These had been picked short off to the bushy head, and set up into a carpet of union-jack, with a wee box edging all round it to contrast its somewhat too pale hues. Similar designs had been made of daisy-heads, and crimson sorrel, and close-picked elder-flowers, and delicious smelling meadow-sweet (called devil's oatmeal, one child said), and of small ivy leaves, and waving grass seeds, and fine moss, and the jewel-looking forget-me-not; the way of fixing them being, in some cases, with gum on a wooden tray; but in others, and those the most, in a little frame of wetted sand. Indeed all the materials in the whole show were of the simplest description; there could scarcely have been a half-crown's outlay in the whole room. If paper were laid under the nuts and berries upon the baskets and trays, it was only a spare half-yard or so of the paper of the cottage wall, snipped to a fringe with a pair of scissors, or cut into a shape. The trays were those that had been in use for years, and that "mother" would have had to do without that day at tea, because it was the only one she had. The baskets were evidently those that had been often carried to school or market, and the next day might be carried there again. The plates and dishes, the glasses and basins, were those just in ordinary use. To be like every-day life, indeed, seemed to be the only thing within the comprehension of about half of the exhibitors. To imitate mother's Sunday apple-pie was a favourite achievement, and there would be a pie-dish, with a cardboard crust upon it, and leaves and berries put round it, and across and across, till it was exactly like that piece of appreciated pastry. And then a plate with a mere handful of nuts in it was no uncommon sight; and it was very good to see it faithfully written—as the rules of the exhibition required—that even this poor arrangement was beyond the attainments of the John or Mary who exhibited, but was the work of "mother," or "father," or in some cases, "parents" both. One "exhibit" was three or four rushes tied together: another, a simple bunch of buttercups and daisies; others, tufts merely of seeding grass, and from these first steps, through an

excellent imitation of the glass *étage* vases—by means of plates raised on flower-pots or tumblers, and crowned with a wine-glass or handle-less cup—exhibitory art passed to the highest stage to which it could possibly go. Friends had been entreated to send in flowers or other objects as models for the future efforts of the children, and the gardener of Mr. Gurney Hoare had so generously responded to the invitation that his contribution was the talk of the room. It was a miniature horticultural garden, two feet square, perhaps, with square beds, oblong beds, crescent beds, round beds, all geometrically correct, and filled, one, for example, with mauve verbena heads, another with amber calceolaria, a third with pink geranium, another with scarlet, and others with white flowers, brown flowers, blue flowers, orange flowers, all in full blossom, wonderful plants scarce one inch high, and all walled in by a hedge of yew sprays not so tall as one's little finger, and intersected by even paths made of bright golden sand.

Besides flowers and seeds and leaves and grasses, another feature of this interesting little Hampstead Flower Show, was wood. Boys only were to compete for this—of course boys only are supposed to like cutting; whoever thought of making a knife a present to a girl?—and they had competed well. One young urchin—his name was Tommy Pull, and it deserves to be recorded—had cut some sixty or seventy specimens of wood, each four or five inches long, and had laid them regularly on a tray, with a stem stuck straightly on to each, and a label flying from it flagwise, so that the whole looked like a fleet of tiny ships. A schoolfellow of Tommy's had laid his specimens merely pell-mell in a tray; but then he had a greater number—he had reached as many as ninety; so if he were behind-hand in beauty, he excelled in something else, and might aim at a higher target the next time. It is tedious, possibly, to run over another list of vegetable kingdom names; but, simply to show the scope of these little men (and there were others exhibiting, of course, besides the two mentioned), and to be more emphatic about the advantage accruing to them upon the mere introduction to such a large page of nature, the patience of the reader shall be submitted to the trial. There were, then, little twigs, or branchlets, of damson trees, gooseberry-bushes, heliotrope, sycamore, peach, gorse, egg-plum, chrysanthemums, pear, lilac, mulberry, tea-tree, black-currant, white-currant, red-currant, wall-flowers, southernwood, acacia, and larch. As a rule, these names, which the children were obliged to affix to their specimens, were correctly spelt; but in many

cases in the room, letters were tossed together with the queerest notion of place and number, and with comical result. One little girl had a label attached to her gatherings assuring us they were "Deadley night shades," "oar-thorn berrys," "Hipps," "Sparrow grass Berrys," and "haycorns"; a little boy showed "feathier fell," "dayesses," "accorns," and "hoylleis"; another child wrote "Passion leafe and fruite"; a fourth, "wertle-berry"; another, "forgetmenot,"—all in one word; and others, "French merry goal," "daliah," "Snowy Graseless," (whatever that may be), "Coper Birch," "Lawrell," "Arbuvitre," "beach," "syringar," "clematus," "mulberry," and "Parridise Plum." But these errors were evidence of the genuineness of the show. They proved it was children's, or their parents' work, that it was absolutely cottage-born, and as such they had a tongue that spoke, and that should not be heard unheeded. And a similar appeal was made by a poor medicine bottle, holding half-a-dozen dull coloured dahlias with heavy-hanging heads; "grown in mother's garden," said the *affiche*; and no one could look at it and not be moved.

A pretty feature in this pretty exhibition was its band. A proper school band; composed of some dozen little fellows, in grey coats smartened with scarlet trimming, who occupied the school-yard, and so—luckily—scattered half their music into the unearned air. Proud little chaps, tootling their fifes and belabouring their drums. The prouder the more noise they made, and the more visitors rushed from the posy seeing, to the field of their operations, to see what particular inhabitants of Inferno had been let loose. Then rattled the drums still harder, and louder and higher rose the fifes' shrill shriek, then off marched the musicians, round and round the exhibition precincts, making themselves seem two bands, four bands, five bands, six bands, so masterly was the effect of their rapid movements, so thoroughly deafening and bewildering was their enthusiastic noise.

But the end of the exhibition soon came. The room thinned. One by one the visitors departed, and the clock went slowly on and on, till it came near to five. Then the little gratis visitors, the little familiar children of the school,—who had been clamouring the previous ten minutes for admittance, and had been with difficulty kept back—came rushing up the pathway in a joyous swoop, and the nature treasures had other eyes to look at them, and other hearts to be elated at the sight. O-o-o-o-h! was the gratified chorus that filled the room, at seeing all the gatherings *en masse*. Many an "Oh!" had been uttered, doubtless, in the gathering, and at each little

gatherer's home-held "private view;" but these were nothing to the long croon that was almost music, when the little folks had uninterrupted scanning of the beauties that were within their touching, and almost on a level with their eyes. There was an eager reading, too, to see to whom had fallen a prize; and there followed great exultation if it were the happy reader, or chanced to be a favourite friend. The prize-table, also, had soon its lively cluster. On it were arranged the desks and work-boxes, knives and purses, candle-sticks, coffee-cups, flower-pots, and leather reticules, that were to be given away; and plentiful were the guesses, and wild the prophecies, as to whose should be some tempting article, and which should be distributed to which. A large object-box, sent generously by some especial school friend, absorbed a large share of admiration, and great restlessness as to its destined owner prevailed. Hearts must have been sore then, it is sure, to think laziness, or indifference, had held many little hands and feet from trying to become winner of such a prize as that. "Who will get it?" "Whose will it be?" "Oh!" and "My!" echoed round the table, and hopes ran high.

All was soon known: at least it was known at seven o'clock, when, admission being only a penny, there was such a crowd of parents and scholars waiting, that the little show-room was tightly packed in a minute, and then—with scores of children yet outside the gate unable to get in—the prize-giving began. It was an exciting time; but exciting from no accessories; only for itself. There was not a vestige of any pomp about it. The vicar merely mounted a chair that stood by the envied table, and from that small elevation—enabling him to overlook all the little faces that looked breathlessly towards him, and that was all—he had his say. He told of the good the children were expected to reap from the objects before them; and, reasonable silence having been dutifully accorded him, he stepped from the chair, and another gentleman, who was to be the real donor of the prizes, took his place. No such correct attention to him. Clamour had been too long held back, for it to be gainsaid any longer, and there was no opportunity for him to say a word. Did he not hold in his hand the magic list of prize-holders? And were not the prizes immediately at his side, only waiting to be converted from mere uncertainties to real solid gifts? It would not have been in human nature to have kept that hubbub silent another minute, and, amidst it, the crowning of the day took place. The coveted object-box had its exultant owner (he could not hold it, though; his proud father had to take it, and

retire from the pressure with it under his arm); money-boxes were given, with a pleasant hope that they would be quickly filled; knives distributed,—and opened immediately to feel the edge of the true steel; purses handed, with a delighted look for the sixpences that were said, and found, to be inside them; and the hubbub was gradually quelled. One little chap was lifted over the people's heads, to be put within reach of the prize-giver's hand, and the child's face beamed with delight at the rose-wood desk given to him. One or two girls' voices answered faintly, "Here I am, sir," when their names were called, being still so embedded in the mass of appreciative parents, nothing could be seen of them but a wee up-raised hand. However, that was quite enough. Into the eager clutch was put the pen-wiper, or sewing-box, or book, that was its right, and soon all the gifts were gone. Then cheers were raised for the school supporters; the flowers and objects exhibited by the children were given to them to be taken home; the room was once more cleared; and the school-master locked the doors.

Let us hope the hearts that ached then, because of empty hands, had courage enough infused into them, and resolution, to determine no other year should pass without them joining in the race, and running so heartily they should be sure to win. Is not the pang that comes to all of us when we are outstripped, sent for this good purpose? and is it not the better for all of us, when we listen to its cry?

J. H.

FACT AND INTENTION.

- "Now what do you think of a man who designs
To build, at his leisure, a village—
Replete with each comfort the heart can desire—
For the sons and the daughters of tillage;
Where all can have household enjoyments and room
Quite enough to prevent all contention?"—
- "Why I think that he'd best build one cottage at once,
For I'd rather have *fact* than *intention*."
- "Well, what do you think of a man who's resolved
(As soon as he's gained so and so)
To found, for the next generation of youth,
Free schools where the meanest may go:
Where masters, of talent and skill fully tried,
Shall teach every lore you can mention?"—
- "Why, he'd best walk at once than look forward to run,
For I much prefer *fact* to *intention*."
- "Come, what do you think of a man who's possessed
Of—I may say—unlimited wealth;
Deciding to will ev'ry shilling he's got,
To be *publicly* paid—not by stealth,
To only relations in absolute want?"—
- "Why, he'd best give, *at once*, half. Prevention
In every point is so far before cure,
That I much prefer *fact* to *intention*."

"Then what do you think of a man who declares
That his spare cash shall all be directed
To carry out some public-spirited plan
The moment he's found it perfected?
He has no doubt—with toil, perseverance and time—
He can hit upon some new invention."
"Why, he'd better adopt some *good* plan that is *old*;
I so much prefer fact to intention."

"Do you quite, then, ignore ev'ry future design—
No matter how great or how grand?
Do you think that, because a man sails out to sea,
He can never again reach the land?"—
"Not so; but, howe'er you the future reverse,
Let to-day have your prior attentions;
We can make of the present, if willing, a Heaven;
There's *another* place paved with intentions!"

CHARLES S. LANCASTER.

LA FLEUR DE RUEL.

CHAPTER I.

"So we have failed, altogether failed,
Monsieur de Brassy!"

"Ma foi! yes, miserably. We could not
tell he would sleep in the palace. We were
all ready; he also was ready, as Monsieur the
Duc de Beaufort knows by this time."

"You are as ready as before to distinguish
yourself, I suppose, and earn those golden
honours that France would bestow upon the
man who had the misfortune to be present at
the death of M. le Cardinal?"

"I am very humble, but I think the office
of 'rat-catcher' to her majesty' would suit
me."

"Or that of 'rat-killer,' if the rat's name
began with an M—?"

"Truly, I should kill the rat if I caught it;
rats that are not killed when you catch them
are apt to bite very seriously when they get
loose."

"There are many ways of killing rats I
have heard, M. de Brassy?"

"Yes, M. de Campion; in the country they
hunt them with little dogs and shoot them
for sport; also they employ ferrets to kill them
in their burrows."

"And in towns, M. de Brassy? how do
they kill rats in towns?"

"Well, monsieur, you see town rats are
very greedy, and court rats are positively
gluttons."

"Well; about town rats?"

"Why, they generally die from eating
something that disagrees with them."

"And you think, M. de Brassy, that a
certain gluttonous court rat that stores up
golden corn might eat something that dis-
agreed with him?"

"Truly he might, at all events if it were set
before him in such a manner as not to excite
suspicion."

"But how, if your court rat was very
suspicious—a very old, cautious rat?"

"Then it would be more difficult, but not
even then impossible."

"Look you, M. de Brassy, you are from
Picardy, and new to Paris; I will tell you
something of this court rat."

"That is, his eminence M. le Cardinal
Mazarin."

"Right—his eminence. Do you know
M. de Brassy, that from the time of the late
king's death to the present, scarcely a day
has passed but a certain lady, of whom you
know, has planned and plotted——"

"As Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse
only can plot, I suppose?"

"M. de Brassy! as I said, you are from
Picardy. In Paris it is thought dangerous to
mention the names of those we talk about.
As I was saying, not a day but has had its
plot and its failure. The fidelity of his ser-
vants has been tested again and again; he
has sat at table with the most deadly poisons
in his favourite dishes, and has escaped by
refusing them. He changes his cooks often;
the last died suddenly."

"So I heard."

"I'll tell you why. We—our party, that is
—had bribed the man; he found it out, but
showed no sign of suspicion, and sat down to
his dinner, and this was what took place. I
had it from one of his own people. His emi-
nence sent for the cook."

"How long have you been in my ser-
vice?" said his eminence.

"Two months to-morrow, your eminence."

"Good, my friend. Are you satisfied
with your place? You have no desire to
change?"

"None whatever, your eminence."

"Ah! I am glad that it is so. I like to
have men of genius in my service and attached
to me, and you, Monsieur——?"

"Coques, your eminence."

"You, Monsieur Coques, are a man of
genius. I honour genius. I will to-day show
my appreciation of your services by an invi-
tation to dine with me. Sit down, Monsieur
Coques, sit down."

"The man tried to decline; excused him-
self on the score of dress, his humble origin;
the honour was too much for him. It was
useless; he was obliged to sit down."

"You will, I'm sure, excuse me, Monsieur
Coques," said his eminence; "but I have made
a vow to taste nothing but some eggs and
some water for twenty-four hours, and my
time does not expire until this evening at
midnight; therefore, you will honour me by
taking to yourself that dish of lamb, which
looks tempting enough to force me from my

vow if I were not a cardinal. Also you will excuse me, I'm sure, Monsieur Coques, if I call one of my guards.'

"He called one of his guards, and said to him, 'Monsieur de Bazan, you see that chair opposite that dish. If, in half-an-hour, the dish is not empty, fire at whatever is in the chair. Also if, during the half-hour, the chair should appear likely to become vacant, it would perhaps be as well to prevent its becoming so by firing. Do you understand, Monsieur?'

"The guard was one of those machines of soldiers that his eminence delights in, so you see M. Coques was obliged to accept the invitation, and he dined with his eminence. His own cooking was too rich for him."

"Yes; I heard of it. He died that night. But, at the palace, or elsewhere at his friends' houses?"

"My dear M. de Brassy, his eminence seldom visits; he eats only of the dishes of which his host eats, and invariably retires from the table in less than half-an-hour, after the manner of the ancients, with the difference that they retired to prolong the pleasures of appetite, his eminence to prolong life itself."

"But at the palace?"

"Well, you see, there are those at the palace who might by chance pick up the bait meant for the rat alone; and though France would be grateful to the man by whom she was freed from M. le Cardinal, it is not so clear that she would pardon a mistake that left her queenless or kingless; and the old rat is very cautious, and eats only from the dish of the mistress who sleeks his grey fur, and at whose chamber-door he scratches at midnight."

"Then, there is nothing for me to do, M. Campion?"

"Yes; this. The court goes to Ruel to-morrow. His eminence has invited to the palace of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon a certain La Signora Leonora, who is to sing to her majesty. Now, this Signora Leonora is or was, and will be again, a most particular friend of M. le Cardinal, who, though he is a churchman, and has permanently taken the place of Buckingham, is not yet so old as to be insensible to the charms of a sweet voice when heard in solitude and whispers."

"I see; he will meet the signora."

"Yes, but do not mistake: he never goes out except in disguise, and then some guards are following, disguised as peasants or bourgeois, or what not, even as women sometimes."

"Then this piece of steel will not prove of much service to me; I had hoped to carve a fortune with it."

"A good weapon, I have no doubt, M. de Brassy, but force is useless now. This is your plan. Follow his eminence wherever he goes; take this packet of white powder, and whenever, or wherever, he eats or drinks endeavour to scatter it in the food or mix it in the fluid; for the rest, chance must guide you; and the moment you are certain the powder has been swallowed, stay for nothing, but hasten to me and claim your own reward, for within two hours Mazarin will be dead. Are you agreed?"

"M. de Campion, I am; but I require one thing—a safeguard. On the death of the cardinal, the Duc de Beaufort will then be minister of France; let me then have his signature to this promise and this safeguard for myself."

"It would be very inconvenient if such a paper were found on you by the cardinal's people before he died; I would myself sooner trust to the gratitude of our party to remember their promise."

"Well, M. Campion, I will trust you, who are not a prince yet."

"Do; you shall find that in serving the Duchesse de Chevreuse you have not served the most ungrateful of mistresses."

M. de Brassy had left the room in which this conversation had taken place but a few seconds, when he was recalled by M. de Campion.

"By-the-by, M. de Brassy, excuse me for recalling you, but I wanted to ask you a question. How wide do the mouths of the people of Picardy open?"

"Monsieur?"

"Don't be offended; but I ought to tell you that in Paris we do not open our mouths very wide. A person I know was so incautious as to open his mouth the other day in a public place, wide enough for the name of Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse to escape through his teeth."

"Yes; and then——"

"Oh! nothing—only—as his body was found in the Seine next day with a dagger wound through the heart from the back, it was supposed he had fallen over one of the bridges."

"And the wound in the back?"

"Ah! that we could not account for, but it was suggested that if his mouth had not been so large, or if his teeth had been longer, he would not have fallen over the bridge perhaps."

"Precisely, M. de Campion; I see—but I shall not fall over the bridge, for my teeth are very long indeed, and, as you see, my mouth is very small."

"Just so, Monsieur; you have in that a



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great advantage over the gentleman who fell over the bridge. You will of course be at Ruel to-morrow?"

CHAPTER II.

"So the court comes to-day, mother. I wish we lived a little nearer to the town."

"Nonsense, child; are you not satisfied with the good word of all the lads about? Do they not call you the Flower of Ruel?"

"They do now, mother; but they will not to-morrow when they have seen the queen and the ladies."

"Bah! the queen is old, and has only ugly women in her train, for fear the court gallants should make comparisons. There will not be in all the court a handsomer lass than yourself. Ah me! if your father now would but attend to the farm instead of sitting and drinking his own wines and cognac all day, I

should indeed be happy, and instead of giving you away to that good-for-nothing Guitaut, of the Gardes Colonelle, I might have had the *maire's* son for my son-in-law."

"I am very glad indeed, my mother, that you will give me to Jules, instead of to that little Mazarinist, the *maire's* son."

"Hush, *ma fleur*! it is not safe to talk like that; poor folk should know nothing of the court or its parties. You must be like your father's house, free to serve all. But get yourself dressed, for there is a traveller coming down the hill—a soldier, too."

The soldier came in, and was waited on by the host in person. After a few questions as to how things were going on in Paris, the traveller asked, "Is your house full?"

"Full, monsieur! we have no one here; all the rooms are to let."

"No; not all, Jacques," said the wife; "the best room is engaged by the foreign lady."

"Foreign lady! what is her name?"

"La Signora Leonora," said Rose; "I remembered it because I thought I had heard it before."

"I dare say you have, my pretty one," said the soldier; "it is the name of the new Italian nightingale that is to sing in the woods of Ruel to please the queen."

"Well, she has engaged the room over this to be kept for her to meet a gentleman in; her uncle, she said."

"Ah, indeed! I should like to see her uncle, for I think he's an old friend of mine."

"But you are from Picardy, monsieur, if I know anything of France."

"True, mine host; I am from Picardy, but why should I not know La Signora's uncle?"

"You are right, sir; but I understood that he came from Italy with her, and was strange to France."

"It may not be the same; still I think, good host, I should like to see him when he comes without his seeing me."

"That is very easy; any one from the branches of the tree yonder can see into this room quite well."

"I'll try it. When do you expect the lady?"

"This afternoon. She is to meet her uncle here."

"Well, if you will get me some dinner in another room, and join me in a flask, I'll stay and see the signora's uncle."

The worthy host of the Rose of Ruel provided the dinner, and joined the soldier of Picardy over his after-dinner flask.

"I suppose now, M. Jaques, that this is not a bad trade of yours—this keeping of inns

and farming together ought to make you a rich man. You have been *maire*, of course?"

"*Maire*, of course!

Not at all, good monsieur. I am as poor as a church mouse."

"You do not say as a church rat?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the host, in a whisper; "men do not talk out loud in Ruel just now about rats at all, much less about church rats."

"No? and why not?"

"Because some rats have sharp ears and sharp teeth."

"You do not seem to like the rats?"

"No, indeed; the rats are the farmers' enemies in the country, but it is the town rat that has done me most mischief."

"I do not understand, M. Jaques, how you, a farmer, can be hurt by rats in town?"

"I didn't say the town rats; I said the town rat."

"Bah! That is dangerous indeed; that is another thing; but I do not still understand how."

"You see, M. le Capitaine, I have property in the city, and the new edict of Toisé asks me to ruin myself to pay to the queen a tax on my property in Paris that has been mine and my father's these eighty years. The good king Henry II. little thought that his law would be forgotten for a hundred years, and then renewed at the instigation of a creature of Cardinal Mazarin's to ruin and beggar honest men like myself."

"Oh, I see then! his eminence is your rat that eats your Paris corn, eh?"

"Truly so, and my barn at Paris holds more corn than all my barns here put together."

"And what do you do to the rats that eat the corn in the barns of Ruel?"

"We kill them and trap them and——"

"And you poison them," hissed the soldier into the ear of his host, seeing he hesitated.

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine, we poison them, that is to say, the country rats."

"And the town rats also?"

"If I had the chance."

"Good. Let us understand each other. What is your barn in Paris worth?"

"It brings me in five thousand francs a year."

"Well, if you will help me you shall have a pension for life of ten times that sum."

"Agreed—you shall direct, I will execute."

"About your wife?"

"She will know nothing."

"And the girl?"

"Nothing—she will do whatever she is told; she is only a large child, suspecting nothing. I must go; there are travellers arrived."

The new-comer was a man past the prime of life, with keen, piercing eyes, a grey beard and curled moustache, a soldier evidently by his dress. Speaking with a slightly foreign accent, he asked,—

"You have a young lady here?"

"No, monsieur, she came, and is gone on to the palace at Ruel. She said if her uncle came she would be sent for; I will send on one of the lads for her."

"No, my own servant will go; I will rest."

"Enter, M. le Capitaine," and the landlord, remembering his promise, showed his guest into the room overshadowed by the tree. The soldier and his servant entered.

"Well, Motteville, have you seen anything suspicious?"

"I have, indeed, your eminence."

"Silence, fool; speak louder, and say capitaine."

"I have seen that gentleman we were to have met in Paris on the *quai* near the Palais Royal, that night in September."

"Oh, indeed—which of them?"

"The one from Picardy, my capitaine."

The soldier rose suddenly and opened the door of the room, and finding no one listening, said, in a low voice,—

"You mean the brave De Brassy?"

"I do. I thought I knew the horse in the stable, and I managed to see him in the next room."

"The next room!" said the soldier, in alarm. "Are we guarded?"

"There are four, your eminence; two labourers drinking under the trees in front, the carpenter who is putting up the door of the opposite shed, and the supposed woman, who is gathering simples in the hedge."

"And you forget to add yourself."

"I did not forget, for I am going to fetch la Signora Leonora."

"True; tell her to make haste, for I like not the near neighbourhood of this Picardy gentleman, now that, by accursed misfortune, I am without my mail."

The servant mounted and left, and the soldier was left alone.

The soldier in the next room had meanwhile climbed the low tree looking into the room.

He came in by the back of the house, and calling the host, said to him in a voice hoarse with emotion,—

"So that is the uncle of la signora?"

"I suppose so, as he has sent by his servant to fetch her."

"Shall I tell you something else?"

"If you will. Anything you like."

"That soldier uncle is the court rat."

"His eminence?"

"Yes, without a doubt."

"Do you know, I caught a rat in a trap the other day, and I stuck a skewer right through him. Now, you wear something like a skewer."

"That may be; but yours was a very long skewer, and you stood outside the trap and put it in between the wires. If you had had to go into a trap to put a skewer into a rat as big as yourself, with another skewer and a coat of mail under his fur, I think you would not have killed the rat, mine host."

"Very true, M. le Capitaine, I forgot these facts. But if two went into the trap, with two skewers?"

"Do you see those two men drinking some wine out there?"

"I do; and good wine it is for such as they are."

"Such as they!" Those peasants are two of the best dagger men in France. They have pistols under their belts, and can hit the ace at twenty paces. Do you see that man at work at your neighbour's opposite? That is another. His basket contains besides a set of carpenters' tools, a carbine that will kill at one hundred paces certain. That, you see, is four to two. Now look at that woman gathering simples. She seems a large woman."

"She does—almost a man."

"No wonder; it is a man. No less a one than the lieutenant of the cardinal's *gardes*; so you see, though we should enter the room two to one, a single whistle would make us two to five, and those are odds, I fear, M. Jaques, you have not trained for lately."

"What is to be done?"

"This—send your daughter to ask him to have something; the day is warm; he may like her looks—That is our chance."

"I see! the powder—"

"Yes, the powder first—and failing that, the steel."

The girl came in, and asked his eminence what she could serve him with.

"Some wine—some fruit—some wine, girl."

"Of what kind, monsieur?"

"Such as the peasants drink."

"It is not good enough. There is the better kind, that we drink in the house on feast days."

"Bring that, then."

She brought the wine, and placed the jug on the table, then left the room and fetched some fruit. Taking the cup in his hand he poured out the wine and tasted it. At the instant of tasting it he noticed that the mottled shadow from the leaves of the trees that fell on the floor became in part solidified. If the form had any shape, it was that of a man. He was evidently watched; he waited till the girl came in, unconscious that she was watched by both

father and mother. But the quick ear of the Cardinal told him the door had not shut, and he at once sent the girl to shut it, and with the jug in his hand, and once more tasting it, detected the presence of a fine powder, traces of which were apparent, on close inspection, on the rim of the wine jug.

"And this is the wine you drink on festival days?" said the soldier, when the girl returned with some fruit.

"Yes, M. le Capitaine; the other, that our people drink, we call our vintage de Mazarin.

"Why so?"

"Oh, because since the revival of the law for taxing the houses in Paris, we have had to put so much more water in it to make more profit."

"Then you do not love the cardinal here?"

"Not at all; my father didn't like him before, and now——"

"Yes, now?"

"He hates him."

"Why?"

"I do not know much—but chiefly because of the tax."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, that was he you saw, and he has been drinking this same wine in the next room with a soldier like yourself, from Picardy."

"And you? Do you like this Mazarin?"

"I do not know; I have heard he is the good queen's husband, and does not treat her well; and they do say that he takes the money from the poor for himself. That is mean, and I hate mean things, yet I have heard that he is very kind to his people. I know the servant of one of his *garde*."

"You blush, my pretty one; is that your lover who is a servant?"

"He says he loves me," said the girl, "but my father and mother say he is not rich enough, though I could be content with little for myself."

"But of this Mazarin—They want to kill him in Paris, I have heard."

"So have we here. But if he would go away to his own country, and leave us French to go alone, they would be content. As it is, even my father said the other day, when he caught a rat in the trap and killed it, that he wished it was the cardinal."

"That was rash of him to say, and you to repeat."

"Oh! as for that, it was a joke; and we never mind what we say to soldiers, for they all hate him too much themselves."

"Well, mademoiselle, what and if I tell you something more about this man, the cardinal?"

"I will hear."

"Let me tell you, then, that I know him—I know that he is the only man who can save France—that he is the only man that can save the queen or king from the rapacity and greed of the great nobles; that in all the court he is the only one who has head enough to carry on the plans that Richelieu began, and that must be carried on if France is to remain a great nation; that his death now would be the ruin of king, queen, and nation. This I know, that though a foreigner, he is more French than the French themselves; though a churchman, more a true soldier than the soldiers; though a subject, he is more to the queen than all her subjects; and, let me tell you, girl, that this Mazarin, whom your father would kill like a rat, is in this house—is here—is now talking to you."

"Good God! is it possible, Monsieur le Capitaine, that you are——"

"I am Cardinal Mazarin, the queen's husband, the destined saviour of France!"

"Great Heaven! I have spoken to you as if you were only a soldier."

"Look, girl, do you see that shadow of a man in the tree?—don't move—That is a bravo hired to assassinate me! Do you see this wine? It is poisoned!"

"No, no! I drew it myself from the cask."

"And never left?"

"Yes, for one minute, for a cloth."

"And in that one minute your father, or the Capitaine, who is now in the tree, put in this white powder you may see hanging round the top—that is a deadly poison."

"You do not believe that I am guilty, Monseigneur?"

"Not for a moment; but poisoned it is. You have heard of Joan of Arc?"

"Oh, yes, often and often. She was once like me, the maid at an inn."

"Yes; you must be like her in something else."

"I should like to be quite like her."

"She died for France, and so must you. Your father and this bravo must believe that I have drunk this poisoned wine; if it goes away as it came in, they will know that their plan has failed, and will kill me at the risk of their own lives. If I, a feeble old man, drink it I shall be dead in less than an hour; therefore, you must drink it, it will take longer to kill you than me; in that time I shall have sent for the queen's own physician, who may save you. You see you must drink it."

"But I am so young to die so horribly! I have not confessed——"

"Very well, I will die; and with me will die king, queen, and France!" and the cardinal lifted the cup to his lips.

"No, monseigneur, no; give me absolution, and I will die for you. Give me the cup."

He gave her the cup and pronounced the absolution over her.

"Is there anything which I can do for you?"

"Yes. Pardon my wretched father and take care of my Jules."

"Your father shall be sent abroad, and I will attach Jules to my own person. Are you ready?"

She nodded.

"Let us drink, then, to France."

"For France, then!" said the girl, and drank the cup.

"Now, go. Take these things away; tell them I have drunk the wine, and in less than two hours I will send the physician. Meantime, eat half-a-dozen raw eggs and drink all the milk you can find in the house. Go, and God be with you!"

The girl left the room, and in less than ten minutes he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in full gallop towards Paris.

There was an anxious look on the faces of all the court at Ruel that evening when, hour after hour passed, and the minister had not made his appearance. Presently it began to be rumoured about that the cardinal was ill—then that he was dead; then, in a short time, how he died poisoned, and where—near Ruel. M. Voiture, the poet, made some funny verses, of which the poisoning of rats was the principal theme.

At last the whisper reached the ear of majesty itself, and inquiries were made for some persons who could furnish the details. No one knew anything but that it was rumoured at Paris that the cardinal was dead, and it was certain that the party of the Duchesse de Chevreuse was in the highest possible state of triumph. About eleven, as the continued absence of the cardinal gave some ground for the rumour, her majesty impatiently inquired for further information. There was, for an instant a dead silence, as the door opened, to admit M. le Cardinal, who, advancing, said, "I hear your majesty has made inquiries for me."

"The absence of your eminence has been attributed to your death by poison here in Ruel."

"Yes, I heard so, your majesty, in the antechamber, but it is not quite true. It is not I that am poisoned, it is only a young woman who was attendant at a cabaret at which I stopped to-day. The mistake is natural with those who wished it might be me;" and then he told his mistress the story as he thought fit.

"But why make the poor child drink the cup? she at least was innocent by her willingness to drink it," said his questioner.

"Very true," replied his eminence; "but you will see that had I sent out the same quantity of wine that came in they would have known I had taken none, and the plot had failed, and desperate men do desperate deeds. The wine then had to be got rid of; it was unfortunate for her, but I thought I consulted the interests of her majesty and of France by not taking it myself, though I am aware some here hold different opinions."

"Did you send the physician?"

"I did not."

"And, for the love of heaven, why not?"

"Because—because," said the cardinal, "it is possible that a man may be so situated that his gratitude to a beautiful young woman may be inconvenient to him."

Tradition says that there was in the churchyard of Ruel a tomb of white marble, of Italian design, on which, on a certain day in every year, a fresh wreath of immortelles was laid, only ceasing to be placed there in 1661, which was the date of the cardinal's death.

The tomb bore this inscription:—

À LA MEMOIRE DE ROSE,
LA FLEUR DE RUEL.
MORTE POUR LA FRANCE,
A.D. 1647.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. IX. "DEAD NED."

"*C'est là qu'on l'a mise.*" It is there they laid her. Ah me! it is a long, long time ago since I overheard those words spoken in the streets, and yet often and often they come back to me unbidden. It was a chill, cheerless night, I remember well, when the London season was over, and when all people who live upon the rich in any fashion are sure to have a bad time of it. I was coming home very late—bless me, if the early bird did pick up the worms, I have been out so often in the grey morning light, I ought to have provided myself with sustenance for life—and my way, why, I forget now, lay through the back streets north of Leicester Square; I was walking along moodily; I had, I think, lost more money at cards than I could afford to lose—a very common thing with me in those days—when I passed two women very richly dressed in silks and satins, and calling to a young man in evening dress, in broken English. Their voices were loud and broken, as most of such women's voices are, and I could

hear well enough what they were saying to their companion, or chance acquaintance, as he seemed to be. It was the old tale of the foolish virgins—the dreary catechism of evil merriment and ghastly badinage which has been recited every night in London by hundreds of wine-stained lips to hundreds of drink-drugged ears long before you and I were babes in arms, which will be recited long after both of us are quiet in our graves. You may not think my feelings were likely to be particularly delicate; but I tell you that this sort of talk was always hateful to me, and so I stood aside till I had seen the men part company with the women, who, with a loud jarring, hysteric peal of laughter, passed away up the street. I followed slowly, thinking of other things, till turning round a corner, I came again upon the two women standing in front of an iron grating, leading up to a dark gloomy court. “*C’est là qu’on l’a mise*,” one of the women said to her companion; and then, listening from curiosity, I heard her tell the story of how a girl who had lived with her had been taken ill and died, and stowed away but a day before in that gloomy pauper’s burial-ground on which you peeped through the rusty, mouldy wire-work. There was no laughter now, and the harsh grating accent had died somehow out of the women’s voices, and the one who told the story could hardly speak for sobbing. I saw other men approaching, and I knew the mask would be put on again, and the old loathsome litany of sin repeated once more, and I turned away very sick and sad at heart. There seemed to me, full of health and spirits, and surrounded by friends—or what I thought were friends—something so utterly lonely and desolate in the thought of that unknown girl—a stranger in a strange land—who had died dishonoured and destitute, buried hastily out of sight, with no record of her memory except the passing mention of her name by two women who a few months or years hence would be carried to the same cheerless resting-place. They knew, as I knew, what must in all likelihood be the termination of their own lives; and, knowing it, I could understand their shudder as they peeped through the railings into that town burial-ground.

Well, since I have become what I am, this thought has often haunted me. Some day or other I shall get too feeble to trudge along; and then the workhouse will come, with parish diet, and union nurses, and a pauper’s dress; and then, after, I trust, no very long sojourn, I shall be carted off alone as I have lived. It’s not a cheerful prospect. I am not more afraid of being put out of sight than my neighbours; and when I have tramped

my last tramp, I shall be not altogether sorry to say farewell to a world that has used me perhaps as well as I deserve, but for all that has used me scurvily. I recollect, when things were brighter with me than they are now, I should have laughed at any one who told me I should ever trouble myself about where they put me out of the way when my time was done.

But when you have nothing particular to think about, which is more often my case than not, you get thinking about odd things, and for many a long day I have puzzled myself musing on the question where and how all the people who die in London get packed away. Now-a-days, we have the great suburban cemeteries; but these are inventions of very modern growth; and millions upon millions of people must have got buried somewhere in London before it became the fashion to take the dear deceased an excursion into the country before consigning him to the grave. Well, after long consideration, I have come to this discovery, that London is a city of graveyards. If you ever went up in a balloon, Mr. Nomad, you would be a great deal too giddy and uncomfortable to look about you at all; but, if you were not, you would come to the conclusion I have formed. If you ever think at all about the way you walk or drive through London, you must have observed that you constantly come to a sort of tangle of thoroughfares. For no conceivable reason, streets stop short and turn off at angles, and run into one another, and instead of following a straight line between any two points, you have to work round and round, wheeling about north, south, east, and west. Well, the explanation of all these tangles is that a graveyard lies hidden somewhere in the very midst of the bustling city. Other people don’t seem to have the same horror of having their burying grounds seen as we have; and in our country villages churchyards lie where all can see them and stroll about them. But here, in London, till quite lately, we used to put our dead out of sight in those dreary prison yards, shut out from light or sun by the dingy back walls of squalid houses. Nobody ever visited these dull resting-places of the dead; no children played about them; no flowers were planted over them; no one but the sexton and the grave-diggers frequented them; and the narrow portals that connected them with the outer world, were never opened except to admit fresh applicants for lodging in the damp, overcrowded earth. It was to one of these dreary, out-of-sight, out-of-hearing graveyards they had taken the French girl, the fag-end of whose sad, short life-story I overheard, as I told you, in the streets; and

I have often thought, with a strange horror, of the day when I too should be taken from the noise and life of the streets, and be stowed away, God knows where. Well, the dead, at any rate, have a better time of it now than they used to have, whatever may be the case with the living; and Mile End, not the pur-lieus of Drury Lane, will be probably my last home and habitation—a pauper's grave, indeed, but one on which the sun shines and the grass grows—the end of my life's wanderings.

However, I am verging upon sentiment; and sentiment never is much in my way of business now; and whatever I may say or think when I am out of sorts, and have not got a copper to get a glass with to raise my spirits, I am not given to mauding about a pauper's funeral. I recollect stopping once in a German University city where the cholera was raging. At the hotel where I stayed, there was—a very unusual thing in Germany—a pretty chamber-maid, who, I don't suppose, was much better or more ignorant of the world than girls who have graduated in University towns are wont to be. Poor child, she was terribly frightened about the cholera, and used to like talking to me, because—my nerves were pretty strong then—I was the only person in the place who took the matter quietly. One morning, I noticed that she looked brighter than usual; and as the day before had been Sunday I supposed she had been dancing at one of the Beer-gardens outside the town, which, in those days, were fuller than ever. But, on asking her, she told me she felt quite happy, because she had got a letter written yesterday, she had long wished to write. She had written to Carl—Carl, I learnt, was a student, who had left college some months before—and begged him, as her last request, to see that roses were planted on her grave, if she died. She did die, I heard, very soon after I started on getting the remittances, the absence of which had kept me stranded in that dull old city. I have often wondered whether Carl did have the roses planted. Probably, he had settled down into respectability, and had a rich marriage in view; and thought, on the whole, it was better not to do anything which might get his name talked about in conversation with that of the dead girl. I had half a mind to go back and see myself that Gretchen's grave was not left roseless; but there was a run upon the red at Homburg. I was backing the black, and, somehow, I have never gone back to the good town of Bierburg from that day to this. Well, what sounded pretty and touching in the mouth of a fair young girl of twenty, would be simple drivelling in a battered,

broken, disreputable, old man; and so, even if anybody would pay the slightest attention to my wishes, I am not going to bother my survivors with prayers or instructions as to what they are to do with this ugly old carcase when once I am dead and gone. If you want to do me a real kindness, Mr. Nomad, you will give me a few shillings while I am alive—not put up a tablet to my memory when I am dead.

But when I began to talk, I was going to tell you about N—Dead Ned, as we call him—the man who went to his own funeral. But the word funeral set me mauding, about burial grounds and flowers; and when I once got wool-gathering, it is not easy for me to pick my brains together. Well, next time you meet our gang on full duty, take a look at N, the last man in our file. I think, if you noticed the way he still walks with his arms straight down, his eyes turned sadly up, and his feet stepping gingerly, as if he was walking over tombs, in the presence of “a departed brother's” mourning kindred, you would guess that he had been a mute. So he was, for all the best years of his life. He had a talent for getting a tear to trinkle down his face, when he received instructions from the relatives, as to the final disposition of the body, which was perfectly invaluable in his line of the profession. As he often says piteously, he would now have been driving his own hearse and four, and could have ridden down to Richmond on off-Sundays in his own mourning coach, if it had not been for a convivial disposition. He was chairman of the Brixton Brothers of Bacchus; and used, night after night, to preside at the meetings of that melodious brotherhood at the Harp and Lyre. His forte was comic singing; and his “Fun of the Funeral,” was considered by competent judges—so the reporter of the “Brixton Beadle,” assured him, on returning thanks for literature at the annual supper of the fraternity—was one of the most brilliant specimens of humorous vocalisation, which our own or any other age has witnessed. But harmony by night brought about unpleasantness during the day. N began to cry at the wrong time, and get unsteady upon his legs, when he was carrying the coffin; and finally lost his practice by lurching into an open grave himself, just as the body was about to be lowered, and declining to get out till he had warmed it by a snooze for the incoming tenant.

Then his money transactions were not satisfactory to his employers; he would pawn the plumes off the hearses, and was not free from suspicion in the matter of gloves and weepers; and so finally he was thrown upon

the streets, with nothing to support him and his wife, except a pension which he drew, I forget what for, from government, and which was mortgaged to more than its full value with advances on account, made to him by undertakers who do burials for bills.

Well, things were as bad with him as bad could be, when his wife, who had been barmaid at the Harp and Lyre, and was wide awake enough, suggested a plan for getting out of their trouble. N was to die, or, at any rate, to be buried; his widow was to get her pension as relict; and then, with the money raised by pledging her pension, they were to start off for America or Australia. N is never very coherent in his talk; and as he always begins to blubber when he gets on the story of his wife's heartless deceit, I could never exactly make out how he managed to get the certificate of death. However, as Mrs. N was on very friendly terms with a medical student who used to frequent the Harp, perhaps the mystery is not inexplicable. Any how, the thing was arranged. N, who in order to carry out the illusion as far as possible, had made himself dead-drunk, was placed in his coffin and conveyed in a hearse to his last resting-place, accompanied by the brotherhood of Bacchus. According to the programme, he was to doze comfortably away till the ceremony was over; and then, when all the spectators had gone home, the sexton, who was an old friend, was to let him out of the coffin; then he was to help in filling up his own grave; and after that they were to go to some out-of-the-way tavern and there finish the day convivially. Everything happened as arranged, except that he either took too much or too little to drink; for as soon as he was comfortably nailed down, he woke up, more wide awake than he had ever been in his life before. Suddenly the reflection struck him that his own restoration to life was by no means essential to the success of the scheme; but, on the contrary, it would be decidedly more satisfactory to his accomplices if he really were dead instead of only shamming dead. What with drink, or fright, or cramp, he felt unable to move or speak; and yet he heard every word that was said near him. "Poor old Ned!" he heard one of the brotherhood remark. "I suppose he don't see much fun in the funeral now;" and no more he did. Every minute that passed, the conviction grew upon him that everybody took his funeral seriously, his friends and wife included; and yet if he tried to move or speak he felt as if he should die in the effort. When at last he was taken out of the coffin at nightfall, he fainted clean away; and for weeks afterwards lay between life and death in the house where

they carried him to. When he came to his senses he found his inconsolable widow had got her pension, realised the proceeds, and gone off to America with his friend the sexton. "For all the money in the Bank of England," I have heard him say, "I would not spend another hour alone in my own coffin."

CAPTAIN WALTON'S LEGACY.

"In the month of June (1583) were sent to the seas a shippe called the bark Talbot, and a small bark, both manned with a hundred men under charge of the worshippful William Brough, Esquire, cleark of Her Majesties navie, for apprehending of certain outrageous sea-rovers, who, for that they were many in number and well appointed, so boldly behaved themselves as that shortly it was confidently bruited that they had vanquished in fight the sayd shippe and bark; but within a few days after, beyond all expectation, they were by the sayd Wm. Brough and his company discomfited and taken, and some of the chief pirates, namely, Thomas Walton, Clinton Atkinson, and others; who, on the 30th day of August, were hanged at Wapping-in-the-Wose besides London. Walton, as he went towards the gallows, rent his Venetian breeches of crimson taffeta and distributed the same to such of his old acquaintances as stood about him; but Atkinson had before given his murrey velvet doublet, with great gold buttons, and his like coloured velvet Venetians, layd with great gold lace (apparrell too sumptuous for sea-rovers, which he had won at the seas) unto such friends as pleased him."—*Stow's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 679.*

I.

"WHO will dare a noble venture?
Who will sail the West with me?
Who will gather gold with honour?
Reap the harvest of the sea?"

II.

"Who is sick of Fortune's blindness,
Frowns of men of high degree,
Of false womankind's unkindness?
Let him to the seas with me!"

III.

Thus the valiant Captain Walton,
(Whom the haughty Spaniards know),
Desperadoes thus he gathered
On the rocking seas to go.

IV.

In the West those fearless rovers
Sailed till many a month was done,
Boldly from the greedy merchant
Gold and honour they have won.

V.

Our good queen has heard the tidings,
And an angry queen was she,
Outlawed men should deal so proudly
In her kingdom of the sea.

VI.

She commanded, and the Talbot
Sailed to seek them on the foam;
After long and doubtful battle
They have towed the rovers home.

VII.

Fast beside the ships at Wapping
They have built a gallows high,
There they led stout Captain Walton,
Led his dauntless crew to die.

VIII.

But those rovers towards the gallows
Marched so proudly, looked so fine,
More they seemed like courtly gallants
Tripping to their sports and wine.

IX.

"All too rich," bespake the Sheriff,
"Such attire for men like these;
Shame it is such gay apparel
Thus should be the hangman's fees!"

X.

"Mock not, dotard," answered Walton,
"Brave attire the brave should wear;
In the hot sea-fight we won it,
Where thy like would never dare.

XI.

"Nor shall dastard's touch defile it,
Not the hangman's hands or thine."
Took his doublet and Venetians,
All of murrey velvet fine;

XII.

Took and into strips he tore them,
Till a hundred strips were told,
Every strip a button on it
Was an ounce of Spanish gold.

XIII.

"Wear ye these, all gallant sailors,
Wear them in your caps for me,
Till ye meet with one more dreaded
By the Spaniard on the sea!"

XIV.

Into rage each badge may flutter,
Dim that shining gold may be,
Ere from battle with the Spaniard
Better seaman comes than he!

F. SCARLET POTTER.

THE CHAMP DE MARS.

(Its Scenes and Personages.)

PART I.

THE history of Paris would be the history of France; at least, so once said the brother of Victor Hugo; and by an illustrious author of the last century it was declared that Paris is to France what the head is to the human body. Parisians, indeed, of all classes, especially artists and artisans, take a special pride in their capital, and, with pardonable partiality, are apt to regard it as the centre of civilisation, and of important facts in the history of human progress.

Englishmen can afford to pardon this opinion, and are the first to agree with their neighbours that everything which affects Paris is

a matter of personal interest to every Frenchman, be he a resident in that city, an inhabitant of some remote province, or an exile in distant lands; and to understand that the Paris Exhibition, now inviting people of all nations to the capital of France, is of world-wide importance to the arts of Peace.

A well-known liberal politician and member of Parliament, who, by the travelled researches of his earlier years, had already done much to impart a new interest to old and even sacred histories, has lately exerted himself in promoting the visit of an intelligent and industrious body of his constituents, and of the community at large, to the Paris Exhibition; and has thereby helped his countrymen to appreciate how the scattered histories of various peoples, lands, trades, and events, are indissolubly linked together in the chain of Time, however far from each other they may be set apart by age or space; and there is reason to believe, from a current report, that some French workmen when labouring a few months since to prepare the site of the Paris Exhibition, now open in the Champ de Mars, were inspired with a new interest in their work by coming in the course of it upon some vestiges of old events of which that site had been the theatre; events of which some are not beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Paris,—such, for example, as the few surviving veteran soldiers of the first Napoleon, who, at the military hospital of the *Invalides*, still linger by his tomb and talk of his deeds,—but which, though made familiar by history to all European students and politicians, are comparatively shut out from the retrospective view of many in this stirring day of steam and telegraph, by the rapid panorama of passing occurrences in which everybody, more or less, has his own personal interest.

Some memories of the past, however, are proverbially said to enhance present enjoyment; and, therefore, it may not, at this time of the Paris Exposition, be out of place here briefly to review some scenes, and that entirely through the medium of eye-witnesses of them*, which have transpired within the last hundred years on the Champ de Mars, and in sight there of the celebrated Military School, which was founded, in 1751, by Louis XV., for the reception of five hundred pupils and a great number of officers, but which in after times was converted into a barrack, for the convenience of soldiers frequently reviewed on the Champ de Mars, and is now superseded

* Should any reader doubt the validity of eye-witness evidence of facts which at the time of their occurrence were variously regarded, according to the political prejudices of spectators, they are referred for confirmation to the voluminous histories of the French Revolution, by MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Gifford.

by the great Peace Exhibition, towards which the eyes of the world are turned.

The Marquis de Ferrières, writing of French events in 1790, records:—The road leading to the Champ de Mars was covered with an expectant people; a loud clapping of hands was heard, and shouts of the celebrated popular song, "Ça ira," for the 14th of July was at hand, and the ceremony of the first Federation was to take place on that day in the Champ de Mars, a spacious area extending from the Military School to the bank of the Seine. The object of the Federation was the Civic Oath, by which Louis XVI. was to swear before the altar of the country, erected on the Champ de Mars, that he, King of the French, would employ the power delegated to him by the Constitutional Act of the State in maintaining the constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by him; for on the 5th of May, in the year preceding, the opening of the States-General had taken place at Versailles, and with that date had commenced the chronology of the French Revolution.*

On the 17th of June, 1789, the National Assembly had been constituted, and on the 14th of the month following the Bastille had been stormed, and its governor atrociously massacred; wherefore the fête on the Champ de Mars, fixed for the 14th of July, 1790, was intended not only to celebrate the first National Federation, but also to commemorate the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille—first triumph of the populace. The Count D'Artois (in after years Charles X.) was the first to foresee what that triumph portended, and to act accordingly; for two days after the Bastille was demolished he emigrated, thus setting an example which was soon followed by all classes of French subjects. The Duchesse de Polignac, on whom Queen Marie Antoinette lavished favour to the last, and who was chief governess of her majesty's children, fled from Versailles, disguised as a *femme-de-chambre* in the suite of the Count and Countess D'Artois. The King and Queen soon found themselves gradually deserted by their court, whilst symptoms of revolt daily increased in the capital, and in October, 1789 (three months after the storming of the Bastille), their majesties were brought in triumph by the mob from Versailles to Paris, and compelled to take up their abode at the Tuileries, which palace had ceased to be the residence of

royalty for more than one hundred years previously. Lafayette, the French marquis, who had not long since returned from fighting for the cause of independence in North America, was now in command of the National Guard of Paris. He had been struck by the magnanimity displayed by the Queen when assailed by the mob at Versailles, and to his presence there she mainly owed the preservation of her life. Heroic qualities, unsmirched by many in the time of her prosperity, now began to display themselves in the character of Queen Marie Antoinette who, as her husband, in his later days, declared to De Malesherbes, was sublime in adversity. At the Tuileries she anxiously awaited the Federal fête, preparing on the Champ de Mars in July, 1790; not as an occasion of any possible festivity to herself did she look forward to it, but as an event fraught with portentous interests to the King, her husband, and the Dauphin, her son. She had lately wept for the loss of an infant daughter, and was still in mourning for the death of her elder son; two children, therefore, only remained to Marie Antoinette when compelled to remove from Versailles to the Tuileries—her eldest daughter, then twelve years of age, and her youngest son, scarcely half that age. On him the hopes of all French royalists were fixed, and at the approaching Federal fête on the Champ de Mars, it was determined to present him to the nation assembled there.*

Louis XVI. had lately solemnly sworn that by no order of his should French blood be shed; and through his natural clemency and humanity, and in conformity with the moderate system of government which he intended to pursue from the first moment of his accession to the throne, the state prisons had been cleared of most of their wretched inhabitants—victims of former despotism—long before the storming of the Bastille. It is likewise (as further declares an observant contemporary of that event) remarkable that with all the unpopularity under which the Queen laboured, and with all the odious libels fabricated against her, not a single victim to her resentment was

* According to established statistics of the States General at Versailles in 1789, the "Tiers Etat" was represented by 661 deputies; the clergy by 308; and the noblesse by 285 (total 1,254). When, a few weeks afterwards, the Bastille was demolished, it was found that the dreary dungeons of that fortress, supposed to be crowded by victims of despotism, contained only seven prisoners, most of whom had been incarcerated for private offences, and none of them or crimes against the State.

* By the expectation of the immense concourse of people, and by preparations for their reception at the Champ de Mars A.D. 1790, the fanatical character of some revolutionists was developed. Amongst them, the Baron de Clootz, a Prussian, who, under the name of *Anacharsis*, then first made himself notorious for his crazed love of liberty. About a month before the first Federal fête of the Champ de Mars Clootz inaugurated the masquerade known as the "Embassy of the Human Race," in which, by his means, a considerable number of Parisians of the lower classes were dressed in the costumes of all nations. At the head of this troop, Clootz presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly, and introduced his motley followers as deputies from distant lands. He was executed during the Reign of Terror. A fanatic, but firm in materialist principles to the last, he begged that all his accomplices, who were to share his fate on the scaffold, might precede him, "in order that he might have time to establish certain principles during the fall of their heads."

found in the Bastille, nor any other prison of the kingdom. The same remark was applied by the same observer to her favourite brother-in-law, the Count d'Artois; and yet the latter had in his service one of the first to preach up, and assist in, revolt, murder, and pillage; for the people's idol, and editor of "The People's Friend"—Marat (afterwards stabbed to the heart by Charlotte Corday,) was veterinary surgeon to the Count d'Artois at his palace of the Temple—afterwards the prison of the King and Queen.

The day for the Federal fête on the Champ de Mars approached, and the preparation were carried on with great activity. "Twelve thousand labourers were kept at work without intermission, and yet it was apprehended that the operations could not be finished in time; wherefore churchmen, soldiers, persons of all classes, took up the spade and the pickaxe. Elegant females themselves lent a hand. Active enthusiasm soon became general." Echoes of the popular song "*Ça Ira*," reached the Queen at the Tuileries, where, in fact, all members of the royal family were but state prisoners, or hostages to the nation, from the day they had been compelled by the populace to leave Versailles. On that day, Marie Antoinette had, as before said, displayed a courage worthy of a daughter of Maria Theresa, but not less heroic was her daily conduct at the Tuileries during the dreary weeks that ensued, until at last even the ferocious *poissardes* who, inflated by their late triumph at Versailles, insisted more than once at this time on the Queen exhibiting herself to them in the balcony of the Tuileries and replying to their questions, cried out on one occasion,—"*Vive Marie Antoinette! Vive notre bonne reine!*"

This was when the Queen (with ignorant prejudice abhorred as "the Austrian,") declared to them, in answer to their queries, that she had forgotten how to speak German, and that France and French people alone possessed her heart. In answer to their clamorous demands for some pledge that she spoke the truth to them, Marie Antoinette took some flowers and ribbons that adorned her hair, and with her own hands distributed them to these *poissardes*, most of whom were "ugly as crime" itself, by which act she not only manifested her own forbearance, but evoked a momentary touch of human female sympathy in the vanity of her hideous assailants; and it was then they shouted almost for the first and last time, "*Vive Marie Antoinette! Vive notre bonne reine!*" Thankful for the moment was the Queen to get rid of their presence on such easy terms, for the Dauphin was clinging to her in terror lest the awful scene at Versailles

in which the *poissardes* had played a conspicuous part, was about to be renewed.

To calm the minds of her children who still suffered from the alarm to which they had been exposed by the invasion of the populace at Versailles, and the consequent journey, with all its attendant ghastly circumstances, of the royal family to Paris, the Queen assumed a composure in her daily life at the Tuileries, which was far from her heart. She constrained herself to converse with the Dauphin and his sister, on ordinary topics, and feigned a more than ordinary interest in their studies, which she herself superintended. At other times she would seek an excuse for anxious silence, in tapestry work, at which she sat, apparently absorbed by the occupation, for hours together, while her thoughts were far away; but to Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, and to her faithful friend, the Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette privately expressed the dark forebodings which haunted her; and Madame Campan, her favourite attendant, was the witness of her sleepless and tearful nights. In presence of her husband as well as her children, the Queen strove to maintain an appearance of cheerfulness, which in fact, had fled from her for ever, but her health was not proof against the increasing anxieties which encompassed her, and for a short period before the time fixed for the first Federal fête, on the Champ de Mars, she was permitted to visit St. Cloud with her family. Lafayette, as Commandant of the National Guard, had been made responsible to the nation for the safe custody of the King and Queen after their forced removal from Versailles. Their majesties were recalled to Paris from St. Cloud, by the 14th of July 1790, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, by which day the preparations on the Champ de Mars were, by dint of popular and enthusiastic energy, completed.*

The day at last dawned, but from eight o'clock until four in the afternoon, rain fell in torrents, and a cold wind blew.

Paris was crowded with strangers; Federalists had arrived from all parts of France. These multitudes of various classes fraternised wherever they met; at the theatres, in the streets, in the avenues of the Champs Elysées; but, above all, in the Champ de Mars. A bridge of boats was thrown across the Seine, the banks of which were lined with cannon, but the celebrated triumphal arch, and floating battery, and the flowers and laurels adorn-

* On New Year's Day, 1790, the Dauphin had received the sinister gift of a set of dominoes formed from the stones and bricks of the Bastille, which gift was accompanied by some doggerel rhymes addressed to "the royal child, warning him of the power of the people,—demolishers of walls in which victims of tyranny had been immured!"

ing the houses, were wet with rain when the morning of the great day dawned. Sixty thousand men were under arms, and a general review of the Federalists was to be held in the Champ de Mars. All France was represented by deputies from the eighty-three chief towns of the departments. The King, the Queen, their children, and their court, whilst awaiting the arrival of the Federalists, occupied the military school at the Champ de Mars, and had time to observe the vast and magnificent amphitheatre erected there for the occasion, and the stupendous altar which stood in the centre. In the month of February preceding monastic vows had been abolished, and religious orders suppressed; but, nevertheless, the prestige of ecclesiastical pomp was considered essential to the glory of the first Federal fête on the Champ de Mars, in July, 1790.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the day of that fête, according to one of the earliest authenticated records of it, the Crucifix was placed on the Great Altar. A little before nine an advanced body of the priests appeared upon the Altar steps and decorated the crucifix with ribbons of the National Colours. The ascent to the Altar was by four staircases, and at each corner was a platform, supporting an urn which exhaled perfumes. On the south front, under a picture of the arts and sciences, was a Mahomedan inscription to the effect that "Men are equal; it is not birth, but virtue alone that confers distinction." Such of the Parisian, and other National Guards, who were not required to take part in the Federal procession, were from early morning assembled in the Amphitheatre of the Champ de Mars; and afforded infinite gratification to spectators by forming vast dancing circles, marching triumphantly to the beat of drums, &c.—sometimes almost frantic with joy, running in loose numbers and in all directions, flourishing their swords and exclaiming "*Vive la Liberté! Vive le Roi! Vive mon Frère!*" &c.

One of them, personating a "Victim of Tyranny," was carried with great solemnity to a marked spot where his body was laid; and so incongruous were some of the proceedings by which national joy, or delirium, on that morning expressed itself, that about the time when the high Altar was being decorated, as above described, these armed patriots are declared by the same spectator to have got an Abbe within their circle, and when they had placed a grenadier's cap on his head, and a musket in his hand, they marched him all round it in company with a Capuchin friar treated in like manner.

The Federate deputies, ranged under their respective banners, set forth from the site of the Bastille, which was ornamented with

festoons, and placarded as "A Place for Dancing." They marched to the Tuileries, in the gardens of which palace their ranks were joined by the Municipality and the Assembly; also by "a battalion of boys, armed like their fathers; and a body of old men, the sight of whom was intended to revive the memory of ancient Sparta." The rain still continued to fall heavily; but the quays, the windows and roofs of houses, were crowded with spectators, who greeted the Federal procession with loud applause as it advanced to the sound of music towards the Champ de Mars, around which three-hundred-thousand persons of both sexes had taken their places since six o'clock in the morning, sheltering themselves from the rain, as best they could, beneath the trees and embankments. The ultimate number of spectators was beyond calculation. Sixty thousand armed men on that day performed their evolutions in the Champ de Mars. The King and the President sat beside one another on similar seats, sprinkled with gold *fleurs de lis*. The ministers were placed at some distance from the King, the deputies ranged on either side; and when, at three o'clock, the signal was made for conducting the Oriflamme, or Sacred Royal Standard, to the Altar, the Queen made her appearance on the elevated balcony, behind the King, prepared for her reception. Attended by her court, she seated herself, after bowing to the multitude, and placed the Dauphin before her, in sight of the people.

High Mass began.* Twelve hundred musicians played the *Te Deum*. Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, (the future arch-diplomatist prince, whose after-triumphs in secular life were declared by Napoleon to be the triumphs of immorality) stood in front of that high altar, of antique form, erected in the Champ de Mars; and upon its lofty steps were ranged three hundred priests, arrayed in white robes and tri-coloured scarfs, who assisted him in the celebration of Mass. Prayers and incense ascended, choristers chanted; cannon pealed. The sky cleared. The Bishop of Autun had consecrated the *Oriflamme* and the eighty-three banners of the departments; and, after Mass, Lafayette alighted from the magnificent white charger on which he rode, and

* July 14, 1790, the date of the first National Federation in the Champ de Mars, was, as before said, the anniversary of the demolition of the Bastille. The high altar, erected for the occasion in the centre of the Champ de Mars, was built with the stones of the Bastille. By one who, shudderingly gazed on the outer walls of that ancient fortress, it is thus described:—"A droite des Tournelles, cette botte d'énormes tours d'un noir d'encre, entrant les unes dans les autres, et ficelées, pour ainsi dire, par un fossé circulaire; ce donjon, beaucoup plus percé de meurtrières que de fenêtres, ce pont-levis toujours dressé, cette herse, toujours tombée, c'est la Bastille; ces espèces de becs noirs qui sortent d'entre les créneaux et que vous prenez de loin pour des gouttières, ce sont des cacons. Sous leurs boulets, au pied du formidable édifice, voici la porte Saint-Antoine, enfouie entre ses deux tours."

at the foot of the King's throne received from his Majesty's hand the form of the National Oath. Lafayette ascended with it to the Altar. Banners waved, swords flashed from their scabbards, and a mighty chorus of voices cried, "I swear it."

The King rose; he stood on the elevated step of his throne, with his right hand outstretched towards the altar, and, in a clear voice, proclaimed:

"I, King of the French, swear to employ the power delegated to me by the Constitutional Act of the State in maintaining the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, and accepted by me."

Through that immense multitude of human beings ran an electric current of emotion at sound of these words; its thrill quickened the Queen's heart. At the sound of "*Vive le Roi!*" her pulses throbbed with fresh hope—hope to which she had long been a stranger. The sun at that moment burst from the clouds and irradiated Marie Antoinette as she stood there. Heaven and earth seemed once more to sympathise with her, and thus, suddenly animated by fresh life, she caught up her son in her arms, and clasped him to her heart. She upheld him, the descendant of so many kings and the heir to the throne of France, before the assembled nation; and then loud shouts, rapturous cries, were heard, the echo being caught up again and again, of "*Vive la Reine!*" "*Vive le Dauphin!*" and France, represented by deputies, took the oath to love and honour the King, who would love and honour her.*

But alas! the joy and hopes of that day were fleeting. The first festival of the Federation was scarcely over ere ministerial dissension again began. Revolt broke out at Metz; insurrections occurred in the colonies of France; the clubs of Paris became more democratic in their character; the King was a mere cipher, his power only nominal. An attempt was made on the Queen's life; their Majesties were but state prisoners at the Tuileries. By the summer of 1791 they were not even permitted to go for change of air to St. Cloud, and their last hope in Mirabeau had perished with him.

* Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette appeared for the second time in that year (1790) to greet the people on the Champ de Mars; for during the stay of the Federal deputies in Paris a grand review was held on the spot lately consecrated by the Civic Oath. It was Lafayette who then reviewed part of the National Guard and the army of the line; and the presence of the King and Queen excited much enthusiasm, especially as her Majesty presented her hand for many of the Federalists to kiss, and again held up the Dauphin to their view. Many touching scenes then took place between the king and his subjects; but alas! these promises for the future were but illusive, though on both sides sincere at the moment. The trees of the Champs Elysées were illuminated in various fantastic forms of splendour during this great popular festival, which continued for many days and nights.

In that year there was no Federal festival on the Champ de Mars; for before the 14th of July came round again, the King and his family had attempted to escape beyond the frontier, and been brought back to the Tuileries from Varennes. The Queen's hair had turned white with sorrow. Robespierre was elected public accuser for the tribunal of the Seine. The first, or rational, character of the Revolution was fast changing; its first leaders were dead or suspended, and anarchy was at hand. The King and Queen (the latter especially) had lost their confidence in Lafayette after their return from Varennes, which he, being, as before mentioned, responsible to the nation for their safe custody at the Tuileries, had been compelled to aid in enforcing.

The populace also soon suspected him; for, on the 17th of July, 1791, when the red flag was unfurled on the Champ de Mars, he, as general of the National Guard, had given the word "Fire!" A petition had been drawn up at the club of the "Jacobins, under the auspices of Robespierre, praying that the King might be deposed as a traitor to his oath, and it was resolved to carry this petition to the Champ de Mars, that everybody might sign it on the altar of the country there erected."

A large and seditious crowd assembled, and from the measures taken by Lafayette, in command of the National Guard required to quell the tumult, and by Bailly, the enlightened Mayor of Paris, both those reformers became unpopular, and were speedily superseded—the former by Santerre, a brewer and mob orator, who had incited the storming of the Bastille, and the latter by Pétion, the republican. Lafayette left Paris to join the forces on the Rhine. The cry of "No King!" was then heard in the Champ de Mars; although, as will soon be seen, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were destined there to witness another national festival.

ADVENTURES OF THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.

Now that once again, after the lapse of so many years there has been a Hungarian coronation, conducted with all the traditional ancient splendour, some account of the crown which played so important a part in the ceremony may not be uninteresting. That crown is the dearest possession of the Hungarian nation. It is regarded with a love and veneration which we western nations can hardly understand; and yet, in spite of the religious care with which it has been guarded, it has experienced more vicissitudes than almost any other crown in Europe.

In the ancient times, when the consent of pope or emperor was supposed necessary

before any European prince could venture to take to himself the title of king, there came to the papal court ambassadors from Poland, soliciting for their duke a kingly crown. Sylvester II. at once caused a crown to be manufactured of the best red gold, hemispherical in form, surmounted by a latin cross, and richly adorned with precious stones, and enamelled figures of saints and martyrs. But the crown never reached Poland, and the Polish emissaries returned empty-handed. For Sylvester had a dream, and in his dream, an angel appeared to him, saying, "Do not give the crown to Poland; for even now messengers are on their way from the young king of Hungary, and they will ask for the crown, which you shall give them. Their young prince has converted them to Christianity, and he shall be their first king."

The following day Stephen's ambassadors arrived, and Sylvester, making what excuse he could to the Poles, consigned to the Hungarians, what has ever since been called St. Stephen's crown, the Szent Korona or holy crown of Hungary. Therewith he also sent the patriarchal or apostolic cross, as a recognition of Stephen's missionary labours, and as an acknowledgment that the king of Hungary was to be the ecclesiastical head of his Church, having uncontrolled right of investiture, and being independent of the Roman See. Thenceforward the arms of Hungary were the apostolic cross, resting (strange union of Christianity and heathenism!) upon the centre one of three hills, which represent the far-famed Mount Pannonius, upon which Arpád, their great ancestor planted his victorious standard, when he paused to survey the surrounding country.

In the year 1000, Stephen was crowned; and from that time no monarch has been reckoned truly king of Hungary till St. Stephen's crown has been placed upon his head. For this reason, Joseph II. of otherwise illustrious memory, is not enrolled among the Hungarian sovereigns.

But the crown, as it now is, was not yet complete. Towards the end of the eleventh century Duke Géza, one of the royal princes of the house of Arpád, charmed the heart of the Byzantine Emperor, Michael Dukas, by his generous treatment of the besieged garrison of Belgrade; and when, some years later, Géza became King of Hungary, Dukas sent him a circlet, made of a mixture of zinc and gold, set with a large emerald, pearls, and diamonds, and bearing the figures of the Arch-angels, Michael and Gabriel, and the martyrs, George and Demetrius. The Greek and Roman crowns were united, and form the present royal crown of Hungary; but the

jewels and figures adorning the borders of the Roman crown are almost entirely concealed by the Greek circlet. The Roman and Greek gold are easily distinguishable from one another, the latter being of much paler hue, and, consequently, of less value than the former. As long as the sons of Arpád ruled Hungary, the crown seems to have had a quiet time of it; but, on the extinction of the royal male line, Hungary was plunged into confusion, and the adventures of St. Stephen's crown began. Of course, there were several candidates for the vacant throne. The Pope crowned the Sicilian or Angevin Charles Robert, but not with the Szent Korona, which was safe in Hungary, and was bestowed by the Diet upon Wenceslas of Bohemia, a young boy. The Pope indignantly remonstrated with the young king's father; and Charles Robert marched towards Hungary. The King of Bohemia flew to the assistance of his son; but affairs did not look promising; Wenceslas had not made himself popular. In despair, the Bohemian King begged to see his son dressed in the royal robes, and wearing the insignia of Hungary. When his wish was politely complied with, he surrounded the young king with soldiers, and carried both him and the crown off to Bohemia. Otto of Bavaria was the nation's next choice, and he was chosen on condition of his recovering the precious crown. This he managed to do by persuasion, and then set off for Hungary disguised as a merchant, and carrying the rescued crown in a cask, slung at the back of a waggon. The reason for this disguise was that Charles Robert's emissaries were on the watch to intercept and carry off the crown, knowing well that its possession would give his cause the prestige it lacked. The waggon jolted on and the cask jolted off, and was lost in a ditch; but, at last recovering it, Otto proceeded to Buda, where he was crowned. Either his own natural vanity, or delight, at having rescued and brought back the crown through so many dangers, induced him to wear it constantly, which tended to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects. But his reign was not a long one. The Vajda of Transylvania, Apor László, had a beautiful daughter, with whom Otto fell in love. The liking does not seem to have been mutual; and, while on a visit to the Vajda, Otto and the crown were taken prisoners by their host. For a year the king remained a prisoner, was then set at liberty on the understanding that he was to abdicate, and made his way back to Bavaria as fast as he could. Charles Robert's party gained ground; he was elected by the Diet, and was again crowned with a new crown specially blessed by the Pope. Still

the people were not satisfied, until, by excommunication and persuasion, Apor László restored the magic talisman, and Charles Robert was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg for the fourth time. A time of prosperity succeeded, and the crown remained at peace.

On the accession of Mary, grand-daughter of Charles Robert, it was enacted that queens in their own right should receive the crown on the head, but queens-consort on the right shoulder, the former ceremony to be performed by the Primate, Archbishop of Strigonia, the latter by the Bishop of Veszprém.

In 1439, King Albert died, and was succeeded by his widow Elisabeth. But the gallant Magyars did not approve of petticoat government, and insisted upon Elisabeth's taking a second husband, who should rule for her. The Diet even proceeded to choose the gentleman, and their choice fell upon Vladislaus, King of Poland. Elisabeth made no objection, and messengers were at once dispatched on what was then quite a formidable journey. Meanwhile, Elisabeth gave birth to a son, whom she caused to be crowned. With the help of one of her ladies, Helen Kottaner, she stole the crown, fled with it, sewn in a cushion, across the frozen Danube, and took refuge in Germany. The theft was not discovered till Vladislaus was about to be crowned, and as the best substitute, a crown was removed from the tomb of St. Stephen at Stuhlweissenburg to supply its place. Elisabeth, who was in great want of money to prosecute the war with Vladislaus for the recovery of her son's rights, pawned the crown to the Emperor Frederick for 2800 Hungarian ducats, and died lamenting the trouble which her folly had brought upon the country. The crown remained in exile twenty-three years, at the end of which time it was recovered by Matthias Corvinus. From henceforth, to obviate similar accidents, it was decreed that the crown should be lodged in the fortress of Visegrád, and guarded by two grand dignitaries, chosen from the barons and prelates of the kingdom.

But, alas! in 1526, Louis II. perished in the fatal battle of Mohács, which opened the flood-gates to Turkish invasion and Austrian tyranny and misrule. The guardians of the crown were Zápolya and Perényi, the former of whom, having urged the people to choose a national king, was himself crowned with Perényi's consent. Ferdinand, Duke of Austria (brother of Charles V.), supported by foreign arms, and a few malcontents, marched upon Buda. He had married a sister of the unfortunate Louis, and as the Habsburgs had for centuries cast greedy, longing eyes upon the fair plains of Hungary, he was eager to

make the most of his claim, and of the support of a certain faction who thought Austrian arms would be the best defence against the



(See next page.)

power of the Turks—a strange infatuation which they soon learned to rue. Perényi was gained over, and Ferdinand was crowned with St. Stephen's crown, in the old royal town of Alba Regia (Stuhlweissenburg) as if he had been as true an Arpád as his predecessors. He wished to carry off the royal jewels to prevent their falling into the hands of the Turks, but the guardians could not consent to their removal without the permission of the Diet; so they were left in Visegrád, and the Turks took them and gave them to Zápolya.

By a treaty of peace, concluded between the widow of Zápolya and Ferdinand, the latter once more got possession of the crown, which was thenceforth kept at Pressburg. Bethlen Gábor, one of the patriots, who arose to deliver Hungary from the Habsburgs, took Pressburg, but firmly refused to be crowned king himself, to the great vexation of his adherents. The crown in 1622 was again restored to Pressburg by Bethlen, on certain conditions, which Austria failed to observe. In the Rákóczi revolution (1703) the crown was removed to Vienna, where it remained nine years; but, by the treaty of Szathmár, the Emperor-King Charles III. engaged to restore her Palladium to Hungary. The joy of the people knew no bounds. They received the Szent Korona with an ovation, as if it had been some illustrious captive returning home. In their overflowing gratitude they crowned Charles III. (Vith. of Austria), consented to receive his daughter Maria Theresa as their king, and as all the world knows, drew their swords in defence of her and her infant son. The infant son, Joseph II., rewarded their loyalty by acting "*en vrai despote*." Enlightened, benevolent as he was, he did not understand

that Magyars would not submit to have their rights trampled on, their nationality set at nought, 'however much it might be to the advantage of the empire at large.

Joseph ordered the crown to Vienna amid the mourning of the whole nation; but he soon found that a determined, courageous people is stronger than an emperor, be he never so arbitrary. He consented to restore the insignia and to submit to be crowned. The crown was brought back in 1790 to the Castle of Buda, built by Maria Theresa, and was received with a salute of 500 guns, testifying the joy of the nation at its victory over despotism. But, while the guns were thundering at Buda, Joseph II. breathed his last. He is not reckoned among the lawful kings of Hungary. The crown remained in peace at Buda, taking only two journeys to Pressburg for the coronations of Francis I. and Ferdinand V., till the last revolution. Kossuth and a few other patriots had reached Lipka, when they heard of the treachery at Világos. In hopelessness and despair they continued their way to the Turkish boundary, and had almost reached Orsova, when they bethought them of the crown, which they had with them. The Hungarian law forbade its being taken out of the country; so, to protect it from Austria, they buried it in the forest near Orsova, where it remained till 1853, no one but Kossuth and his confidants knowing where it was. Some thought Kossuth had taken it to Turkey; others, that it was buried in a marsh, whence only the hands which had concealed could rescue it.

One of the patriots, however, fearing that the Szent Korona would be lost, in 1853 discovered its hiding-place. A chapel has been erected over the spot where it was found.

The crown retains some marks of its many vicissitudes, the cross on the top having been bent when, on one occasion, it was inadvertently forced into too small a box. We may mention that the coronation sword dates from the time of St. Stephen, and that the sky-blue satin mantle embroidered in gold was worked by his wife for the cathedral of Alba Regia. The Apostolic Cross, a girdle, and a goblet have disappeared; and tradition says that the loss of each was followed by some misfortune to the sovereign.

VENUS PANDEMIA.

No more, O maiden, make thy care of robes,
To kill me with thy beauty, who am thine.
For thee, a linen cloud of woven air
Is fittest clothing; crystal, best array;
No more with idle robes compose those limbs
Too fair for art's adorning. Seek no more
For summer crowns; thy head is beautiful,

Thy tresses charm disordered. Never more
In silken bonds bind up thy golden hair,
Whose gold shames silken shimmer; nor in
curls

Confine it: unadorned, without all toil,
It pleases well. Thy ears twin jewels bear;
Fairer without them than the early rose.
A collar, crescent-shaped, with many a gem
Burns on thy neck, whose smooth, white beauty
shines

So clear uncovered; while deep-hiding folds
Shadow thy snowy bosom, better bare.
A girdle binds the body which I love,
Lest the stole wave too loosely in the wind;
Bind not thy body, let it wave! Those rings
Of ruby steal their richness from thy hands,
Giving thy rarer fingers none. For thee
The nodding grass scarce bends beneath thy
tread,

Thy pretty feet pass printless there. No art
Can make thee fairer, all for me too fair!
Oh! seek not far for foreign ornament,
Thine own is too dear beauty. Is there cause
To deck thyself for me?—with care for me?
Must I be won unwillingly to love?
I—I so prone, who never dared repulse
The tender god! who could not love thee more
Wert thou the rosy goddess! Thy bright eyes
Laugh with Jove's lightning, and outshine the
stars.

Most glorious in the whole world glows the sun,
Yet far more glorious thou. Thy neck is white,
Whiter than snow new fallen, where faint rays
Of early morning gleam. Thy breasts are milk,
Warm from full-uddered kine. Green woad in
spring

Have never perfumed glories such as thine.
No happy garden holds a flower so fair;
No daisy-blossomed mead, enamelled lawn
Is lovely as my love. White privet yields,
And turf-bound lilies bend before her praise.
All roses rising from their thorny beds
Do homage to her cheeks; the violet
Is scentless by her side. From Helen's face
Fell war for ten long years on fated Troy.
For thee far fairer had that battle been,
Not ten times o'er, the shadow of the sun
Had fallen on the dial, ere the end!
No vulture forms of envy or of pain
Disturb with horror thy young heart's repose.
Thalia fain would lay her lute aside
To listen to thy song; the sirens lulled
Would all be silent. So must mortal souls
Ache for the music of thine utterance.
Wert thou a huntress, as Diana was,
With girdled garment, bows, and loosened hair,
With naked arms, and choir of dryades,
And fearful quarry of the foaming boar.
Whatever god had caught thee wandering
Through caverned wolds had deemed thee all
divine.

When the bright triad battled long ago
For guerdon of best beauty, Paris found
Venus most fair, and two were left forlorn;
Had then thy tender loveliness been tried,
Three had lamented, and the golden fruit
Been thine. O heart of iron! whom thy face,
Thy heavenly face nor cheeks of red enchant!
Whom form so blest can move not, must be
born
Of mountain oak, or cold and silent stone. J. M.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER V. COMING HOME.



HE short, yet straggling street, of the village of Mellor was always very quiet. There was but little traffic through it, and still less in it, for it contained but one shop, full indeed of the most various commodities, from Bath note-paper to lamp-black, from Dutch cheese to Lancashire clogs, but not much frequented by customers. Most people stopped at the window, and turned away again after

dropping their letters into the slit beneath it, for it was also the post-office; and there were not many folks even to post letters at Mellor. The houses on the north side of the street, which was built on a hill, made the most show, standing back from the road, and at a considerable elevation above it, with neat little gardens, spread apron-wise before them; eyeshot from the windows of these dwellings flew over the heads of passers-by. On the south side the houses all looked out to seaward over unseen gardens of their own, and turned their backs to the road, so that it was quite possible, providing only that he escaped the notice of the lynx-eyed post-mistress, for a wayfarer, however remarkable in his personal appearance, to pass through Mellor street without being observed. During the despatch of the mails at 5 p.m., a ritualist in full vestments, or the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in wig and gown, might have very possibly made a progress through it from end to end (if only they maintained a dignified silence), without any Mellorite being the wiser.

It was about 5 p.m. that John Carlyon took his way through Mellor, and that he was not spoken with by any one after what had recently occurred was a pretty convincing proof that he was not seen. The village inn, indeed, had more than its usual fringe

of idlers about it, eagerly discussing the very occurrence in which he had so distinguished himself; but it stood apart from the road, on a little plateau of its own, and was avoided altogether by those who took the turning to the right which led to Mellor Church. Mr. Carlyon took this way. The church tower, being very highly placed, could be seen far out at sea, and was even used as a landmark for ships. The churchyard itself stood much above the village, and, indeed, was the highest point save Greycrags (whereon the house occupied by the Crawfords was situated, and after which it was named), within some miles of Mellor; it was therefore free from all overlookers. Something tempted him, as he passed by, to push open the wicket and enter that great green resting-chamber, where no sleeper turned uneasily on his pillow, or longed with impatience for the morning. Very many generations lay beneath those grassy mounds, or in the vaults of the old church, which was almost coeval with the abbey, the ruins of which could be seen from where he stood. Another phase of Christianity had succeeded to the ancient faith, but little change had been made in externals. Two stone images in lichen-covered niches stood on either side the porch, but time or the sea-winds had deprived them of all recognisable features; they might be meant to represent saints or demons. The stoup for holy water still had its place in the wall. Within lay many a cross-legged crusader—

Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,

or

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails;

the dead representatives of a dead form of creed, lying, unargumentatively enough, beside Protestant lords of the manor, and other modern worthies of high degree. In the superior sanctity of the chancel, under what looked like a four-post bedstead of marble, hung with 'scutcheons, and sculptured with heraldic emblems, reposed the long line of ancestors of Charles, Earl Disney, whose anxiety for the preservation of game had been so recently sympathised with from that moth-eaten pulpit.

"All silent and all damned," quoted Carlyon, thoughtfully, as he gazed through the iron gate which suffered the cool evening air to purify this sanctuary, while it kept more

substantial intruders out. "There is nobody at least to contradict it. What thousands of years of death have these good folks to tell of, yet not an hour's experience will the greatest gossip among them reveal."

He turned from the dark porch, where a certain musty flavour of mortality seemed to make itself apparent, and set his face to the sea breeze, fresh as on the day when it first blew from the gates of the sun.

The wavy west was one great field of gold, with just a ripple upon it like corn at harvest time that smiles to find the sovereign wind its wooer. A few white sails flecked its glittering surface, and a faint black line of smoke above one out-going steamship blurred the red sky. From the village beneath thin blue smoke ascended for a little way, till it mixed with the bluer air and was lost; and far off, on the other side of the bay, wreaths of grey marked the unseen spots where man was living and labouring. Here was death—yonder was life; you seemed to step from one to the other at a single stride. Both hushed, for not a sound could be heard, save the dreamy lap of the sea, less like sound than silence; yet the one so chill and hopeless, the other so bright and busy!

"There seems certainly something in what Carstairs says," mused Carlyon; "that is, at times. To lie here for ever, first bones, then dust, has truly little charm; and if it be so, death is a bathos, and the scheme of creation—that is the proper phrase, I believe—a total failure. Perhaps it is: who knows?"

It was not, however, for purposes of philosophic speculation that the speaker had sought this place of tombs; and the mention of Mr. Carstairs seemed to remind him, although indeed he had not forgotten it, but purposely procrastinated the matter, of what had attracted him thither. He walked with a quick step towards a secluded corner of the churchyard, and black with the shadow of an enormous yew; within a square of small stone pillars, not unlike milestones, and connected by iron chains, stood a huge monument of granite.

"Thanks to him, I have never set foot here save last Sunday, since the day we buried him; so this will be new to me," muttered the visitor, as he held aside a layer of yew and let the sunshine in upon the gilded letters of the inscription, now fast fading and almost effaced:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
RALPH CARLYON,
OF WOODLEES,
A DEPUTY LIEUTENANT FOR THE COUNTY
AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
A Prudent Father,
A Pattern Husband,
A Perfect Christian.

He closed a Life of Piety, Feb. 1Xth. 1840.

"Those are Meg's adjectives," muttered the intruder, grimly; "but what is this in Latin? I did not give her credit for the classics."

"Gone to join the majority."

That was not Meg's, I'm sure. Ah! I remember now. He told me something of his wish to have a certain sentence placed above his grave, and I—thinking it was some pious text—bade her let it be done. Well, this is truth, at all events, and consistency likewise, for this perfect Christian and Deputy-lieutenant always held with the majority while he was alive. But, Silence, bitter tongue. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and, moreover, this dead man was my father. Let me try to feel pious and regretful at the tomb of my parent. Alas! I cannot do it. But the doctor was wrong too when he accused me of undutifulness to this man. His example of faith has not been thrown away upon his son. I have not disgraced his teaching. I have had respect for his memory, if for nothing else, heaven knows! Ralph Carlyon," murmured he, after a pause, "I forgive you; and if what these gravestones preach be true, God himself can scarce do more. You have placed a gulf between me and all good folks, dead and alive, as broad and impassable as that which is said to separate the wicked from the blessed in the world to come. Thanks to you, I have no happiness in the present, nor hope in the future. Forty years of wasted life lie already behind me; there may be as many still to come, for I am very strong. Is it likely that these will be more tolerable than those already passed, with youth exchanged for age, and strength for weakness? It is idle to suppose it; the years must soon draw nigh of which, even good men say, they find no pleasure in them. I have no friend in either heaven or earth. My kindred wish me dead that they may possess my goods. They are welcome, I am sure, although I doubt whether old Robin and the rest would like the change of dynasty. I wish they had had their desire this very day. I wish that William Millet had been a little less ready with his rope. But no; I don't say that, for then there would have been an angel less in the world—Agnes Crawford. I believe in angels so far. It would have been worse for others, if better for me. She is everybody's friend—everybody's, that is, who is wretched—except mine. They have told her lies about me without doubt, and even the truth would make her shrink from me as she never shrinks from mere pestilence and contagion."

He was leaning over the wicket gate and looking northward, where Greycrags, clothed

and crowned with its verdant and noble trees, rose from the margin of its little bay like one green tower.

"No woman loves me, or will ever love me, being what I am," he went on; "and least of all, one like her." A far-off noise—the beat of a horse's hoof—struck upon his ear. "Even my horse is lost; the only living thing that cared for me. Poor Berild! you died doing your duty, good nag, and if there be a heaven for horses—Why, surely I should know that footfall; and unless there are equine ghosts that haunt the way to their late stables, this is my own Red Berild coming home!"

He passed swiftly through the gate, and, standing in the middle of the road, clapped his hands together and whistled shrilly. Immediately the trotting sound was exchanged for a canter; and as the coming steed turned the corner and came within sight, a faint but joyful whinny proclaimed his recognition of his master. He never stopped till he had his nose in his human friend's hand, and was rubbing his tall, stiff ear against his bosom. There was nothing wrong with him, as Carlyon's anxious inspection soon discovered; but he had evidently gone through great exertions. His heaving flanks were dripping as much with sweat and foam as with salt water; his broken bridle trailed upon the ground; his saddle was half turned round; his legs were covered with black mud and sand up to the knees.

It was a touching sight to see the meeting between those two old friends.

"My brave Berild!" cried one.

And the other, though he could not speak, answered, "Dear master!" with his eyes.

Then setting the saddle straight, and knotting the bridle, so that his favourite should not be incommoded, John Carlyon once more resumed his way towards home, man and horse walking together side by side. The former seemed for the time to have recovered his usual spirits, whistling snatches of melody, or even occasionally trolling out a patchwork of song; but as he began to descend the other side of the long hill, and to lose sight of all the glorious landscape, and of Greycrags with the rest, his depression returned.

Woodlees was not a place to create high spirits. It was a fine mansion, with a small deer-park attached to it, and no less than three terraced gardens. But the house itself was in a hollow. Notwithstanding that the sea lay so near, not a breath of its fresh clear air ever visited it. It seemed to have an atmosphere of its own, odorous indeed, but faint and oppressive, in which it was an effort to breathe. For size and antiquity,

it was an edifice of which the proprietor might reasonably (if there is any reason in such pride) be proud. The hall, with its huge painted windows—the spoil, it was said, of Mellor Abbey—and splendidly carved chimney piece, was undoubtedly very fine, if somewhat dim and cheerless. The grand staircase of polished oak had for its every alternate baluster a twisted column of vine or briony, but then it was a very sunshiny day on which they could be seen without a candle. There were only two cheerful rooms in the whole house. One, the large drawing-room, now never used, the French windows whereof opened immediately upon the Rosary, and over the huge fire-place of which was a vast sheet of glass, so that you could sit in the warm glow and watch the snow-flakes whiten the broad carriage drive, and deck the evergreens in bridal raiment. The other, the octagon chamber in the tower, John Carlyon's smoking-room, whence could be seen Mellor Church and Greycrags, and, far to the south, a strip of distant sea that was never sand.

Mr. Carlyon made straight for the stables, and saw the wants of his four-footed friend attended to with his own eyes, then strolled across the garden towards the house. At the open front door stood an old man with a scared face.

"God 'a mercy, Mister John! what is it now?"

"What is what now, Robin?" echoed the Squire, in an amused tone.

"Why, your masquerading, sir!"

"Oh yes! I had forgotten. I could not think what made them stare so in the stable. I have got Mr. Carstairs' clothes on, that's all; and they don't fit."

"Well, well, sir, you are the Squire now; you do as you please. But I don't think my old master would ever have exchanged clothes with the parish doctor."

"I dare say not," returned Carlyon, drily. Then, after a pause, he added, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "I know it is undignified, Robin; but I could not help it. Red Berild and I were caught by the sea, and so got wet through. Mr. Carstairs was good enough to rig me out."

"Ah!" sighed the butler, shaking his white head as he made room for the Squire to pass in, "my old master never *would* have been caught by the sea, not he."

CHAPTER VI. A COUPLE OF VISITORS.

WHILE Mr. Carlyon was yet arranging himself in garments more adapted to his six-foot-three of bone and muscle than the habiliments of the little doctor, Robin came up to say that two gentlemen were waiting for him

downstairs—Mr. Crawford and Mr. Richard Crawford.

"I will be down directly," said the Squire, with a flush of pleasure; "into which room have you shown them?"

"Into the master's room, of course, Mr. John. Where else?" inquired the domestic.

"Very good, Robin," was the quick reply.

John Carlyon particularly disliked that room, and the old butler knew it; but at the same time thought it his duty to combat so unnatural an aversion. It had been the favourite chamber of John's father, and ought, one may suppose, to have been agreeable to his son on that account. Otherwise, it had certainly few attractions of its own, being the gloomiest of all the reception rooms. A small apartment shut within an angle of the building, into whose old-fashioned, diamond-shaped panes the sun rarely peeped, and when it did so, could throw no cheerful gleam upon the cedarn wainscot, or the few family pictures disposed—and not happily disposed—upon its sombre surface. It seemed as though the old gentleman had preferred the company of the worst favoured among all his ancestors with one exception. This was the full-length portrait of a young girl, whose short-waisted attire and tower-like arrangement of her long fair hair, could not deprive her of the admiration due to great natural beauty. Seldom as it was that a sunbeam struggled in so far, when it did reach that exquisite face the whole room was lit up with its loveliness. Those luxuriant locks glittered as though gold dust—the meretricious fashion of a much later date—had been scattered upon them; the peach-like cheeks glowed with bashful innocence; the blue eyes gazed at you with a tender simplicity that was inexpressibly touching. This portrait faced the fire-place; and when the fitful gleams of flame fell upon it, the mobile features seemed really instinct with life. Nothing else was bright in this room, except the silver hilts of a yataghan and dagger that hung over the chimney piece, and were kept untarnished by the butler's careful fingers. They had been brought by his old master from the East, where he had travelled (not without some strange adventures, it was whispered, in which those mysterious weapons had borne their part) in his far back youth. Here, day after day, for many weary years the old man had sat, too feeble to stir abroad; and here, night after night, had lain when near to death. At last, upon a sofa bed, with his back to the picture and his face to the fire, he had died here. Perhaps it was its association with that last event which had made the cedar chamber distasteful to his son.

However, John Carlyon now entered it with

a winning smile, and a courteous greeting for his two unexpected guests. With one of these, Richard Crawford, we are already acquainted; the other, his uncle, was a very tall old man, of distinguished appearance; one, who, though manifestly hale and vigorous, and as upright as a May-pole, gave the idea of extreme age, unless some sorrow had done the work of years in emaciating his lengthy limbs, and deepening the caverns of his eyes. These last were very bright and black, and shot from under thick, white eyebrows one swift, suspicious look as the Squire entered, then gazed upon him frankly and gratefully enough.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Carlyon," said the younger of the two visitors, "come in person to thank you for your noble devotion in saving my dear cousin——"

"Nay, Richard," interposed the old gentleman, with dignity, and stretching forth an arm almost as long as Mr. Carlyon's own, though wasted to one-half its thickness, "I must thank him for *that* myself. You have preserved to me, sir, the dearest thing left to me in this world: my beloved and only daughter. Accept the gratitude of one who, but for you, would have found the little remnant of life he has still to live very miserable and barren."

"I am most pleased, Mr. Crawford," answered the Squire, returning the pressure of the other's long, thin fingers, "to have been the instrument of saving, not only to yourself, but to the many who have experienced her unselfish benevolence, a life so priceless as Miss Crawford's. And for you, sir," here he turned to the young man, who was giving utterance to certain conventional expressions of gratitude upon his own behalf, "I am sincerely glad to have been able to have given you a helping hand in a difficulty that certainly might have been serious."

"Serious!" observed the old gentleman, "why, my daughter tells me that death stared her in the face."

"And so it did, uncle," answered Mr. Richard, frankly. "Mr. Carlyon makes light of the matter, only because he is used to risk his own life for strangers. Directly Agnes saw him she cried, 'There is the man to save us, if man can do it!' Twice before, as I hear, upon those very sands——"

"Hush, hush, my dear young sir," interrupted Carlyon, hastily; "your goodwill makes you exaggerate matters, or else you have been misinformed. In the first place, Miss Agnes Crawford is not a stranger to any one who lives near Mellor, and who has ears to listen to good report; and, secondly, possessing unusual advantages in my excellent steed, I should have been base indeed not to

have used them on so critical an occasion. Had I done otherwise, I do assure you, it would have been the act of a coward," added he, turning towards his elder visitor; "and we men who are over six feet high should at least be courageous, should we not?"

Up to this time, in spite of his host's invitation to be seated, Mr. Crawford had been standing, hat in hand, as though his visit was intended to be of the shortest; but at these words he sank slowly down upon the nearest chair, as though he had been pushed into it by main force, and in spite of himself. His long limbs trembled as with the palsy; and his thin face grew more wan and white than ever, except that in the centre of each hollow cheek there was a spot of burning red. His ashen lips endeavoured in vain to articulate.

"Good heavens! your uncle is ill," cried Carlyon, pulling the bell with violence; "what is it he should take? Wine—brandy? Speak!"

But before Richard could reply, the old man answered for himself, in tolerably firm tones, that he was better now and needed no refreshment.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Carlyon, this interview has a little unmanned me. I am very old, you see; and for these many years I have lived a hermit's life. The sight of a stranger is quite a shock to me. Thank you: since the brandy has come, I will take a little."

But Carlyon observed that he scarcely put his lips to the glass, and that while he spoke his bright eyes once more flashed forth such glances of anger and suspicion as certainly showed no lack of vital power.

"There, I am better now already," resumed Mr. Crawford, with cheerfulness. "Certainly, if there is an *elixir vite* for the old at all it is French brandy. I have some in my cellar at Greycrags,—and I trust you will come and dine with us shortly, and take a *petit verre* of it after dinner,—which numbers as many years in bottle as I myself have been in the flesh; in other words, it is three-quarters of a century old."

"That would be a great attraction," said Mr. Carlyon, gallantly, "to any other house but Greycrags, which, however, possesses a much more priceless treasure. You have so overwhelmed me with your generous, but really exaggerated, gratitude, that I have not yet been able to ask after Miss Agnes herself. I trust she has escaped all consequences of her late adventure."

"Yes, I think I may say, that, except for a little fatigue, which it is only natural she should feel after having gone through so much

excitement, my daughter is none the worse. She is used to cold, and even to getting wet through, in her perambulations among the poor. Richard and she walked home at their best pace, so she has not felt even a chill. She was exceedingly anxious, however, upon your account; and indeed, from her statement, I scarcely hoped to find you so completely yourself again. So, as soon as Richard was ready, he and I drove to Mr. Carstairs' house, and finding you had gone home, ventured to follow you hither. We should have welcomed a much less valid excuse I am sure. What a charming place is this Woodlees of yours."

"It is picturesque," said Carlyon, shrugging his shoulders, "viewed from without; but a lonely and cheerless place to live in."

"That must be the fault of its proprietor, surely," observed Mr. Crawford with a meaning smile.

"No, sir, his misfortune," returned the other drily. "However, my butler seems to have resolved you should be as unfavourably impressed as possible, by showing you into this sombre room."

"Ah! there I differ from you," answered the old gentleman. "For my part, I like gloom. The worst of Greycrags is, that it is so exceedingly light; its uniform cheerfulness oppresses one like a too lively talker—a companion who is always in high spirits. In the whole house there is no quiet little den like this, where an old man may sulk by himself out of the sunshine. Not, however, that any room can be gloomy with such a glorious picture as that in it. Richard and I were agreeing, before you came down, that we had never seen a more charming face on canvass. Woodlees could not have been so lonely at one time, if, as I conjecture, that beautiful creature was once its mistress."

John Carlyon bowed gravely.

"What tenderness of expression, Richard, is there not?" continued the old man, rising and approaching the picture. "It is almost painful in its pathos. Now, what epoch can this lady have adorned?—not your own, of course, and scarcely mine."

"She was my mother, sir," observed Mr. Carlyon, drily; then, after a pause, he added, "I should be sorry, Mr. Crawford, for you to carry away with you an impression of Woodlees derived from this apartment only. Let me persuade you to step up so far as the tower room, where perhaps you will take a cigar."

With these words he opened the door like one who would have no denial.

"My smoking-days are over," replied the old gentleman, smiling; "I am a worn-out profligate in that way, and can only partake of the mere flavour of vice from the snuff-

box: yet I will gladly visit your sanctum. But what a long way up it is; why, it's quite an eyrie."

"Yes, and here I sit, a wretched, middle-aged bird, all alone and moulting."

"It should be a nest full of eaglets; the very room for a nursery, sir," observed Mr. Crawford, unheeding the other's remark, and standing in the centre of the spacious chamber with its three huge windows. "What a beautiful prospect! See, Richard, yonder is Greycrags. My daughter and I have often wondered, Mr. Carlyon, to what use this tower which never shows a candle was put, and I think we must have come to the right conclusion, to judge at least by this telescope." He touched a large instrument standing on a brass tripod and turning on a pivot. "This is your observatory, is it not? You sit in the dark here and watch the stars."

"Not I," returned Mr. Carlyon, smiling; "you give me credit for much more learning than I possess. But to keep a lamp burning here is very dangerous to folks at sea. It has been mistaken more than once for the light at Mellor point; and so, as I don't want to hold the candle in whose flame human moths may shrivel, I sit here in the dark. But as for the stars, I do not trouble myself with them."

"No: I see this is not a night-glass," observed Mr. Crawford, turning the instrument to southward. "But what a field it has! This must have cost you a great deal of money."

"I see you are a judge of telescopes, Mr. Crawford. Yes, this was really a great piece of extravagance for me to indulge in; but it forms my only amusement. This is my watch tower, from whence I survey the world, both land and ocean. I can sit here and sweep fifty miles of sea. The least white speck out yonder, I can recognise, or know at least whether she is friend or stranger. Look now, to that sail in the south-east, hugging the land; that is his lordship's yacht, the *San Souci*—very much misnamed by-the-bye, if all tales concerning her proprietor be true. One would think she would never weather the point yonder."

"She never will," observed Mr. Crawford decisively, who was watching her through the telescope.

"Not weather it! Permit me to look one moment. Ah, you don't know that yacht. She can sail nearer the wind than any craft in the bay. She is rounding it even now."

"She is doing nothing of the sort, sir," said the old man, smiling, and tapping his snuff-box; "look again."

"You are quite right, sir," cried Carlyon much astonished; "she has missed stays.

And yet I would have bet a hundred to one. What an eye you have: why one would think you had been born a sailor.—Good heavens! Mr. Richard, your uncle is taken ill again. It must be the tobacco smoke; I am afraid it was wrong of us to light our cigars."

Mr. Carlyon threw up the north window, the opposite one being already open, and so created a strong draft.

"I am better now," said the old man, feebly; "but it was not the tobacco smoke."

"My uncle sits with me while I smoke, every night," said Richard, coldly; "it must have been the exertion of coming up so many stairs."

"Yes, that was it, no doubt," added Mr. Crawford. "I am a very old man, Mr. Carlyon, and you must excuse me."

"My dear Mr. Crawford, I only reproach myself for my thoughtlessness in having persuaded you——"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it, I beg," answered the old gentleman, hurriedly; "but if you will allow my nephew to ring for the carriage. We shall see you soon at Greycrags, Mr. Carlyon? I shall behave better, I hope, as your host than I have done as your guest."

Leaning heavily upon his nephew's shoulder, he slowly descended the uncarpeted and slippery stairs to the great hall; then, holding out a hand cold and clammy as that of a corpse, he bade Mr. Carlyon adieu, and climbed into his carriage. Richard also shook hands in as friendly a manner as he could assume; but the effort was sufficiently evident.

"I am sorry that I don't like Mr. Carlyon," observed the young man, after a long interval of silence, during which they had rolled through Mellor.

"Indeed," replied his uncle, in the dry and cynical tone which was habitual to him when there was no necessity for politeness. "That is of no great consequence; I beg, however, you will take pains to conceal your dislike while you remain under my roof."

(To be continued.)

COACHING AND COACHES.

Let us take the road.

GAY's "Beggars' Opera."

ONE of the most popular noblemen of the present day, on being asked whether he liked driving, replied, "I am devoted to every amusement an English gentleman ought to patronise." Among the sports enumerated, were, "hunting, shooting, racing, yachting, and coaching." To become the Crichton of British sports, a man's heart and soul must be in them; he must be a scientific and hard

rider with hounds, "witching the world with noble horsemanship;" he should be a first-rate shot; a James Robinson in the racing saddle; a good sailor and a clever navigator, unlike those fresh water nautical Major Sturgeons, who—dressed out like the late T. P. Cooke, in "Black Eyed Susan," at the Surrey Theatre, in checked shirts, glazed hats, pea-jackets—boast of their sailings and tackings, and scudding and beatings, from Greenwich to Blackwall, from Blackwall to Woolwich, from Woolwich to Erith, from Erith to Gravesend, and talk—

.... Of "caulking,"

And "quarter-deck walking,"

"Fore and aft,"

And "abaft,"

"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft;"

Of binacles, bilboes, the boom called the "spanker,"

The best bower cable, the jib, and sheet anchor;

Of lower-deck guns, and of broadsides and chases,

Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing mainbraces.

I will not here stop to discuss the question of rail and road, or the lament that the "Light (coaches) of other days has faded," although my heart sinks to the axle, when I think of the past, and feel disposed to sympathise with Jerry Drag, "him wot drove"—I quote his own words—"the Old Highflyer, Red Rover, and Markiss of Huntley." "Them as have seen coaches," says this knight of the ribands, "afore rails came into fashun, 'av seen something worth remembering; them was happy days for old England, afore reform and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode as natur intended they should, on pikes with coaches, and smart active cattle, and not by machinery, like bags of cotton and hardware; but, coaches is done for ever, and a heavy blow it is. They was the pride of the country; there wasn't anything like them, as I've heerd gemmen say from forrin parts, to be found nowhere, nor never will be again." *Mais revenons à nos moutons*; my present object is to compare amateur coaching as it is, with amateur coaching as it was. It may not here be uninteresting to mention that coaches were introduced into England, by Fitz Allan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580, before which time, Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain; and she in her old age used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first only drawn by two horses, but as a writer of those days says, "the reet crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea."

Historians, however, differ upon this subject, for it is stated by Stow (that ill-used antiquarian, who after a long laborious life was left by his countrymen to beg his bread) that in 1564, Booner, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman, and was the first that

brought the use of coaches into England; while Anderson in his "History of Commerce," says, on the other hand, that about 1580 the use of coaches was introduced by the Earl of Arundel.

It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have a "team" of six horses; which, as another historian writes, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or double behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter House, urging their suppression; and, amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, was the following. "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which, otherwise, they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by these means, get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after." What would Mr. Cresset have said had he lived some thirty years ago, in the palmy days of coaching—coaches full, able dragsmen—spicy teams, doing their eleven miles an hour with ease, without breaking into a gallop, or turning a hair? or how surprised would the worthy chroniclers of 1672 be at the present annihilators of time and space—the railroads, when, "the convenience of the passage," enables parties to come up to London from Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bath, and Bristol, in time for the play or opera, and return home for dinner, the following day!

Few sights were more amusing than the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, in the good old times of coaching. What a confusion—what a Babel of tongues! The tumult, the noise, was worthy the pen of "Boz," or the pencil of Hogarth. People hurrying hither and thither; some who had come too soon, others too late. There were coaches, and carriages, vans, carts, and barrows; porters jostling, *touters* swearing, *cads* elbowing, coachmen wrangling, passengers grumbling, men pushing, women scolding. Trunks, portmanteaus, hat-boxes, band-boxes strewed the pavement; orange merchants, cigar merchants, umbrella merchants, dog merchants, sponge merchants, proclaiming the superiority of their various wares. Pocket-knives with

ten blades, a corkscrew, button hook, punch, picker, lancet, gimlet, gun screw, and a saw ! trowser straps four pair for a shilling ; silver watch guards, "cheap, cheap, very cheap ;" patent pens and n'ever pointed pencils, twelve a shilling ; Bandana handkerchiefs, that had never seen foreign parts, to be given away for an old hat ; London sparrows, painted, as the coachmakers say, "yellow bodies," were passed off as canaries, though "their wood notes wild" had never been heard out of the sound of Bow Bells ; ill-shaped curs, "shaven and shorn," and looking like the priest in the child's story, "all forlorn," painted, powdered, and decked with blue ribbons, assumed the form of French poodles, who did "everything but speak ;" members of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge were hawking literature at the lowest rate imaginable ; "h'annuals at the small charge of one shilling, the h'engravings, to h'any h'amateur worth double the money !" "The Prophetic Almanack, neatly bound, one penny ;" "A yard and a half of songs, one penny ; and the History of England, pictorially illustrated, for sixpence : " the remainder of the group consisting of perambulating piemen, coachmen out of place, country clods, town cads, gaping, talking, wondering. The din, occasionally interrupted by a street serenade, the trampling of cattle, or the music of a guard's horn. I will not here stop to enumerate all the neat and well appointed "turns out" that were wont to pull up at the "Cellars ;" but cannot resist the gratification of noticing a few. For light and quick work, nothing could exceed the Taglioni, Windsor ; The York House, and White Hart, Bath, were models of elegance and comfort. No concern could be more correctly turned out than the Oxford Defiance ; and the driver, Jack Adams (as he was familiarly called), was a most shrewd and amusing companion on the box-seat. Peer's Southampton coach was perfection, the *beau idéal* of neatness, and the Duke of Richmond, Chichester, was a well-regulated coach ; making no unnecessary delays or stoppages, persevering from end to end at a steady regular pace, and keeping its time admirably. In 1837, 141 mails and coaches daily passed Hyde Park Barracks ; none now are left. It may be here not inappropriate to state, that the first mail coach started 2nd August, 1784, and that the last birthday procession was 17th May, 1838, on which occasion twenty-seven mails took part in it. The number of miles travelled over, in England and Scotland by the mail coaches, for the year ending 5th January, 1837, was 6,643,217.

But I have digressed. Let me take up the thread of my narrative, and place before my

readers a description of the Four-in-hand Club in 1808. The Driving Club set out from London on Thursday, the 9th of June, and made a most noble display of horses and carriages, in the following order :—

Sir Henry Peyton's barouche landau, four bays.

Mr. Annesley's ditto, four roans (thorough bred).

Mr. Stephen Glynn's ditto, four bays.

Lord Edward Somerset's ditto.

Mr. Villebois' ditto.

Mr. Harrison's ditto.

Mr. Whitmore's ditto.

Mr. O'Conner's ditto.

Mr. Pierrepont's ditto.

Mr. Cox's ditto.

Sir Thomas Mostyn's ditto.

Lord Foley's ditto.

Mr. J. Warde's ditto.

After dining at Bedford, they dashed home in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment displayed by the noble, honourable, and respective drivers.

Another club, called the Whip Club, in rivalry with the above, met one Monday in the same month, in Park Lane, and proceeded thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were fifteen barouche landaus, with four horses. Lord Hawke, the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, and Mr. Buxton, were among the leaders. Lincoln Stanhope was one of the most popular men of the day. He was never known to say an unkind word—never known to do an unkind action. Peace be with him ! for he was one in whom the soldier, the courtier, and the man of honour were so happily blended, that, when a few of his remaining compatriots shall have passed away, we fear that we may long search the fashionable throng in vain to find another. The same remark was equally applicable to his brother, the late Fitz-Roy Stanhope. "The following was the style of the set out of the Whip Club :—Yellow-bodied carriages, with whip springs and dickey boxes ; cattle of a bright bay colour, with silver plate ornaments on the harness, and rosettes to the ears. Costume of the drivers : A light drab-coloured cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tier of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles, a mother-o'-pearl button of the size of a crown piece ; waistcoat blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth ; smallclothes, corded silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings, and rosettes to each knee ; the boots very short, and finished with very broad straps, which hung over the tops, and down to the ankle ; a hat three inches and a half deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim ; each wore a large bouquet

at the breast, thus resembling the coachmen of our nobility."

Now turn we from 1808 to 1838. It was on one of the bright days—those soft, sweet, sunny, joyous days—when, as the novelists say, the voice of Spring is in the meadow—her breath upon the breeze—when earth is teeming with fertility—when buds unfold and flowers burst—when birds carol cheerfully—when all is rife with happiness and glee, and the sun shone proudly in its fullest splendour, that the first meeting of the Richmond Driving Club was held at Chesterfield House, and a sight more brilliant cannot be imagined. No longer, as in olden time, did the gentlemen ape the manners and costumes of coachmen. See the noble president, the "observed of all observers," in an easy and graceful attitude, with the most perfect command over his team. See, too, a nobleman, not a member of the Club, the late Duke of Beaufort, enter the yard, "ay, every inch a duke," and a first-rate performer on the box; but I will not (as the Yankees say) "individualise;" where all were excellent, it would be invidious to select any:—

In this fam'd driving club, it were endless to trace
All the notable coachmen the ribbons who grace;
Since Waterford, Paget, and Pitt, swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team.

The Club consisted of the following members:—

President: The Earl of Chesterfield—blue and red coach, four greys.

Marquis of Waterford—brown and red coach, bay team.

Earl of Waldegrave—blue and red open barouche, four browns.

Earl of Sefton—dark-coloured barouche, four browns.

Earl of Rosslyn—ditto, bay team.

Count Bathyany—dark blue and white coach, bay team.

Viscount Powerscourt—open barouche, four greys.

Lord Alfred—dark brown and red coach, bay team.

Lord Alfred Paget—yellow and blue coach, mixed team.

Lord Macdonald—dark brown and red coach, bay team.

Hon. Horace Pitt—blue and red coach, mixed team.

Sir E. Smythe, Bart.—dark green coach, three greys and a piebald.

A. W. Hervey Aston, Esq.—dark blue and white coach, two bays, two greys.

J. Angerstein, Esq.—dark brown coach, bay team.

T. Bernard, Esq.—dark brown coach, bay team.

Colonel Copeland—yellow barouche, four entire horses.

George Payne, Esq.—yellow coach, bay team.

Lewis Ricardo, Esq.—dark blue and white coach, bay team.

H. Villebois, Esq., jun.—yellow coach, four greys.

As nothing in England has the most remote chance of prospering, unless it is accompanied by a dinner, the Club held theirs at Topham's Hotel, Richmond. At that meal, devoted to hospitality, social pleasure, and festal joy, a toast was given, which every lover of the road will respond to. "Health of the President of the B. D. C., and prosperity to the Club."

It may here not be out of place to mention that, when the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., selected Brixthelmstone as a marine residence, and squandered thousands and thousands of pounds upon the Chinese monstrosity, called the Pavilion, the journey from London to this then small fishing-town occupied two days; the first night being passed at Reigate, or at Cuckfield, according to the road the stage travelled. About sixty-five years ago, an attempt was made to run through in one day, and, to the surprise of many, was accomplished; but it was not until 1823 that the Brighton road became what it continued to be until the rail was introduced, the first in England for well-appointed coaches, first-rate teams, and gentlemanlike drivers.

Henry Stevenson, who was educated at Cambridge, was the first to introduce the fast light coach, called "The Water Witch," and truly did he "*witch* the world with noble coachmanship." After a time, this *beau idéal* of "dragsmen," started another coach in lieu of the Water Witch, which he called "The Age," and which was unrivalled. Who that ever saw that fancy team—the skewbald, dun, chestnut, and roan, slightly and full of action, leave the Castle Square, witnessed that which never has, and never can be equalled, in this or any other country.

With Stevenson commenced the rage for driving public conveyances by noblemen and gentlemen, as the following list of Brighton coaches will show:—

The Marquis of Worcester, father to the present Duke of Beaufort, on the Evening's Amusement—and amusement it was to sit by the side of the noble Plantagenet; Lord Harborough on the Monarch; Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Bart., and Charles Jones, Esq., on the Age; the Hon. Francis Stafford Jerningham on the Day Mail; Sackville Gwynne, Esq., on the Beaufort; John Willan, Esq., on the Early Times; young Musgrave on the Union;—"all fretted their hour upon the stage."

Return we to bygone days of coaches : a considerable time elapsed before this luxurious way of locomotion was enjoyed by more than a few very rich and distinguished individuals, and a very much longer time before coaches became general. Coaches let for hire were first established in England in 1625. They did not ply in the streets, but stood at the principal inns. In 1637 there were in London and Westminster fifty hackney coaches. Stage coaches were first used in England shortly after the introduction of hired carriages. The first mail coach was established between London and Edinburgh about 1785, and to Glasgow in 1788. The use of stage coaches rapidly extended itself, and there was scarcely a town through which some stage coach did not pass. After a time, the heavy six-inside lumbering vehicle gave way to the light four-inside fast coach, and from the year 1825 until the establishment of railways, nothing could exceed the "turns out" on the principal roads. In 1833, the distance between London and Shrewsbury (154 miles), Exeter (171 miles), and Manchester (187 miles), was done in a day. The mail to Holyhead performed the journey (261 miles) in twenty-seven hours, and that to Liverpool (203 miles) in twenty-one hours. The journey to Brighton was accomplished at the rate of twelve miles an hour, including stoppages, and the Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Oxford, and Cambridge coaches were famed for their excellent arrangements.

Omnibuses were introduced into London in 1831, but with few exceptions these vehicles are extremely uncomfortable, and the conductors far from accommodating. Hack cabs, especially Hansom cabs, are a great improvement upon the old hackney, or "agony" coaches, as they were called, from the jolting and shaking they gave the limbs : still, much remains to be done to make these modern conveyances what they should be, for many are badly horsed, and dirty to the extreme ; moreover, with few exceptions, the drivers are insolent, drunken, and unscrupulous in their demands. Much mischief has accrued since the fares were reduced from eightpence to sixpence a mile, and an extra charge made for more than two persons. By the present regulations, neither the cab proprietor nor the public are benefited. The former cannot afford to do the work as it should be done, at sixpence a mile : he has, at the onset, to invest a considerable sum in a cab, horse, and harness ; then he has to engage a stable, and provide provender for the animal. The original cost will probably amount to 60*l.* or 70*l.* ; to this must be added the expense of a licence, wear and tear of his cab, horse, and harness, and although occasionally the pro-

prietor may, by four passengers and luggage, realise half-a-crown a mile, he will more often have to convey two people inside, with heavy boxes on the roof, for the regulated price of a shilling for two miles. The public, too, are not gainers, for they usually give a shilling instead of sixpence, and with a servant on the box, or a child or two inside, the charge is greater than it was wont to be under the old system. On a snowy or rainy night, or early in the morning, it is difficult to find a cab on the stand, for men will not turn out for the small sum they can now legally demand ; nor will they, if they can avoid it, take one or two passengers, when by waiting they run the chance of a treble or quadruple fare.

It may here not be uninteresting to give a brief account of the origin of hackney-coach stands. On the 1st of April, 1639, Mr. Garrard, writing in London to Lord Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says :—"I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily ; he hath been a sea-captain ; but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and performed their journeys at the same rate ; so that sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere as watermen are to be had at the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it ; for whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

Garrard was scarcely correct in saying that everybody was pleased with the new system, for the London shopkeepers bitterly complained that they were ruined by the coaches. "Formerly," they said, "when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets, there was a chance of obtaining customers to inspect and purchase our commodities ; but now they whisk past in the coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out 'What d'ye lack ?'" Another complaint was, that in former times tradesmen in the principal streets made money by letting their upper floors to members of parliament and gentlemen visiting the metropolis on pleasure or business ; but that since the introduction of coaches the noise of them was so great that it drove the profitable lodgers to less frequented thoroughfares.

Taylor, the Water Poet, being a waterman, one of the class who suffered most by the coaches, felt very bitter against the new system, and wrote invectives against it. "We poor watermen," says he, "have not the least cause to complain against this infernal swarm of trade spoilers, who, like grasshoppers, or caterpillars of Egypt, have so overrun the land that we can get no living on the water; for I dare truly affirm that every day, especially if the court be at Whitehall, they do rob us of our livings, and carry five hundred and sixty fares daily from us." In a publication entitled "The Thief," Taylor says:—

Carroches, coaches, jades, and Flanders mares,
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares:
Against the ground, we stand and knock our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels.

He then goes on to relate how "these upstart hell-cart coaches" had increased, to the detriment of the Thames wherries. In prose the poet is equally bitter, for he thus writes:—"I pray you but note the streets and the chambers or lodgings in Fleet Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with coaches, especially after a masque or play at the court, where even the very earth shakes and trembles, the casements shatter, totter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made as if all the devils were at barley-break [a game then much in vogue], so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them; besides, their tumbling din (like a counterfeit thunder) doth sour wine, beer, and ale, most abominably, to the impairing of their healths that drink it, and the making of many a victualler trade-fallen. A coach," he continues, "like a heathen, a pagan, an infidel, or an atheist, observes neither Sabbath nor holiday, time nor season, robustiously breaking through the toil or net of divine and human law, order, and authority, and, as it were, condemning all Christian conformity, like a dog that lies on a heap of hay, who will eat none of it himself, nor suffer any other beast to eat any. Even so, the coach is not capable of hearing what a preacher saith, nor will it suffer men or women to hear that would hear, for it makes such a hideous rumbling in the streets by many church-doors, that people's ears are stopped with the noise, whereby they are debarred of their edifying, which makes faith so fruitless, works so barren, and charity as cold at Midsummer as if it were a great frost, and by this means souls are robbed and starved of their heavenly manna, and the kingdom of darkness replenished. To avoid which, they have set up a cross post in Cheapside on Sundays, near Wood Street end, which makes the coaches rattle and jumble on the other

side of the way, further from the church, and from hindering of their hearing." Public convenience, however, was not to be put down by such tirades, and the four hackney coaches started by Baily in 1634 increased so rapidly that their number in 1637 was confined by law to fifty; in 1652 to 200; in 1659 to 300; in 1662 to 400; in 1694 to 700; in 1710 to 800; in 1771 to 1000.

It may here not be out of place to say that the conveyance now known as the omnibus was in existence in France two centuries ago. Carriages on hire had long been established in Paris, and were let out by the day or hour from the sign of St. Fiacre. In 1662, a royal decree of Louis XIV. authorised the establishment of a *carrosse à cinq sous*, got up by a company, with the Duc de Roanès, and two other noblemen, at the head of it. The decree stated that these conveyances, of which there were originally seven, built to carry eight persons, should run at fixed hours, full or empty, to and from certain extreme parts of Paris; the object being to convey those who could not afford to hire carriages. The public inauguration of the new vehicles took place on 18th of March, 1662, and was attended with much state. Three of the coaches started from the Porte St. Antoine, and four from the Luxembourg. Previous to their setting out, the principal legal functionary addressed the drivers, pointing out to them their duties to the public. After this harangue the procession started, escorted by cavalry; the infantry lining the streets to keep them clear. Writers disagree as to the reception these conveyances met with. Sanval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, affirms that the populace hooted the drivers, and broke the windows of the carriages with stones; while, on the other hand, Madame Perrier, sister to Pascal, describes the joy with which these "two-penny-half-penny busses" were received. It appears, too, that the king took a trip in one at St. Germain, and a *pièce de circonstance* was got up at the Marai's Theatre, entitled the *Intrigue des Carrosses à cinq sous*. Strange to say, that when the fashionable Parisians ceased to patronise the omnibus, it went completely out of favour, as the poorer classes declined to travel in it. Hence the omnibus company (we hope it was limited) failed. In 1827, a society, entitled "*Entreprise générale des omnibus*" again introduced the system, which was thus alluded to in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1829: "The omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside! Of these carriages there were about half-a-dozen some months ago, and they have been augmented since; their profits are said to have repaid the outlay within the first year; the proprietors,

among whom is Lafitte, the banker, are making a large revenue out of Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive."

During the struggle of the three days of July, 1830, the accidental upsetting of one of these vehicles suggested an idea that barricades could be formed out of a number of them, and this plan was tried and followed out. Shortly after the introduction of the omnibus in Paris, in 1829, a public-spirited individual started two omnibuses in London, which ran from the Bank of England to the Yorkshire Stingo, in the New Road, and were called Shillibeers, after the introducer. Each of Shillibeer's vehicles carried twenty-two passengers inside, with only the driver and conductor outside; each omnibus was drawn by three horses abreast, and the fare was one shilling for the whole distance, and sixpence for half. Since that the fares have been lowered; and outside passengers taken.

Before concluding, I must remark that, with very few exceptions, it appears that slung or suspended carriages were not in use until the seventeenth century. In the early carriages of this kind the straps were usually attached to a frame-work of wood at each end of the vehicle, rising to a considerable height above the axles. To remedy the defects of the primitive slung carriage, it was found desirable to render the pillars from which the straps were suspended somewhat elastic. This could not be readily affected with wood, because the pillars were necessarily short, and, therefore, stiff. Hence arose the use of elastic steel supports, which have gradually assumed the form now well known as C-springs. These were formerly used for almost all kind of carriage-springs; but the great improvement of our roads and streets has made way for the introduction, in public conveyances and many private carriages, of the more compact straight and elliptic springs. Coach-makers apply distinct names to a great many varieties of springs. The straight spring, if single, or acting only on one side of the point at which it is fixed, is technically termed the single elbow spring. The double elbow spring is a straight spring, acting on both sides of the fixed point. Elliptic springs, which are usually a little curved, are used single in some carriages, between the axle and the frame-work. Elliptic springs are often used in pairs, under the name of nut-cracker springs, the two springs being hinged together at each end, so as to form a long pointed ellipse. C-springs, which are generally used in private carriages, merely consist of two-thirds of a circle, lengthened out into a tangent; the tangent being laid horizontally, and bolted down to the frame-work of the carriage.

Telegraph springs are combinations of straight springs in sets of four. Tilbury springs are another combination of straight springs, used for the once fashionable two-wheeled carriage called a Tilbury. Dennet springs are a combination of three straight springs, two of them placed across the axle, and attached at their fore-ends to the shafts, or the framing of the body, and the third placed transversely, suspended by shackles from their hinder extremities, and fastened to the body at its centre. In some carriages loops of leather or caoutchouc have been used, instead of iron shackles, for connecting straight springs, by which means the motion is rendered more pleasant, and the rattling noise of the shackles is avoided. To meet the deficiencies of the springs in common use, the late Mr. Adams, of the Haymarket, than whom a more upright tradesman or a better coach builder never lived, contrived one, on the principle of the bow, which will yield in any direction, and may be made capable of adjustment by means of screws, to a light or heavy load. This spring consists of a single plate of well-tempered steel, forced into a curved form by the tension of a cord, which may be made of prepared hempen rope, or of a riband of iron or steel, and to which the axle is attached. Springs of this sort are already much used, both on common roads and on railways; and on the latter especially. Among the advantages claimed for them are their lightness and extreme elasticity, arising from the superior quality of the steel, and the absence of the friction which attends the action of common laminated springs. WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

FIRMITAS IN CŒLO.

RING out a requiem for the Imperial dead,
Ring out a deep-toned bell;
Let Europe raise one universal wail—
A monarch's funeral knell!

Let not his dirge be sung in common words;
Tears can but mock our woe!
Rest as the mighty rest, about whose grave
Rivers of crimson flow.

All Europe turns, in heart, toward the dead—
The great Imperial dead!
And shudd'ring at the deed of savage wrong,
Bows every crowned head.

Oh, Maximilian! desert and alone,
How fared thy dying hours?
Did visions dance before thy frenzied soul
Of childhood's flow'ry bowers?

Or did a gleam of early manhood pass
Over thine anguished brow,
When burning love had lent its passioned light
Unto thy marriage vow?

Or did the opal wave of Venice roll
Before thy tortured brain,
Whose gilded palaces—their greatness gone—
Foretold *thy* glory's wane?

Or came the spectre of thy later life?
An empire at thy feet—
When hot ambition urged thee madly on,
Thy ruthless fate to meet?

Or didst thou think of that last, long farewell,
Where Austria's waters roll?
Or was there yet a parting bitterer still
That wrung thy regal soul?

Thy Bride, thy Wife, thine Empress, and thy Love;
Ah, heaven! thou couldst not live
To know that all that light had left her eyes
Reason alone can give.

God rest thee! Heaven avenge thee, noble heart!
And may'st thou wear above
No tarnished diadem of fading gems,
But a pure crown of love!

G. T.

"FLOGGED LIKE A DOG."

CHAPTER I.

But Glory's glory—and if you would find
What that is,—ask the pig that saw the wind.

"THERE'S no manner of use trying to make that boy a tailor," said Jem Tanner, dolefully; and directing his wife's attention to an open doorway, through which might be seen a pretty picture—a tall, handsome lad, before whom a group of four or five young children were gathered, listening, with divers expressions of delight, to the music of an accordion, upon which Hugh was playing "The British Grenadiers."

Mrs. Tanner looked up from her work, stretching her neck to see over the board where Jem sat stitching, and the hard care-worn lines in the mother's face softened and melted away, as, gazing, she said softly,—

"He's all for soldiering, that he is."

"Soldiering's a poor trade," said Jem; "let alone the chance o' being flogged like a dog, or shot like a warment."

"But there's the glory, Jem. It's wery tempting to a young man, is glory."

"Aye! lass, but glory don't feed a man, tailorin' does. I'd rather make the coat fur another to be shot fur glory in, than wear it for the above purpose. It's all wery well fur gentlemen as can make their money fly, but wot's the gain to be got?—that's wot I'd like to know. I've been axen that at our club, and there's none o' them can satisfy my mind. Wot's the gain o' glory?—that's the pint."

Jem Tanner being a reading man, and member of a debating club, was fond of laying down the law, especially at home. His wife, a patient, hard-working woman, whose life was varied between bearing children and shoe-

binding, never contradicted him. Hugh was her first-born and handsomest son. Affectionate and forbearing, the lad won all hearts, and no one wondered that Mrs. Tanner was proud of him.

Hugh had never taken kindly to the trade his father followed, so he had been allowed to stay longer at school than lads of his class usually are; but now, at seventeen, he was duly apprenticed to his father. He was neither careless nor idle; he said very little about his old hankering after the army; but his face grew white and thin; and every spare minute was spent in playing marches, until even Jem reluctantly owned that they would never make a tailor of him.

Secretly, and in her heart, Mrs. Tanner agreed with Hugh, and longed to see her handsome boy dressed out in the gay trappings that gild a soldier's lot. When she went into London she would walk round by the Horse Guards, and take a long look at the immovable figures on either side of the gate, not forgetting the sentries clanking up and down the pavement inside. "If she could only see Hugh looking as brave, what a proud woman she would be. Soldiers," she thought, "were always gay and light-hearted. Didn't all the girls fall in love with them; and hadn't she, long long ago, when she was a blithe young lassie, in a quiet village in Kent, fallen in love, too, with a neighbour's son, who came home on furlough? She had not married him; but yet, after all these long years, the wrinkled face flushed, and grew almost pretty again, as the thought of the first love made her heart beat faster. He had been killed in India; but what then? Had there not been a sermon in the village church, and a marble monument put up beside the altar? and did not the great folks go and talk to his father of what the dead soldier had done? If he had been a tailor they would not have done any of these things," and so thinking—wisely or foolishly, who dare say?—poor Mrs. Tanner would walk home, and go on laying by every stray coin, that Hugh might not begin the world penniless.

A couple of years passed in this way—passed very slowly with Hugh, who, although he stuck manfully to his work, made nothing of it, and never got further than the roughest parts. Very slowly, too, with his father, who saw plainly the struggle his lad was making; and although Jem tried in vain to see how gain could be got by glory, and make out that soldiering was a better trade than that by which he earned his childrens' bread, he gave in at last.

"It's no manner of use trying to make that boy a tailor," he said, using the same

words he had done two years before. "Get off the board and stretch your legs."

The young man obeyed willingly, and stood up, at attention, looking with grave eager eyes at his father, and wondering what was to come next. Jem Tanner's arm was at full stretch, drawing a thread, but it gradually dropped as he gazed at Hugh, and a long sigh came from his lips.

"I've done my best for you, lad; but you'll never earn your bread stitchin', though it's not clear to me as how you'll do so soldierin'. Tailors make a liven. Soldiers get kep for glory; but then wot's the gain o' glory?—that's the pint. Answer me that, Hugh, and you may 'list to-morrow."

"Isn't it something to have a hand in defending the country, father? Isn't it something to be servant o' Her Gracious Majesty? something to see your name set down for fightin' bravely?"

"Ay! lad; but if you were killed, your name in print would be cold comfort for us at home, let alone Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and all the royal family," and Jem brushed his sleeve across his nose, shaking his head moodily, as he continued, "But there's no use arguing. Take your cap, and go for a walk, and when you get back you'll tell us your mind."

Hugh took his cap, and was soon far away from the scattered tenements of the suburb where his people lived, and out upon the breezy heath, where the golden gorse was filling the air with perfume, and where, high among the white fleecy clouds, close at Heaven's gate, dozens of larks hovered, pouring forth streams of harmony. Hugh marched steadily onward, drinking in the sweetness of nature; thinking what a gloriously beautiful land England was, and what a miserable lot a tailor's would be, tied to a board for life, and with no time to see the sunshine on the gorse and heather. Suddenly a cry rang over the larks' song. Hugh stopped, and as he listened the voice came again, this time clearly.

"Help! help! for the love of God."

Strange words to break upon the divine peace and harmony around; but Hugh did not stop to moralise. In two minutes he had run across the heath, scrambled over a bank, and had his hand upon a man's neck.

The struggle was a sharp one, for Hugh was nothing of a wrestler, and his adversary certainly was. Yet the hold upon the collar told well. In a very short time the man was choked off, and as he lay on the ground, panting, with blackened, swollen face, Hugh's practical eye had time to notice that his garments were those of a gentleman. Standing

by, was the girl whose voice had brought the needed help. She was white and frightened, and her teeth chattered as she asked,—

"Have you killed him? Is he dead?"

"No," said Hugh, pushing the prostrate man with his foot; "he'll be all right in ten minutes; but hadn't you better get away? or come, you look too frightened to walk alone,—I'll go with you, if you'll trust me."

So Hugh took the girl home, and when he got back to his own house, late in the night, he told his adventure, adding,—

"It were for all the world as if Providence had put me in the way to get at the end of my perplexities; for you see, father and mother, I was not at rest in my mind about leaving you, and taking my own will; but it seems clear as sunshine now. I've had my first fight to-day, and so you see, mother, I think I've got my answer."

Mrs. Tanner looked at Jem. "What do you say, master?"

"Please the Lord it'll be all right. It's wery partikilar that on this wery day, and that wery time, Hugh should meet with this young woman. Wot's them weses you was a teaching little Jimmy, missus? 'A arm to help the weak.' Eh?"

"An arm of aid to the weak,

A friendly hand to the friendless,

Kind words, so short to speak,

But whose echo is endless.

The world is wide, these things are small,

They may be nothing, but they are all."

"Ay! them's the ticket," said Jem, when his wife had repeated the words. "So be it, Hugh; your lot's a soldier's. I wont argue the pint any more."

So Hugh got his wish. Before the year was out he had joined the depôt of the — Regiment in Ireland, and was learning goose-step, and at the same time beginning to find out that a soldier's life was not all sunshine and love-making, but that under the red jacket and inside the barrack gates there was a vast amount of dry, everyday work, just as irksome as tailoring, and that glory after all was a contingency subject to the chances of war.

After eighteen months of the depôt, Hugh was drafted to the head-quarters at Dover, and the first day on parade he saw the man he had thrown on the common; saw him, too, in command of the company to which he was attached, and knew that he had not been wrong when he judged him to hold the position of a gentleman.

The recognition was mutual, though neither of them suspected that it was so.

"Keep your eye on that fellow," the captain said to the serjeant; "he's a black sheep. I know him of old; but the fellow,



(See page 73.)

bad as he is, must have a chance, only don't let there be any slipping, don't pass over a fault, however slight, and we'll court-martial him for the first act of insubordination."

These words leaked out, as such things always do, and Hugh became a marked man. There was no advantage in his being attentive; what would have passed with any other man was pounced upon as a sign of bad blood, and

so it came about that, before Hugh had been eight months at head-quarters, he was had up for drunkenness, insolence, and attempting to strike the sergeant on guard. His bad name came out, and he was sentenced to be flogged.

Hugh bore his punishment without a groan, and when the term of his imprisonment was over he returned to his duty without a word

of complaint; but a month after, when there was a call for men to volunteer for India, Hugh was one of the first to give in his name, and not until he was embarked did he write his tale of disgrace and shame to his father.

"He war so sure like," said poor Jem, when he had read the letter. "Poor lad! to think o' his bein' flogged like a dog. Oh! good Lord!" and Jem laid his face upon his knees and sobbed.

Mrs. Tanner's eyes were dry, but there was a red spot on either cheek, and her white lips were pressed hard together as she sat down by the board; opposite was the doorway through which, years before, she had seen the musical party. The remembrance flashed upon her, and throwing up her clasped hands she cried aloud, in the bitterness of her heart.

"May be he'll forget the shame when he's among strangers," said Jem, rousing up to comfort his wife.

But there was no comfort for her; she understood her boy better, and knew the wound was mortal.

CHAPTER II.

One

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless.

HUGH was on his voyage to India amongst strangers; not one face was familiar, so he plucked up courage and held his head higher. In the close companionship of a long voyage there is ample opportunity for the study of character, and Hugh attracted general interest and attention. There was something peculiarly sad in the expression of his stern, handsome face, something which aroused even while it silenced curiosity. Then, again, his fine soldierly appearance, his attention to rules, and steady, orderly conduct, all these things marked him as a good soldier, and although he accepted none of the advances made towards intimacy, there was no man on board who had so many friends.

The first portion of the voyage was fair, and unchequered by any eventful occurrence. But just before they crossed the line a gale broke the monotony, and for a time the ship was in considerable danger. Hugh behaved admirably, and was publicly thanked by the captain. For a few days the poor fellow looked brighter, and mixed more sociably with the men, partaking in their amusements, and so it was that one fine afternoon he was sitting on deck with a messmate, when a quarrel broke out amongst a group close behind them. A woman was accused of cheating at cards, and one of the men of the party appealed to Hugh for judgment, who reluctantly enough gave his verdict. While

he was speaking the woman's eyes grew eager, a flash of recognition gleamed in her face as, with a sneering laugh, she turned, and whispered something to a man beside her.

"It's a d—d lie, Mrs. Short," was the answer spoken indignantly aloud.

"You're a liar yourself, then," screamed the woman; "ask him. I say, soldier, didn't you get forty-two lashes at — last year? Who's the liar and hypocrite now?" she cried, triumphantly, pointing to Hugh, who, with blanched face and blazing eyes, had staggered back: "look at him; what right has the like of him to give judgment against an honest woman; he was a marked man in the —th, and I saw him flogged with my own eyes."

"It's not true. I don't believe you," cried twenty voices, as the men gathered round. "It's a mistake, Tanner. Don't mind her; she's drunk."

"I'm not drunk, you canten blackguards; let me get at him!" and the infuriated woman pushed her way forward, and shook her fist in Hugh's face. "Warn't you flogged? answer me that, and don't stand there giving me the lie, with your white, cowardly face."

Hugh, who had been standing as if stunned, suddenly lifted up his head, and glanced slowly at the eager faces pressing round.

"The woman's right," he said, hoarsely. "I had forty-two for getting drunk and striking the sergeant. Let me pass, please!"

The men fell back, too much surprised and shocked by the poor fellow's manner to disobey, but the next instant the reaction came; a shriek broke from a hundred lips, followed by a babel of cries, one predominating—"He's overboard!"

And so it was. Driven wild by the woman's taunts, desperate with the long-borne load of shame, maddened by the surprise written on the faces of the men who so loudly had taken his part, Hugh had jumped overboard.

It was not the first time the temptation to put an end to shame had been strong upon him. At first, scarcely a day had passed without a struggle with himself; latterly, and especially since the storm, the good-will and respect shown him had opened a ray of hope, and awakened the thought that the shadow of his disgrace might not follow him to the East. The woman's bitter tongue dashed down this hope, published his shame to the very men with whom his new life was to begin, blotted his life for ever—for who among them could forget that day?

A boat was lowered; and Hugh being known to swim well, it was hoped that the passion of the moment having passed, he would willingly be saved—but not so; the men in the boat saw him distinctly; they

called to him to wait; one man even jumped into the water, but in vain. Hugh warned them back with his hand, and when they still persisted, threw his arms straight up over his head and deliberately sunk himself.

When the boat came back and confirmed what had already been partially seen by the officers' telescopes, the grief and indignation of the soldiers almost amounted to a mutiny, and the captain was forced to take charge of the woman whose virulence and passion had caused the suicide, as, if the men had been suffered to take their own way, poor Hugh Tanner's fate would have been speedily and fearfully avenged. If the first part of the voyage had been uneventful, it is more than can be said for the last. From the day Hugh preferred death to facing out the shame which had broken his spirit, as it has done many another gallant fellow's, there was no peace; the slightest incident or opposition set the excited troops by the ears; and heartily thankful was the captain of the J—— B—— when, having reached Calcutta, he saw the last red coat leave his ship.

I. D. FENTON.

THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

EVERY nation seems to have had its good old times, and to look forward to a coming man. The Abyssinian Christians (by which is meant the inhabitants of Northern Abyssinia, a country described by Consul Plowden as about four hundred miles in length from north to south, and three hundred in its greatest breadth,) have really had the former, and, if his own assertion is to be believed—if we may be forgiven an Irishism—they are now governed by the latter. There are those, no doubt, who decline to accept the Emperor Theodore's opinion in precisely the same sense as he does, but even these must admit that he is a man of no common character. At quite a recent period Northern Abyssinia was governed by Ras Ali, and subject to him, much as one of the most powerful English nobles in the feudal times was to the King of England, were the Dejazmatch, or as their titles have been sometimes rendered, Dukes Oobeay and Kassai. There was, in addition to these, a large number of less powerful chiefs, who also did pretty much as they pleased in the way of fighting and plundering each other, to which the Ras had no objection, as they thereby weakened themselves, and there was less danger of their uniting against himself. These "possessors of shirts," as they were termed, governed from ten to thirty villages, conferred on them, with

a silk robe, the emblem of their dignity, by the Ras. They were mostly soldiers whom he wished to reward, and, as they had not been particular on whose property they laid their hands when in his service, they were not likely to be more scrupulous when farther removed from his supervision, especially as if he sent troops against them to punish them for their misdeeds, they could either take sanctuary in a church, or within the precincts of the residence of the Aboona, the head of the Abyssinian Church, or in the event of their desiring to continue a more active life, could enter with their followers the service of a powerful chief. The feudal system, in fact, with its attendant evils, prevailed through the country.

This was the state of things when Kassai began to give indications of a character and policy which, if the Ras had been a man of greater discernment, would have induced him to use his utmost efforts to have brought his career to a premature end. At all events that would have been the course pursued by an Indian ruler; but, to the credit of the Abyssinians be it said, they rarely resort to poison or assassination. At a very early age he is said to have openly declared that he was the "coming man," whose advent was looked for, and certainly his faith in his own star was quite equal to that of any European potentate. He defeated an army sent against him by the queen-mother; nevertheless, he did not fear to come into the Ras's camp after this, on receiving a pledge of safety, and so completely did he lull the Ras's suspicions that he gave him his daughter in marriage; after which Kassai returned to his province, and continued his preparations for extending his power. When these were completed, he boldly avowed his designs; and, after giving him notice of his intention, he attacked his rival Oobeay, and by marching with surprising rapidity, and at the worst season, he arrived at the territories of that chief long before he was expected; and though Oobeay sent a much larger army into the field against him, composed of an unusually large proportion of cavalry, the plain where they fought being well suited for the operations of horsemen, he utterly routed his foes, took Oobeay and most of the chiefs who had come out to battle with him prisoners, captured his treasures, which contained the accumulation of three generations, and then returned to his own province to mature his strength for a decisive campaign which should put the entire country under his control. As for Oobeay himself he fixed his ransom at 120,000 dollars. He was now independent, and sufficiently powerful to contest the government of Abyssinia with the Ras and the chiefs

who remained faithful, and ultimately to subdue it and to "stamp out" the feudal system.

No man had better opportunities of forming an estimate of the character of Kassai or Theodore, than Consul Plowden had, and though he might subsequently have become too partial, at the time he wrote his report to Lord Clarendon he certainly was not open to the charge of partiality, as he was then negotiating a treaty with Ras Ali. He describes Theodore as of an unusually austere character, the husband of one wife, pure in word and deed. He was free from rancour; and some men who made an attempt to murder him he pardoned. Though extremely zealous in the practice of his religious creed, he was by no means a man to be led by priests; so far from it, that an envoy, who was sent to him by the present Emperor of France, who subsequently wrote a narrative of his journey, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, describes how, on one occasion, when the patriarch of Alexandria was in Abyssinia, he quarrelled with the emperor, and threatened to excommunicate him; whereupon the emperor drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and covering the patriarch, requested his blessing, on which the terrified prelate dropped on his knees and gave it to him with all the speed possible. Roman Catholics he would not tolerate within his dominions, because they acknowledged obedience to a foreign potentate, and Mussulmans he hated on account of their doctrines, not diminished in their case from political considerations.

The character and institutions of the modern Abyssinians, as described in the late Consul Plowden's reports, are very peculiar. They call themselves Christians, and are zealous observers of fast days, which, in the aggregate, make up about one-third of the year, and are as devoutly subservient to their priests as the latter can desire. The practical doctrines which they derive from Christianity are, that there is no limit to the mercy of the Almighty, and that, as life is so short, it is advisable to seize every opportunity of enjoyment. Acting on these ideas they eat more underdone meat, drink more mead, and commit more breaches of the moral law than any other Christians in Europe or out of it; so entirely do they give themselves up to self-enjoyment, that our consul could never discover what an Abyssinian would be ashamed of doing, unless it were committing a breach of good manners, or something which brought ridicule upon himself. There is some excuse for their immorality; they know little or nothing of the Decalogue, nor are their spiritual pastors desirous of increasing their knowledge; indeed, the knowledge of the

latter is so very limited that, at the date of the report sent to our government by the consul, their instruction of the children in the schools was confined to easy lessons in the Psalms, communicated in a language, of which they were as ignorant as an untaught Jewish boy is of Hebrew. This limited instruction of the children may have been as much the result of policy as of the inability of the priests to perform the part of schoolmaster in a more satisfactory manner. The possession of more information by the people could hardly have failed to weaken the reverence with which the latter regarded them, notwithstanding that drunkenness and the practice of all the vices attributed to the monks in England just previous to the Reformation were universal among them. The influence of the Aboona, the head of the Abyssinian Church, was unbounded. His habitation, and even the town in which he lived, was an inviolable sanctuary for the greatest criminal. The people have an intense dread of excommunication, and consequently of not having any religious ceremony performed over their remains, and so long as this terror continues to exist, so long will the priesthood retain their influence. Altogether the sacerdotal class is the most powerful in the empire, backed as it is by an inferior grade of men, who are best defined as scribes or writers, who conduct the correspondence of the people, and sell them love philtres and amulets, and are, moreover, supposed to possess mysterious powers akin to those of the Obeah man of Africa. *Apropos* of these powers, they have some superstitions, the identity of which with some that existed in Europe in olden times, is so remarkable as to deserve mention. They believe in charms that will control hail and rain, in fortune-tellers, in omens, in spirits of the forest and river, in the residence of demons in certain individuals, and the power of workers in iron to transform themselves into hyenas, just as it was believed in France and Germany that they could turn themselves into wolves.

They profess to be governed by a code of laws, derived from the Justinian, but in reality the uncertainty attending litigation must be considerable, seeing that the judges do not know the laws themselves, and that the decisions in difficult cases are commonly arrived at by thrusting the thumb into the Feth Negust, and putting an arbitrary construction on the first passage that meets the eye. As the interpretation is commonly made by a priest, it gives him a good opportunity of earning a bribe, an advantage he possesses in common with the judges, though it does not occur so often as with the latter. When nothing was to be got by deciding otherwise,

the decisions were usually equitable; indeed, the poor man had rather the best chance, as it was considered that the man who had the means to bribe, and did not bribe, or who did not bribe high enough, ought to have the case decided against him, in order that the judge might be sure of getting his fine. As there are few evils from which some good may not be derived, this corruption may have worked beneficially in checking litigation, to which the Abyssinians are exceedingly addicted; disputes being so frequent among them that, in addition to the business of the law-courts, every man who keeps servants has a great part of his time taken up in adjudicating on their complaints against each other; rather an agreeable way of spending a morning, as the Abyssinians, big and little, would spend hours in arguing on a problem so abstruse as the number of spirits that might dance at the same time on the point of a needle. Another obstacle to litigation was the mode of procedure. The first thing a complainant had to do was to find bail for himself; the next thing, to catch the party complained against and produce him in court; the latter, for his part, having to find bail for himself. Either the one or the other who was unable to find this security had to submit to be chained, and not only that, but he had to pay for the hire of the chains, and, yet more, he had to pay a certain sum per day to the man to whom he was chained.

The words of Solomon would apply with remarkable truth to a surety in Abyssinia, for whether the procedure were a criminal or a civil one, if the principal absconded the surety stood in his shoes, and was liable in purse and person; rather an awkward situation in a country where the stick is even more liberally used than in Mecklenburgh Schwerin. To the credit of the Abyssinians, it should be said that the principals rarely abscond. Formerly, when the case was one of murder, or killing by accident, the perpetrator was subject to be put to death by the relatives of the deceased unless he could come to terms with them, in which case half the money he paid went to the relatives, and the other half to the treasury. If he had no money there were the usual three courses open to him, if he was able to avail himself of them; he might take sanctuary in one of the cities of refuge, or in a church, or in the house of the Abbona. This payment of blood money has, however, been abrogated by the present emperor, who will allow no man to put another to death, except by his order or a decision of the judges. It is exceedingly creditable to these people, however, that a large proportion of their disputes never come into the courts of

law at all, but are decided by the arbitration of elders, whose decisions are considered final. Disputes between relatives are very commonly referred to these.

Imprisonment does not appear to be in favour in Abyssinia as a punishment, and imprisonment for debt is unknown; indeed, less intelligent people than the Abyssinians might very well show cause why such a practice should not exist. The punishments most in use are fines, the stick—or more correctly speaking, the hippopotamus hide, for it is of that the instrument of punishment is composed—and in special cases, torture more or less cruel. Persons convicted of treason, for example, if not punished with instant death, are liable to have a hand and foot cut off, while those convicted of reviling the king, or making an attempt on his life, may, according to the code, have their heads cut, or pulled off, by main force. The punishment of the stick, however, may be made the worst punishment of all, for the executioners can easily flog a man to death, and take a long time about it, if they are directed to do so.

Let us return to a more agreeable subject than punishments. The Abyssinians derive their greatest pleasure from eating and drinking. Their hospitality is presumed to be unbounded, so that the phrase, "eaten out of house and home" is literally fulfilled in the case of many individuals; indeed, whole villages have been devoured in this way, and their ruins may still be seen by the wayside, the inhabitants having taken refuge among the mountains, where they are not subject to the exhausting claims of travellers. The residences of the chiefs are the great places for feasting. Their houses are commonly open to all comers, whether rich or poor, a poor man not being in the slightest degree abashed at having a grandee for his neighbour, nor is the rich man annoyed by the vicinity of a man less prosperous than himself. This, perhaps, may be attributed in great part to the gentleness and innate politeness of all classes alike. Mr. Plowden does not say that their language is particularly flowery, as is the case among the Chinese, but in practice, an Abyssinian would be ashamed to lay himself open to the charge of rudeness. It might be supposed that with such liberal arrangements in the matter of housekeeping, there would be no limit to the number of guests; but just as it is a necessity that a door must be either open or shut, so also it is that a room once filled cannot hold any more—hence it follows that if the invited guests fill the room, there can be no space left for the uninvited, and thus we can easily see how a man can appear to comply with the custom of unlimited hospitality, and

yet limit it in practice. Bruce speaks of their great love of raw meat, and, writing from memory, we believe he relates in the account of his travels among them that those who did not require the whole of an ox at once, cut steaks out of him as required, and supplied the place thereof with clay. It is quite possible that Bruce may have seen such a method employed by an individual cunning in devices, without supposing that it was the custom of the country; but what is certain is that their love of meat only partially cooked has undergone no change, nor is their love of mead diminished. Under the influence of these aids to conversation it becomes more witty than refined. In the case of the richer chiefs, they not unfrequently keep a jester as part of their household, just as they keep a master of the horse, a grand chamberlain, a taster, and all the other officers of a royal establishment. When they do not possess a jester of their own, the welcome of the wandering minstrel, or story-teller, is sure to be a warm one. Individuals of this class are common, and so long as they are able to tell a good story, or sing a song, there is always a good place provided for them in any house they choose to enter. As will easily be believed, in a country where the consumption of strong drink is limited only by the means of obtaining it, drunkenness abounds; nobody thinks the worse of any other man if he sees him reeling home; if he has any feeling in the matter, it is similar to that of "Punch's" cabman, who regretted that he had not half the complaint of the man he saw vainly trying to light his cigar by thrusting it into the mouth of a pump.

G. LUMLEY.

A CHAPTER FOR THE THIRSTY.

SINCE those days when the Greek advertised for sale in London the new drink called coffee, there have been many pretentious beverages concocted to please the palate of the public, some of which have died out of all remembrance, while others are only known to us by name.

But the demand for aerated waters has been for some years rapidly increasing. It is not so very long ago, since potass, soda, and Seltzer waters were scarcely known beyond the upper classes, and only patronised freely on those humiliating occasions of which the less we say the better. Ginger beer was then retailed in podgy brown stone bottles, and in nine cases out of ten was not worth drinking; so much depending on the yeast with which it was fermented, the weather, and the skill of the maker; and the trade was in the hands of a few publicans, and old women.

Now the greenish glass bottles of the wholesale makers are to be found in every house; their gaily painted vans are hourly rumbling along our streets, and a peep into the mysteries of the mineral-water works may afford the reader amusement.

A dingy place—large, lofty, with not an inch of its space sacrificed to ornament. Here, the simple apparatus in which the gas is generated—there, the quiet pony plodding round and round, whose business it is to turn the fly-wheel of the machine—and everywhere else, bottles. In racks, in boxes, in baskets, and on the ground; long and narrow, short and rotund; swelling out into capacity for the draught of the parched East Indian, or diminishing into the small half pint of the confectioner; in all shades, from a dingy brown to the greenish white most commonly affected—there they are in dozens, grosses, and hundreds. And while we gaze and exclaim, and are told that the manufacturer reckons this part of his stock by thousands, and is constantly making fresh purchases, a van loaded with reclaimed "empties" drives up the yard, and we stand aside to see the process of unpacking and refilling.

Carried by two stout fellows into the washing shed, the bottles are seized by lads who, with pliers in hand, dexterously twist off the loose wires hanging around the necks, and pass them on to the women who stand at large tubs, ready to receive them. Each bottle undergoes a careful examination, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it has been put to any illegitimate uses. If such has been the case, or a cork, as sometimes happens, has been broken in the said bottle, it is put aside to undergo a more deliberate cleansing. The rest are washed, rinsed, and drained.

Now they are ready to be carried to the factory, where they undergo the further processes of corking and syringing. As the strength and flavour of the aerated water will, in a great measure, depend upon the fitting of the corks, this is attended to with great care, and a cork is rarely used a second time.

While one pair of busy hands is thus employed, another pours into each bottle a certain modicum of syrup flavoured with ginger or lemon; or in the case of soda water, etc., the ingredients which communicate to the fluid the peculiar taste from which it will derive its name.

After this operation, each bottle, with the cork lightly fitted in, is passed to the man seated at the machine, the most important personage in the factory—one who in the season brooks no interference and demands high wages, and when the winter approaches, and

trade falls off, disappears none knows where, and lives no one knows how—the bottler.

On him devolves the most dangerous part of the work, and those of the fraternity who are provident, secure themselves in some degree from the consequences of the accidents to which they are exposed, by insurance. The gas, generated we believe by pouring sulphuric acid upon pounded chalk, is forced into a receiver, and from thence by a tap into the bottles. The filling is sometimes effected by means of a small machine; but the regulation of the quantity generally depends upon the skill of the workman, who calculates with extraordinary exactitude the seconds of time required to charge the bottle with that precise quantity, which shall neither be too much, nor too little. In the latter case the article will be rapid and tasteless—in the former the bottle bursts, and the fragments of glass are violently flung in all directions.

To guard against the consequences of such occurrences—which are frequent—some of the bottlers shield their faces with masks constructed for that purpose; but others more careless, or fearless, encounter the chances of a serious wound, with no other protection than the thick glove or cloth, in which they grasp the bottles as they present them at the tap of the machine.

This process goes on with astonishing rapidity. The workman dives into the basket of bottles beside him, and seizes one by the neck; one, two, three—the water effervesces as the gas enters it—with a small mallet which he holds in his hand the cork is quickly knocked in, and the bottle is flung into the lap of a boy who sits close by, provided with a bundle of the thin wires it has been his task at some spare hour to twist into loops. A turn of the pliers, and one of these loops is twisted over the cork and secures it. The bottle is passed on to some one else to be labelled; to some one else to be packed, and so on—and so on—until dozen after dozen, gross after gross are completed, and the eye grows weary of watching the process.

From daylight to dark, as long as the warm days make us call for cooling drinks, the workers at these factories pursue their labour without intermission, yet seldom doing more than meet the daily demand. And when a few very hot days occur—as they will even in temperate England—the supply falls short, and the workers cannot secure the day of rest which should be theirs once in every seven.

But as the chilly nights approach, the trade begins to slacken, bottlers to abate a little of their consequence, and the tired horses to enjoy longer rests in the stables; by Christmas, it is in a very quiescent state, only

awakening into brisker condition on the eve of a ball, or some other seasonable festivity.

Thus it will be seen that the trade is a precarious one; a cold or wet summer greatly diminishing the average profits. But despite the fact that the takings of the season cannot always overbalance the slackness of the winter, it is a rapidly increasing trade; a sign of the times which must be hailed with pleasure by all who remember the days when hard drinking was the rule, not the exception.

In every village, however secluded, at every way-side inn, however humble, the aerated waters are beginning to stand side by side with the treble X of the brewer; at club feasts and wakes, the consumption is generally large enough to satisfy any but the rampant teetotaler; and our operatives, adopting that middle course which steers clear of all dangerous excesses, or prejudices, qualify their half pints with the refreshing bottle of ginger beer—a mixture technically known by the odd name of shandygaff.

A sore subject with the proprietor of the mineral-water works is the loss he suffers in bottles, at which we have been exclaiming. He tells us that this is a serious drawback, for the bottles are—comparatively—expensive articles to purchase, and are subject to more uses and abuses than Horatio in his philosophy—even if sodawater was known in Elsinore—ever dreamt of.

Lazy footmen and busy barmaids will not inconvenience themselves to collect them; and a peep into their cupboards might find them retained to hold odd compounds for which they certainly were not originally intended.

Antiquated dames of the Sairey Gamp order covet them, as convenient in size for fetching *vinegar*; the delinquent husbands of sorrowful wives shivering at home till the small hours, carry them away filled with propitiatory cordials, and forget to bring them back. They may be seen in stable yards and skittle alleys converted into candlesticks, after which they are of little use to any one; while hotel-keepers and publicans strongly object to be charged for those booked against them as missing.

Perhaps the most laborious part of the trade is the delivery of the mineral waters to customers; especially where, as in country districts, the rounds are long, and the roads hilly or sandy. The outward load is always a heavy one; nor is the returning one, embracing as it does, boxes, baskets, and as many empties as can be collected—considerably lighter. This also involves great expenses in horses and horsekeeping.

And now we look our last at the bottles on which the setting sun is gleaming, for the

quiet pony which has been plodding round and round at his monotonous task, is unharnessed—the bottler has laid aside his leathern apron, the attendant imp is ruefully examining the scores upon his thumb left by the wires he has been so continually handling; the van is loaded with stuff (technical) to be delivered in the morning; the work for the day is ended, and our note book must be closed. L. CROW.

BULLET MARKS.

A Wimbledon Story.

WE were sitting round our tent one evening last year, at Wimbledon—the “we” being, our major, the captain and sub of our company, his covering sergeant, corporal Williams, and a certain sapper, to wit, myself. We were drinking pale ale and smoking, as was every one else in the hundred tents around us.

“Here’s my last bull’s-eye,” and the sergeant produced from his cap-pouch a flattened bullet, turned inside out as neatly as possible.

“What’s the cause of that, I wonder?” said the corporal.

“You see,” said the captain,—being an engineer he was bound to know—“when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet’s motion, and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup. Is that so, Major?”

“Yes, quite right; but, if you like, I can spin you a yarn about these said bullets, that may just last out these weeds.”

“Well, let’s have it.”

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brothers and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies, and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get some-

thing to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind, could be got for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home, and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with, say the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote, and offered to buy his discharge, but he would “have none of us.” He liked it very well; was already corporal; expected the three stripes soon; and was “Gentleman Jack” with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief depôts for small-arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

“Look, Charles, poor Gerald’s in dreadful trouble.”

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper, and read—

“Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes; the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had sufficient presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed “Gentleman Jack” by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court martial will, of course, be held at once, and, although the man has previously borne a good character and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime.”

“Oh,” I said, “this is all nonsense. Gerald’s no murderer, or else he’s very much changed. I’ll see what they say at head quarters.”

“Do for God’s sake, go. If anything happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa

was so cruel, he never would have enlisted at all."

"Don't talk nonsense, Meggie, but go home, and I'll come with the telegraph news."

I went to head quarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court martial had declared him guilty, and the general's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp square, and four years' imprisonment in the civil jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Everybody very sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defence was, that he had just been returning from guard, when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town, some three miles distant. Without stopping to think he walked off at once; got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages, and loaded, to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast, and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then bound away. In another instant the officer came round the top bleeding, and ordered him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger, and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect, and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through anything at a distance of 200 yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on

going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

"Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do, for heaven's sake, let me have my way in this."

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

"I don't mind the imprisonment; it's the disgrace! The lashes! By God! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it, I know I shall."

"No, no," said Meggie; "don't, for my sake. Oh Gerald! if you knew how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand or the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him."

"Oh, do, there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will make an end of me."

"Don't talk like that, Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again step by step," and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

"It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we shan't get; and we want the clue to the mystery of the other rifle."

"Oh, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off, and then break my head against the walls."

"Don't be a fool, Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret."

"Yes; so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live."

"Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do."

"Let me have five minutes with Meggie, will you?"

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Meggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

"I would," said the captain, "have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse, brave, kind, and as thorough a

gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court martial for him, and got into disgrace with the general presiding for 'colouring my statements'—that was his expression—so as to favour the prisoner. I almost snivelled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years."

I hardly knew how to pass the time; I tried to think, but my ideas only travelled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. Of course, speaking to you fellows I shan't be misunderstood, and some of you have seen her. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear grave Meggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters, asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then, without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of his little travelling-case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting everything, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room; made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs; and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary; the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some rifle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said,

"I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out?" and he handed me a bullet reversed; just such another as Williams has in his hand.

I took it, just to explain the matter to him, when a thought struck through my mind like a flash of lightning.

"Saved, by God!" I exclaimed. "Who's got that bullet out of the saddle?"

"What bullet?"

"Gerald's—my cousin's."

"Oh! 'Gentleman Jack's' affair. The doctor's got it."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know—quarters I think."

"No, he's come into town; I saw him on the road as we came by."

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened, and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor, and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle. I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the head quarters in Calcutta, to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night-watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books, and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons; find the same parcel, and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets, and remove plugs; and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half, the answer came back:—

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2:—

"Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left, and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed."

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half-past two; at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:—

"We have ten men at work breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:—

"One barrel No. 2 in store; the rest of the same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learnt all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them; as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks towards the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm; "I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him, on my honour as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed,"

they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife! Again! again, boys!"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old grey-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-bedlamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream; I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, reform your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

"But what did your sister do there?"

Well, she had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognising his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

"And how did the affair end? was the general of the division satisfied?"

I don't think he would have been with that evidence alone, and so we went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

We went there, Meggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started, crossing and recrossing, till there could not have been anything as large as a half-crown that could be hidden.

Meggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed,

"What a horrible smell comes from that corpse."

"Don't smell anything, Meg."

"You've lived here so long, that you've no sense of smell left."

Of course as Meggie was with us, Blinkers was there too. Blinkers advanced to the corpse

—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered: the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labour, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine.

Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee: but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No 2, had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh, and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks?" said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life, than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge cases; another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed down the too large bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnesses spoke to was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the syces, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered; and, as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

"Did he leave the regiment?"

Not a bit—Why should he? The men worshipped him, and the officer who was wounded was invalided; and he and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment, in Calcutta, some six months afterwards, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier there will not be a better in Her Majesty's service."

"And your sister Margaret?"

"Oh, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved 'William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle.'"

"Now, lads, there's the 'out lights,' so we'll turn in quietly, and make bull's-eyes at every shot to-morrow." FRAXINUS.

THE ORPHAN.

Thou sayest, thou hast no dower,
Yet thy rich flowing hair
Sheds wealth in golden shower
Upon thy bosom fair.

Thou sayest, no father's care,
No mother's love is thine;
Yet all affections share
In such warm love as mine.

Thou sayest, no sister's voice,
No brother calls thee dear;
Yet loving lips rejoice
To whisper "*dearest*" here.

Thou sayest, thou hast no home,
No safe abiding place,
Yet one lone dwelling wants
The sunshine of thy face.

Thou sayest, thou dost not love;
Yet thy sweet downcast eyes
And blushing cheek belie
Thy words that change to sighs.

Thy voice commands to go,
In tones that bid me stay—
A tear—a smile—yet so,
Such drops are kiss'd away!

Mine, ever mine! thy wealth
Of love and golden hair;
Thine ever! lover's love,
And more than father's care.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. X. A HAND AT CARDS.

A DEVILLED bone, a little music, and perhaps a quiet rubber after the opera. Such are the words, written in a fine flowing Italian hand—all angles and loops to the l's and b's—on the embossed scented card of Mrs. Ada Fitz-Maurice of Philomela Villas, Nightingale Town. You wonder, perhaps, how such an invitation ever got into my hands. If I am offered a bone, you may be sure it is not devilled, but scraped bare; the only music I am ever treated to gratis, is a duet between a crying child and a scolding mother; and as for cards, I have played too long at beggaring myself, to be asked to take a hand even at beggar my neighbour. No, as I told you once before, we cadgers about the streets get peeps into odd stories, and see odd things, every

now and then; and it was one of these chances which introduced me, the other night, to Mrs. Ada Fitz-Maurice's little party. I was off work for the day; and the night was too hot to dream of going before bed time to the stuffy hole which I call my room; and so, as usual, I strolled about Pall Mall after nightfall. If you are, on the look out, and watch for young men driving up to their clubs in hansoms, you are as likely as not to get good cigars half smoked, and not much the worse for having been thrown down on the pavement. I see by your face, Mr. Nomad, you do not much like the notion of smoking another man's cast-away cigar. No more do I; but if you were a Walking Poster, you would find that it was Hobson's choice, whether you smoked ends of cigars or none at all. I daresay you think in that case you would not smoke at all. Don't be too sure, till you have tried; that is all I have got to answer. And if you do go into the cigar-end picking profession, take my advice and station yourself near some of the clubs frequented by subaltern officers, and men about town, who have not sixpence they can honestly call their own; they are the persons who smoke your shilling regalias, and toss them away half burnt. Your country gentlemen and bankers who put up at the Athenæum, or the Travellers', or Brooks's, either do not smoke at all, or else finish their cheap manillas before they enter the club, or what is worse still, put the stumps carefully away in their cigar cases. There are more good cigars, I believe, thrown aside in one day upon the steps of the Rag and Famish, than there are smoked in a week at the Old University.

I was loitering, then, not far off from a favourite haunt of mine, the Benbow Club—the outer world gave it the nickname of the Bold Buccaneers, which has stuck to it ever since—when I saw a brougham drive up to the pavement close to where I was standing. You may say one brougham is very like another, and one coachman in plain dark livery is the counter-part of every other. So they are; but there is something, I can hardly tell what, about a turn-out of this kind, which shows the social position of its owner; and somehow the very way in which the driver turned round to touch his hat to the occupant of the carriage was enough to show me that horse, carriage, coachman and owner had not been long acquainted with one another. The horse was restive; and after saying something to a lady inside, whose words I could not catch, the coachman called to me and told me to run with a note he held out to the Benbow Club, and send the letter in to Mr. Vivian. I cannot stand being ordered about by men-servants,

and probably I should have walked off without answering if I had not caught the name of Vivian. It's a common name enough; but it was that of the young scapo-grace to whom I had been sent with the message to Burdon's Hotel, and I felt a sort of curiosity to know whether by chance it might be the same personage.

As I passed a lamp-post, I saw that the note was addressed Charles Vivian, Esq., and that the envelope had come open. Of course, delicacy would have ordered me to fasten it up; but delicacy is not a virtue that survives long in such an existence as mine, and so I read what was written on the card inclosed within. Well, I have been enough about the world to know what the meaning of an invitation to a quiet game is, when inserted in a postscript! You must be very young still, Mr. Nomad, if when you get a note like this, you feel the slightest doubt about the quiet rubber being part of the evening's entertainment. There is no "perhaps" about the matter at all. It is possible the supper may fail, though that is not likely; it is probable the music may not come off, owing to the unexpected absence of the fair musicians; but short of earthquakes or sudden death, the cards will be laid out upon the green baize table. But for the quiet rubber, you may be sure you would never put your legs under your host's mahogany, or listen to your hostess's music.

When I got to the Benbow Club, the porter stared at me as I handed in the letter, and told me to wait outside for an answer. If you want to find a class who have a supreme contempt for poor people you should go to west-end club servants. It was some comfort to me to reflect that this porter would have despised me all the more if I had been a model mechanic, or an industrious artisan. He might despise me for being poor; he could not look down on me for being respectable. Anyhow I had not very long to wait for the answer, for the porter came back almost directly with the message that Mr. Vivian sent his compliments and was dining, and could not write, but would come with pleasure; and sent me sixpence for myself. I knew the porter was telling a lie, and that this Mr. Vivian had sent me a shilling at least. A man going to the bad, like this young fellow, never cares about the odd change. If he did he would never get into half his troubles; and moreover, a man who is going to gamble and gives at all, always gives liberally. However, I had no redress, so I pocketed the sixpence and made my way back to the brougham, which was still standing round the corner, out of the way, I noticed, of any lamp. But, as

I was giving my message, a carriage drove past, and the lights flashed in for a moment, and I saw a bold, dark-faced lady, rouged and loaded with jewels, leaning lazily back against the cushions, with a strangely eager look upon her face; and as the gleam of light passed across her features, I recognised the woman I had asked for money on Epsom Downs, in the name of the captain of our gang. She looked at me without seeming to recollect my face, took out her purse and gave me twopence—an act of meanness which almost led me to think she must be an eminently respectable woman—and then drove off, telling the driver to make haste, as she was late already.

Somehow this fragment of a life story interested me. I felt an odd desire to learn who this Mrs. Fitz-Maurice might be, and why she was so anxious to get young Vivian up to her house that night. I had nothing particular to do. It is a long time since I had any evening engagement, and so I resolved to stroll up in the direction of Nightingale Town, and make out at any rate where Mrs. Fitz-Maurice was lodged. Somehow, Dead Ned has kept possession of a suit of seedy black, the last relics of his old, jolly funeral days, on the strength of which he every now and then gets an odd job at the Regina Theatre, as one of the guests at a fashionable party as represented on the stage. Why the men who represent high life as walking gentlemen on our English boards should always be dressed in a way which would secure their dismissal, if they were employed as under-waiters in a second class city eating-house, I do not pretend to explain; I only know that Dead Ned, when he appears in his mute's suit, is neither more nor less like a gentleman in evening dress, than the other supers who act the part. I knew well enough where to find him; and for the price of a go of gin I borrowed the use of his black suit for the night. I don't say I looked respectable. I should be telling a lie, and what is worse, an obvious lie, if I did. But, dressed in black and washed, I did not look more bleary-eyed and dirty, and disreputable, than a green-grocer's assistant might naturally be expected to look.

By the time I had got on my suit of black, and had made myself as decent looking as circumstances would permit, and had walked up to Nightingale Town, it was getting late; and the carriages were coming homewards from the theatres. Nightingale Town, as you must know, is a great resort of theatrical performers, and still more of the patrons of the stage. I had a good deal of trouble, too, about finding Philomela Villa. The Nightingale-tonians have a fixed dislike to regular

numbers or legible addresses, or, indeed, to order of any kind. Little out of the many houses, lying half buried in small, well-surrounded gardens, without any distinct name attached to them, are much favoured by the quarter. Besides, there never was a place where there was such a mania for changing their house's name, as there. Every new comer—and leases do not run long amidst the Nightingales,—adorns his or her residence with a fresh designation. I was directed in turn to Bulbul Terrace, and Canary Gardens, and Hummingbird Lane before, at last, I found myself in front of a low trellis-covered gate, with Philomela Lodge inscribed upon it in illegible gothic characters. There was a heap of stones lying opposite the doorway, and climbing on it I could look over the garden wall. The night, as I have said, was very hot; and the windows were all open, and I could look right into a little gaily furnished room, decked out with French prints, and gilt birdcages, and flowers, and all sort of nick-nack ornaments. Of course the green-baize table was drawn out, and the wax candles were already lit, and the cards were lying strewed upon the table. Sorting them to and fro was a stout, red-faced old man, padded, and bewigged, and rouged, whom, by the reflection of his face in the glass, I knew at once to be old Major Morton. As soon as I saw him I felt convinced there was mischief meant to somebody. Very carefully, with his gouty trembling fingers, the old Major was sealing up the cards once more in their packets; and then and there I made up my mind, that, if it was possible, I would learn what was the little game in which Major Morton and Mrs Fitz-Maurice were to be the partners. Everybody must live; and I have no particular ill-will against people who live by their wits upon the folly of others; but I have a private grudge against old Mentor-Morton; and if I could serve the interests of honesty, and spoil his plans, at one and the same time, nothing would please me better.

My instinct served me right by telling me that at such a house as this a greengrocer's odd man was sure to be turned on for the occasion. Before I had waited long I saw a snuffy, elderly man, very red about the nose, very weak about the legs, very shaky about the hands, come out and cross over to the Blackbird Tavern, which stands at the corner of Bulbul Terrace. I crossed, too, entered the gin shop with the thirsty waiter, got easily enough into conversation with him, and found he was out of temper because his master had been paid beforehand; and he had been sent out to do another man's work.

Besides, as I might have guessed from the twopence with which Mrs. Fitz-Maurice presented me, she was a lady who did not leave the key of the cellaret behind her when she went out; who kept an account of all the bottles that were opened; and never knowingly paid a cabman sixpence more than his fare. The servant, I found, had all been allowed to take a holiday, there was no one but a maid, who had lived with Mrs. Fitz-Maurice for years, in the house; and his instructions were to keep down stairs as much as possible, and not to stop in the room a minute longer than he could help. They were a queer lot, he said; and the last time he had had the job he was kept out of bed till five in the morning, and then he never got anything from the gentlemen, as the maid let them out, and would not let him come near the door.

Altogether I saw the man would soon fall into my scheme, so I got him to mix his liquor, and made him drink two glasses to my one, and by the time I was just beginning to feel cheerful he was so drunk he could hardly stand. So I left him fast asleep upon a settle, and rang at the door of Philomela Lodge, and when the door was opened told the maid that I was sent from Mr. Gunn's, the greengrocer—I had picked up the name from my late boon companion—to take the place of the other waiter who had just turned up so tipsy he was not fit to be seen. The woman looked at me hard enough, and muttered something about her mistress always getting badly served because she would go to Gunn's, who let out a lot of scarecrow cripples at half-price. However, she let me in, and told me to take up some brandy and water to the major, who had been swearing like a madman for the last half-hour.

I felt nervous, I can tell you, as I entered the room. It was odd if the major failed to recognise me—he had had money enough out of me in my lifetime to recollect me; but then catching a glimpse of myself in a large looking-glass (it was a long time, I can tell you, since I had seen myself full length in any mirror), I felt it would be odder still if he did know me—I was so changed and altered from the man he had once known years ago. Besides, the major was a man who never thought again of any one from whom there was nothing to borrow or rob, and so the chances were in my favour. I came in and handed the brandy with my hand shaking. He looked at me, and a dull look of puzzled remembrance shot across his red, swollen eyes; but then something else came into his mind, and I was duly installed in safety, as waiter for the night at Philomela Lodge, ready to watch the quiet game.



ST. SWITHIN.

The Legend.

CHANT a mass for the saintly dead,
Let him rest in his lowly grave,
Where the bending grass doth in homage wave,
And the free blue heavens smile over his head—

The wind shall a whispering requiem sing,
And Nature her fairest blossoms bring,
And the kindly clouds as they float along,
All answering weep at the wood-birds' song,

"Happy the corse that the rain rains on."—
Ye monks, and cannot ye understand,
Rich and poor but one heritage own,
That stately marble and sculptured stone,
Are nought to the works of God's own hand?—

Hath the echo died out of those faltering tones,

"'Neath the grassy sod with the poor I would sleep"?—

Oh ponder, ye churchmen, nor move his bones,

Let him sleep on where the fresh winds sweep.

In vain!—Then the windows of heaven oped wide,
The skies grew dark, and the rain fell fast,
And for forty days the torrent vast

Poured on in a steady tide.
And as the heavens grew dark as night,
In the hearts of the monks shone a clearer light,

St. Swithin's humility all confessed,
And the saint was left in his grave to rest.

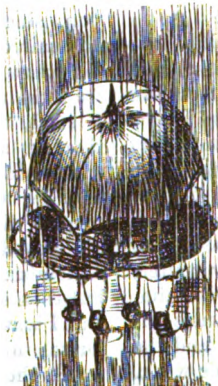
The Moral.

Laughing maidens with eyes so bright,
And fairy feet splashing through summer rain.

Let not St. Swithin's tale be in vain.
Pause ye and read the legend aright,
Learn the lesson he wished to teach,
(With keener wit than the monks of old.)

He who is humble shall surely reach
In safety heaven's gates of gold.

JULIA GODDARD.



CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER VII. ON THE ROAD.



THE day after that on which the events which we have narrated took place, John Carlyon took a ride towards Mellor; although at first he had turned his horse's head another way. On his road thither he met with an interruption. Scarce had he left his own gates, when he came upon a knot of cocklers, just returned from the bay, and apparently making up for their superstitious abstinence from quarrel on the sands* by "having it out" on dry land.

"What is the matter, my friends?" cried Carlyon, good-humouredly, interposing the huge bulk of Red Berild between two combative ladies who were contending for the possession of something that seemed to be all legs.

"Have you found the spokes of one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels?"

At this, all burst into a guffaw, for Squire John was an immense favourite with this class, and his jokes always certain of acceptance.

"Well, sir, it might be," returned one; "at least, it's like nothing as we knows on; it seems of no manner of use, unless it's for pinching your fingers."

"Hulloa!" observed the Squire, examining this curiosity with interest. "Where did you find this?"

"In the middle of the bay, sir, stuck in the sand," answered the same comely dame who had held contention with the spiritual cobbler on the previous evening. "It might have floated away but for this great pad as it had hold of, just like a crab."

"My good Mrs. Mackereth, this is a camp-stool," explained Mr. Carlyon. "The pad, as you call it, was once a drawing-book, the weight of which, as you say, without doubt, prevented its wooden companion from going to sea."

"Lor, sir, why then they're Miss Craw-

ford's!" ejaculated one of the late combatants. "I am sure if we had known, we should not have thought of keeping them. Directly after we have had our sup o' tea we'll take them round to Greycrags, won't us, Dick?"

"Stop; I am going there myself at once," said Carlyon, after a pause, "I will take the book with me. Here are two half-crowns for your trouble, and I daresay you will not leave the house empty-handed when you have taken the camp-stool."

"No, squire, that's not likely; God bless her! yes, bless her!" returned the cockler, dividing the spoil with her rival. "Miss Agnes has as open a hand as your own; long life to you both."

"And I wish that them hands was joined, and that that was your marriage blessing," observed Dame Mackereth, boldly. This good lady was deficient in delicacy as some of her sex and age not seldom are. The rest seemed to feel that their spokeswoman had gone a little too far, so her observation elicited no mark of adhesion. The situation was rather embarrassing for everybody but herself, who, pleased as ag unner who has sent a shell plump into the enemy's magazine, notwithstanding that it has destroyed a score or two of innocent noncombatants, indulged in a very hearty fit of laughter.

"Good-morning, my friends," said Carlyon, coldly, moving slowly off with his prize under his arm. He did not venture to ride fast, for fear the merriment should at once become general. On the other hand, he could not help hearing the following observations.

"There, now, you have angered the squire, dame; your tongue is just half-an-inch longer than it ought to be."

"Nay, it's just the right length," returned that indomitable female; "and as for angering him, I'll be bound he's as pleased as Punch. I have not come to my time of life and been wooed and wed by three proper men—all in the grave, poor souls, worse luck—without knowing what a man likes said to him and what he don't."

And certainly John Carlyon wore a smile upon his face, as he trotted up the hill.

"I think I shall call now," said he to himself; "it will be only civil to take this drawing-book." He regarded it doubtfully enough, though, and indeed it had a rueful look. "One

* The cocklers never quarrel "on the sands," being under the impression that if they do so, the cockles will leave their usual haunts with the next tide.

might almost think that Browning wrote of this identical article—

There you have it, dry in the sun
With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the colour has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister
O'er the page so beautifully yellow.

What a fool I am to be taking it back to her in all this hurry! Nobody can ever draw upon it again. It has become a mere blotting pad as that old woman called it. She was right there though not when she gave me her good wishes. What is the use of my crying for the moon like a great baby? Mr. Crawford may be willing enough to have me for a son-in-law, and, indeed, I think he wished me to see that. But even if her affections are not engaged to her handsome cousin—and why not? he is half my age and has twice my good looks (if, that is, I have any left); and he has opportunities which I can never have; and he loves her. I could see that when they stood yonder upon the brink of their grave. The young bantam showed no white feather, that I will say. And Agnes—was ever such a courage seen in woman? I remember a picture at Antwerp, where they are binding the arms of a beautiful maiden before they cast her into some roaring flood—a Christian martyr, of course—and she wore just such an expression as this girl did last night when the sea was craving for her, and death within a hand's breadth. One would have thought that she had been in heaven already. And it is a saint like this that you have set your mind upon, John Carlyon, to have for your wife, is it? No less will serve your infidel turn, eh? But this is no Margaret to be won by the aid of any Mephistopheles. Faust, Faust, let me recommend you to stick to your profession as a country gentleman; hunt, shoot, drink, and die."

Here he arrived at the fork of the road leading down from Mellor church, and pulled his horse up.

"No," added he, grimly, after a pause, "I will send this book by hand, and then be off to London, where I have so many kind friends; some of them female ones. Then, when the invitation comes to dine at Greycrags, I shall escape temptation, or rather, what is much less pleasant, certain disappointment. Yes, I'll go home and pack my portmanteau, no matter how old Robin may purse his lips; or suppose," continued he, after a pause, "I let Red Berild decide the matter, as the knights of old used to do, letting the reins fall on the neck of their steed, and following his guidance rather than using their own judgment. But then that would be scarcely fair to—to the Greycrags alterna-

tive, since Berild is sure to take the road to his stables."

His fingers were yet playing irresolutely with the bridle, when a young man came suddenly upon him from the direction of the village, walking very fast, and with his cap pulled low over his brows, as though to avoid observation.

"Ah, William!" cried Carlyon, cheerily; and it was curious to note how very cheery his manner at once became, when addressing others, no matter how sombre might have been his previous meditations while alone; "the very man I wished to see!"

"And I was on my road to Woodlees, sir," returned the other, gravely, "expressly to see you, Mr. Carlyon."

The voice was subdued and low for a man's voice, but with that earnestness and resolution in its tone which bespeak deep convictions in the speaker.

"Coming to me, were you, William? well, I am always glad to see you, but I think it was my business to come to you. When I looked in the glass this morning, and saw this bruise on my forehead, I said to myself, 'I have William Millet to thank for that.' The rope struck me just over the eyes; exactly the spot where they lasso wild cattle on the prairies. There must be no touching of hats; you must give me your hand my friend, this morning. John Carlyon owes you his life."

The young man hesitated; then diffidently reached out his hand to meet the other's.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he, "except in the bare fact that it was I who threw the rope; though Miss Agnes is good enough to make as much of that as she can. But, indeed, so far from your being indebted to me or mine, it was through—it was through my poor father, sir," (here the young man fixed his eyes upon the ground,) "that the mischance happened at all. His old enemy tempted him and he fell."

"That's religion, William, and therefore unintelligible," returned Carlyon coldly; "how was it, in plain terms?"

"Miss Agnes and her cousin went out in father's cart, to take a sketch of the bay from the middle of the sands."

The speaker had enunciated his words with painful difficulty, notwithstanding that he evidently strove to be distinct and collected, and now he came to a full stop altogether.

"Well, she was on the sands and sketching," said the other, impatiently; "I know that much already, for here is her drawing-book."

Under any other circumstances precise William Millet would have smiled to hear a gentleman and lady thus spoken of as a single individual, to whom moreover was attributed the

sex that is ungallantly stated to be less worthy than the masculine; but he was full of a great trouble, and had no sense of anything else.

"It was arranged as usual, for he had been out, with Miss Agnes at least, on such expeditions before, that father should call for them on his way back to Mellor, and in good time. But while at the skeer he met with an old comrade, living on the other side of the bay, who not content with drinking the devil's health on shore—for that's what a man does every time he puts his lips to the whiskey bottle—must needs take out his liquor with him upon the very sands. Sir, my father could not resist it. God forgive him, he drank till he scarce knew where he was; drank till he had clean forgotten his promise to Miss Agnes; and at last, went home with his companion, quite unconscious that death was drawing nigh to the best friend he had in the world, (for Miss Agnes has been his guardian angel, sir,) and all through his own fault, his own folly, his own crime."

"What a cursed fool the man must have been!" cried Carlyon, angrily.

"A fool, sir, indeed, but I trust not cursed," returned the young man solemnly; "He is sorry enough now, is father. It is terrible to see his grief. But for you, Mr. Carlyon, he feels, that he should have been a murderer. He will never hold up his head again, I doubt."

"Well, the sense of the mischief he so nearly wrought, will at least have this good result, I suppose, that Stephen will leave off drinking," said Carlyon. "That will be good coming out of evil—isn't that the phrase?"

"God grant it may be so," returned the young man, without noticing the other's cynical tone; "and that this awful lesson may save his soul alive."

"Humph," said Mr. Carlyon, drily; then murmured to himself; "How characteristic all this is. To save a soul that is not worth saving, two other folks are put within a hair's-breadth of being drowned. And after all, the salvation is not with certainty effected. This sot will probably have to complete a murder before that satisfactory result is achieved. The calmness with which pious folks talk of sacrificing the lives or interests of innocent people to benefit the spiritual condition of scoundrels of this sort, is most curious. It is like making a blood bath from the veins of children in order that some jaded voluptuary may become rejuvenescent."

"I see you are very angry, sir," resumed the young man, humbly; "and I am sure I cannot blame you. You are the third person whose death would have lain at my father's

door. It was your forgiveness that I was coming to ask for him, sir. He duran't come himself. I think he would rather die than meet Miss Agnes just at present, although the dear young lady was very anxious to assure him of her pardon. He can look in no man's face. Oh, sir, he is bowed down to the earth with shame and sorrow."

"Well, William, you may tell him he has my free forgiveness as far as what he has done to me is concerned."

"But not as respects Miss Agnes? You will never forgive him that. That's what you mean is it not, sir?" said the young man looking up with flushed cheeks, for the first time. "That's what they all say, sir. They will point at father as the man that nearly murdered Miss Agnes; and yet she—Mr. Carlyon, if you are going up to Greycrag, ask her what *she* thinks they ought to do. What she thinks you ought to do. She says for her part, that if she had been downright drowned and that through that circumstance——"

"That will do, William," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, harshly. "Don't speak to me any more, or you will put me in a passion, and I shall say things that will hurt your feelings. You are an excellent fellow yourself (although you are a fool in some things) and I have always had a good opinion of you. I am bound to be your friend for life, for what you did for me twenty-four hours ago, and you may depend upon me at all times. Good-bye."

"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the young man, laying his hand imploringly upon the other's bridle rein, and speaking in earnest, but rapid tones; "if, as you say, I have deserved anything at your hands, let it weigh with you now. The man that I speak of is cast down to the very dust—a broken man without hope; it lies in your example to give him one more chance among his fellow creatures here or not; and, oh, sir, he is my own father!"

A spasm passed across Mr. Carlyon's face, the index of some mental struggle within, and he did not speak for some moments. Then, with a very gentle voice, he said,—“What a good fellow you are, William. You may tell this man that I forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and I will do my best to persuade others to do so—for his son's sake.”

"Thank you, sir; though I wish it had been for God's sake," returned the young man, fervently. "May He prosper you in all your undertakings, and call you home to Him at last."

But John Carlyon had already touched Red Berild with his heel, and did not wait for that reply. He had turned his horse's head towards Greycrag.

CHAPTER VIII. EXPLANATORY.

THE residence occupied by Mr. Crawford (for it was not his own) was as secluded as Woodlees itself, although in a different fashion. It was a house that stood on a hill, and yet it was hid. Trees environed it almost wholly, although not growing so near as to give the outlook any appearance of gloom. Curiously enough, the view of the sea, an advantage generally so desiderated in those parts, was altogether shut out from the mansion, the principal rooms of which faced the north-west, and commanded a grand inland prospect. In that direction, hill rose behind hill, until in the distance their summits were usually mingled with the clouds; but on very bright days indeed this highest range stood grandly out against the clear blue sky, and in the late autumn, when the snow began to hoar their tops, afforded a really glorious spectacle. A still better view, of course, was gained from the summit of the hill from which the house was named, and hence it had at one time been a great resort for parties of pleasure during the summer months. This, however, was long ago; ever since Mr. Crawford's tenancy of the place a rigorous exclusion of all strangers having been maintained. Nay, it might almost be added of all friends, in such solitude had the old man lived for the whole five years he had passed at Mellor. So far, therefore, from enjoying its ancient reputation as a place of amusement, it was now in no very pleasant repute. Being shut out from Greycrags, its poorer neighbours affected (like the fox who pronounced the uncomeatable grapes sour) to shun it; or perhaps they really had got to believe the tales which they had themselves invented against its proprietor when he forbade their making use of his grounds. What did the old curmudgeon mean by such conduct? People did not hedge themselves in, and keep themselves to themselves in that sort of way without some very good reason for it; or rather for some reason which (like the spirits at the Mellor Arms) were strong without being so very good.

What should induce an old gentleman of seventy years of age, with an only daughter of fifteen or so, to come and live at such a place as Greycrags—a man, one would think, to whom society would have been most acceptable, since his sole establishment upon his arrival had consisted of his daughter's attendant, and she a black woman! He had engaged the few other servants his simple mode of life required, in the neighbourhood, and dropped down, just as it might be, (except that the black woman was credited with having hailed from what I may venture to call the opposite

locality,) from the skies. It was nothing less than an insult to the intelligence of his neighbours, to behave in this unaccountable manner. Many of them would have forgiven his having closed the grounds, if they could have only found out why he did it. Even Mr. Puce, the parson, a man who had the reputation of knowing a great deal of the world (some even said that for a clergyman he had too exclusively given his attention to it) could make nothing of Mr. Crawford. He had called, of course, not without some thirst for information, and had found the new-comer pretty much as we have seen him five years afterwards at Woodlees; with a curious look of suspicion about him just at first, which wore off before the visit was ended. A gentleman, without doubt; Mr. Puce was ready to stake his reputation (not his professional one, but the other) upon that fact; he was never mistaken as to whether a man had been accustomed to "move in the upper circles." He even expressed his opinion that Mr. Crawford was one who had been accustomed to habits of command. But this was going a little too far. The gentry of the locality who had not enjoyed the privilege of a personal interview with the mysterious stranger—they who had called and been "not-at-homed," and whose calls had not been returned—would not credit that much. It was only natural that Mr. Puce should make the most of his advantage; but after all, what Mr. Crawford had alleged about himself was probably correct. He had made a competency by commerce, and very late in life had married a young wife, who had died in childbed with his little daughter. At nearly the same time his only brother and his wife had been carried off by fever in India, and their infant son had been consequently consigned to his charge. The Ayah who had brought him over had undertaken the management of both children; and servants of all sorts were now required. Mr. Puce could doubtless recommend some amongst his parishioners.

In short, Mr. Crawford had been as business-like as polite throughout the interview; but although thus far communicative about his own affairs—indeed evidently anxious to explain his position—there was nothing to be got out of him by cross-examination. Attired in deep mourning, his wasted form and cadaverous features fully bore out his assertion that both as concerned health and spirits he was totally incapacitated for mixing with society; and this he hoped that Mr. Puce would be so good as to make known to any families who might be kind enough to entertain the design of calling upon him. He was not even at present well enough, he added (and during the last five years he had never been suffi-

ciently convalescent to attempt the experiment), to attend public worship.

Indeed, notwithstanding the not unpromising character of that first interview, the rector had never got speech with his parishioner again. He had called perhaps half-a-dozen times at Greycrags (for he was piqued at having been so foiled in his dexterous home-thrusts and anxious to retrieve his reputation as a far-sighted investigator into social mill-stones), but the answer he constantly received was that Mr. Crawford did not feel himself equal to see him—that is, except from a distance; for as the rector walked away discomfited it sometimes happened that the ancient invalid was watching him through his telescope from some umbrageous portion of the elevated grounds. As time went on a governess of mature years was provided for Agnes; and whether from the admirable "system" employed by that lady (and quite peculiar to herself as everybody's "system" is), or from her previous training under some one else, no more satisfactory female pupil was ever turned out of the educational workshop. Her accomplishments, however, were far outshone by her kindliness and charity. Even Mr. Puce was compelled to confess that the church had no such servant in his parish as the daughter of the recluse of Greycrags. She was humble, too, and submissive to authority; not like that pestilent Job Salver, who blasphemously conceived that he had received the gift of preaching; nor even that William Millet, who carried his religion into every affair of life like some nursing mother who embarrasses her neighbours by considering the baby is included in all invitations.

Agnes Crawford, unlike her father, "went out" (as the phrase goes) a good deal; but not into what is generally called society. She was on excellent terms with the ladies of the neighbourhood, who had no worse term to apply to her than "very peculiar;" but she did not often visit them. No person (with any sense of propriety) could blame her for that, since having parted with her governess in her eighteenth year, she had no longer a "chaperon." Old Mrs. Heathcote, of Mellor Lodge, had indeed offered her services to "the dear girl," in this matter—including some very appropriate personal properties, item: a front as black as the raven's wing; a splendid turban, with an ostrich feather in it; and a portrait of her deceased husband, worn as a stomacher, and almost the size of life. But Agnes, with grateful thanks, had declined her protection. She did not even care for either of the two county balls (one civil, the other military); and therefore it may be easily imagined that the ordinary evening parties of the neighbour-

hood failed to attract her. Dinner parties were not given about Mellor—a neatly written statement that the pleasure of your company was requested to tea being the favourite form of invitation—but it is my belief that Miss Crawford would not very much have cared even for going out to dinner. She only took other people's dinners out to them in a basket; and when they were sick, supplied them with little comforts—made inexpressibly more comforting in their ministration. Thus it might have easily happened that not moving in the best local circles (to borrow Mr. Puce's imagery) Agnes had never so much as spoken with John Carlyon, although so near a neighbour.

The fact was, however, that Mr. Carlyon did not move in them either, or rather had not done so for many years. He had flown off from them at a tangent of his own free will, or perhaps, as they themselves averred with some complacency, they had made him fly. The squire at Woodlees had very much overrated his social position if he imagined that he might think as he liked, or at all events might express his opinions. Because the Earl Disney thought fit to absent himself from public worship fifty-one Sundays per annum, that was no excuse for Mr. John Carlyon's absence therefrom for fifty-two. Nor had he even the decency, like Mr. Crawford (an old man whose case was shocking to contemplate, but who had yet some sense of shame), to frame an excuse. The squire was the picture of health, and might be seen, Sunday after Sunday, starting for his gallop on the sands, while all the other gentry of the neighbourhood were proceeding with demure faces to listen in the proper place to the clergyman of their parish. These gentlemen, his sometime companions in the hunting-field, would look up in rather a sheepish manner and say, "How do, Carlyon?" as he met or overtook them on such occasions; but their wives never vouchsafed him a nod. Nay, as soon as he had passed by on his ungodly errand, they would often anticipate Mr. Puce's discourse by a little sermon of their own, or even bring the tell-tale colour into their lord's cheek by stating their belief that he himself would rather be on horseback at that very moment like yonder wicked man, if the truth were known. It is fair to add, however, that it was not merely Mr. Carlyon's absence from church which caused him to be thus sent to Coventry (not a wholly disagreeable place, he averred in his cynical way), but also a very deplorable habit he had of speaking disrespectfully of religion. He protested he never did so unless in self-defence, and when belaboured by the weapons of the dogmatic; but not only was this denied, but the defence,

such as it was, was disallowed. He ought to have been thankful for the correction; and at all events, even in war, folks are never justified in poisoning wells or using Greek fire. What aggravated the matter, too, above all things, was that John Carlyon's father had been one of the best and most orthodox of men. While he lived no evidence of his son's depravity had been afforded; but no sooner had his example been withdrawn than the young squire had thrown off the mask, and appeared in his true character as infidel and scoffer. For the rest he was a man of daring courage, and openhanded generosity; but these virtues, of course, only made his irreligious opinions the more to be deplored. Everybody in Mellor did deplore them, and especially Mrs. Newman, his widowed sister, a lady of most unimpeachable views in spiritual matters, although in worldly affairs she had the reputation of being over prudent. With regard to money, of which she had a plentiful supply, she was even called close-fisted. The shrewd husband of one of the poor women whom it was her pleasure to edify, once observed of Mrs. Newman that "You might get a ton of texts from her easier than an ounce of tea," and it must be confessed that the remark was not without foundation.

John Carlyon and Agnes Crawford, then, except for those terrible minutes on the lessening sand, had never met, although each had been made well aware, by report, of the character of the other. "She will thank me," mused the squire to himself, as he rode up to the front door at Greycrags, "and then she will shrink from me as from an adder."

(To be continued.)

THE CHAMP DE MARS.

(Its Scenes and Personages.)

PART II.

AFTER the departure of Lafayette, the residence of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette at the Tuileries was unendurable. The Queen was no longer able to approach the windows of that palace for fear of insult. One day she turned to Dumouriez, and said:—"Sir, you see me very sad. Yesterday evening I went to the window towards the courtyard, just to take a little air, when a gunner of the guard" (the life-guards were disbanded) "addressed me in terms of vulgar abuse, adding, 'How I should like to see your head on the point of my bayonet.' In this horrid garden you see on one side a man mounted on a chair, reading aloud the most horrible calumnies against us; on the other, a military man, or an abbé, dragged through one of the fountain basins, outraged, and beaten; then turn to the other

side, and behold people quite indifferent to such a state of things, playing at ball, talking merrily, or walking quietly about. What an abode!"

General Dumouriez, who records this conversation, had respectfully told the Queen that in the revolution he kept in view only the King and the nation; but she exclaimed, "Take care of yourself."

"Madame," he replied, "I am past fifty; my life has been crossed by many perils, and in accepting the ministry I was quite sensible that responsibility is not my greatest danger."

The Queen, unhappy and excited, misunderstood Dumouriez when he said this, for, bursting into tears, she exclaimed,—

"Nothing more was wanting to calumniate me! You seem to think me capable of causing you to be murdered."

Dumouriez, as a French statesman of later days, when quoting his words as above, affirms, was pained by the sight of her tears.

"God preserve me," he exclaimed, "from such cruel injustice! The character of your majesty is great and noble. You have given heroic proofs of it. I abhor anarchy and crime as much as you do; but this is an almost unanimous insurrection of a mighty nation against inveterate abuses. Great factions fan this flame. In all of them there are villains and madmen." And then he added, "In the revolution I keep only in view the King and the nation."

The Queen was momentarily soothed by words such as these, which some about her still ventured to utter from time to time; but, as she declared to Dumouriez, the ministerial innovations were insupportable to her. She warned him that "the people soon break their idols in pieces;" and even he could not foresee at the time of this conversation that, before the fête of the next Federation in the Champ de Mars (July 14th, 1792), the populace would have invaded the Tuileries, and compelled the king to wear the *bonnet rouge*, in that well-known scene (June 20th, 1792), which displayed the magnanimity of the king, the frenzy of the multitude, and the unselfish devotion of the Queen and the King's sister, Madame Elisabeth.

Between that day and the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th day of August following, the festival of the third Federation, took place on the Champ de Mars, and the King, the Queen, their children, and the remnant of their court, were compelled to be present on that occasion.

A mournful contrast did this last Federal fête present to that, two years previously, before described.

Eighty-three tents now represented the

same number of departments on the Champ de Mars; but, up to the hour of noon, "that vast area was almost a solitude. Tri-coloured flags drooped from tall poplars, one of which trees was planted near each tent. The King was conducted under a strong guard to the spot, there to renew his oath to his insurgent subjects. He awaited the arrival of the national procession at the Military School, where the Queen, her children, the Princesse Elisabeth, and the Princesse de Lamballe remained with him." Amongst other privileged persons present that day was Madame de Staël, daughter of Necker, the late minister.

The whole expression of the King's face and figure was despondent, and it was in vain that any attempts were made to cheer him. The Queen's eyes were swollen with tears; and to the anxiety impressed on her fine features, the splendour of her dress, and the dignity of her deportment, formed a remarkably striking contrast. Madame de Staël, observing this, further declares that despite the political differences which had formerly existed between her beloved and exiled father and the Queen, she sympathised with and never afterwards forgot the look of intense suffering depicted that day on the countenance of Marie-An-toinette.

The royal family had long to wait for the arrival of the Federal procession, for it was self-delayed on its way to the Champ de Mars by a previous voluntary march to the site of the Bastille, there to lay a foundation-stone for a national column. When at last the procession did appear, it was principally composed of a disorderly and drunken mob, hoarsely shouting "Pétion for ever!" For Pétion, the mayor of Paris, of after regicide renown, was esteemed "The father of the people." An image of the Bastille and a printing-press were carried by this rabble, and from the printing-press coarse republican songs were issued to the bystanders. Legions of the National Guard followed; and next appeared the National Assembly and civic authorities.

An altar had been erected; but unlike the magnificent one at which Talleyrand had officiated on the same spot but two years previously, it was nothing but "a truncated column placed at the top of some tiers of seats which had been left on the Champ de Mars ever since that first ceremony. There was also a monument for those who had died, or were destined soon to die on the frontiers;" but most observable was an immense tree called the "Tree of Feudalism," on the branches of which were hung crowns, cardinal's hats, badges of honour of all sorts, St. Peter's keys, titles and escutcheons of nobility, and other such things.

The King descended from the balcony to take his place at the altar, his passage protected by the troops. With anxious face and straining eyes the Queen watched him as he advanced. He was dressed in court costume, and his hair was curled and powdered according to the traditional etiquette of such a garb; his appearance was strangely at variance with that of the ferocious rabble who were inclined to jeer at him as he passed. The King was quite calm, though pale—so pale, indeed, that when at last the Queen beheld him ascend the altar, she uttered a piercing cry and nearly fainted, for he appeared to her like a victim led to sacrifice. The same idea occurred to others near her; and, as Madame de Staël observes, it needed in truth the character of martyr, which Louis XVI. ever supported, to uphold the King in such a situation. "When," she adds, "he mounted the steps of the altar and took the oath, he seemed a sacred victim offering himself as a voluntary sacrifice." The people were prepared to make a wild demand of his Majesty when at last he descended again amongst them. They crowded round him, and strove to convey him to the Tree of Feudalism that he might set fire to it. The King resisted this wild demand, and with self-control and ready tact declared that as feudalism was already abolished, as, in fact, there was no such thing remaining, he could not set fire to it. Degraded was that mob on the Champ de Mars; but it was still French, and this *bon mot* of the king was repeated, and made him for the moment almost popular. The troops and the better disposed of the crowd caught at the chance this gleam of good humour afforded. Louis XVI. was allowed to proceed on his way back to the Queen, through the disordered masses of his subjects, and for the last time that century shouts of "Vive le Roi!" echoed in the Champ de Mars.

On the evening of the last day of May, 1815, the firing of a hundred guns reminded the people of Paris that a grand fête was to be celebrated on the morrow at the Champ de Mars, then called the Champ de Mai. In the March preceding the mighty secret was revealed at the Tuileries that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and from the moment he again set his foot on the land to which he had given glory the electric shock of his presence was felt by all classes of the French people. To "knock at the gates of Grenoble with his snuff-box," and to enter therein was, as he said, but the work of his will. In triumph he proceeded from Grenoble to Lyons, and on all sides were heard cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

as he made his way towards Paris. The palace of the Tuileries was vacated ready to receive him by the evening of the 20th of March, for the infirm and until lately exiled Louis XVIII. (brother of Louis XVI.) had fled at the news of the conqueror's approach. Louis XVIII. had given a constitutional charter to France, but Napoleon had given her glory. The white banner of the *fleur de lis* again disappeared from the summit of the Tuileries, and the imperial eagle was again in the ascendant. On the 1st of June, 1815 Napoleon was about again to leave France. His ultimate fate was on the point of being decided at Waterloo, and he determined to appear in the Champ de Mars with the same state as at his coronation, and there new oaths were to be taken. About mid-day cannon announced to the multitude assembled in the Champ de Mars that the Emperor was leaving the Tuileries to repair thither. The Military School was crowded with ladies; vast crowds, military and civilian, were in a state of excited expectation, and golden eagles were gleaming; but no wife, no child of his, awaited Napoleon in the splendid amphitheatre prepared for him. Josephine was dead; and the Empress Marie-Louise was still (with his son, the little King of Rome) at Vienna, where she had sought refuge with her family in the year preceding. But Josephine's daughter, Queen Hortense, stood ready to welcome Napoleon that 1st day of June, 1815, in face of the Champ de Mars, and with her were her sons. Little did the people guess, when glancing towards the tribune occupied by Queen Hortense and her children, that the younger of them—Louis Napoleon—was destined in after years to perpetuate the imperial dynasty of France.

At one o'clock artillery announced that Napoleon was about to appear at the Champ de Mars, and there he was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations when at last he came surrounded by nobles and princes. His costume on this occasion was very different from the well-known one he usually wore—the grey, or green coat, and cocked hat, low on the brow. Alighting from the state carriage in which he had ridden from the Tuileries, the Emperor ascended the steps of the throne of purple velvet prepared for him near the Military School. Eight white horses, richly caparisoned, and "*coiffés*," with tall white feathers, had drawn the imperial carriage as it made the *tour* of the amphitheatre, the Emperor bowing on every side in answer to the acclamations which greeted him. Marshals of the Empire and a squadron of Chasseurs de la Garde attended it, but it was not, as beforesaid, until Napoleon stood in front of the throne that the people had a

chance of clearly beholding him, their idol. Every head was uncovered as he then appeared before the multitude. He wore the imperial mantle of purple velvet, lined with white ermine and embroidered with gold, also a black *toque*, surmounted by feathers, and fastened on the brow by an immense diamond. His brothers placed themselves on either side of him as, after again responding to the acclamations of the crowd, he seated himself on the throne, and they—Lucien, Jérôme, and Joseph—were attired in white silk from head to foot. From the windows of the Military School his mother and sisters looked forth on him. Queen Hortense and her sons occupied a tribune to the left of the throne. Queen Hortense was depressed in spirit despite the magnificence of the scene before her. The recent death of Josephine, her mother (that event which, as declared Napoleon, had "cut him to the heart," in the midst of his late troubles,) and the publicity lately given to the unhappiness of her own marriage with Napoleon's brother, Louis, King of Holland, were circumstances more than sufficient to account for the sense of the instability of all human grandeur which oppressed the soul of Hortense, and the words of Marie-Antoinette may well have recurred to her—"The people soon break their idols in pieces."

When the Emperor was seated on his throne an officer near him made a sign with his sword, a sign to which the drums responded, and caused the firing of artillery to cease. A *Prie Dieu* was then placed before his Imperial Majesty, and mass was chanted. Discussions had previously taken place as to the necessity of a religious ceremonial on this occasion; but Napoleon had cut the arguments for and against it short, by declaring that it was time to put an end to the anti-religious spirit of the Empire, and to do away with the cries, "*À bas la calotte! À bas les prêtres!*" When the prayers were ended, a crowd of people advanced towards the throne; the arch-chancellor presented the form of the constitution to the Emperor, and with a loud voice a herald proclaimed its acceptance. Napoleon then addressed a discourse in a clear voice to the assembly, "Emperor, consul, soldier," said he, "I hold all from the people!" His speech, which touched all present, stimulated fresh cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "Frenchmen," said Napoleon, "my wishes are those of the people, my rights are theirs, my honour, my glory, my happiness, can be no other than the honour, the glory, and happiness of France."

When the acclamations which followed were subdued, the Archbishop of Bourges, grand almoner of the Empire, knelt before Napoleon

and presented the Bible to him, on which the Emperor swore to observe the Constitution of the Empire. The Prince High Chancellor then took the oath of fidelity. The *Te Deum* was chanted from the altar, and afterwards drums again began to beat, whilst the steps of the throne were cleared, and the eagles, whose bearers were ranged on either side, were advanced to the centre of the scene, and formed a long mass of gold from the altar to the throne. The Ministers of the Interior, of War, and of the Navy, followed by many standard-bearers, again advanced towards the Emperor. The oath of fidelity to the Constitution of the Empire was taken, and again did the Champ de Mars resound with the solemn words, "*I swear it!*" Napoleon's countenance had been full of gloom and anxiety since his return to Paris; but now, on the eve of again departing from the capital of France for the battle-field, from which he hoped to bring her back fresh glory, his former vivacity suddenly returned to him. He hastily divested himself of the imperial mantle, and leapt from the upper steps of his throne to its base, as though to welcome the eagles, emblems of his power. He took those which the three ministers had presented to him, and with his own hands confided them anew to their keeping. He then essayed again to speak, and the drums commanded silence. With intense and silent emotion the multitude strove to catch the following words of Napoleon, which were spoken in a voice so clear and sonorous that many could hear them beyond those immediately near him:—

"Soldiers of the National Guard, of the Empire—soldiers, fighting men of earth and sea—I confide to you the imperial eagle with the national colours. You swear to defend it at the cost of your blood against the enemies of the country and of this throne. You know that it will be always your rallying signal. You swear it!"

The ardour with which his short addresses were responded to was continuous and contagious. It was impossible, in the midst of those repeated declarations, "*I swear it!*" to doubt the sincerity of the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted Napoleon; and for those who beheld that splendid scene with its *éclat* of uniforms, banners, eagles (which, at one time seemed to form a pyramid of gold round the throne), for those whose souls were elevated by religious ceremonial, and whose hearts beat high in accord with martial music, it was impossible to doubt when beholding that scene which preceded the battle of Waterloo, that glorious occasions would soon be renewed of reiterating the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" And not only of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" but of

"*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive le Roi de Rome!*"

At first there had been some hesitation in responding to the acclamations in behalf of the Empress, for the people of Paris could scarcely forgive the absence of Marie-Louise from her husband's side that day, and it was known that his heart craved for the presence of his son; but the military deputies, perceiving that the languor of the response in favour of his consort was painful to Napoleon, brandished their swords and instigated the cries in her behalf, which delighted him. Almost the whole population of Paris was present on the Champ de Mars that day, and with such hearty goodwill the shouts of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive le Roi de Rome!*" were at last repeated, that "*We will bring them back,*" promised the soldiers. In presence of that scene, including fifty thousand men, and a hundred pieces of cannon, ranged in several lines, who could believe that the aged and infirm Louis XVIII. would soon again be on the throne of France, and that the brave soldiers of the Imperial Guard, who swore "*to excel in the approaching campaign, would in a few days afterwards fulfil their promise, not by conquering, but by dying!*" All the troops (27,000 of the 50,000 were National Guards) defiled before the throne, and it was half-past three o'clock, before the last battalion passed before the Emperor.

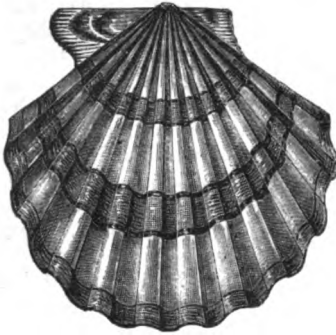
Then, saluting his subjects on every side, he prepared to take his departure. Napoleon I., declares one of his suite, quitted the Champ de Mars on that day convinced of the love of his people and of their devotion to his cause; and who there present when beholding him depart, surrounded by the princes, nobles, and dignitaries of his empire, could predict that for the last time in his lifetime the Champ de Mars had resounded with the enthusiastic cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" As little could any individual in that vast multitude of human beings divine that the youngest prince, his nephew, Louis Napoleon,—son of Hortense, and grandson of Josephine,—who followed in his *cortège*, was destined as his successor to inaugurate peace rejoicings on the Champ de Mars in 1867, and to perpetuate the acclamations—"Vive l'Empereur!" C. E.

A CHAPTER ON PECTENS.

AMONGST the most beautiful of British shells may be ranked the Pectens; probably so called from their resemblance in shape to the combs formerly worn by ladies—pecten being the Latin word for a comb.

It is almost impossible to obtain perfect specimens of these shells without dredging

them up at sea; in fact, it is seldom that even one half of the shell can be picked up on the shore, without its being chipped or otherwise damaged—and a mutilated specimen is, of course, of no value in the eye of a collector.



Pecten opercularis (1)

A few years ago, accompanied by a friend, I visited the lovely county of Devon for the first time: we stayed some months on the south coast, and being fond of the beauties of nature, whether displayed in the depths of the sea, or in the meadows and lanes, we amused ourselves with making a cabinet of shells, fossils, and other marine curiosities.

To this end we frequently hired a "weatherly" little yacht, and spent the day on the "briny deep," dredging for curiosities; and as neither of us suffered from sea-sick-



Pecten varius.

ness, a very pleasant and exciting amusement it was.

Manifold indeed, were the treasures our dredging-net brought up from "the bottom of the sea," as the song says; but I must confine myself, (in this paper at any rate), to giving my readers a slight description of the Pectens.

Very various were they in size, colour, and pattern, and very difficult we found it to decide which was the most deserving of our admiration, although, of course, some kinds were far more rare and valuable than others. Some of the Pectens were plain coloured—that is to say, the entire surface of the shell was yellow, white, or faint pink, without any mark upon it—

others again were white, streaked with buff-colour, or red, or orange, dotted over with black and white, or a transparent looking pink with lines of a darker shade; in short, the different colours and marks of the shells were almost innumerable.

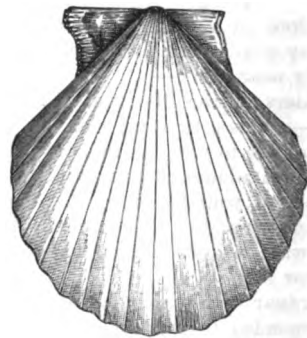
But it is not the outside of the Pecten



Pecten opercularis (2).

alone which inspires admiration and interest—the live inmate of the shell is equally beautiful and wonderful. We were not aware of this latter fact the first hour or two of our dredging, for we had not then studied the subject at all, and our acquaintance with the appearance, "manners, and customs," of our sub-marine friends was extremely limited.

After examining and admiring our first batch of Pectens, we put them into a small bucket of sea-water, in order to rid them of sundry particles of sand and mud, and be-



Pencil-Line Pecten.

stowed our attention upon other curious objects which had been brought up in the dredge. When we again looked at the Pectens, an unexpected sight met our gaze. Most of the shells were open—some to the extent of a quarter of an inch—others to about half an inch. Within each valve was a sort of narrow band, brightly coloured; and on each of these bands was a row of tiny specks of the most brilliant hues, flashing and sparkling with extraordinary lustre. We imagined, at the time, that these gem-like dots must be the Pecten's eyes, and on our return home, and

consulting some books on the subject, we discovered that such was really the case.

Attached to each narrow band was a double row of thin white feelers or tentacles—the lesser set being at the lower edge of the band, and the larger at the top close by the shell, and both rows constantly moved to and fro in a light and graceful manner. I am sorry I cannot give my readers a sketch of an open Pecten; I have not a live one in my possession now, and my remembrance of them is not sufficiently distinct to enable me to effect an accurate drawing.

The beautiful bivalves are known to some people merely as an article of food: they are commonly called "Scallops," and are considered "dainty morsels," when cooked, after the manner of their distant relatives the oysters, in a scallop tin. In my opinion, they are tough and almost devoid of flavour; but, perhaps I am not a competent judge of the matter, for the only time I ever tasted them, the recollection of those lustrous, gem-like eyes, and waving tentacles, prevented me from relishing the cooked fish as I might have done, had I been ignorant of its manifold beauties when in a live state.

The Pecten moves through the water by a series of darts or leaps, caused by quickly opening and shutting its valves. I have often seen them spring, with apparently the greatest ease, from one side of an aquarium to the other.

In "Chambers' Encyclopædia" it is said that, "Pecten Jacobæus, a native of the Mediterranean, is the scallop-shell which pilgrims were accustomed to wear in front of their hats, in token of their having visited the shrine of St. James, at Compostella. It attains a size of about four inches long, and five inches broad." (St. James the Elder was regarded as the patron saint of Spain after the defeat of the Moors at Clavijo, A.D. 844; his remains, which were enshrined at Compostella, the capital of the province of Galicia, were supposed to perform sundry miracles, and it was probably in the hope of witnessing, or benefiting by these miracles, that pilgrims visited his shrine.) We only once had the good luck to dredge up a large Pecten, similar perhaps to those worn by the pilgrims—it was about four or five inches long and six broad—in colour it was a very faint pink, so faint as almost to be white, with lines of fawn-colour on each ridge. The name of this shell was, I believe, *Pecten maximus*.

Pectens can easily attach themselves to rocks, stones, or any other hard substance, by means of threads which they have the power of spinning: these threads, which are known by the name of "byssus," all start from one

root, or base, and emanate from the top of the shell close to the Pecten's "ears," as those parts are denominated which project on each side, and form the hinge.

I am well aware that the sketches which accompany this paper can give but an inadequate idea of the shells from which they are taken: the chief beauty of a Pecten consists in the brilliancy, or delicate transparency, as the case may be, of its colours; consequently it is impossible for a pencil-drawing to do it ample justice.

Nevertheless, encouraged by the old proverb which tells us that, "half a loaf is better than no bread," I venture to send my sketches and my short "chapter on Pectens," trusting that they will not be altogether unacceptable to the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

A. C. WHEELLEY.

THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

It is only fair to suppose that much of this love of feasting arises from the strictness with which they keep the fast days, which, as we have already mentioned, are stated by Mr. Plowden to comprise nearly a third of the whole year. Indeed, if it were not for this habit of compensating the one by the other, they would not have been so ready for fighting as the followers of the chiefs always were. Partly for the mere love of fighting, more for the sake of the plunder they hoped to obtain by it, the chiefs were in the constant habit of making inroads into each other's territories. As for their followers, they usually lived by plundering the country-people, and it was quite a matter of indifference to them whether these served the same master as themselves or not. Consequently they were hated by the latter, and any straggler from the main body, and fugitives from the battle field, were exposed to the risk of being cut down with a strict impartiality. The mountain chiefs continue to carry on this internecine warfare.

The tribes surrounding northern, or Christian Abyssinia, differ in character from the Christians, and from each other. They profess the Mahommedan religion, but with various modifications; in some instances approaching very closely to, if not being an actual fusion of the doctrines of that faith with Christianity. Many of these divisions abjure that particular dogma of Mahommedanism which forbids the use of strong drinks. Few, if any of them, seclude their women, as is the custom in Turkey and other countries where this is the national religion; such an arrangement would not be

in harmony with the feelings of either sex. So far from secluding them, indeed, in the case of certain tribes, the females preside at tournaments, where they encourage the combatants by taunts and promises which one half of them are not in a condition to claim the fulfilment of at the close of the day. Some of these tribes are proud and fierce, others are gentle in their manners, but not the less resolute on this account in the maintenance of their independence. They have a happy conceit of their superiority over the rest of the world, and a philosophy which enables them to meet good or evil fortune with equal indifference. Perhaps it is this philosophy which makes rich and poor submit so patiently to blows from men having authority. Imagine the outcry that would be made if it were a common practice at Westminster to clear the law courts by hitting barristers and audience indiscriminately, and without regard to the parts smitten; yet this is no uncommon thing in Abyssinia. Nor is it confined to the law courts; the same method is often employed in the courts of chiefs, where the crowd is frequently of the most heterogeneous character, including the relatives of the chiefs and the lowest beggars, who converse on terms of the most perfect equality. To while away the time during which they are kept waiting, they have recourse to betting, to which they are greatly addicted; but there is this singularity attending it, that they don't bet for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the judge who holds the stakes, who, having given his decision, if it happens to be a matter he is called upon to decide, puts the stakes in his pocket, if they are of a nature to admit of such a proceeding; at any rate, they are his. As a general rule, they don't mind lying, and are indifferent to abuse, but they have the strongest possible objection to being laughed at. Progress they abhor, and as standing still is difficult, they are for the most part travelling backwards. Still, they have many estimable qualities; the relations between parents and children are usually what they ought to be, and if it happened that children showed a reluctance to maintain their parents, the law would compel them to do so. All property that a father may leave is divided equally among his children, and no distinction is made between them, whether they are born in wedlock or out of it. Marriage is a civil contract, capable of being dissolved with more than Prussian facility. There is no part of the world of which it may be said with so much truth that all the inhabitants are beggars. The poor man makes a present to a superior in the full expectation that he will receive one of much greater value in return,

and does not hesitate to avow this his expectation. As for the chiefs, they beg of each other in the same way; and if one having received a gift does not return a present of about equal value, he may be sued for it in a court of law. Nowhere is a bold soldier more respected than in Abyssinia, and his reputation once established, he may enter any chief's house and seize the rawest and the primeest part of the ox with the certainty that nobody will dispute his right to it. He takes service with any side, and transfers his services to the opposite one at his discretion, no malice being borne him on this account by the side he abandons; indeed, so little does this feeling prevail that antagonists after a fight not unfrequently sit down and feast together. The military adventurers who have the means travel with a certain amount of state, as do all the Galla horsemen. The latter, when on a march, ride mules, and preserve their war-steeds for the battle-field. All of them receive from the chief they serve monthly allowances for a lad to carry their shields, a donkey to carry their provisions and a small tent, and for a wife who cooks, fetches water, washes her husband's feet at the end of the day's march, and makes herself useful in a variety of other ways. Nothing is said as to who washes her feet. In addition to the allowance, each man takes what he can from the peasantry. Among the mountaineers the state of things is very much what it was in the Highlands of Scotland not so very many years ago. The various chieftains, or large landowners who are appointed by the rest of the tribe to manage its affairs, lead the warriors in their raids against other tribes with whom they are at feud. Thus the warlike spirit is maintained which would make Abyssinia, if united under such a chief as King Theodore, an exceedingly dangerous antagonist for either Turkey or Egypt; for the people have no fear of death, and the cavalry, the Gallas especially, of whom there are about twenty thousand, are as good as any horsemen in the world. Even if put to flight in battle, they adopt the Parthian system of fighting in retreat, and avail themselves of every favourable opportunity that may offer itself of wheeling round and attacking the pursuer. They are, however, in common with the infantry, deficient in discipline, and consequently very subject to panics.

The cultivation of the country is pursued with ardour where there is sufficient protection for the cultivator. The richness of the soil insures abundant crops, and the variety of temperature would allow of nearly every kind of vegetable being grown with success. So far as the soil, productiveness,

climate, and mineral products are concerned, there is nothing to prevent Abyssinia becoming one of the most prosperous of countries. But the obstacles to commerce, without which no country can become rich, are very great, in consequence of the perpetual fighting that goes on. Every chief thinks himself entitled to a present, and if it were not given to him, he would assuredly take it; but this might be taken as equivalent to the passage of the goods through a succession of custom-houses, and if moderation were observed, might not seriously impede traffic; but in addition to these squeezes, there is the danger of being deprived of everything by robbers, and in the case of foreign merchandise, especially, the only safe way of getting it into the interior is for merchants to form themselves into caravans, engage a number of courageous men, and with this force to travel in defiance of the robber hordes who infest some of the districts through which the caravans must pass. These bands of robbers must be strong indeed if they venture to attack one of these caravans, knowing as they do that the traders will fight to the last gasp in defence of their property. Considering the adverse circumstances under which it is carried on, the internal trade is considerable; unfortunately there is too much reason to believe that no small portion of the traffic with Egyptian and Turkish traders is in slaves, both male and female, payment for whom is chiefly made by glassware and beads sent from Trieste. What is chiefly wanted to open the eyes of the natives to the superiority of trade to robbery as a means of enriching themselves, is a good road from the coast into the far interior, with branch roads to the most populous towns; the present system of conveying merchandise on the backs of animals being altogether inadequate to the carrying on of anything beyond a petty commerce with foreign countries. If anything of this kind is done on an extensive scale, it will probably be at the instigation or under the supervision of Europeans, who are freely allowed to settle in the country, whatever their religion may be, with the practical limitation, as it seems, that they must confine the practice of their belief to themselves, and not seek to make proselytes. The European missionaries who work at a trade have all along been well-treated, and the imprisonment of the missionaries, Stern and Rosenthal was in no way caused by any religious question.

Our space will not permit us to enter upon the question of the Abyssinian captives farther than to say a few words in justification of the character given of the emperor by Consul Plowden.

According to his own showing Mr. Stern

had published matter respecting the king's parentage which he could not expect him to forgive if it came to his knowledge. Of the imprudence of publishing this, he must have been well aware, as he could not have been ignorant that the emperor claimed, as all preceding emperors did, a direct descent from King Solomon, and if we remember rightly, the Queen of Sheba. Whether he was aware of this or not, there were foreign intriguers about the Abyssinian court who did not fail to let the emperor know what he had written. Then, again, the manner in which the king's conduct was stigmatised on account of the vengeance he took on a rebel leader for the murder of Consul Plowden, and the slaughter of our countryman Bell, the latter his grand-chamberlain, and to both of whom he was warmly attached, was enough to irritate even a less absolute monarch. Indeed, his friends might prove that according to Abyssinian law, Stern was liable to death, and that his being spared is a proof of the emperor's clemency.

As regards the deaths of our countrymen, Plowden and Bell, we may mention in passing that the former was attacked and murdered by a large body of rebels, for although he was not actually killed on the spot, and lived long enough to be ransomed by the emperor as the speediest way of getting him out of the clutches of his enemies, he died very shortly afterwards of his wounds. Bell and the emperor hastened to attack the rebels. The former sought out one of the leaders on the field of battle and killed him with his own hand, and was himself shot in return by a near relative of the chief he had killed. Another of the rebel chiefs was sought out and killed on the same battle-field by the emperor. That fifteen hundred of the rebels were put to death by order of the emperor, might be palliated by the circumstance that treason is legally punishable by death; and at any rate, it is not for Englishmen to call him a murderer because he avenged the deaths of our countrymen in a manner which to us seems barbarous.

The case of Consul Cameron is different. There is very little doubt that the conduct of our consul (which has been officially blamed by our own government), in visiting the tribes paying tribute to the emperor's bitter enemies, the Turks and Egyptians, has been grossly misrepresented. But remembering how much the king was disposed to rely on Captain Cameron as he had done on poor Plowden and Bell, his enemies would not have had much chance of sowing discord between them, if what they said had not seemed to be confirmed by the fact that no acknowledgment either

from our Queen or government was sent to him of the receipt of his letter to her Majesty ; of which, as a specimen of the royal style of Abyssinia, we subjoin a copy :—

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity, chosen by God, King of Kings, Theodoros of Ethiopia, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England. I hope your Majesty is in good health. By the power of God, I am well. My fathers the Emperors having forgotten our Creator, He handed over their kingdom to the Gallas and Turks. But God created me, lifted me out of the dust, and restored this Empire to my rule. He endowed me with power, and enabled me to stand in the place of my fathers. By his power I drove away the Gallas. But for the Turks, I have told them to leave the land of my ancestors. They refuse. I am now going to wrestle with them. Mr. Plowden, and my late grand chamberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me that there is a great Christian Queen, who loves all Christians. When they said to me this, 'We are able to make you known to her, and to establish friendship between you,' then in those times I was very glad. I gave them my love, thinking that I had found your Majesty's goodwill. All men are subject to death, and my enemies, thinking to injure me, killed these my friends. But by the power of God I have exterminated those enemies, not leaving one alive, though they were of my own family, that I may get, by the power of God, your friendship.

"I was prevented by the Turks occupying the sea coast from sending you an embassy when I was in difficulty. Consul Cameron arrived with a letter, and presents of friendship. By the power of God I was very glad hearing of your welfare, and being assured of your amity. I have received your presents, and thank you much.

"I fear that if I send ambassadors with presents of amity by Consul Cameron, they may be arrested by the Turks.

"And now I wish that you may arrange for the safe passage of my ambassadors everywhere on the road. [Captain Cameron had been previously authorised to bring his ambassador to England.]

"I wish to have an answer to this letter by Consul Cameron, and that he may conduct my embassy to England. See how the Islam oppresses the Christian."

Why no answer was sent to this letter is not explained in the papers presented to the House of Lords, but the arrival of despatches from our Foreign Office in Abyssinia more

than a year after the emperor's letter had been dispatched without a single word being said relative to the royal letter, pretty well explains the reason of the harsher treatment to which our consul has been subsequently exposed ; treatment entirely unjustifiable in his case, and only to be explained by the resentment of the emperor at being so humiliated in the eyes of his subjects, and, as we have already remarked, by the calumnies of persons about him who have an interest in misrepresenting the policy of our government in the East.

The information that has reached us from time to time respecting the situation of the captives has been very contradictory. This is partly explained by the supposition that their treatment has varied at different epochs ; but the reports that have been circulated that they had been liberated and were on their way to England, are proved to be false by the fact that the latest intelligence from Abyssinia states that they are still in captivity, and had no hope of release, unless force were employed to effect it. Short of using coercion, our government seems to have done all in its power to rescue the prisoners from their perilous position ; for perilous it undoubtedly is, considering that the emperor has not hesitated to subject them to cruel tortures. Rassam's mission, which was at first reported to have been successful, has proved a failure, and he is himself detained by the king. We have since sent several artisans whom the king was desirous of having, but they were not to be allowed to enter his service until he had liberated the captives, and they have since been brought back. We have also sent numerous presents which will be delivered to him as soon as he has shown by his conduct that he deserves them. How far he may have been influenced in his more rigorous treatment of the unfortunate sufferers by the statements contained in their published letters, we have no means of knowing ; but the publication of these letters while the writers were still in his power, was, to say the least of it, very injudicious.

Since the above was in type, the letter of Mr. Stern, dated from Magdalu, May 1, has been published in the Times. One of Mr. Stern's greatest misfortunes seems to be that of having too many friends, as anything more calculated to do him harm than making public that which he evidently would have dreaded to have suffered to have come to the king's knowledge can hardly be imagined ; and it has been positively asserted that everything relating to Abyssinia that is published in this country is promptly conveyed to him.

G. LUMLEY.



THE HAYMAKERS.—BY E. M. WIMPERIS.

HAYMAKERS.

MARY and I are abroad in the glow of a midsummer morning;

Mary and I are at ease under the hazels at noon;
Mary and I go home long after the rose of the sunset
Darkens to purple and grey, dies in the light of the moon.

For it is haymaking time, and every one hastes to the meadows,

Prompt with a helpful hand, eager at least to be there:

All our village are there, and the perfumed breath of the windrows

Calls from the rudest lips snatches of laughter and song.

See you this lumbering team, that moves o'er the crest of the upland,

Down where yon snug white farm, hid in the heart of the vale,

Looks toward the far-off hills and the great clouds marching above them?

These are her father's fields; these are the meadows I love.

Here, while the little ones watch, and the lads and their frolicsome lasses

Scatter the fragrant foin over each other in sport,
Mary and I, above all, for true love is fellow to labour,

Find in the work of our hands pleasures as pure as the day.

Mary aloft on the wain, with the hayforks rising about her,

Masters each mounting wave, spreads it and smooths it around;

Till from her cushion'd throne, from the level and perfected summit,

Pausing awhile to gaze timidly over the edge,

She in a trice slips down by the well-comb'd walls of the waggon

Into my arms, and I lead her at length to the farm.

Sweet is the full farmyard, for the creatures she loves are within it;

Sweet is the green little garth where she sits milking at eve;

Sweet shall the hay-ricks be, for Mary will help me to make them,

Not with her strength alone, but with the charm of her eyes:

Sweeter than all is herself; a ceaseless wonderful sunlight

Dwells on her face all day, dwells on the deeps of her hair;

Shining, I think, unawares; for she is what Nature has made her,

Fresh with the freedom of youth, artless and frank as a child.

Ah, if I wed her at last, there will not be aught of deserving;

She has a treasure to give, more than I dare to demand:

She will come down to my heart, as a lark drops out of the heaven

Into its homely nest, low in the whispering corn.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

DAVY JONES, JUNIOR.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH they admitted that she might, possibly, by some people, be accounted "pleasing," Miss Nancy Block's friends always said of her "that she was certainly not pretty," for, as they were good enough to explain, "she had not a feature in her face." The observation was not, of course, to be interpreted literally. It was indisputable that Miss Block was in possession of certain lineaments which answered sufficiently well all the purposes which features are presumed to serve, and are ordinarily applied to, albeit they might not satisfy the critical requirements of her friends, nor accord completely with their ideas on the subject of abstract beauty. But our friends, it may be noted, are, as a rule, a little exacting in this and some other matters. They are disposed to constitute themselves our critics, and to judge us by rather superior standards. They are fond of holding the scales concerning us,—our mental and bodily endowments;—and they hold them up a little too high sometimes. It is one of their privileges to pronounce freely and frankly upon our defects and shortcomings; and the privilege, so far as one can see, is not likely to suffer abatement from falling into disuse. Miss Block's friends spoke their minds in regard to her with a candour that was excessive: almost disagreeably so. For candour is one of those good things, of which, the proverb notwithstanding, one *can* have too much.

No doubt the motive of this openness of speech on their part was praiseworthy enough. "They did not want," they averred, "nonsensical ideas to get into the girl's head." A misfortune of that kind, they were determined, should not happen if they could help it. And they deemed it "a nonsensical idea" that a girl should think herself pretty. Whatever might be the real state of the case as to her looks, it was far preferable that she should consider herself plain; or, at any rate, that she should be content with a very inferior estimate of her attractions. Upon this subject Miss Block's friends, (especially those of her own sex, who were of an age riper than her own, and of an aspect which Time had probably altered for the worse,) held forth with

untiring, if somewhat monotonous, eloquence. They were never weary of recounting—and always with especial reference to Miss Block's personal appearance, and for her particular benefit,—that beauty was but skin deep; that looks went for nothing; that intellect was everything; that handsome was who handsome did; with other valuable statements of like effect, much swollen with commentaries and disquisitions. Miss Block always listened, or appeared to listen, patiently, or, at all events, silently. The discourse for a time concluded, she hurried to her chamber, and looked in her glass. She found there a mute but adequate answer to all that had been said, and she smiled with coquettish contentment. For, from her own point of view, she beheld in the glass a reflection of a very charming young person. Inasmuch that her friends' labours to persuade her that even if she might be "pleasing," she was certainly not "pretty," were, upon the whole, in the nature of that unprofitable toil which we associate with the fable of Sisyphus and his stone.

Miss Nancy Block beheld in the glass for one thing, a thoroughly English maiden's blush-rose and milk, pink and white sort of complexion. Even her most conscientious and candid friends admitted that her complexion was unimpeachable. But then, they urged, there was nothing in *that*. The young woman was not entitled to credit on such account; because it was well known that time out of mind the Blocks had been noted for their nice complexions. And after all, her skin wasn't nearly so clear and fair as had been the skins of certain other members of her family, who pertained to the past rather than to the present. Moreover, she freckled quite dreadfully in the sunny weather; as for her blue eyes,—well, there they were—as blue as the blue on a willow pattern plate, for those who cared for trifles of that nature. Miss Block's friends, for the most part, preferred eyes of any other colour; black or brown, gray, or even green. Nor did they set greater store upon the long silky lashes, the daintily arching brows, the coral-red lips, or the pearl-white teeth, which Miss Block also had an opportunity of contemplating when she consulted her mirror. They preferred to pass over these items in the sum of Miss Block's looks, and to dwell rather upon the fact that her nose had a kind of heavenward aspiring inclination about its tip; and that a thread of golden-red was here and there woven into the glossy texture of her tresses. They agreed in lamenting that her nose was "such a snub," and that her hair was "so dreadfully sandy;" for in a fashion

thus coarse and extravagant did they presume to allude to very simple, and by no means unattractive, facts in connection with Miss Block's personal characteristics.

Her figure, they decided, was unformed, and, therefore, not worth considering. (They were, plainly, people who would disparage a rose-bud because it wasn't a full-blown rose.) As for her mind; Miss Block's friends glanced upward and raised their hands: their looks and gestures signifying hopeless despair. She *had* no mind, they affirmed; none whatever! For her disposition, poor thing; well, perhaps it was not so much *her* fault—she had been badly brought up—thoroughly spoiled by her absurdly indulgent old father.

Mr. Block's daughter, if she is still living, (and I am not certain whether she is or not,) must be now a very old lady; though, I will venture to say, a very nice looking old lady, whatever may be asserted to the contrary; remarkable, at any rate, for that goodness which is the chief beauty of old age, and an irresistible attraction at all times. For it is now more than half a century since Miss Block was in her teens, "pleasing but not pretty," and when the circumstances occurred which I am about to narrate.

Mr. Block styled himself "a ship-breaker;" that is to say, he purchased the hulls of old ships of all shapes and sizes, and broke them up in order to sell again, piecemeal, the wood and iron of which they were constructed. His wharf was on the south bank of the Thames, in the parish of St. Mary, Rotherhithe. In those days traders made it a rule to live where they carried on their business. Mr. Block lived in a small but comfortable house attached to his wharf-premises, and looking on to the river. He traded under the name of "Block & Co.;" and had lately taken into partnership a young man named Godfrey Starkie, who had been of much service to him as clerk, book-keeper, and general assistant. Mr. Block was regarded by his neighbours as a prosperous, "well-to-do" man. He was about sixty years of age, remarkable in appearance for his clean, clear, family complexion, and for the silvery whiteness of his hair. He was amiable and benevolent, and it had been said of him that his only enemy was himself. He was fond of his ease and of good-living; indeed to his excessive partiality for port wine and punch, the ailing health to which of late he had been liable, was very generally attributed. His wife had been dead some years. His only child was the Miss Nancy Block of whom some mention has already been made, and to whom he was tenderly attached. His establishment consisted of one female servant, who acted as

cook and housemaid, and who, having originally been Miss Block's nurse when that young woman was an infant in arms, had of course been many years in the service of the family; and obtained its entire confidence and regard; and an apprentice, one David, or, as he was more often called, Davy Jones, a workhouse lad, deserted by his parents, and brought up, therefore, by that unpleasant step-mother the parish. His appellation, it may be stated, was due to the active and somewhat jocose fancy of the beadle of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, who was pleased to discover in the swarthy little imp of a child left naked at the workhouse door, some resemblance to that arch enemy of mankind—an old offender with many an *alias*—who has oftentimes answered to the sobriquet of Davy Jones among other nick-names: *nick-names* being quite the right word to use under all the circumstances of the case.

It was a real misfortune to the boy that he was thus designated. He was in truth a dog with a bad name; and many people were found to predict for him the customary fate of dogs so circumstanced. If he neglected his duties in any way, (and in times past an apprentice's duties were very multifarious: he was oftentimes an additional domestic servant quite as much as an apprentice) if he broke a plate, or a window, or neglected to clean the knives or his master's boots, the question was invariably asked what else could be expected of a boy named Davy Jones? Yet it was hardly the boy's fault that he was thus called. Certainly he did not choose his own name; it was given him at a time when he had no will of his own in the matter, or any knowledge at all of what was happening to him. However, he had to make the best he could of it; rather hard work, because everybody else would persist in making the worst they could of it. But he never knew any other name. His parents never came forward to claim him. If any romantic incidents were connected with his birth, they were never brought to light. Probably there was no poetic character about the affair at all: it was very plain prose, most likely. Such an everyday commonplace matter as sin and suffering and destitution. He remained Davy Jones to the end of the chapter.

He was a small, spare, black-haired, dark-eyed lad, still very swarthy; and his natural dinginess of hue was heightened artificially. Grime from the saucepans, from the blacking brushes, from the kitchen grate, from up the chimney, always seemed to find a home and a resting-place on Davy Jones's face. His hands were for ever soiled with the mud of the river, or the clay of the wharf, the rust of old iron, or the pitch and tar of the shipyard.

He carried about with him incessantly, visible signs of his visits to the coal-cellar. Certainly he was a dirty boy. And he was said, moreover, to be mischievous and ill-tempered, sullen, and disposed to evil. But his reputation in those respects might have been born of his unfortunate name.

"How can you bear to be so dirty, Davy?" Miss Nancy Block said to him one day, as she tossed her chin, disdainfully.

"Please, I can't help it," the boy answered; "I suppose that's the reason, Miss Nancy."

"But you're always dirty. I can't bear dirty people."

"You'd be dirty, too, Miss Nancy, if you had all these boots to clean," the boy said.

"Don't call me 'Miss Nancy.' You should say Miss Block. You're always grumbling about the boots you've got to clean. What a discontented boy you must be!"

"No, I'm not a discontented boy, Miss Nancy—well, Miss Block, then. I'd go on cleaning *your* shoes till I dropped—you know I would! And the master's, too—I'm not afraid of work. But for that Starkie's shoes—I should like to chuck them in the river!" And in a lower voice, he added, "And him after them!"

"You don't like Mr. Starkie?"

"Say I hate him,—that would be nearer the mark."

"You shouldn't hate anybody, Davy; it's very wicked and un-Christian," and Miss Block shook her head gravely and held up a warning forefinger, after a fashion much favoured in the pulpit. "You shouldn't hate anybody."

"Well, I don't hate everybody," said Davy, as though that signified much the same sort of thing, and was as decent an approximation to goodness and Christianity as could be expected of a boy in his situation and of his character. "But as for that Starkie, with his white face, and his white hands, and his white stockings——"

"You hate him because he's clean and you're dirty, Davy."

"Perhaps so. But I'm not *his* servant. I was bound to the master, not to *him*: yet he treats me like a dog. He never gives me so much as a good word."

"Well, do *I* ever give you a good word, as you call it?"

"You're for ever giving me good looks, Miss Nancy; you see, you can't help doing that."

Miss Nancy smiled.

"I'm not a fine gentleman as he is, and never shall be, of course I know *that*," the lad continued; and then he added, glancing curiously at his master's daughter as he spoke, "and of course you'd never let *me* kiss your

hand, as you let *him*. Not if I lived for a thousand years you wouldn't. It isn't to be expected you would; is it now, Miss Nancy?"

"You wicked boy!" cried Miss Block, blushing and angry. "How dare you say such things?"

"He *did* kiss your hand, because I saw him do it," Davy Jones said, simply; "I was looking through the crack of the door."

"How could I help his kissing my hand? He *would* do it. I didn't want him to. I'd much rather he hadn't done it. It was very rude of him. And—and it's very mean to look through the cracks of doors, and to watch people, and play the spy upon them, Davy." Miss Block was altogether very much distressed.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Nancy. I didn't intend to be playing the spy upon you; but do what I will, my eyes seem always to be following you about. They're never tired of going in search of you; they're never so happy as when they're resting on you. I'm sure I didn't want to see him kissing your hand. It made my heart ache sorely; and if you'd but given the word, I'd have had him on the floor in a minute, and given his white neckcloth a twist he wouldn't have liked. Anything rather than that such a fellow as that should have kissed such a hand as yours, Miss Nancy."

Did Davy Jones come of Irish progenitors? But it avails not to ask the question, for no answer can be given to it. Perhaps an Irish nurse had tended his infancy in the workhouse. Certainly there was a sweet and touching and especially Irish plaintiveness now and then in his voice and manner when he addressed his master's daughter.

"There's sixpence for you, Davy," said Miss Block, in a softened tone, as she drew the coin from her long silken purse. "Don't you ever tell anyone what you saw through the crack of the door, there's a good boy. You won't see me again for some little time, though you look through the cracks of doors never so; nor I shan't see Mr. Starkie. We're going to Margate, father and I are, to-morrow, by the hoy. I hope the change will cure poor father's asthma, and make him well again. Mind and behave properly while we're away. Don't get quarrelling with Mr. Starkie. Do you hear, Davy? No good will come of your quarrelling with Mr. Starkie, but only harm."

"I won't quarrel with him if he won't quarrel with me," said Davy.

"And if you'd only be a little more tidy and wash your face, Davy——"

"Well, what then, Miss Nancy?" the boy demanded, eagerly.

"Why, you'd look ever so much nicer and cleaner. What did you think I was going to say?" And she tripped away from him with a laugh.

David remained speechless and motionless for some time. Then he kissed the sixpence, tossed it in the air, as though he were having a little solitary gambling with it; finally, after much trouble, he bored a hole in it with a bradawl, and tied it round his neck under his shirt with a bit of string.

On the next day Miss Block and her father, accompanied by their female servant, drove in a cart to Greenwich, and there embarked in the hoy for Margate. Mr. Block was said by his friends to be by no means the man he had been, but to be looking very ailing and feeble indeed. All hoped his trip to the sea might restore him to health.

CHAPTER II.

ADJOINING Mr. Block's wharf stood the well-known, old-established, river-side tavern, The Traveller's Joy, kept by one Mrs. Barford, a widow woman, much respected in the neighbourhood. It was a well-conducted house; its tap-room much frequented by Thames watermen, sailors, and colliers, and its parlour the resort of such sensible, sociable tradesmen of the district as liked a genial glass, a friendly talk, and a peaceful pipe before they went to bed. The Traveller's Joy bore a good name. Its liquors were excellent, and its patrons were, for the most part, peaceful, orderly people. It was oftentimes said thereabouts that Mrs. Barford managed her hostelry as well as any man could—better, if anything. There had hardly ever been anything like disturbance or discomfort known in the house.

Some days had passed since Mr. Block's departure for Margate. It was an autumn night, cold for the time of year. A thick, unwholesome mist hung about the river and its banks. Mrs. Barford was very busy in her bar, for her customers made frequent demands upon her for warm and cordial glasses with which to counteract the unpleasantness of the weather. In the tap-room it was unanimously agreed that it was "an uncommon nasty night, to be sure." The parlour was of opinion "that we should have Christmas upon us now before we knew where we were." Mrs. Barford, a stately woman with a glowing face, tall as a grenadier, and almost as muscular, was equal to the occasion. In truth, she was equal to most occasions. She stirred the bar fire till the kettle sang again, she replenished glasses, she pounded sugar, she squeezed lemons; her punch had seldom been so hot or so strong, or so thoroughly admirable

altogether, as on that disagreeable and unseasonable autumn night.

A man entered hurriedly, and stood for a moment irresolute in the passage of the Traveller's Joy.

"Why, mercy on me, Mr. Starkie, how white you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Barford. "He's white at most times, you know," she said afterwards to Betsy, her assistant handmaid in the bar, "but I never saw him look so white as he looked then."

The new-comer was tall and well-proportioned. He was said generally to be "a fine figure of a man." His features were very regular, handsome, and clean cut, and from his complexion being so colourless there was a look as of an ivory carving about his head. As he lifted his broad-brimmed hat (the hat was then in a transitional state; having abandoned its old three-cornered form, it was on its way to the chimney-pot pattern of our own times, but its crown was as yet low and undeveloped), his hair was seen to be carefully combed and crested on his forehead, after the fashion then prevalent. His dress was of a sober kind, yet it was worn with a certain air of pretence. His coat was of snuff-coloured cloth, double-breasted, high in the collar, and adorned with close rows of bright pewter buttons. His waistcoat was of a broad striped taffeta. His ribbed cotton stockings were spotless and white as his cambric neckcloth. His shoes were brilliantly polished. It seemed as though he were proud, as he had some reason to be, of his shapely legs and small feet. A broad green silk watch ribbon, with a cluster of seals and keys attached, depended from his fob. Altogether he looked somewhat superior to his real position, which was simply that of junior partner in the firm of Block & Co., Ship-breakers.

"Did you not hear the report of fire-arms?" he inquired anxiously of the landlady of the Traveller's Joy. His voice trembled somewhat as he spoke.

"When? Just now? Two minutes ago? Well, I did hear something. But I was so busy, I'd hardly time to give it a thought. Yes, I remember now, I heard a gun go off. I thought it must have been fired from some police-boat on the river, in chase of smugglers. But then the parlour bell rang—"

"It was fired at me," said Mr. Starkie, gravely.

"You never mean it, Mr. Starkie! that you don't."

"It was fired at me as I sat alone in Mr. Block's parlour facing the river. The bullet passed close over my head and lodged in the wall behind me. It was well aimed. An

inch or two lower, and I had been a dead man."

Whom did he suspect? He did not know whom to suspect. He could not think that the shot had been intended for him. He had no enemies that he knew of. He was inclined to think that the shot must have been intended for Mr. Block.

"But why for Mr. Block?" asked the landlady. "Surely Mr. Block had no enemies either. No one could dream of attempting the life of good old Mr. Block."

That was so, certainly.—Mr. Starkie confessed himself wholly at a loss to understand the matter. But Mr. Block was in the habit, it was well known, of sitting at night in the parlour facing the river. If any one had fancied himself aggrieved by the firm—it could but be fancy, yet who could account for fancy?—he would surely seek to avenge himself upon the senior member of the firm rather than the junior—who had until quite recently been simply Mr. Block's clerk and servant. It was by the merest chance that he, Mr. Starkie, had been in the parlour at all. He had been taking care of the house and managing the business in the absence of Mr. Block at Margate. He was quite alone in the house at the time.

"Quite alone?" repeated Mrs. Barford. "Where then was the lad Davy Jones?"

"Was he not at the Traveller's Joy?" Mr. Starkie asked in some surprise. He had sent the boy out some twenty minutes before, to get two dozen oysters and some ale, for his (Mr. Starkie's) supper. He admitted that he had had some words with the boy—who was a very idle and ill-behaved boy. Mr. Starkie had frequently had occasion to reprimand him for his carelessness and inattention and neglect of duty; and Mr. Block was constantly complaining of him.

"A young limb, if ever there was one, it's well known," Mrs. Barford commented.

Yet still Mr. Starkie couldn't believe that the boy had any hand in the attempt upon his life. It was curious, however, Mr. Starkie was compelled to admit. The boy had been a long time gone upon a very simple errand. He could have done all that he was required to do in less than five minutes. Mr. Starkie had fully expected to find Davy Jones at Mrs. Barford's house.

A little group had by this time assembled in the passage of the Traveller's Joy. There had been a suspension in the supply of drinks, and the thirsty had emerged from both the parlour and the tap-room, to make personal inquiry why their necessities were not heeded. But they forgot the object with which they had approached the bar, as they

found themselves auditors of the interesting converse between Mr. Starkie and the landlady. Presently they were agreeing that things looked very black indeed as against Davy Jones; and Mrs. Barford's solemn denunciation—"depend upon it that young limb's at the bottom of the mischief," met with general support. It was the universal opinion that the boy had not been called "Davy Jones," for nothing.

Just then the door opened. The boy himself entered, carrying a dish of oysters. He walked to the bar as coolly and unconcerned as might be, and ordered a jug of strong ale for Mr. Starkie.

He was questioned as to what he had been doing? where he had been? why he had loitered? He answered with prompt impudence, "that that was *his* business; and that he had seen no reason to hurry over Mr. Starkie's errands, who was no master of his." Being pressed and threatened, he was a little disconcerted. Finally he admitted "that if they *must* know, he had been playing 'pitch-and-toss,' with Tom the pot-boy,—of whom they might make inquiry on the subject, if they listed." Tom the pot-boy was discovered, and confirmed the story. He said "they had been playing 'pitch-and-toss' for a matter of ten minutes—or, it might be, a quarter of an hour. And if they *had* been playing pitch-and-toss," both boys demanded, with one consent, "where was the harm, and what need all that to-do about it?"

"We know what pitch-and-toss leads to, my fine fellows," said a bystander, severely. But, upon the whole, Davy's judges were somewhat shaken. He was, they held, either altogether innocent, or else a hardened criminal; the latter for choice. Suddenly Mrs. Barford placed a lighted candle on the ground.

"If he's been out in Block's wharf this night," she said, "his shoes will be covered with wet clay."

But submitted to this test Davy came out triumphant. His shoes were as clean as were Mr. Starkie's. Indeed his appearance generally was distinguished by an order and a neatness altogether new to him. There was even some evidence to the effect that his hands and face had been washed recently in soap and water, and that his hair had received the unaccustomed benefits of brushing and combing.

"It doesn't prove very much," said Mrs. Barford, thoughtfully, as she took up her candle; "for he has had time to change his shoes."

"It would be difficult," Davy remarked, quietly, "seeing that I've only got one pair of them."

"I'll see to the bottom of this, if I die for it. I can't have such a scandal as this going on in the neighbourhood of the Traveller's Joy. Who's man enough to go round with me and search the wharf?" demanded Mrs. Barford, resolutely.

This inquiry had rather the effect of thinning the group that had collected about the bar. Many went quietly back to their seats in the tap-room and parlour. They were men of peace. It was not their vocation to go in quest of murderers and such like. Least of all on such a night as that. Besides, who knew but that the man who fired the shot had other shots in store for those seeking his arrest?

Still two or three proclaimed themselves men enough for Mrs. Barford's purpose. Thereupon the landlady lighted a stable lantern which she gave to Mr. Starkie to carry, took down a blunderbuss from over the mantelshelf in the bar, put on the old-fashioned head-gear known as "a calash," prudently removed the massive silver watch which swung from her girdle, (worn very high up—short waists were the vogue,) and proceeded upon the proposed reconnaissance of Mr. Block's premises.

"Hold up the lantern, Mr. Starkie," said Mrs. Barford. "Be very careful where you tread, all of you. The shot was fired level with the window. The man who fired it must have stood on this part of the wharf. The shot couldn't have come from the river. It wouldn't in that case have struck the parlour wall where it did. We shall find foot-prints in the clay, depend upon it—close under the window."

They found none, however. The night was very dark—all was quiet, save only the distant sound of the Thames licking its mud banks. A man could hardly have escaped from the premises by means of the river, for it was quite low water, and if he had attempted to leap from the raised platform of the wharf, he must have broken his neck by the fall, or have been smothered in the dense, deep mud below. On either side were wooden palisades of frail make, which must have given way had any one climbed them endeavouring to seek refuge in the adjoining premises. They had been lightly constructed especially with that object. Yet the palisades remained whole; there had apparently been no escape over them.

It was very strange.

Was the man still hidden in the wharf? Search was made among the grisly skeletons of decayed ships. Here was a fragment of the hull of the Clive, East Indiaman. The mutilated figure-head pointing significantly with its broken right arm to the parlour where Mr.

Starkie had been sitting when the bullet struck the wall at his back. Here were capstans, windlasses, cranes, chain cables, anchors, mastheads, and a thousand other items strewed about in rusty, rotting heaps: the stock in trade of Messrs. Block & Co., Shipbreakers. Yet never a trace was found of the man who had fired at the junior partner in the firm. The search of Mrs. Barford and her party was diligent but fruitless.

"I'll advertise in the newspapers. I'll print handbills," said Mr. Starkie; "I'll offer a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the offender. That is, of course," he added with a change of tone, "if Mr. Block consents to my doing so. I can do nothing without his permission."

"We'll sit up all night with you if you like, Mr. Starkie," said Mrs. Barford, speaking for herself and her friends.

Mr. Starkie thought it would not be necessary. He was under no fear. He did not think that there was any more danger for that night, at any rate. The offender would not return. Besides Mr. Starkie slept in an upper chamber away from the river front of the house. Mrs. Barford complimented him on his courage, but insisted on leaving with him her blunderbuss. "And now," she said to her party, "there's a rummer of hot grog at the Traveller's Joy for whoever likes it,—and without charge. We shall be none of us the worse for it, I'm thinking. Such a night as it is too!"

CHAPTER III.

SOON it was known in the neighbourhood that Mr. Starkie had written to his partner, informing him of what had happened; and that Mr. Block, much disturbed by the intelligence, and little benefited in health by his sojourn at the sea-side, was returning to town, personally to investigate the matter. Popular suspicion still pointed in the direction of the boy Davy Jones, though it did not appear that the case against him had gained strength in any way. Yet it was held generally to be a sort of outrage upon common sense, and the nature of things, that there should be mischief done upon Mr. Block's premises, and that the boy Davy Jones should have no hand in it. The company meeting nightly in the parlour and tap-room of the Traveller's Joy, formed themselves into a sort of extra-judicial tribunal, and sat in judgment upon the case. Without much regard for the principles of law or the rules of evidence, they decided that the boy Davy Jones was guilty of the attempt upon Mr. Starkie's life. For if he wasn't guilty, why then, who could be? they demanded. The case was narrowed to that

issue. And upon Mrs. Barford frankly stating her opinion that the boy "was a limb who wasn't born to be drowned," an unanimous verdict was given against Davy Jones, and it was adjudged that he certainly ought to be hanged in Horsemonger Lane at the very earliest opportunity, or, at the very least, transported to His Majesty's plantations in the West Indies for the remainder of his natural life. Meantime, however, no formal proceedings were taken. The officers of the Crown did nothing. It was believed that they were waiting until the public advertisement of a handsome reward had stimulated their well-known zeal for the discovery of crime. As yet Mr. Starkie had not issued his handbills; and it was understood that he had refrained from putting himself in communication with the police on the subject. This forbearance, supposing it to arise from clemency towards the boy Davy Jones, was regarded by Mrs. Barford and her friends as beyond anything weak and mistaken and preposterous.

The return of Mr. Block was awaited and witnessed with much interest. He appeared to be in a worse state of health than when he had quitted London. He could hardly walk into his house without assistance. But then he had been much upset by the news of the attempt upon his partner's life. Moreover, the Margate hoy had met with very rough weather on its passage to London. Both Mr. Block and his daughter had suffered very much from sea-sickness. Still he had shown a proper spirit on the occasion. He had declared that he wouldn't rest a moment until the offender had been discovered and brought to justice. He had already had long deliberations with Mr. Starkie on the subject. He had determined that a handsome reward should be offered, and that the Bow Street officers should be at once consulted.

Miss Nancy Block had also been much distressed. She feared that all this excitement would have a very injurious effect upon her father's health. At Mr. Starkie's request she had favoured him with a private interview in the counting house. She had come forth pale, and shivering, and faint, with streaming eyes, and encountered the boy Davy Jones close outside the door.

"Listening and spying again, Davy!" she said, in a tone of reproach, yet still gently and kindly. She seemed not to possess strength enough to be angry.

"I couldn't hear what he said—I couldn't see anything. The door was shut so close. But you're crying, Miss Nancy?"

"Oh! Davy, if what he says is true? That my father—— But I ought not to tell you."

"What did he say? Did he insult you? Can I help you, Miss Nancy? Oh! if I only could! Let me help you—let me try and help you, Miss Nancy. Don't cry so—it breaks my heart to see you crying so."

"You're a good boy, Davy."

"You're the first that's ever said so much for me. Bless you for it, Miss Nancy," Davy interposed, softly.

"I know you'd help me if you could; but you can do nothing, nothing. He says,—I *must* tell some one—he says my father's a ruined man; that even if he regains his health, he must give up all he possesses; and that if he dies, he leaves me a beggar. Not that I care for that; but my poor father! If I should lose him! And then—then he spoke—he spoke again of his love for me," and Miss Block blushed, and bowed her head upon her breast.

"He did, did he?" muttered Davy, between clenched teeth. "And *you*, Miss Nancy; what did you answer him? You didn't tell him you loved him; don't say that, Miss Nancy. You didn't tell him you loved him? You never could have told him that!"

"Could I talk—could I think—at such a time, of *his* love, or of mine, or of anybody's?"

"You couldn't, Miss Nancy, of course you couldn't," Davy acquiesced, eagerly.

"Hush, not a word more now. There's a footstep." And they separated, as Mr. Starkie approached them.

In the course of the evening following Mr. Block's return to town, his usual medical attendant, a near neighbour, one Mr. Jasper, called upon him. The doctor gave, upon the whole, a not unfavourable account of his patient's state. He had great hopes of Mr. Block's speedy restoration to health; though he admitted he found him somewhat nervous and excited, and a little the worse for his rough journey from Margate. "But care, and attention, and quiet," said Mr. Jasper, "will do much, very much for us. We have an admirable constitution; a good nurse in our daughter, Miss Block; a trusty man of business, who'll relieve us from all unnecessary trouble, in our excellent partner Mr. Starkie. Well, we couldn't ask for much more, could we now?" And so Mr. Jasper bowed politely, and went his way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR SQUAWS.

OF course the phrase is outrageous, for we are not Red Indians; but, ladies, it is not mine; it was the preposterous expression of my friend Septimus, who, being a philosopher, talks as though he were at liberty to say any-

thing. I, who am not at all philosophical, cannot forego the decencies, and I vow I am ashamed of the title; but use it I must. Luckily, the matter can be explained, at the outset, and the onus thrown upon the right shoulders. I and Septimus were present at an evening party, and, in a corner of the room, had somehow got talking about female dress. He—not I, I am sure—introduced it, for he is rash enough to do anything.

"There is a pretty show of beads and feathers to-night," he cynically said, surveying the ladies.

"Feathers? I don't see any feathers," I answered, following his glance. "That affair the dowager across there has on her head is an imitation of a vegetable spray; I came in close behind her."

"When I used the word feathers," and Septimus sarcastically chuckled, "I was talking philosophically. She—dowager, as you call her—hasn't any daughters, so that she has nearly to dress herself to death. It is old Jenkinson's squaw; and he has just been successful on the war-path, of which the jewelled spray is the trophy."

"Ah! you still are talking philosophically," I put in; "and I must wait till the language becomes intelligible."

"You have no imagination," he said. "To me all these women seem squaws."

I protested—upon my honour I did—the minute he said it; but of what use is it protesting when you have to deal with a philosopher? He smiled at me pitifully, and went on.

"Among savages, it is the practice for the males to wear their own beads—their signs of wealth, you know; and in the cases of prosperous careers, these may amount to I don't know how many pounds' weight. So much the worse for the male savages. In civilised society the rule is exactly reversed. The custom among us is to hang silks and laces on our partners and on our children; to give them ribbons, and feathers, and jewellery, to display as the visible signs of our monetary prowess. I didn't mean that Mrs. Jenkinson wore a real feather; but old Jenkinson I saw was advertised last week as a newly appointed Director of the International and Cosmopolitan Assurance Company, which was, of course, tantamount to taking somebody else's scalp in the city; and his wife, like the faithful squaw she is, comes here to-night with the spoil on her own venerable head. That spray must have cost many pounds. I, as a man, gladly accept the arrangement; and if our women, entering too warmly into the spirit of the thing, become at times somewhat exacting, it is, no doubt, meant to spur us on to further

exertions; so that in doing them honour, we may, also, do ourselves full justice by the complete development of our earning capabilities. Ha, ha! I think it is a capital——"

The philosopher stopped short. His wife just at that moment came by, with the folds of her rustling robe curiously gathered in her hand. 'The queer smile fluttering over her face, suggested to me, in spite of my want of imagination, a resemblance to sheet-lightning playing on the edge of a summer-cloud. A clumsy fellow, it appeared, had trodden on her train, and badly ripped the silk. Septimus meekly went with her to seek, or to render, assistance in the way of temporary repairs. I stepped behind him, and whispered that I feared somebody's scalp would have to be lifted for this; on the war-path he must go to-morrow, for a new dress would be indispensable. Without replying, he stalked on. Later in the evening we met again.

"Stay; give me a minute or two and I can do it," he said.

I stated that Septimus was a philosopher, by which must be understood, to use his own account of it, that he analyses everything into what he is pleased to assert are its fundamental principles. It is a favourite maxim with him that everything surrenders its secret to the analytical faculty; and I had just required him to give me a proof of this by stating what were the fundamental principles underlying the art of female dress.

"The principles," after a pause, resumed the great analyst, "are three in number: first, that of the new; second, that of the expensive; third, that of the far-brought."

I laughed him to scorn. I said it was a libel on the sex; but at that remark he only smiled. I then added that it was an imperfect classification, which touched him keenly.

"How?" he demanded, his colour coming. "I say it is exhaustive."

"It does not allow anything for their sense of the appropriate; for their appreciation of the becoming; for their instinctive knowledge of the beautiful."

Septimus retorted with an observation which I do not feel called upon to repeat. But really it ought to have galled me still less than it did. What weight ought one to attach to the judgment of a man who could reply to me that women had no such sense of the appropriate; no such appreciation of the becoming; no such instinctive knowledge of the beautiful? I tried to get him to repeat it in a higher key, for an aunt of his was not far off ear-shot; but Septimus is not without prudence, even in the height of an argument, and he controlled his voice most provokingly.

"The sense of the appropriate," he went

on, in his bitter way, "is very strong in Miss W—— yonder; she is wearing, you see, a wreath of flowers, and the last tinge of the natural rose left her dry cheeks ten years ago. Then you may, if you like, take Mrs. D—— as an instance of the appreciation of what is becoming; her exceedingly low dress will enable any medical students who may happen to be present to follow out their studies even amid their recreations; observation of the anatomical construction is so little interfered with by the intervention of anything like plumpness. As for the other parrot-phrase about their instinctive knowledge of the beautiful, why," and he loftily glanced over the whole room, "have you got any eyes? See the outlines of the heads as defined by the *chignons*."

I know—yes, I am not forgetting, ladies; but this was before those hateful letters in the papers. I, however, will not follow Septimus one step further in that matter.

"My three principles explain everything," he confidently said; "though I am not quite sure whether I gave them in their proper order. I put the passion for what is new first. Well, that is a recognised necessity of the female mind. If a fresh bonnet cannot be bought, a new ribbon is accepted for trimming the old one; supposing there is no substitution of sarcenet possible, then the bow or the folds must be modified, and, at the least, there must be novel ends made. Everywhere about the house, in the kitchen as well as above, you may hear the innovating scissors perpetually clipping and cutting. No matter, even, how pretty a thing is, it is only quite satisfying so long as it, in addition, is new; while very often fashions the ugliest and most equivocal are accepted on no other recommendation than that of their being fresh. But there is this to be said—no innovation will last long if it be not costly; and it is that which makes me doubt if I stated the principles in their proper order," and here he paused, gravely, to reweigh the matter.

This affectation of utter philosophical exactness is what I call Septimus's intellectual coxcombry; for with all his powers of rhetoric, I can take his measure. Just to see how far he would carry it, I urged him to clear up the matter precisely.

"I think I was wrong," he recommenced. "A spontaneous longing for what is fresh is the most acute and violent of feminine impulses; but the abiding, permanent motive of the female heart is a practical taste in favour of expense."

"Beware!" I said. "This cynicism is an ill compliment to Mrs. Septimus; and I do not believe you are doing anything else than

merely theorising. I tell you plainly, if you persist in that, I'll appeal for facts."

"The remark simply meant that the sex, after all, is not imaginative. You are like them in that one respect," he added, smiling, as from a superior height, on me. "Women are never satisfied with words alone, they are always anxious to see deeds; each one of them likes to apply real, substantial tests to the devotion of her provider. There is not a woman here," and he surveyed the groups of glittering creatures, "who would not fleece her male to the skin for undeniable proofs of his affection. You say you love them; then show it, they instantly retort—a magnificent new dress has just been brought out."

"Ha, ha!" I, in turn, chuckled. "That is a reminiscence of very recent conversation, Septimus. But you should blame the awkwardness of the fellow who could not keep his foot off your wife's train, not weakly avenge yourself by aspersing the whole sex."

"I am talking generally," and he knitted his eyebrows. "The flowers we are bid plunge into the stream for are not now the simple, natural forget-me-nots of the legend; they are artificial ones, of the most expensive kind, from Paris; and we are desired never to return alive from the fight of trade and commerce, or the still keener struggles of the professions, unless we bring back a new bonnet by way of trophy. Wives estimate the truth of husbands, daughters the love of parents, by the unquestioning payment of milliners' bills, and——"

"Stop, Septimus," I solemnly broke in; "this is mean, as well as being in entire contradiction of what you said just now. To talk in this way, merely because you foresee the cost of a new dress, owing to what was, no doubt, purely an accident, is intolerable. I shall not stay to encourage you in it," and I left him, instantly. I felt it to be my duty, and I discharged it.

I hope there is not a lady-reader of these pages who will do me the injustice of believing that I assented in the slightest degree to these atrocious misrepresentations. I deny them; I say they falsify the whole question. Feminine dress is of all others the topic that most interests me; and I very soon recovered my equanimity of mind, as, strolling among the company, I admired the rich toilettes which my male friends had had the privilege of paying for. I, alas, am a bachelor, and am debarred from that pleasure. But is it not delightful to notice how cost is lavished? Extravagance in female dress, I tell my married acquaintances, is not possible. It is an outlay made from such social motives. Eating rich dishes, and drinking rare wines,

may be the height of selfishness; but grand dress argues nothing but a desire to please. That is how I put it before the married males, who generally reply that it,—but never mind what they reply; somehow, they do not seem to behold the matter in the right light. I, however, adhere to what I say. Even if it were possible in any degree to overdo it, still it must be the most amiable of failings. Can anything otherwise be said of the wish to cast the glow of coloured silks, the flash of sparkling jewels, and the bewitching shadows of feather and lace upon your neighbour's path of life? I, for my own part, admire it highly; and I will always insist that it is the duty of husbands to adorn their wives. I find it most pleasantly exciting to watch the well-fought rivalry of spirited ladies, each determined that her husband's powers of providing shall be fully displayed; and I can but wish that the gentleman whose representative is, at last, the victress, seemed, as a rule, worthy of the triumph, for, generally, he appears to share nothing of that feeling. My friend, Septimus, I may mention as an example of this. Luckily, the ladies make amends in that respect; and my friend's dear wife, I am proud to say, yields to no woman. His milliner's bills will compare with any husband's in his station.

I will now go back to record the retribution which the same evening, not undeservedly, overtook Septimus.

"Excuse Septimus for just a minute," I said to his wife, fetching him back from the top of the stairs as they were leaving. "Make haste," I added, pushing him into the doorway of the little room set apart for refreshments. "Now, listen," I said. A second before, in quitting the room, I had accidentally overheard a snatch of a conversation there going on, of which I desired my friend to have the advantage. Just within the room, behind the door, so to say, was a group of three middle-aged ladies, cups in hand, sipping something with spoons.

"I heard him distinctly say," remarked one of them, "that his wife was satisfied neither with bonnet nor with dress, excepting just for the moment when it was new."

"I thought she was of an unsettled sort. He finds it come heavy, no doubt: but what a simpleton to complain to a man about it!" and a second speaker mixed light laughter with the jingling of her spoon.

"Heavy! He said, even if the fashion was new, it did not content her, unless it was costly as well. I stood just by the end of the mantel, and overheard every word."

"I don't know that her things are any

more costly than other people's," put in the third member of the group. "I expect he is stingy, and was bragging."

"I am not going to stop to listen to this stuff," irately said Septimus, but I held him to the spot.

"His friend," resumed the first speaker, "did say it was shameful of him talking in that way, just because his wife wanted a fresh dress. But what grieved me was the disrespectful way in which he spoke of his wife. I am sure they cannot be happy. He called her a squaw!"

A chorus of indignation went up from them all, amid which Septimus fled, uttering an expression quite unproduceable in the pages of *ONCE A WEEK*.

"This is the result of talking philosophically, my friend," I said, hurrying after him.

"Doing what?" rather suspiciously inquired Mrs. Septimus.

"He will explain it all to you, I have no doubt," I observed, as he hurried her down the steps.

Honestly speaking, I, however, had a misgiving that Septimus would not be very clear and full in his explanations. Still, he had wholly brought it on himself, and it was entirely his own affair. He had no business to use any such phrase as squaws.

W. C.

VOLUNTEER DRILLING.

SWEET Amy said, with pleading eyes,

"Dear Charley, tell me (will you?)

The words I've heard your captain say,—
I should so like to drill you."

"What, Amy, pet, *you* take command!

Well! Amy, I'm quite willing:

In such a company as yours,
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear

Like this—'Squad—stand at ease'!"—

"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up-stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease like this, you see,

And then I scarce need mention,

The next command you'll have to give
Is, 'Now then, Squad—attention.'

"Now, Amy, smartly after me,

You're sure, dear, it don't bore you,

'Forward'—'Quick March'—'Halt'—'Front'—

'Right dress';—

There now, I'm close before you.

"Present arms.'—Well, it *does* look odd;

(You don't believe I'd trifle;)

We hold our arms straight out like this
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say, 'Salute your officer.'"

"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you?"

I thought that you were at some trick,

You horrid cheating man, you."

Charles "ordered arms;" without command

She smoothed her rumpled hair,

Pouted and frowned and blushed—and then—

Said softly, "As you were."

THE BRIDE OF EBERSTEIN.

A Legend of Baden.

FOUR hours distant from the city of Baden, near the market village of Malsch, on a bold projecting wood-crowned eminence in the Black Forest, stood the Castle of Waldenfels. It is now a heap of ruins, and scarcely can the traveller discover the spot which was formerly the residence of an opulent and powerful family.

In the thirteenth century, Sir Beringer, last of his race, inhabited the castle of Waldenfels. His lately departed consort had bequeathed him an only daughter, Rosowina by name. In bygone years Sir Beringer had oftentimes felt distressed that he would leave no male heir to propagate the name and celebrity of his ancient stock; and, in this feeling, he had adopted Heinrich von Gertingen, an orphan boy, the son of an early friend and companion in arms, and the representative of an ancient but impoverished house, to whom he purposed to bequeath his inheritance and his name. Not long, however, after this event, his daughter was born. And as Rosowina, after her mother's early death, advanced in the blossom of youth, she became the pride and happiness of her father's age, and never caused him a sorrow, save in the reflection that some day she would leave the paternal for the conjugal hearth. All now that troubled him was his adopted son. The growing boy, while manifesting a becoming taste for knightly accomplishments, and obtaining success in their display, nourished in his breast the germ of fiery passions; which, while they caused distress and anxiety to the Lord of Waldenfels, impressed his daughter with terror and revolted feeling. At length, when Rosowina had attained her sixteenth year, she became to Heinrich the object of a wild and desperate devotion. He repressed the sentiment awhile, but at length yielded himself its slave. He persecuted Rosowina with his ill-timed and terrible addresses; and one day, having found her alone in the castle garden, he cast himself at her feet, and swore by all that was holy and dear that his life was in her hand, and that without her he must become the victim of an agonising despair. Rosowina's terror and confusion were boundless; she had never experienced the

smallest feeling of affection for the youth, but rather regarded him with aversion and alarm. She knew not at the moment how to act, or what to say. At that instant her father appeared. The confusion of both sufficiently discovered what had occurred: in a burning rage Sir Beringer commanded the unhappy youth instantly to quit the castle for ever. With one wild glance at Rosowina, Heinrich obeyed; and muttering, "The misery thou hast brought upon my life come upon thine own," rushed despairingly away. Next morning his body was found in the Murg, his countenance hideously distorted, and too well expressing the despair with which he had left the world. Efforts were made, so far as possible, to conceal the horrid truth from Rosowina, but in vain; time, however, softened the features of the ghastly memory. She had now completed her seventeenth year, and was already celebrated as the beauty of the surrounding country. And not only was her beauty the subject of universal praise; her maidenly modesty, her goodness of heart, her prudent, thoughtful, intelligent cast of mind, were the theme of commendation with all who had enjoyed the privilege of her society.

A few hours' distance from the Castle of Waldenfels, in the pleasant valley through which rush the clear waters of the Alb, stood the monastery of Herrenalb. The Holy Virgin was patroness of the foundation, and the day on which the church celebrates the festival of her Nativity was annually observed as the grand holiday of the convent, when the monks, to do honour to this occasion, exhibited all the splendour and magnificence which Christian bounty had placed at their disposal, and spared no expense to entertain their guests in the most hospitable and sumptuous manner. And now Sir Beringer of Waldenfels had promised his Rosowina to ride over to Herrenalb with her the next St. Mary's day. He was ever a man of his word, how should he now be otherwise, when that word assured a pleasure to the darling of his heart?

Bright and genial rose the autumnal morning when Sir Beringer and Rosowina, with a small retinue, rode over the hills to Herrenalb. The knight and his daughter were courteously and hospitably received by the Abbot and his monks. The presence of the noble heiress of Waldenfels excited much interest and observation in the minster church; but the maiden herself appeared unconscious of the fact. Seldom, however, as she found herself disturbed by worldly thoughts in her devotions in the castle chapel at Waldenfels, the splendour of the monastic church and services, and the innumerable hosts of worshippers, were to her so new, that she felt tempted, from time

to time, to give a momentary glance around her. On one occasion her gaze encountered a pair of eyes which seemed to rest on the attraction of her countenance with an earnest yet respectful expression, and, inexperienced as she was, she was at no loss to comprehend its meaning. The gazer was a stately youth, who was leaning against a pillar. His strong-built and well-proportioned frame, his noble and expressive countenance, and even his rich and tasteful apparel, were well adapted to fix the attention of a youthful maiden of seventeen, while his whole demeanour convinced her how deeply he was smitten with the power of her charms.

The service over, the worshippers dispersed, and the sumptuous abbey opened its hospitable gates to all who could advance any claim to entertainment. A sister of Rosowina's mother was a nun in the cloister of Frauenalb, and Rosowina was permitted occasionally to visit her, and had here enjoyed the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several noble young ladies of the neighbourhood. She met some of them on this occasion, whom she accompanied into the spacious garden of the convent. Among these was the young Countess Agnes of Eberstein, with whom as she was sauntering through an avenue of umbrageous beeches, suddenly there stood before her the Abbot of the convent and the young man who had attracted her attention in the church, who, side by side, had emerged from a side-way path into the main walk. Rosowina trembled in joyful alarm as she recognised her admirer: her first thought was to return or retreat, but, without a manifest discourtesy, this was now impossible. Neither was the Countess Agnes at all willing to escape, but rather forced forward the reluctant Rosowina, welcoming at the same time the youthful stranger as her beloved brother, the Count Otto of Eberstein. After mutual salutations, Agnes introduced Rosowina to her brother, who was delighted to recognise in the object of his admiration the friend of his sister. He made advances towards a conversation, but the Abbot, whose heart was less sensible to beauty, would not, even for a few short minutes, postpone the subject of their discussion. At the banquet, however, which followed, it was easy for the Count of Eberstein, from his high connection with the monastery, to choose his place, and he placed himself opposite Sir Beringer and his daughter. The knights had met occasionally before, and a nearer acquaintance was soon made. To an engaging person Sir Otto united the attractions of polished manners, of knowledge extensive for that period, acquired by residence in most of the courts of Europe, and of a lively conver-



(See page 118.)

sational talent, which rendered him everywhere a welcome addition to society. With so many claims on her regard, it was little wonderful that Rosowina should accept with pleasure the homage of the Count, and encourage in his breast the most delightful of hopes.

About that time the Counts of Eberstein had built a new castle above the beautiful valley of the Murg, not far from the family

residence of their ancestors. The splendour of Neueberstein was the subject of universal conversation, and all who had the opportunity of seeing the new palace were eager to embrace the privilege. An invitation from Count Otto to the Knight of Waldenfels and his daughter was only natural, and was no less naturally accepted with especial welcome.

Warm and mild shone the bright autumn

sun on the lovely valley of the Murg, as Sir Beringer and his daughter rode on beside the crystal stream; nor could Rosowina suppress the thought how she might ere long ascend the steep winding pathway to the castle no longer its visitor, but its mistress. Sir Otto met his guests at the castle gate, and, with eyes beaming with joy, more especially as he saw the joy was mutual, lifted Rosowina from her palfrey. After brief rest and refreshment, the inspection of the castle began. Halls and chambers were duly examined, and at last the party ascended the rampart of the loftiest tower, whence an enchanting prospect met the eye. Far below them the Murg rolled its restless waters, now flowing peaceful between banks of lively green, now toilsomely forcing its passage between wild masses of rock. On either side the dusky hills towered above the scene; and here and there now glimmered out of the shadow of the forest a solitary mountain village, now a mass of mighty cliffs; and as the eye descended the rapid mountain stream, it rested on the blooming plain of the Rhine, where, in the violet tints of distance, arose the awful barrier of the Vosges. Lost in the magnificent spectacle stood Rosowina, unable to satiate her eye on the glorious picture, and unaware that Otto was close beside her, contemplating with secret pleasure the beautiful spectatress. At length the involuntary exclamation escaped her, "A paradise indeed!"

Then found she herself softly clasped in a gentle arm, and her hand affectionately pressed, while a well-known voice uttered, softly, "And would not Rosowina make this place 'a paradise indeed,' were she to share it with me!"

Unable now to suppress her feelings, Rosowina replied by a glance more expressive than any words. She returned that evening with her father to Waldenfels the happy affianced bride of Count Otto of Eberstein.

On a bright spring morning, symbolising well the feelings of the lovers, the marriage solemnity was held at the Castle of Neueberstein, with all the pomp and state of the period, which few understood better than Otto to display. From towers and battlements innumerable banners, with the Eberstein colours and blazonry, floated gallantly in the morning breeze, and the portal, adorned with wreaths and arras, cast wide its hospitable gates. Towards noon appeared, in the midst of a glittering pageant, the bride, magnificently arrayed, but brighter in her incomparable beauty; and all praised the choice of Otto, and agreed that he could have selected no worthier object to grace his halls. Rosowina, however, felt unaccountably distressed. It was not the confusion of maiden modesty—it was not the embarrassment of the bride—that

troubled the serenity of her heart. She knew not herself what it was; but it weighed upon her mind like the foreboding of a threatening misfortune. An image, moreover, arose to her thought which long had seemed to have vanished from her memory, even that of the unhappy Heinrich von Gertingen. She endeavoured to repress her anxiety, and succeeded so well that the happy bridegroom saw not the cloud of sorrow that shaded the fair brow of his bride. But when the priest had spoken the words of blessing, the last spark of gloomy foreboding was extinct, and with untroubled tenderness she returned her bridegroom's nuptial kiss, reproaching him smilingly, and yet seriously, for exclaiming, as he did, with solemn appeals, that all the joys of paradise and all the bliss of heaven were poor and insipid pleasures in comparison of the happiness which he enjoyed in calling her his own.

The nuptial banquet followed. It was served with profuse splendour; but when the joy was at its height, and the castle resounded with jubilant voices, and the dance was about to begin, a page announced a stranger knight, who wished to speak to the bridegroom; and forthwith a figure walked into the hall. The stranger's armour and mantle were black, and he wore his vizor down. He proceeded with stately advance to the place where the newly-wedded pair were seated at the table, made a low reverence, and spoke with a hollow and solemn tone:

"I come, honoured Count of Eberstein, on the part of my master, the powerful monarch of Rachenland,* to whose court the celebrity of this occasion and of your bride has come, to assure you of the interest which he takes in your person, and his gratification in the event of this day."

His speech was interrupted by a page, who, kneeling, presented him with a goblet of wine. But the stranger waved aside the honour, and requested, as the highest favour that could be shown him, that he might lead the first dance with the bride. None of the company had heard of Rachenland; but the knowledge of distant countries was not then extensive, and the representative of a mighty prince could not be refused the usual courtesy.

Rosowina, however, at the first appearance of the stranger knight, had experienced an unaccountable shuddering, which amounted almost to terror, as, leading her forth to the dance, he chilled her whole frame with the freezing touch which, even through his gauntlet, seemed to pierce her very heart. She was forced to summon all her strength to support herself during the dance, and was painfully impatient for its conclusion. At length the desired moment arrived, and her partner con-

* *Appliqué*, "The land of Vengeance."

ducted her back to her seat, bowing courteously, and thanking her. But at that instant she felt even more acutely the icy coldness of his hand, while his glowing, penetrating eye, through his visor, seemed to burn for a moment into her very soul. As he turned to leave, a convulsive pang rent her heart, and, with a shriek, she sank lifeless on the floor. Instant and universal was the alarm; all rushed to the scene of the calamity; and in the confusion of the moment the stranger knight vanished.

Inexpressible was the grief of all. In the bloom of beauty and rich fulness of youth lay the bride, cold and inanimate, a stark and senseless corse. Every conceivable appliance was tried to recal departed life; but departed it had for ever, and all attempts were vain; and when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that not the smallest hope remained, the guests in silence left the house of mourning, and the inhabitants of the castle were left alone with their sorrow.

Three days had now passed away. The corpse of Rosowina rested in the vault of the castle chapel, and the mourners, after paying the last honours to the dead, had again departed. Otto, left alone at Eberstein, refused all human consolation. The first stupefaction of sorrow had now given place to a clamorous and boundless despair. He cursed the day of his nativity, and in his wild desperation cried aloud that he would readily sacrifice the salvation of his soul, and renounce his claim on eternal happiness, were it only granted him to spend the rest of life at Rosowina's side.

Before the door of the vault in which the young Countess slept the wakeless sleep, Gisbrecht kept watch and ward. Gisbrecht was an old man-at-arms of the house of Eberstein, which he had served faithfully for more than forty years. He was a warrior from his youth, and had stood loyally at the side of his master, and of his master's father and grandfather, in many a bloody conflict; fear, except the fear of God, which he diligently cultivated, was a stranger to his soul. With slow and measured tread he paced up and down at his station, meditating the sudden death of the young and beautiful Countess, and thence passing in thought to the instability and nothingness of all human things. Often had his glance fallen on the entrance to the vault; but now—what was that? Scarcely did he trust his eyes; yet it was so. The gate opened, and a white-robed figure came forth from the depths of the sepulchre. For a while, Gisbrecht stood motionless, with bated breath, but fearless, while the apparition approached him. But when he gazed nearer on the pale, ashy countenance, and recognised beyond a doubt the features of

Rosowina, the horrors of the spirit-world came upon him; and, impelled by an unutterable terror, he rushed up the steps, and along the corridor which led to his lord's chamber, unheeding the call of the white figure, which followed close upon his track.

Count Otto, in his despair, was turning himself from side to side upon his bed, when he heard a heavy knock upon the door; and, as he rose and opened it, there stood old Gisbrecht, pale, trembling, with distorted features, and scarcely able to stammer out from his trembling lips:

"Oh, my Lord Count! the Lady of Waldenfels——"

"Art mad, Gisbrecht?" cried the Count, astonished at the manner and words of the old man.

"Pardon me, Lord Count," continued Gisbrecht, stammering; "I meant to say the young departed Countess——"

"O Rosowina!" exclaimed the Count, with an involuntary sigh.

"Here she is—thy Rosowina!" cried a pallid female form, which, with these words, precipitated herself into the Count's embrace.

The Count knew not what to think. He was overpowered with astonishment. Was it a dream? was it an apparition? or was it Rosowina indeed? Yes, it was indeed she. It was her silver voice. Her heart beat, her lips breathed, the mild and angelic features were there. It was Rosowina indeed, whom, wrapt in the ceremonies of the grave, he held in his embrace.

On the morrow, the wondrous tale was everywhere told in the castle and the neighbourhood. The Countess Rosowina had not died; she had only been in a trance. The sacristan, fortunately, had not fastened the door of the vault, and the Countess, on awakening, had been enabled by the light of the sepulchral lamp to extricate herself from the coffin, and to follow the affrighted sentinel to his master's chamber.

And now at Castle Eberstein once more all was liveliness and joy. But boundless as had been the despair of the Count at his loss, he did not feel happy in his new good fortune. It seemed as though a secret unknown something intervened between him and his youthful bride. He found no more in her eye that deep expression of soul that so oft had awakened his heart to transports of joy; the gaze was dead and cold. He seemed to hold a stark chill corse in his embrace. The warm kiss imprinted on her chilly lips met never a return. Even her character was opposite to all he had expected. As a bride, loving and gentle, trustful and devoted, open and sincere, now was she sullen, testy, and silent. Every

hour seemed these peculiarities to unfold themselves more; every day they became more unendurable. Often was his kiss rejected, sometimes with bitter mockery; if he left her awhile through annoyance, she reproached him, and filled the castle with complaints of his neglect and aversion; when business called him abroad, she tortured him with the most frightful jealousy. Even in her manners and inclinations the Countess of Eberstein was an actual contrast to the heiress of Waldenfels; all in her was low, ignoble, and mean; one habit was chiefly remarkable in her, always to cross her husband, to distress and annoy him, to embitter all his joys, to darken all his pleasures. And soon it became the common saying of the neighbourhood: "The Count of Eberstein thought he had been courting an angel, but he had brought home a dragon from an opposite world."

With inexhaustible patience, with imperturbable equanimity, Count Otto endured these annoyances. No complaint, no reproach, ever passed his lips. He had loved Rosowina too faithfully, too entirely, to let the conduct of her whom he now called his wife so soon extinguish the passion of his heart. But these disappointed hopes, this perpetual struggle between love and despised self-esteem, and this concealment of the sharpest pangs of his soul, gnawed at the very germ of life, and destroyed it at its core. A slow fever seized him, and he was now visibly decaying, and approaching the grave. One morning he was found unexpectedly in the death-struggle. He asked for the chaplain of the castle, in order to make his dying confession; but the holy man only arrived in time to witness his last most agonising groan. At the same moment a frightful crash shook the foundations of the castle, the doors of the burial vault sprang open, and some of the domestics saw the spectral form of Rosowina sweep into it, and vanish in the darkness.

The deserted castle of Neuberstein sank in ruins, uninhabited for many centuries; the popular belief being that Otto and Rosowina continued to appear in its haunted apartments, and to set forth thereby the solemn lesson, that *he makes the most foolish and wicked of bargains, who gains even the whole world, if he lose his own soul.*

HENRY THOMPSON.

TYNWALD DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR.—It was my fortune to be present at the last Tynwald Fair, held on the 5th of this month, and I may, perhaps, venture to add a few particulars to the interesting paper of 'W. D.' on this subject, in your number for June 8th, which may not be without interest to your readers.

The "four circular terraces" of which he describes the mound to be composed, are of comparatively recent origin. The original mound, made up of turf from all the parishes in the island, was merely a plain hillock.

The steps up to the tent on the summit, by which the Lieutenant-Governor, deemster, vicars, and House of Keys reach their places, are always on this day (July 5) strewn with a species of strong rough grass, cut from a neighbouring marsh, without which, it is the firm belief of the Manxmen, the laws (which are published both in English and Manx) would not be properly promulgated. But this ceremony is only used on this day, and at any extraordinary assembly is dispensed with.

The House of Keys have, up to this year, been always self-elected; the vacancy caused by the death or residence beyond seas of any member being filled up by some person chosen by the remaining ones. They were thus not the representatives of the people; and it was for this reason that no measure they had decided upon passed into law until it had been solemnly promulgated in the presence of the assembled islanders, and had obtained their consent. If opposed at Tynwald it never became law at all. They have now, however, for the first time, been elected in the ordinary way; and their decisions having thus become binding on the inhabitants of the Island, *per se*, this publication has become unnecessary; and it is the opinion of many of the Manxmen that the fair will not be held much longer, if, indeed, it be held again at all. The discontinuance of so ancient a custom will, doubtless, be a cause of regret to many; but, as I understand that numbers of the people who come there keep up the fair, not only for that day, but for the one or two succeeding ones, it may fairly be doubted whether the gain in good order and sobriety will not be greater than the loss of a now useless custom, long a mere matter of form, and only venerable from its antiquity.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CH. OUGHTON WRELY.

Manor House, Doveridge, Stoke-on-Trent,
July, 1867.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI.

Il più bello fiorellino
Se tra fiore, O! mammoletta, &c.

I.

Thou art, O tiny violet,
Of all the sweetest floweret;
For thou hast not the pride of those
Who lift their heads to match the rose.

II.

But thee with head to earth declined,
In modest solitude we find,
In glades where thickly stands the thorn
'Mid herbage fresher than the morn.

III.

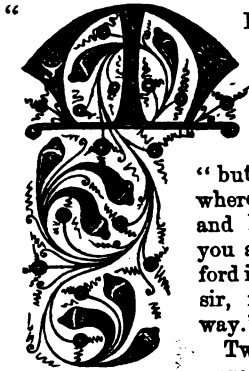
Now should it happen that at last
Her eye on thee proud Nice cast,
Should she transplant thee to her breast,
Then, tiny violet, I pray,
Soon as you touch her bosom, say,
'Be like me, and thou'rt loveliest.'

ARTHUR G. MEREDITH.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER IX. GREYCRAGS.



R. CRAWFORD has not at present left his chamber, being unwell," was the reply given by the servant to Mr. Carlyon;

"but Mr. Richard is somewhere about the grounds, and I will let him know you are here. Miss Crawford is in the drawing-room, sir, if you will step this way."

Twice or thrice, but not more, Carlyon had had an opportunity of observing Agnes with attention, but he thought that she had never looked half so lovely as when rising hastily, though with grace, from a table at which she was putting some finishing touches to a drawing, she came forward to meet him with heightened colour, and outstretched hand. On the day before, her beauty had struck him indeed as wonderful; but then it was something out of nature, if beyond it. The expectation of immediate death had glorified that charming face, and changed it to something celestial; it had presented the chastened and unearthly loveliness which the moonbeams cast upon some fair landscape. To-day, though radiant as a sunbeam, she looked

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

"Mr. Carlyon," said she, "I have to thank you for my life; what words shall I find in which to do so?"

"None, my dear madam," returned he. "Words are unnecessary: indeed they are. I read in your face that gratitude which a generous mind is so prompt to pay with unreserved interest."

She smiled and shook her head. "As you please," said she. "True courage, it is said, always makes light of its own acts; but when we left you yesterday at Mr. Carstairs' house, you were scarcely recovered. I trust you are now yourself again."

"Unhappily, madam, yes;" here he released her hand, and sighed. "They tell me I was under water a few seconds longer than yourself and your cousin: otherwise a great

hulking fellow like me ought to be ashamed of himself to have been the last to get his breath."

"And your horse, Mr. Carlyon,—I trust that noble horse has come safe to land?"

"He is standing in your stables at this moment. If I could but let him know that you had asked after him, I am sure that Red Berild would be better pleased than with a feed of corn. His nature is chivalric—except," added Carlyon, smiling, "that he never earns the spurs."

"I have had another visitor this morning, Mr. Carlyon, to whom, next to yourself, Richard and I are indebted for our preservation yesterday; and for fear I should forget it, I will tell you at once that I have a favour to ask you in connection with him. When one owes one's life to a fellow creature, it does not matter what one owes beside; the weight of obligation cannot be increased; so you see I am quite shameless."

"Whatever the favour may be, it is granted, my dear Miss Crawford. You speak of William Millet, I suppose, whom I have just met upon the road."

"Then he probably asked you himself?" said Agnes, eagerly.

"No; although, of course, I would have obliged him in any way. But he is very modest, is William."

"Very modest and very good," replied Miss Crawford, thoughtfully. "I don't know anyone so good in all Mellor."

"He does not seem a happy man, however; at least, he has always a melancholy go-to-meeting sort of air about him." There was the shadow of a sneer upon this last sentence, cast by the speaker's self-contempt, not contempt of his subject. Carlyon felt that he was in danger of playing a hypocritical part to please this beautiful girl, and he resented his own weakness.

"If William Millet has sorrows," replied Agnes, confidently, "they are not his own. His heart, like the pelican's breast, bleeds for others, not for himself."

"Yes; he has a worthless, drunken father, poor fellow," said Carlyon, abruptly; "that must be a bitter bane to any man."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Carlyon; you and I cannot know how bitter. I say *you* from hearsay only; but if what everybody agrees

in must needs be true, you were exceptionally blessed in your father."

"He was a man of the strictest religion and piety," returned Carlyon.

The extreme coldness of his tone could scarcely have escaped her,—and indeed it was intended to be observed,—but she went on as though she had not heard it.

"In that case, you ought to feel pity for those who are less fortunate in their parents."

"I do pity William Millet, Miss Crawford. If you ask me to pity Stephen, a man who for a glass of gin has put a life like yours, to say nothing of your cousin's and mine, in deadliest peril, I cannot do it."

"I ask you to forgive him," said Agnes, pleadingly.

"William has asked me to do that already, and I have done it. I have promised also to try my best to get the old man forgiven, although that will be no easy task in Mellor, where, if you had perished, they tell me every household would have lost its truest friend."

"No, sir, no," said Agnes, hastily; "poor folks are thankful for small kindnesses, and magnify them in their talk. But to *this* household—that is, to my poor father—my loss would have been doubtless great. The very nearness of such a calamity (for such it would have doubtless been to him) affected him very deeply; he showed himself far from well at Woodlees yesterday, Richard tells me."

"Yes, he was twice overcome, although I did not understand the cause; but at your father's age there is nothing surprising in such seizures, particularly since he has been such an invalid so long."

"Just so," said Agnes, in low earnest tones; "there is nothing surprising. You will not be disturbed therefore, if, when you come to see us, as he hopes you often will, he should occasionally give way in a similar manner. I am afraid he is scarcely well enough to see you to-day, although I know he counts upon the pleasure of your dining here on Thursday—indeed, I had, at his request, written you this formal invitation—which, as you see, only awaits the postman."

"I accept it very gladly," said Carlyon; "notwithstanding which, oblige me by not tearing up the note. It will remind me—although, indeed, I am not likely to forget it—of the engagement. Do you always act as your father's amanuensis thus, Miss Crawford?"

"Always: I have done so for some years. Even his business matters—except just where his signature is necessary—are entirely transacted by me. You smile, as though you doubted my fitness for such a post; but I assure you, I am very exact and methodical."

"Nay, I was only envying the attorney whom Mr. Crawford employs," said Carlyon, simply. Tone and gesture were both wanting, which should have accompanied a compliment so highflown. The young girl blushed deeply, and there ensued an embarrassing pause.

"That drawing of yours reminds me," resumed Carlyon, pointing to the table, "of the pretext on which I have ventured to intrude upon you. This sketch-book was found upon the sands this morning, as well as a camp-stool, which the finder will bring with him before night; it is yours, I conclude, although I am afraid it can be of no further use."

Miss Crawford looked very grave at the sight of this memento of her late peril. "I thank you much, Mr. Carlyon. It is useless, as you say, for its original purpose; but I am very glad to have it. It will serve to remind me of the Providence which mercifully preserved me in so terrible a strait; as well," added she, with frankness, "of the brave gentleman who risked his life—nay, almost lost it—to save that of mere strangers. My unfinished sketch, I perceive—" here her voice faltered in spite of her utmost efforts at self-command—"has vanished from the block. Surely the sea could not have taken all the colour out."

"I assure you, dear Miss Crawford, on my honour," exclaimed Carlyon, earnestly, "that I have ventured to take no such liberty. The book is just as it came into my hands."

"Nay, there would have been no great harm," returned she, smiling, "even had you committed such a theft. The wrecker, I am afraid, whoever he is, will have gained but a worthless prize."

"There I differ from you," said Carlyon. "I never before properly appreciated my manorial rights to Flottsam and Jettsam: I will punish the rascal who has thus deprived me of them with all the rigour of the law—that is, I would if I could. From whence is the sketch taken which you have just finished so charmingly? I should know those hills well enough: that is Wyntthrop Pike, is it not? and that Cold Harbour Dod?"

"No, the Dod is here, in the middle distance; although I daresay it is my fault that it is not recognisable. It is taken half way up the crags; a most glorious place for a view. Come, I will show you the very spot."

"I should like that of all things," answered Carlyon, eagerly. "Grey crags has been so well preserved a sanctuary since your father's time, that I have quite forgotten the view from your hill."

She took up the summer hat that lay on the chair beside her, and, with the drawing in her hand, stepped out through the open window on the lawn, which sloped up to the

wood-crowned height to southward. Two winding walks, to left and right, led to the top of this hill; and both of them had several little level resting-places, or plateaus, provided with seats either for rest or enjoyment of the extensive prospect afforded from them. On one of these, which commanded the windows of the drawing-room they had just left, Richard Crawford was seated reading, or, at least, with a book in his hand. He did not seem to observe Carlyon and his cousin. He had taken up his position on the left-hand walk; and when the point was reached where the two diverged, Agnes, after a moment's hesitation, took the other.

That, certainly, was a fair spot from which the good folks of Mellor had been shut out by Mr. Crawford's veto years ago. Art and nature seemed to have vied with one another in adorning the scene. The luxuriance of the wilderness predominated; for Mr. Crawford's out-door establishment was scarcely sufficient to keep in order such extensive grounds; but still the lawn on which you looked down at every turn of the shady zigzag, was kept smooth and shaven, and the flower-beds in their emerald setting glowed with harmonious hues. A terrace-walk—now diminished to a strip of gravel—ran round the house, and this was set with urns full of scarlet blossom. As they moved higher, above the level of the house-roof, the prospect to the northwest, to which we have alluded, began to expand itself, and for the spectators an alcove had been erected at the most eligible point of view.

"This is the place from which I took this drawing, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes; "and I think you owe me an apology for mistaking Windy Scar, yonder, for Cold Harbour Dod, whose hump, I flatter myself, I have represented with great fidelity. I have always been taught to prefer truth to beauty, independently of the fact that the former is always attainable, and the latter not."

"The poet tells us they are the same," answered Carlyon, "Beauty is truth—truth beauty;" and when I look at *your* face, Miss Crawford, I do believe him."

"Mr. Carlyon, I am not used to listen to compliments," said Agnes, rising from the bench with quiet dignity; "and, to tell you the truth—or the beauty, since you say the terms are synonymous—it is a taste which I do not wish to acquire."

"You altogether misconceive my unfortunate observation, dear Miss Crawford," replied Carlyon, humbly; "but pray sit down. I will take care not to offend again, even in appearance. You make light of my poet's dogma, it appears; I hope you do not flout at *all* bards, as Meg—that is, Mrs. Newman—

does. A painter like yourself should surely be on friendly terms with the sister-art."

"I like poetry very much, Mr. Carlyon; but I must confess—making all allowance for my own lack of intelligence—that the claims which its admirers often put forth are somewhat extravagant. Poets seem to me to be the most thoughtful and suggestive of writers, touching with marvellous skill the innermost chords of our being; but as high-priests of our spiritual life I do not recognise their authority."

"You do not believe in the inspiration of the muse, then?"

"Yes, I do; but not in the same sense in which I believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures."

"Plenary?" asked Mr. Carlyon, smiling. "You surely don't believe, with Mr. Job Salver, that the Bible was dropped from Heaven in a lump, and in the vulgar tongue?"

"Oh, sir, I am an ignorant girl, and know nothing of what you hint at. But this I know, that when folks want comfort on their sick-beds, they only get it from one book."

"You are speaking of uneducated, simple people, such as you find about here."

"Yes; or in other words, of about nineteen-twentieths of our fellow creatures. Of the other twentieth—the educated classes—about one twentieth again, perhaps, have really any genuine poetic feeling. Thus the influence of the poets, however powerful, is restricted within very narrow limits. It is idle to speak of them as supplying the spiritual place of those inspired writers who address themselves to every degree of mankind."

"My dear Miss Crawford," returned Carlyon, laughing, "if it be possible that Doctor Samuel Johnson has been permitted to reappear upon the earth's surface in the form of a fair lady, she is certainly before me now. You make me believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis."

"I wish I could make you believe in something better and truer," returned the young girl, gravely.

"Well, try. I should like you to have as good an opinion of me as you have of William Millet."

"Nay, sir, but that is impossible."

"Dear me," quoth Carlyon; "why this is worse measure than I should get from Mr. Puce himself. Surely he would estimate the Squire of Mellor above a cockler's son."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Carlyon, that God Almighty, who made the whole world, and ten thousand other worlds for all we know, cares whether a man is a king or a cockler?"

"No, Miss Crawford; nor, indeed, do I care, either. You are wasting your energies

in preaching equality to one of 'the Mount-tain' like me."

"And yet I see a pride in this very humility of yours, Mr. Carlyon. Every man is equal, you say. You bend to no one, and you wish the humblest to treat you as man with man. And yet you are aware of your own superiority to the rest. When you rode down yesterday into the jaws of death——"

"Into the mouth of hell," interrupted Carlyon, finishing the quotation.

"Nay, I do not say that; God in his mercy forbid!" continued Agnes, fervently; "but when you saw yourself to be the only man of all that concourse upon the shore who would peril his life to save that of others, you must have known that you were braver, nobler, more generous than other men. Oh, sir, it is not well, I know, to say such things to your face; I see it embarrasses your nature to hear them; yet it is my duty to speak. Courage is good; but that is not courage which in the favoured servant leads him to defy his master to whose forbearance he is indebted; that is not courage, but an ungrateful audacity, which moves a man to defy his God."

"Miss Crawford," returned Carlyon, slowly, "I thank you. I am not so wilfully blind but that I can perceive you mean to do me a good service. We will talk of these things some other time together, as procrastinating Festus said to Paul. My visit to Greycrags has already been unconscionably long; in remembrance of it, however,—especially of this interview,—may I beg for that chalk drawing, that admirable half-length of my old friend, Cold Harbour Dod. Come, or else I shall think you vexed because your eloquence has not converted me upon the instant. You know it is quite the custom for those who would gain spiritual proselytes to bestow material advantages. 'Come to church, and you will get coals and blankets at Christmas,' says Mr. Puce to the disciples of Job Salver."

"As you will," said Agnes, sighing; "you are very welcome to my poor drawing, sir."

Her cheeks were pale, the light which had glowed in her earnest eyes awhile ago had quite gone out. Carlyon, on the other hand, looked flushed and pleased. He rolled up the little sketch with tenderest care, and placed it in his breast pocket.

"I will make a frame for it with my own hands," cried he, joyfully; "no carver and gilder shall touch it. Like the good old emperor of old, you may say to yourself, Miss Crawford, that you have not mispent this day, since you have made a fellow creature happy."

Agnes did not reply. Slowly, and in a silence broken only by one or two conventional phrases, the two descended the hill. Richard

had deserted his bench, and was nowhere to be seen. When they reached the drawing-room, and the horse had been ordered to be brought round,—

"I must go out and see Red Berild!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Ah, do so," said Carlyon; "although he never looks so well, so powerful, and yet so gentle, as when he is carrying a lady."

So she went out to where the noble creature stood, pawing the gravel, and patted his arching neck approvingly, and whispered in his pricking ears how grateful she felt to him.

"On Thursday we shall see you at dinner, Mr. Carlyon," were her last words.

"Without fail," answered he, with a warmth that contrasted with her quiet tones; and so they shook hands and parted.

Rapt in happy thought, and ever and anon touching his breast pocket as though to assure himself that his treasure was safe, Carlyon rode slowly away; and when he and his steed had come to a retired part of the road, and out of eyeshot of the house, he leaned forward and kissed that neck upon which Agnes Crawford's hand had lingered so lovingly.

CHAPTER X. CUBRA'S TEACHING.

WHEN Agnes returned to the drawing-room, having bid adieu to her guest, she did what was with her a very unusual thing indeed,—that is, nothing. Instead of working, or reading, or drawing, or attending to matters of the house, she sat in her old seat, with her hands on her lap, looking thoughtfully out upon the flower-bordered lawn, but only seeing the pictures in her brain. How long she might have thus remained in dreamland it is impossible to say, for that locality, seductive to all, is particularly so to those who, like her, are comparatively strangers to it, and find themselves there only occasionally; she was soon startled into consciousness, however, by some one moving in another part of the room which lay in shadow.

"Richard!" cried she, in astonishment. "What, are you here?"

"Yes, Agnes. I would not have disturbed you if I could have helped it; but I got the cramp and was obliged to move a limb."

"You frightened me very much, Richard," replied she, with a touch of annoyance in her tone. "Why did you not speak?"

"Because I had nothing to say which would be pleasant to you, or at least one-half as pleasant as the thoughts which were occupying your mind."

"You cannot have *used* them, Richard, very correctly, if that *is* the conclusion you have arrived at."

"Yes I have, Agnes."

Can tell you what

you have been dreaming of, for it is a dream which can never have any reality, thank God! You have been dreaming of converting John Carlyon—into a husband."

"Richard!" She had risen to her full height, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "How dare you insult me thus—you that are my own kith and kin! I blush for you."

"No, you are blushing for yourself, Agnes. You have seen this man but an hour or so, and yet the mention of his name turns you scarlet. I saw you when you stepped out with him yonder on the lawn together. You both looked up to where I sat, and then he asked you a question. An inner sense told me what it was as surely as though it had been whispered in my ears. You said that though my manner might have struck him as strange, that I meant no harm. That you really had a great regard for me, being your cousin, and lest he, Mr. Carlyon, should misjudge me, you would confide to him at once that I had had a sunstroke in Barbados."

"Heaven is my witness, Richard," interrupted Agnes, earnestly, "that I never uttered one syllable of all this; that even the idea of uttering it never entered into my mind. You will believe my word, Richard, I suppose, in opposition to this inner sense you speak of. Oh! cousin, cousin, for shame."

"How gentle and kind you are with me in consideration of my infirmity!" observed the young man, bitterly. "I dare say you have made up your mind that there shall always be an asylum for me in your own home—that is, if he has no objection—when you are married and settled."

He thought she would have flamed up again at this, but her face was now still and pale. Her large eyes gazed upon him in wonder and in sorrow. His fiery dart was turned aside by the shield of pity.

"Yes, you can afford to be patient and forbearing," he went on; "or at least you think you can; though do not be too sure."

A speck of colour came into each fair cheek, then vanished instantly as a spark; but her eyes, suddenly stern, retained their firmness.

"I do not wish to threaten you, Agnes."

"Threaten me!" Unutterable scorn never took a more graceful shape than in that face and form. "You are mad, Richard."

"No—not mad, but wounded, vexed; that I allow, Agnes. Forgive me. I will school myself to better manners. Why did this man come hither? Why did he ask for you, not for your father? Why, as though this room was not sufficiently private for him, did he lead you to yonder arbour?"

"I deny your right, Richard, to ask any such questions; but they are easily answered,

thus: Mr. Carlyon came to return me this sketch-book left on the sands on the day when he saved your life and mine. My father has not quitted his room, and therefore could not see him. It was I myself who proposed to take Mr. Carlyon up the hill."

"Good. The rest I know. He asked you for your drawing, and you gave it to him, and he said you had made him happy. I was behind the alcove and heard it all."

"What! you played the eavesdropper!"

He had approached her, but she waved him off with a gesture of supreme contempt.

"If you were a poor man, sir, I tell you what you would have been—you would have been a thief!"

"We do not despise the man—the Bible says it—who steals for bread," replied the young man, passionately. "I starve, and therefore steal. You, Agnes, are to me the bread for which I hunger; the fire for lack of which my blood runs cold; the drink I thirst for; the atmosphere in which alone I breathe. Oh, listen to me—listen to me, if you have a heart not stone."

He cast himself before her on his knees, and clasped her dress, for she was about to leave the room in terror at his words.

"You are all I have to live for—all. I love you as no woman ever yet was loved. Look you, you have given that man a drawing, and he says that he will prize it; but not as I prize this, although it was no gift at all. I tore it from your sketch-book yesterday, when I thought we had but a few minutes to live. So dear even then was everything belonging to you. I wish we had both died together. Not I alone, for then you would have married this man—which you never shall—no, never. Yes, I had rather see you angered thus than pitiful. You never shall."

"Richard!"

"Nay, Agnes, do not look like that—I then feel without heart or hope. Oh! pity me."

From menace to appeal, from love to hate, his mood thus shifted; yet all his face was bright with changeable beauty, like some Eolian harp whose strings obey the tempest or the whispering summer wind as happens, but harmonious to each. Now he lay prostrate on the floor with his face hidden in his hands, and to judge by the movement of his shoulders, sobbing with hysterical violence.

"For shame, Richard! That is not the behaviour of a man, but of a spoiled child denied some plaything of which, if it were given him, he would tire in a little time and fret for something else. I cannot stay, and will not, to see you thus conduct yourself. I will send Cuba to you, for I am sure you must need a nurse."

Thoroughly roused to wrath, Agnes disengaged her dress from his now yielding fingers, and left the room. The young man, moaning in a restless manner, like some wild beast in pain, lay where he was.

"What, Master Richard ill again! What have they been doing to my darling?" cried a female voice, speaking with great rapidity, and in broken English. Then followed a torrent of Hindostanee; "Get up, my own, lest the sahib come in and find you thus."

He looked up with an angry scowl. "Let him come, Cubra; I know now how to deal with him. Let him take care."

"Hush, hush! The wise snake gives no rattle. Has Miss Agnes made you angry? She is always doing that."

"No, Cubra, no," replied the young man, rising to his feet, and giving the old black woman his hand, which she covered with kisses; "it is I who was in fault. You must not be vexed with Agnes."

"What! when she does not love my Richard?" She shook her head, its hair more intensely black even than that of her young master, though by a score of years his elder, and her eyes gleamed white with wrath. "No, no. Why not she love you, my beautiful? It is she who should lie there and say, 'Kiss me, Richard, be my husband, be my master.' Tell me how she help it."

"She cares nothing for me; nobody cares for me except you, Cubra. And what is worse, she loves another man."

"She—love—another—man!" echoed the ayah; first in profound wonder, and then with malignant ferocity. "She love another man. Take Cubra's knife—this one she killed the dog with, years ago, that kept my pet awake o'nights with its yelping. Take it and kill him. If Massa Richard is afraid, shall Cubra do it?"

"Certainly not. Never hint at such a thing again, I beg. Throw that knife away. It would be very wrong, very wicked, and would displease me very much indeed, Cubra."

"I always please Master Richard, not make him sorry," returned the black woman, quietly. "What shall we do then? kill her?"

"Murderess!" cried the young man, with fury, seizing the ayah by the throat. "Give utterance to that devilish thought again, and I will choke you. Touch my Agnes, injure one shining hair of her bright head, and I would—ugh! you black savage!"

Richard let go his hold and shuddered. The application of the homoeopathic principle of like to like, passion to passion, for the time at least, had cured him. The exhibition of such instincts in another had made him sensible of his own unreasonable conduct.

He passed out on the lawn, and up to the alcove which Carlyon and Agnes had lately occupied. There he sat alone, watched by the eyes of Cubra from below, exactly as a man in some trouble, beyond canine sagacity to comprehend, is watched by his faithful dog.

The ayah had been Richard's foster-mother, although not in India. For some reason, best known to Mr. Crawford, the place of the black nurse in whose care he had been brought home had been supplied by Cubra directly the vessel arrived in England; but she loved him as though he had been her charge and comfort from the first. Great and wondrous is the affection which women often evince for the little ones who are indebted to them not for the gift of life, but only for the prolongation of it; but in Cubra's case, this feeling was devotion; nay, idolatry. Without friends, without relatives, without country, without a God, this poor, ignorant creature had found a substitute for them all in Richard Crawford. She was ready to shed her heart's blood for him, and she had given him all that she had to give him short of that. Some of her gifts had better never have been bestowed. He had inherited from her the vehement passions of her Eastern race, not mitigated, and scarcely skinned over by her long contact with the civilised world. His education, such as it was, had done him but little service. His uncle, moody, and at times morose, had never taken kindly to the boy, although he had always done his duty by him in what is falsely termed "essentials," that is, in material requirements. He had not spared money (the child had inherited but very little from his own parents) and had sent him to a respectable school. He had then offered to give him a fair start in any profession, save one, to which he might take a fancy. And here occurred the first considerable breach between the boy and his guardian. Richard had that vehement longing to enter the navy which sometimes seizes upon our insular youth with an intensity not to be explained, and upon which as a nation we may well congratulate ourselves as a nation, but not always as parents and guardians. Mr. Crawford entertained a repugnance for the sea quite as great and as unaccountable as was his nephew's predilection for it. The contest was very violent, and bore bitter fruit. So far as the subject of dispute was concerned, Richard gained his point, inasmuch as he was sent afloat, but instead of being admitted into the Royal Navy, he entered the Merchant Service. His uncle never forgave him his obstinacy, and his own proud spirit deeply resented the being placed in what he considered an inferior branch of his beloved calling.

At the time of his departure on his first voyage—which proved a long one—and just before Mr. Crawford's removal to Mellor, a second ground of offence had arisen. The boy had fallen in love with his cousin—if one of his rash and impetuous nature could be said to fall, and not rather to have leapt headlong over the icy barrier of kinship into the fiery gulf of love. The passion of a youth of sixteen for a girl one year his junior is not generally a very dangerous matter, and especially when there is no sign of its being returned; but it naturally intensified his uncle's prejudice against him, at the same time as it probably forwarded his own views in the matter of his being sent to sea. After an absence of a year or two on the salt water, it was reasonably to be expected that such a cobweb would be blown away from his young brain; and no serious talk had ever been held with him upon the point. Yet now, after being away from the beloved object for no less than five years, the young man had returned home more enamoured of her than ever. He had only been at Greycrags for a few weeks, and, as we have seen, he had already addressed his cousin in the terms of a passionate lover; and yet the duration of his stay at home was indefinite. This was a state of things the suspicion of which might have aroused the anxiety of any father. Mr. Crawford, however, was not ignorant of the relative position which the two cousins occupied. Not only was he confident of the dutifulness of his daughter, but the sisterly affection which she had at all times manifested towards Richard was evidence to the shrewd old man of her not reciprocating any warmer feeling. She had interceded for him with her father, a hundred times, but never when the favour sought would have been to the lad's hurt, albeit to his gratification. She had shown none of the blind fondness of one who loves, and none of the reticence. Mr. Crawford knew from her own lips that his nephew had offered her his hand, and been refused. She had confided it to him upon the understanding that poor Richard was to be treated none the worse for all that had come and gone. It was, doubtless, owing to this proviso that the young sailor owed the toleration which he enjoyed at Greycrags from his host and kinsman, notwithstanding his audacious aspirations.

Although accepting his position, Richard was by no means grateful for the sufferance. He knew, or thought he knew, that he possessed a claim upon the hospitality of Greycrags, nay, upon the possession of Agnes Crawford for his wife, that only required to be put forward to be allowed; a claim

basely acquired, indeed, and base for a man to use,—but still a valid one. Of the game he felt himself certain; whether it was to be obtained by honest play, or by the card which he kept in his sleeve, was the question that now agitated him as he sat in the alcove, endeavouring to nerve himself for the cheat's device by thinking how willingly she had lately sat there by another's side. It was not an easy task; for the young man, although unprincipled and reckless, was not a coward, as we have already seen. He had stooped to at least one meanness, besides that with which we are acquainted: but it was not his nature to be mean. The strength of his master-passion had overthrown all barriers of honour and good faith that interposed themselves to its current, and was now threatening to overwhelm his whole moral being. Out of the course of this stream there was much good ground and fertile; but, curiously enough, in pursuit of one of the purest objects human heart could desire, his own was indurating and being debased, just as the diamond-seeker burrows in the depths of the mine, or the modern Prometheus seeks the photographic fire with covered face.

"It is only a little less base than Cubra's knife," muttered Richard to himself, after much reflection. "She might hate me for using such a weapon, even though she became my wife. No, no! it cannot be that she will always reject such love as mine. I was wrong to show myself so jealous of the visit of this stranger, although I can see how the old man favours him. Oh, Agnes, Agnes!" exclaimed he, passionately, as with a fervent and almost frenzied gaze, like some fire-worshipper in presence of his divinity, he gazed upon the western hills, now smitten with flame, "if I could only win you fairly, my beloved one!" Then, as he turned to descend, and his eye fell upon Cubra, still keeping her patient watch below, he added, "but fairly or not, Agnes Crawford,"—and there was a bitter sneer in the tone in which he pronounced her name,—"*you shall be won, and that soon.*"

(To be continued.)

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XI. SHUFFLING THE CARDS.

I SUPPOSE, Mr. Nomad, you have read "Nicholas Nickleby?" If you have read it, and have ever thought about what you read—not at all the same thing, I can tell you—you have perhaps wondered why Mr. Squeers, who never taught anything at Dotheboys' Hall, and never meant to teach anything, should have ever thought of engaging an

usher at all. When I first read the book, and was young and ignorant, if not innocent, I thought Squeers only took an usher in order to serve the purposes of the story-teller; but as I have got to know more of the world, I have learnt to see that the engagement of an usher at a school, which was a school only in name, was a real touch of nature. Squeers was a humbug, and knew that he was a humbug; he was sharp enough to see that it was much better for him not to introduce any strangers into the secret of what went on at his academy. But exactly because he was a humbug he could not deny himself the pleasure of deceiving himself by keeping up a sort of fiction of his really being a genuine school-master. This reflection explained to me what had puzzled me, when I first got installed in Philomela Villa, as waiter for the night, why Mrs. Ada Fitz-Maurice should have a man in the house at all. If, as I felt convinced, something queer was to be done at the "quiet game," it would have been more prudent, you would say, not to have any stranger on the premises. My predecessor was certainly not intended to play any part in the performance, whatever it might be. But still I could account for his presence. Mrs. Fitz-Maurice, you see, was quite the lady—a very different thing from being quite a lady; and being such, she could not, for her life, help doing what she thought befitted her ladyhood. It is common to have a waiter at an evening party; and, therefore, though the owner of Philomela Villa was as sharp and clever a woman as you could wish to find, she could not resist the temptation of playing at what children call "make-believe." I don't doubt that the old major had told her she was a fool to have anybody in the house whom she could help having; but no power on earth could have persuaded Mrs. Fitz-Maurice to give an evening party without a man in white neck-tie and Berlin gloves, to take the hats and hand round the wine.

Well, to make a long story short, I found the party was to be small and early. Mrs. Fitz-Maurice came first, and after being closeted with the major for a time, during which I could hear angry words passing between them, went up into her room, and came down again, looking so bright, and young, and smiling, you would have thought butter could hardly melt in her mouth. Then a brougham drove up; and the pale, silly-looking lad I had seen in the carriage with her at Epsom, sauntered listlessly into the door, with his shirt-front rumped and his tie a little on one side, and his dull blue eyes sparkling with a lustre which I felt sure was not altogether natural. He seemed nervous

and excited; and I had not left the room after showing him in before he said something to the major about having his revenge to-night. But Mrs. Fitz-Maurice pretended to be angry at cards being mentioned, and said she would not let a pack be opened till they had had a bit of supper; and the major followed her cue, and declared he was so tired he could not tell one card from another till he had had a little music to drive the day's work out of his head. So the lady sat down to the piano, and began to sing sharp, sparkling French songs, full of love, and wine, and women, and pleasure, with a sort of sob sounding ever and anon between the jingle of the rhymes, so as to heighten by contrast the devil-may-care merriment of the ditty. Listening to her rich voice, still hardly touched by years, still joyous, fresh, and reckless, with here and there a note of passionate desire, I could understand how men might have sacrificed fortune, and life, and honour for her, and yet not thought altogether unkindly of the woman who had led them to their ruin.

In the midst of the music a Hansom cab came galloping up to the door. I could tell by the tone of the driver's voice, as he said "Thank you" to his fare, that he had been paid more than he expected; then there was a sharpening at the bell, and a gentleman, whom I guessed at once to be the Charlie Vivian I had heard of, came springing up the steps. I am not a good hand at describing faces. I can't say I ever knew anyone who was; all descriptions I have read give me no distinct idea of the personages portrayed. But I can tell you this much, that this Mr. Vivian was one of the few men I have ever seen whom, if I had been a woman, I fancy I could have loved. As a matter of fact, I know that if I had been a woman I should have fallen in love with the first man who whispered soft words into my ear, and was not absolutely repulsive to look at. It is the way of the sex; and if it were not so, the world would soon come to an end. But, to any man who knows men, it must seem odd that ninety-nine of his fellow-beings out of a hundred ever find women to love them. I don't much believe, as a rule, in broken hearts, but I think many a woman might well break her heart for love of Charlie Vivian. He was so handsome, without seeming to know it; he looked so clever, and yet so careless of his cleverness; so strong, and yet so indifferent to his strength. Besides, there was about him an indescribable *something*, a man not only going to the dogs, but *going* to the dogs, an air which *always* wins its way to the hearts of both *saints* and *sinners*.

sinner. I should fancy he was a man who had few friends, but many who loved him. Do you recollect an old song, of which I never heard but two lines?—

Soft by the side of his love he lay,
Slumbering a six months all away.

Well, Vivian, as he struck me, was just the man who might forget friends and fortune and duty by the side of a woman that he loved, and would enjoy so slumbering all the more because he never forgot what it was that he was sacrificing wilfully. Women, I read once in a French book, know by an instinct, like that of dogs, the man who loves them; and women, old or young, handsome or ugly, would, I think, turn by instinct, if they wanted anything, to this Charlie Vivian, knowing that they would find him tender and kind. Whether they would also find him faithful and true, is quite another question.

But perhaps, after all, I am only doing what I often do, dressing up this new acquaintance of mine with the qualities and features of others I knew long ago, and of whom some trick of accent or manner brings back the memory. It is very little I learnt of him after all: what it is I will tell you. After the last comer had arrived, supper was brought up. There were *patés de foie gras*, and quails, and anchovy toasts, and grilled bones, and all the sort of dishes, I noticed, which make men thirsty and feverish. I don't say they were not good, though I got but little of them. I still got enough to call back a host of pleasant memories of suppers I have eaten in bygone days. Still the dainties did not seem to me quite the same. Possibly, as the old judge said to his colleague, who remarked that women now-a-days were not so pretty as they used to be, "Ah, brother! the nuts are as sweet, but our teeth are not so sharp to crack them." Besides, I always did think, when I was more in the way of judging about such matters than I am now, that you never really got good suppers in a house where the host wore petticoats. Did it never strike you why it is, that though women have a natural genius for trade, yet they never make fortunes? The reason is, that though they can make up their minds to spend pounds, they can never summon up the courage to give the extra shilling which converts an ignoble sovereign into a noble guinea. The temptation of making a petty saving is one the female heart cannot resist; and I have no doubt that though the expense of the supper was nothing compared with what Mrs. Fitz-Maurice hoped to make by the quiet game which was to come after supper, yet she had committed the blunder of thinking potted caviare was as good as fresh, and that

Chateau Lafitte at nine shillings a bottle would serve as well as Chateau Margaux at twelve.

The supper went on as such suppers do. As the wine went round, the major got redder and redder in the face, and less particular in the doubtful mess-room anecdotes with which his talk was always interlarded. But I noticed two things, which surprised me. The fair, weak-looking lad, whose name I heard was Atkins, and whom I found out from a remark made at the table to be the son and heir of the head of the great Manchester firm of Atkins Brothers, the victim, as I thought, whom it was intended to bleed, hardly drank at all, and seemed to be recovering from the effects of the wine he had obviously taken at dinner; while Vivian, in spite of his hostess's remonstrances, was drinking heavily in that dull, sullen way in which men drink when wine produces no effect upon them, owing to the presence of some painful thought which they would fain shake off and cannot.

While the supper was clearing away, young Atkins, who appeared to be more eager about playing than either of his companions, began to arrange the card-table; and as I loitered on one pretext or another about the room, the major told me, with a half-muttered oath, to leave off jingling the glass, and to go down stairs and not show my ugly face again till I was rung for. I saw that the real business of the night had commenced, and then set about the plan I had concocted for myself. I had learnt from my predecessor, as one of his grievances in connection with the night's job, that Mrs. Fitz-Maurice would not allow a pipe to be smoked down-stairs; and that he had been forced to smoke out-of-doors last time he was there, though the night was wet and chilly. So, as soon as I was ordered down-stairs and seated in the kitchen, I pulled out my short black pipe, stuffed it with Bristol bird's-eye, and began to smoke. As I expected, almost before the first whiffs had had time to mount up from the basement to the hall, Mrs. Fitz-Maurice's maid came down in a tantrum to say, that if I wanted to smoke I must go out of doors at once; and indeed, if I had not beat double-quick time, I think the old catamaran would have pulled my *brûle-gueule*, as the French call it, from my mouth, and trodden it, the most cherished of my few belongings, under foot. Hurrying off into the garden, I loitered about, smoking by the back door long enough to remove her suspicions, if she had had any; and then, when I heard her step going up-stairs to the bedrooms, I set about my plan. Attached to the drawing-room window-sill was one of those Dutch arrangements of reflecting-glasses, by

which a person sitting within, out of sight of the street, can yet see the face of anybody who comes to the street-door. The night was so hot that the windows were all thrown open. Creeping silently beneath the window, I first altered the angle of the mirrors by a touch of my hand, so that I, sitting quietly out of sight under the creepers, could see all that was going on inside, and could hear what was said.

Seated there I soon began to perceive how the game was going. The major, Atkins, and Vivian, were playing three-card loo; while the lady of the House sat by Atkins' side, and advised him as to his game. I have lost enough money at unlimited loo, as at most games, where money *can* be lost, to catch easily the run of the game. Vivian, I now saw, was winning everything, while his two adversaries kept losing steadily. It's not a very hard game, or one requiring much brains to play; and all the players seemed pretty equally matched. Atkins, contrary to my expectations, played a sure cautious game; but the luck was dead against him. He always held cards just good enough to compel him to play by all the rules; and yet Vivian, at the critical moment, always held better. What stakes they were playing for, I could not exactly make out; but I noticed they kept dotting down figures in pocket-books, after each game; and I also guessed from his talk that the major was playing for much smaller amounts than either of his companions. Then too, after a time, I noticed the following curious fact. The players sat thus:—Atkins between the major on his right, and Vivian on his left. Now, whenever Vivian dealt for himself, his hands were neither better nor worse than the average; but when the major dealt or Atkins dealt the cards that the major had cut to him, Vivian held cards with which it was impossible to lose. The major, to judge from his language, was dreadfully out of temper; he swore at the cards, cursed his luck time after time, kept repeating that the luck must change each deal, and was absolutely rude to Mrs. Fitz-Maurice, whenever she begged the players, as she often did, to stop the game. More than once too, Vivian made excuses, genuine as they struck me by the tone of his voice, for breaking up the party. But whenever he did so, the old major declared, that in his days no gentleman would have thought of leaving the table a winner of his adversaries; and the game went on.

I knew the major was too old a player to keep on playing against such a run of luck; and I could tell by his oaths somehow that he was not really savage. When his rough temper was up in truth, the presence of all

the peereesses in England would not have hindered him from blaspheming in a manner to which his present talk was child's play. I felt sure that he had some reason for being willing to lose; and so I watched his hands closely. My eyes, Mr. Nomad, are not what they were, and even at my best, I was not quick at sight. But still from my position, I could see clearly enough a nervous twitch in the major's chalkstoned old fingers, as he touched the cards. Looking once more intently than usual, I perceived that Vivian cut him a red card, and when trumps were turned, the trump card was a knave of clubs. It was a case of "must,"—you know the noble game of loo; and Atkins and the major, though they had wretched hands, were obliged to play; and were both loo-ed—the latter to the amount of thirty shillings, the former to the extent of thirty pounds. In fact, the swindle was clear. The major was passing high cards by the commonest of sharpers' tricks into the hands of Vivian, and allowing himself to lose shillings in order that Vivian might win pounds. Was Vivian accomplice or dupe? This was the question, which, looking at his pale handsome face, I asked myself in vain.

TO PARIS BY BRITTANY.

WHY is it that tourists so rarely visit Brittany? A few years ago it might have been replied, that the country was insufficiently supplied with means of moving about; but now that lines of railway run along the north and south coasts, and, with branch lines, form a sort of reunion at Rennes, whence there is direct communication with the centre of life, Paris, no better answer can be given than that it is not the fashion.

It must be candidly acknowledged that here, as in so many things, the chief difficulty lies at the beginning. The sea passage is of uncertain length, especially if you take the direct route from Southampton to St. Malo, and it may be a rough one. I left Southampton, one night in July, by the "Griffin," a stout little steamer which runs direct from that port to St. Malo, carrying goods and passengers. Usually, I believe, it may be more correctly termed, importing goods and exporting what passengers she can get. The former on this occasion consisted of butter, which was pitched from hand to hand out of the hold, keg after keg, and box after box, until I began to imagine Brittany a veritable land of Bashan—the latter class included only one other besides myself, so that there was no crowding. Our passage will illustrate well one of the disadvantages mentioned above. We started at midnight, and were dropping

down Southampton water, when so dense a fog came on, that we were obliged to anchor. At six in the morning it lifted enough to reveal a dreary waste of mud, dotted with some shivering gulls, which were moodily seeking an early breakfast; so we worked our way into the Solent; passed Alum Bay, with the bright stripes of its cliffs nearly blotted out, and the crags of the Needles looming ghost-like through the mist; and proceeded to grope our way across the channel. The sea was perfectly calm, and the fog lay steadily upon it, so that we had to steer by the compass alone. At last the surface of the water began to be dimpled in a very remarkable manner, from which the pilot at once declared that we were in the Race, and must mind what we were about, as there were plenty of sunken rocks in those parts. The lead was hove, but directly after the fog rose enough to show a low line of cliff, with a sort of scaffolding running out into the sea on the right. This was Alderney and its breakwater. We had exactly kept the right course; the mist now began to clear off; presently we saw Sark, a dim shadow under the westering sun; then, above a creamy line of breakers on the left, rose the jagged teeth of the Pierres de Lecq, or Pater-nosters, a name that calls up thoughts of sad scenes on stormy nights, roaring waves, crashing ships, and vain cries to Heaven for help. We then ran at full steam along the west coast of Jersey, under grand rows of granite cliffs, rounded the Corbière, where nature has wrought the live rock to a striking profile of Louis Philippe, and so passing St. Brelode's bay, a green recess guarded by granite cliffs, cast anchor in St. Helier's harbour. Here we were obliged to pass the night, as the entrance to St. Malo is impracticable in the dark, but next morning, the anchor was weighed with the light, and when we came on deck we were among the little islets which defend the port of St. Malo.

This is a quaint and rather dirty town, built upon an island, that has been converted into a peninsula. It does not offer much to detain the traveller; though he will probably find a bath refreshing, and may amuse himself by watching how they do these things in France. The coast is not adapted to machines, so you enter one of a series of canvas sentry-boxes on wheels, wherein you disrobe and then clothe yourself in costume resembling that of young France in the present day; that is, from the knee upwards—below is nature unadorned. The females are dressed in a sort of bloomer attire. Thus habited, you calmly walk through an admiring crowd to the sea, wherein both sexes disport themselves in company. Very little swimming seems to be

done, for which the dress is rather unfavourable, being heavy when wet; paddling about knee-deep seems the staple amusement. When you have finished, you either walk back as you came, or, for a small fee, have your box brought to the water's edge.

From St. Malo to Rennes, the country, though at times pretty, is not very remarkable. Dol is passed on the right, but its old walls and dark cathedral, picturesquely crowning a rising ground, deserve a closer view.

At no great distance is the huge granite boss, called Mont Dol, which rears itself above the alluvial plain, once an island like Mont St. Michel. Beyond Rennes the railway follows the course of the Vilaine, which here runs along a picturesque valley, sometimes under cliffs of grey granite, sometimes at the foot of heath-clad slopes. At Redon, where is a fine Romanesque church, we left the Vilaine, and, passing Vannes, arrived by nightfall at Auray. Much of the country is as yet unclosed; we passed many a breezy down then purple with heather. Buckwheat seems to be a favourite cereal, and is food alike for man and beast. Towards the south, quaint costumes begin to appear. Here the protoplast of the old-fashioned English sun-bonnet, there a head-dress of white linen that seems to have walked out of a Froissart illumination. Here, too, are solemn-faced men in wide, flapping, black-felt hats, and Finisterre dandies in buff jackets and waistcoats, gorgeous with buttons and embroidery; with nuns and priests by the dozen, in their uncomfortable robes. When we reached Auray it was too dark to see anything of the town, and the bed at the Porte was welcome after two nights on a sofa.

This town, near which the eagle of Charles de Blois went down before the falcon of De Montfort, and the royalist prisoners of Quiberon, nine hundred in number, were butchered in violation of treaty, is now of no great interest; but it is the best starting point for examining the megalithic antiquities which are massed together in extraordinary numbers on the indented shores of Quiberon bay. The chief centres, around which these are especially accumulated, are the little villages of Plouharnel, Carnac, and Lokmaria-ker. The first two are about two miles apart, and a short distance from the sea coast; the last, distant nine miles from Carnac, is on the shores of the Morbihan (the Little Sea), a land-locked fiord communicating with Quiberon bay.

From Auray to Plouharnel, a distance of about nine miles, there is an excellent road, which, however, has the one defect so common in foreign road-making, of being objectionably straight at times. Here stern reason will rebuke

me with forgetting an early principle in mathematics, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. I cannot help it; straightness in a railway, where speed is possible, is no doubt an advantage; on a road, what is gained in time is lost in power; you come in far more wearied by ten miles along a dead level, than by twelve on a more varied road. The country is pretty and at first well-cultivated; but as Auray is left behind, open moors begin to appear. After walking about five miles, the first sign of the old-world folk is seen; it is a grey pillar of unhewn stone, standing alone among the heather—this is called a *menhir* (long-stone); presently we shall see plenty of them. A little further on, two dolmens or cromlechs are seen on a low mound on the left. There is another on the right of the road, about a mile and a quarter from Plouharnel. The Atlantic lying calm and blue in the distance soon opens out to view, with the narrow neck of Quiberon point stretching out far away into it, and Fort Penthièvre guarding the approach. There is a comfortable little inn at Plouharnel, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette* of fish and lobster, with some excellent cider, was very welcome after a hot walk. I was not a little surprised when a dish of genuine pancakes (here called *crêpe*) was brought to table; but this is only one of the many little points of similarity between Brittany and England, which make the traveller forget that he is in a foreign Bretagne,—a delusion which is fostered by the British look of the people, and especially of the children.

To give a minute description of all the Celtic remains with which this district is thickly strewn would be an endless task; so we will select a few of the most remarkable, as type specimens of each kind.

Let us begin, then, with a large dolmen that stands near a farm-house at Corcaneau, some two miles or so from Plouharnel. Nine upright stones, arranged in a somewhat irregular quadrangle, support a huge capstone: rather more than half one side is left open to form a door, in advance of which are two uprights and a capstone as a rude porch; three prostrate stones on the right appear to have once stood in a line with the right side of the door, and three others lie about, one behind, and two rather in advance of this alley—these are probably the remains of a covered gallery that once led up to the door. Three uprights form the left side of the great chamber; three more the back; two rather wide stones on the right side, and one placed so as to make a somewhat obtuse angle with them, complete the building; there is, therefore, a kind of recess immediately on the right hand of the

entrance. These stones or slabs average rather more than five feet in height above the ground, three feet in width, and one and a quarter in thickness. The great capstone or roof is from two to three feet thick, and about twenty feet by thirteen in area; it projects considerably beyond the supports; the stones, of grey granite, bear no marks of tooling, and have very probably been separated from the native rock by wooden wedges driven into natural joints and fissures, and then wetted. A verbal description can hardly give an idea of the effect of this huge pile of stones, standing as it does in rugged grandeur near some paltry cottages. The dirt and litter around, the rude farming implements with which it was filled, the hum of a threshing machine in an adjoining yard, were unable to destroy the solemnity, I had almost said the awfulness, of the scene.

Moralising on antiquities is trite, but unavoidable here. Grey with the lichen growth of unknown centuries, what stories could its stones not reveal! How, when, and for whom, raised; who were its builders, who its violators? Those whom pious love or superstitious awe entombed within its walls have long been mingled with the undistinguished dust, yet these granite blocks, scarce roughened by the Atlantic blasts of almost countless winters, stand unshaken as though in silent mockery of the forgotten people by whom they were raised on high.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in examining several less perfect dolmens, and a group of menhirs near Erdevan, about five miles from Plouharnel; one monument, however, which is on the south side of the road, just outside the latter village, deserves a few words of description. In a low mound of broken granite are three *kistvaens*, formed of large stones, the roof just level with the present surface of the mound. Let us enter the first: a slightly sinuous passage of upright stones from three to three and a half feet wide, and thirty-three and a half feet long, leads into a cup-shaped chamber ten and a half feet long, and eight and a half feet wide; on the left-hand side is a doorway leading into a small side chamber, with a single slab for its roof; the larger chamber has been covered by two stones, one of which only remains. The next *kistvaen* is of a different shape; instead of having a distinct chamber at the end, the passage widens out from the entrance, where it is about two and a half feet broad, to the extremity, where it is rather more than nine feet; it is forty-two feet long; and has been roofed with slabs, of which the two largest are *in situ*, as well as a group of five about the middle of the passage. The third

kistvaen is similar in form, but much smaller, and being altogether of inferior workmanship, is greatly dilapidated.

A dull straight road leads from Plouharnel to Carnac, but as I had taken the precaution of making an early start, I avoided the heat. Above the church porch at Carnac is a sort of crown, which is said to have been quarried out of a single menhir. It is seventeenth-century work.

Immediately after breakfast I took a lad from the inn to show me the shortest way to the antiquities, as I did not wish to lose time. He led me to the nearest group of menhirs, which stand on a heathy plain behind the village. Here are the largest stones; they stand in eleven rows, running from east to west, those at the western end being for the most part the highest. They vary greatly in size: very many are about four feet above the ground, and the greater number of them range from three to fourteen or fifteen feet in height; a few run up to about eighteen feet. One, which stands alone among a number of small companions, bears the name of "*le général*," he measures about eleven feet in height, and two feet nine inches in breadth and thickness. The ground on which they stand is partly cultivated, and the fences are made by building low walls from stone to stone.

Of course, there are plenty of legends to account for these. Some say that an army of pagans was pursuing St. Cornelius towards the sea-shore, and just at the moment when they deemed his escape impossible, they met with the fate of the Whitby snakes, who, as the story says, were

Changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed.

Others declare them to be the work of Crions, dwarfs of gigantic strength, who still dance by night around them. Woe to the benighted traveller who passes that way; he is forced to join in the wild round till he falls down exhausted, amid the mocking laughter of his tormentors.

Another story is that under some one of them a great treasure is hid, the key to which is only to be found, of all places in the world, in the Tower of London; and another, that a fresh stone was formerly set up every year, like the nails in the temple of Capitoline Jove, and on the previous night the whole group was brilliantly illuminated. At a short distance is a large tumulus, composed of fragments of granite; on it has been built a small chapel dedicated to St. Michel, whence it is now called the Tombelle de S. Michel. Let us climb it and take a panoramic view of the stony

host, and the surrounding country. Turn northward, there is a wide view over a gently undulating, heathy country, which fades away into the distance with line upon line of wood, purple with many Scotch firs, and sinks down into mere barren moors as it nears the sea, while here and there rises a church tower or a windmill. In the north-west, beyond a cluster of grey houses, is the rearguard of the stony army; then, after a break, comes a second regiment of smaller stones, and again a third. After a short space begins the main body, rising up a gentle swell of heath, crimsoned with the blossoms of *erica ciliaris*. Beyond them in the distance is Plouharnel spire, and beyond it the blue sea. Turning round, the peninsula of Quiberon is seen stretching away into the Atlantic, and the Ile d'Houat rises a grey bank against the sky: further to the left, over bare fields, lies the inlet of La Trinité, and the opening of the Morbihan.

Our young guide is now ready with the key to the chamber in the tomb. We enter a winding passage, the sides and roof of which are shored up by modern timbers. After a rather serpentine course, it turns to the left, and enters a chamber six feet by eight, the walls of which are built up with large stones about three feet long and a foot or so high. A single stone, now split, forms the roof. Wishing to examine it by a clearer light than that of one tallow candle, which the boy had brought, I took out a piece of magnesium wire. "Look at this," said I to him, "and you shall see a prodigy. Regard this bit of white metal; it will give a light brighter than twenty candles." His astonishment when it blazed up was most amusing; he could only exclaim "*Dame! Dame!*" (the favourite expletive in Brittany), while it was burning, and when I threw the end down he instantly pounced upon it, not, however, without receiving a practical illustration of the affinity of light and heat. The passage into the mound was opened a few years ago, and I believe several weapons of polished steel were found in the chamber.

From Carnac to Lokmariaker, a good six miles, is a rather dull walk. The inlet of La Trinité is, however, pretty, and a few menhirs and dolmens serve to keep the attention alive. Lokmariaker, supposed to occupy the site of Dariorigum, the capital of the Venetes, contains some remains of an amphitheatre and other Roman works, but it is for its megalithic monuments that it is chiefly famed. First, however, we must visit, while the breeze is favourable, the tumulus of Gavr Innis (Goat's Island). A woman accosted me

at the entrance of the village, and after asking me if I was going to the island, said her husband had a boat, which I could have for six francs. The next business was to hire a carriage to take me back in the evening to Auray. This was a difficult piece of diplomacy, that lasted all through lunch at the inn. The owner, a stolid and rather stupid young Breton, knew hardly a word of French. I do not know one of Brezonec; hence all negotiations had to be carried on through the medium of the stout landlady, in the intervals of broiling the fish and cooking the cutlets. This, however, was at last arranged; and then came the most difficult task of all, to rid myself of an importunate old man, who wanted to be hired as guide to the local antiquities. As I knew where they were to be found, and have a horror of *ciceroni*, I was not going to submit myself to certain boredom, and so declined the honour of his company.

It was a delightful sail over the green waters of the Morbihan; the numerous rocky islets that stud the bay, some barren, others cultivated, here a tumulus, there a farm-house, a village and a church on the mainland, with the Atlantic blue in the distance, make up a pretty scene on a fine day. The tumulus stands near the south end of the island; it also is composed of fragments of granite, its diameter at the base is about 170 feet, and it probably has been about 25 feet high. Now, however, there is a sort of crater at the top which communicates by a small hole with the inner chamber. Although there was always a vague tradition of a winding passage leading to hidden treasures, yet the existence of the entrance-gallery was not positively known until 1832, when a careful excavation, made by M. Cauzique, the owner of the island, brought it to light. It was then evident that the tomb had been previously entered at some unknown period, and had been filled up with stones. These were all cleared out, and the tomb was secured from injury by a door. Twenty-three stones, set twelve on one side, and eleven on the other, and roofed over by nine slabs, form the entrance-gallery. It is paved with other slabs, and is about 40 feet long and $5\frac{1}{2}$ high. The chamber at the end is roofed and floored by single stones, and is about 9 feet by 7. The stones in the walls of the gallery and chamber are covered with strange carvings—rude concentric circles, parabolas, waved lines, and the like, with some that resemble serpents, and a few wedges, like stone axes. But the greatest curiosity is the stone on the left hand of the chamber door. The surface of this has been hollowed out at three places side by side, and these pits have been extended laterally, so as to run into

each other. Thus two bars or mullions of granite are left, round which you can pass your fingers. Of course there are endless conjectures as to the purpose of these, but nothing certain is known. A fraternity of monks occupied this island at a later period; traces of them were found in building the farm-house, among others a curious bronze crucifix of the twelfth century. In order to return to the mainland we were obliged to drop far down the Morbihan, where the tide ran like a race, and then beat up against the wind. Navigation in this bay, landlocked though it be, is often not without difficulty and danger.

A few words more on some other antiquities of Lokmariaker, and I have done. A short distance from the town, on a slightly rising ground, lies an immense menhir, now prostrate and broken; one fragment is rather more than 32 feet long, and at the base is $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 8. The menhir has been 64 feet long; it is now in four pieces. Hard by is a curious dolmen, bearing the name of "the merchants' table." The chamber is octagonal in plan, and on the stone opposite to the entrance patterns are carved, somewhat resembling those in Gavv Innis. It also is approached by a gallery, and no doubt has once been subterranean.

A pleasant drive, with a chance-found companion, a native of Auray, took me back to that town, tired, but delighted, with a day of hard work. Thence I went to Vannes; from Vannes to Rennes, and thence to Chartres. Here, in the beautiful churches and quaint streets, I would gladly linger, but "unjust space doth conclude me." Let it then suffice to say that I reached Paris in exactly a week from England, having seen in that time what, to my mind, was worth a whole year of Belgium.

T. G. BONNEY, M.A.

THE CHILD-QUEEN.

I.

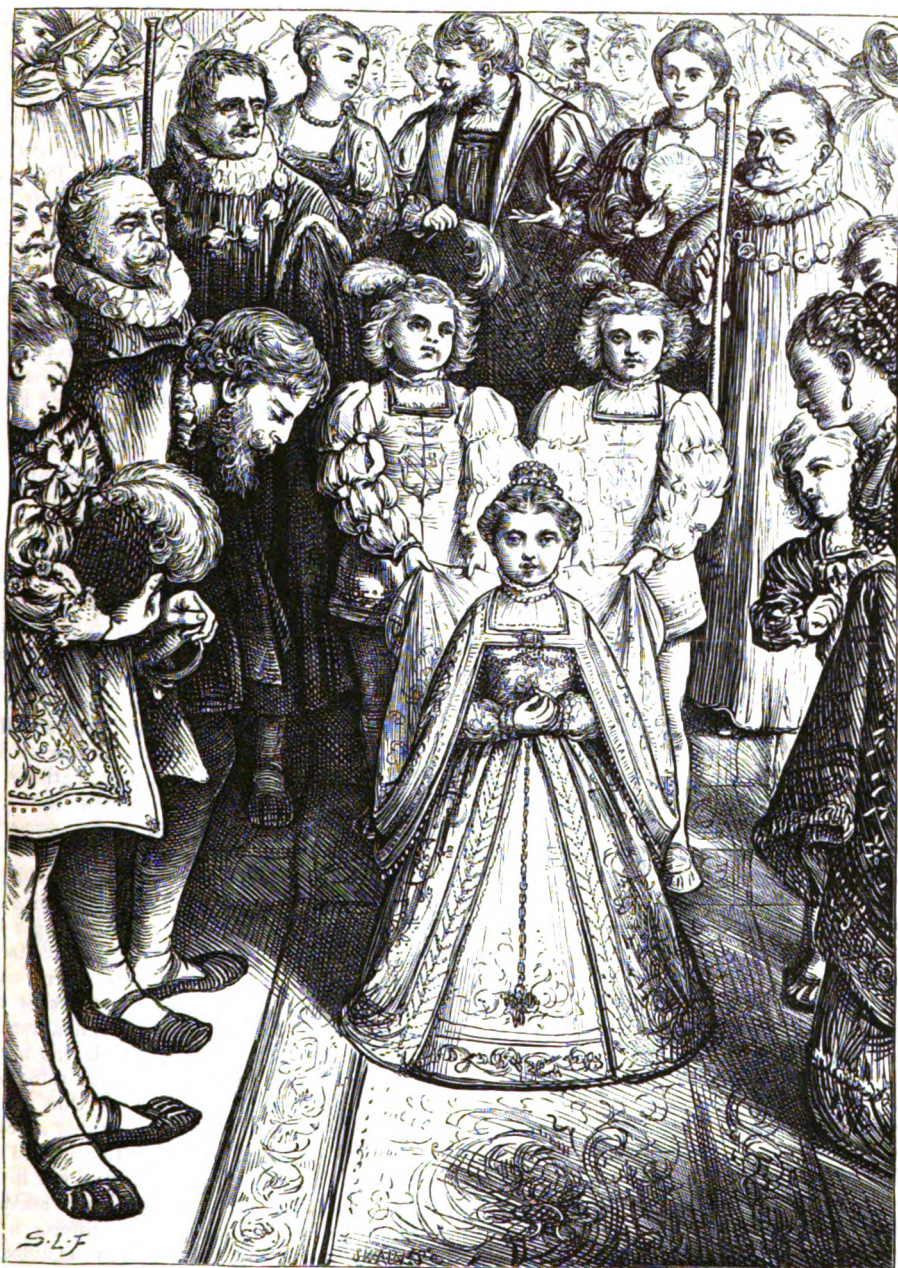
Blow, brazen trumpets, blow your best!
Ye red-cheeked trumpeters sound loud!
Blow clear and shrill, and fierce and proud!
Blow north and south, and east and west!

II.

See how the pliant courtiers bend,
Like willows when the wind is high,
Like poplars when the wind comes by:
When will this bowing ever end?

III.

And mark the snowy feathers float
Down the long pictured corridors,
Across the antechamber floors,
Hurried by many a clarion's note.



IV.

The rolling satins how they shine,
 The tabards glisten, flowered with gold;
 The bright silks rustle, fold on fold;
 The pages gather in a line.

V.

Here comes the wily chancellor—
 His old cheeks puckered with a smile,
 And here the minister, all guile,
 Bowing and bowing o'er and o'er.

VI.

And after them the courtier crowd,
The lords and ladies perfumed gay,
No hawthorn bush that blooms in May
Exhales more sweetness to the cloud.

VII.

And in the midst of all this pomp
A little gentle child there comes,
Who smiles to hear the rolling drums,
And laughs to hear the noisy trump.

VIII.

All faces turn to her, as turn
The sunflower blossoms to the glow,
While the leaves, all wind-driven, blow.
The youthful cheeks with pleasure burn.

IX.

No warrior fresh from crimson war
This concourse greets; for hark! a shout
Billows through all the clamouring rout;
"The Queen of France and of Navarre!"

WALTER THORNBURY.

DAVY JONES, JUNIOR.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT nine o'clock the next night, a sudden noise made Mrs. Barford start so much—she was by no means a person given to starting—that she dropped and broke a jug she was filling with hot water from the bar-fire.

"Why, God bless me!" she cried; "what can have happened? As I'm a living woman, there's been another shot fired on Block's wharf. I heard the report distinctly. Please God no harm's happened to old Block! And what's come to my nerves, I wonder? I've broken my jug. I never did such a thing before in all my life. My best jug too."

A few minutes, and Davy Jones came running into the Traveller's Joy, breathless and pale, and trembling all over.

"Is the boy mad?" demanded Mrs. Barford. He was clutching her arm very tightly.

"Oh! please Mrs. Barford, will you come directly," he gasped. "The master's been shot by some villain outside on the wharf; and Miss Nancy—it will kill her—it will kill her! Help her, please help her!" As he spoke, Davy tottered, threw up his hands, and, but for Mrs. Barford's aid, would have fallen on the floor of the bar in a fainting fit.

She dashed cold water on his face and poured brandy into his mouth.

"Poor lad, how deathly white he looks!

And he weighs a mere nothing. Chafe his hands, Betsy—he'll come round in a minute." She had taken him up in her arms—she was a strong woman—as though he had been a tiny child, and carried him to a sofa that stood at the end of the room. She had disliked the boy previously, holding him very cheaply, but she couldn't have been more tender with him now had she been his mother. In truth, a woman's heart beat within Mrs. Barford's sturdy and substantial frame. And it was noticeable, that from the time when Davy Jones had fainted in her arms she took up with milder notions concerning him: left off calling him "a limb," seemed rather to pity than to censure him, and in some sort, constituted herself his friend and protectress. She was satisfied, probably, that his emotion at the troubles afflicting his master's house was the result of genuine sympathy and sorrow.

Presently he had recovered sufficiently to accompany her to Mr. Block's.

A strange scene presented itself in the ship-breaker's parlour fronting the river. Mr. Block, frightfully pale and weak, lay stretched upon the floor, his head propped up by pillows. Mr. Jasper, the medical man, looking very grave indeed, was in attendance, rendering such aid as was possible. Close beside him stood Mr. Starkie, who seemed to be almost paralysed by anxiety and alarm. Miss Block, with a face like a ghost, was on her knees by the side of her father, bathing his temples with vinegar, the while she with difficulty restrained herself from swooning away.

It was whispered that poor old Mr. Block had not long to live. A lawyer had been sent for to make his will, and a messenger had been despatched to Bow Street to give information to the police authorities of the crime that had been perpetrated. The shot had taken effect in the left lung. Whenever the wounded man attempted to speak, his mouth filled with blood. As a measure of relief, and possibly because it was held at that time a proper operation to perform in almost all cases demanding medical aid, Mr. Jasper had advised that his patient should be bled in the arm. This had been accomplished amidst a strange and awful silence. The sufferer, much weakened, was by this means enabled to utter a few words, but only at long intervals, and in a whisper that was but just audible.

A justice of the peace was brought in to receive the deposition of the dying man. He had but a simple statement to make.

"God knows," said the justice, "I never injured any man, and I never led him to take my life like this," so

"Truer words were never spoken," murmured Mrs. Barford. And then she whispered to Davy, while the tears filled her own eyes, "Don't cry, my lad. He's going to a better world than this."

He had been sitting all the evening in his parlour facing the river, Mr. Block deposed. He had been going through various papers and books of account with his partner, Godfrey Starkie. Once or twice he had been left alone while Starkie, in aid of their examination, had gone to fetch further papers from the office on the other side of the house. They had had tea together in the parlour. At Mr. Block's desire, Starkie had gone to bring in the cash-book of the past year; he had not been gone two minutes when Mr. Block saw the window raised a few inches from the outside; a hand was thrust into the room. Then came a flash, the report of a pistol, and he found himself struck in the side. It was the work of a moment, and all so strange and sudden, he said, that it seemed like a dream. He hardly knew what had happened, or how it had happened. He had nothing more to say.

Did he suspect any one?

No, he did not know whom to suspect.

Did he notice anything remarkable about the hand?

As far as he could see it was a white hand.

As the deponent gave this answer, a police officer standing by suddenly grasped the boy Davy by the wrist and held up his hand towards the light. He dropped it again instantly, with an air of disappointment. The boy's hand was black with tar—not a new soil, for the tar was quite dry. Mrs. Barford, with a fierce look, drew the boy closer to her.

The lawyer wrote out rapidly a short will. Mr. Block bequeathed the whole of his property to his only daughter, and appointed his friend Godfrey Starkie to be his executor. He requested in a feeble tone that they would lift him up that he might sign the will. Mr. Jasper and Starkie together raised him to a sitting posture. Just then he was seized with a shivering fit, and for some minutes was unable to hold his pen between his fingers. At last he succeeded in affixing a very tremulous signature to the document the lawyer had prepared. Then, with a faint cry, "My poor Nancy, may God protect her!" he fell back upon his pillows, the blood streaming from his mouth.

"All is over!" said the doctor, after a slight pause. "Look to Miss Block, someone."

Upon the order of the magistrate, the Bow

Street officers took possession of the house. Miss Block, more dead than alive, was placed under the protection of Mrs. Barford, and conveyed to the Traveller's Joy, to remain there until after the inquest, or until her nearest relatives could be communicated with.

The police constable who had examined Davy's hand seemed now struck by a new idea. Suddenly and dexterously he seized the boy by the ankle, at the risk of throwing him down, and held his foot towards the light. His shoes were covered with the thick yellow clay of the wharf.

"Haven't I been at work in the wharf all the day long?" demanded the boy.

"You must hand those shoes over to me, my fine fellow," said the constable. "I'll find you a pair to wear instead."

With angry, tearful eyes, Davy glared round at the feet of the bystanders, in hopes, possibly, that some other shoes might be found in a state as suspicious as his own. He found none, however. It was noticed that he had looked particularly at the shoes worn by Mr. Starkie. However, Mr. Starkie's shoes were as bright and clean, and his ribbed cotton stockings as brilliantly white as ever. It was clear that he had not been out in the wharf that evening.

An inquest was held upon the body of Mr. Block. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." An attempt was made to bring the crime home to the apprentice of the murdered man. A satisfactory *alibi* was proved, however. Davy Jones was in conversation with Miss Nancy Block when the pistol shot was heard. Miss Block, in deep mourning and painfully distressed, came forward as a witness on his behalf. It was said very generally that her testimony had saved the boy's neck from the gallows; or, at any rate, had prevented his being forthwith committed to prison to take his trial for murder. The evidence against him amounted to little more than suspicion, joined to his ill-repute in the neighbourhood as a mischievous and evilly-disposed boy.

"And even if I hadn't been at your side at the moment, you'd never have thought it was me that took the master's life—surely you never would, Miss Nancy?" he said.

"No, Davy, my poor boy, indeed I never could have thought such a thing. But, oh, Davy, if we could but bring the murderer to justice!"

"I loved the master. I haven't worked for him as I ought, I know. I feel it now. I'm almost as bad a boy as they say I am. But God knows I'd never have hurt a hair of his head! I'd have given my life for his, and

welcome. I'd give it now to spare you a pain, Miss Nancy; you know I would. And I'll never rest till I've found the poor master's murderer."

Meanwhile, Davy had been dismissed the wharf—bidden, indeed, somewhat angrily, to show his face no more upon the premises. Mr. Starkie stated he did not require the services of his late partner's apprentice—a worthless boy, of idle and mischievous inclination, to say the best of him. For a time he was subsisting on the bounty of Mrs. Barford, of the Traveller's Joy.

CHAPTER V.

THE mysterious murder of Mr. Block occasioned a great stir and commotion. The Government of the day offered a large reward for the discovery and conviction of the murderer, while a free pardon was promised to anyone privy to the crime, not being the actual assassin, who would aid the administration of justice by turning King's evidence. Crowds from all parts visited the scene of the Rotherhithe tragedy. Much sympathy was expressed for the daughter of the unfortunate man; but for a time all attempts to elucidate the mystery remained ineffectual. The officers of the law were said to be certainly baffled and at fault.

With many people the apprentice Davy Jones was still an object of grave suspicion. The story of that other apprentice George Barnwell, the subject of Mr. Lillo's admirable play, was frequently quoted and sagaciously commented on as being singularly apposite to the present case. The police constable who, on the night of the murder, had made so close an examination of Davy's hands and feet, clung to his theory of the boy's guilt with singular pertinacity. Every small piece of evidence he could collect, he sought to twist and shape and fit in to this view of the affair. He was for ever hanging about the Traveller's Joy, listening to the talk there, smoking his pipe and taking his glass, in a very friendly and pleasant way, but with his eyes incessantly watching every movement of Davy Jones. Mrs. Barford, for the entertainment of her guests, oftentimes strangers now, drawn by curiosity from distant parts of London, would relate her share in the events of that dreadful evening. She went into much detail in her recital. "I shall never forget," she said one night, "how the poor soul shivered and let fall his pen, when they were lifting him up to sign his will. I fancy that the sight of Mr. Starkie's white hands reminded him somehow for the moment of the hand he had seen at the window." To a close observer it might have occurred that the Bow Street officer was struck by this fancy of Mrs. Barford's, and took a

mental note of it. His manner towards the boy underwent a change from that time; and he was said to have been seen shortly afterwards in close confabulation with Mr. Block's lawyer and Mr. Jasper the doctor, who took a keen interest in the case, and yet were both regarded as friends and patrons of Davy Jones, and had never for one moment credited his guilt.

Miss Block, her health much shattered, and her grief unspeakably great, remained under the shelter of Mrs. Barford's roof. It was reported that she had determined not to quit the neighbourhood until justice had been done upon her father's murderer. She was not left too well provided for, people said. The late Mr. Block's affairs were not in nearly so prosperous a state as had been imagined. The business was carried on by the surviving partner, who, it was rumoured, had been paying his addresses for some time to Miss Block. Of course an immediate marriage was not to be thought of; but it was generally esteemed desirable for Miss Block's interests that she should eventually become Mrs. Starkie. In such wise the manifest difficulties of her situation would be satisfactorily adjusted. Many of Miss Block's friends, therefore, counselled her by all means to favour Mr. Starkie's suit; presuming that he was presenting himself as a suitor. Such chances, they averred, did not occur every day; and should, accordingly, when they *did* occur, be appreciated and made the most of, especially by people "without features," and, as it now appeared, without fortune either. To reject the offer of marriage of a man like Mr. Starkie, supposing that he ever was weak enough to make such an offer, was a proceeding that would be characterised by Miss Block's friends only as a sort of "flying in the face of Providence." It was in vain that Miss Block represented that she did not want advice of that, or indeed of any kind. Miss Block's friends knew better what was good for her than she knew herself; so they persisted in giving her advice, which was, indeed, all they did give her, and was, after all, not a gift of a very costly or valuable nature. If it had been, Miss Block's friends, probably, would not have been quite so liberal with it.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS BLOCK occupied a quiet upper chamber in Mrs. Barford's house, commanding a view of the river, and of the wharf-premises of her father. Late one night, when she could not sleep for thinking of her sorrows, and of certain events that had happened that day, she was startled by the sound as of people

talking under her window. In some alarm, she rose quietly and looked forth. It seemed to her that there were two figures moving about in the wharf below. As she became more accustomed to the dim light, she perceived that one was a burly man in top boots, who carried a dark lanthorn. It was the Bow Street officer. The other was surely Davy Jones; yet in such a guise that he was hardly to be recognised.

He was but half dressed, and black as ink from head to foot. A rope was tied round his waist, and the line was held by his companion as a measure of precaution, while the boy was wading, and plunging, and searching in the dark mud of the wharf. Again and again he seemed in danger of sinking below the surface, when immediately he was drawn out by the officer. For some time the labours of the pair seemed to be in vain. They stopped for some minutes to regain breath and to rest.

"It's lucky I never was afraid of dirt," the apprentice was heard to say, in a low voice. "Now, I'll go in again; the tide will be in upon us very shortly. Hullo! my foot struck against something—a stone? no, not a stone. I've lost it—no, I have it."

He was drawn in presently, bearing a small dark object in his hand. The officer was seen to examine it carefully by the light of his lanthorn.

"Hist! David. Is that you?" said Miss Block. "I must see you,—I must speak to you, as soon as may be. Come round to the front door; I'll let you in."

"Shall I come as I am? I'm half smothered in mud, Miss Nancy."

"What does that matter?"

Miss Block went down softly to the street-door of the Traveller's Joy. In a minute David presented himself,—a dreadful object,—very wet, and alimy, and muddy, with an old sack thrown over his shoulders. Yet Miss Block did not shrink from him.

"I want to warn you of danger, Davy. Keep out of Mr. Starkie's sight. Don't let him see you about the wharf. He has been threatening you—he has been threatening me. He is very angry with us both. He avows we are in league together. He says that I care for—that I love you, Davy."

"How dare he insult you, Miss Nancy?" quoth David, simply.

"I have rejected his suit, and he is mad with rage against me,—and against everyone I—I care for. He says a word from him would send you to the gallows. He threatens to make oath before the magistrates that you were not by my side when the shot was fired; and that I foreswore myself at the inquest in

order to screen you. He will be avenged on both of us, he says. So take care, Davy, what you do. He is a bad and unscrupulous man. I did not think so once, I own, but I know it now too well. Take care then, Davy. But go now; you are wet through; you will catch your death of cold. I ought not to have kept you so long. God bless you, Davy."

"I haven't been labouring in vain, Miss Nancy," said David, cheerily, as he hurried off.

The next morning Mr. Starkie presented himself at Bow Street. He had a statement to make, he said, in reference to the late tragedy at Rotherhithe. His name was Godfrey Starkie, partner of the deceased ship-breaker.

"The very man we want," said a constable. "Quick with the hand-cuffs, Jem. I arrest you, Godfrey Starkie, on the charge of wilful murder of the late Sampson Block of Rotherhithe."

The prisoner started, but recovered himself immediately. "You shall pay dearly for this," he said, indignantly. "Bring me to trial as soon as may be. I'll wager a hundred pounds I am acquitted and ride home from the assizes in a post-chaise and four."

CHAPTER VII.

THE arrest of Mr. Starkie occasioned much surprise. Some were inclined to vote the proceeding a desperate attempt on the part of the authorities at all costs to demonstrate their activity and to seem to be doing something. Others laughed outright at the utter absurdity of the business. There was no case against Mr. Starkie; there *could* be no case against him. There was not a tittle of evidence to connect him with Mr. Block's death. Why, but a few nights before that sad event, his own life had been attempted! Besides, what possible motive could he have for taking the life of his partner and friend? The man who commits a crime must have a motive, it was argued. What motive was there to induce Mr. Starkie to perpetrate a murder? people asked, again and again; paused for a reply, and got none—at least, none that they could consider at all sufficient or satisfactory. He was without any such motive, they determined; and, therefore, he must be innocent, and the real murderer must be sought for in some other quarter.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the arguments about "motive," opinions adverse to the prisoner gradually arose. In the minds of many people the mere fact that a charge is brought against a man is quite sufficient for his conviction and condemnation. Mr. Starkie's neighbours began at last to ask themselves what they really knew about him: and

this, it seemed, amounted to little enough. He had come among them with some suddenness. No one was acquainted with his antecedents. He was well-behaved, and comely-looking, and of industrious habits; but always reserved and taciturn. He never spoke of his own affairs; he appeared to have no relations or personal friends. Yet he certainly had been implicitly trusted by his late partner, who had set store upon his services, and was always supposed to entertain a high opinion of him. By-and-by it oozed out that the case against him gained strength every day. Thereupon many were found to declare that they had never liked him from the first, and had said all along that he knew more about Sampson Block's death than he cared to tell.

The trial took place at the Surrey Sessions held in Horsemonger Lane, Southwark, before the Lord Chief Baron Sir Archibald Macdonald. The celebrated counsellor, Mr. Garrow, appeared on the part of the Crown. The prisoner was assisted by a junior barrister to cross-examine witnesses, and to argue any points of law that might arise in the course of the trial. It was not, it may be noted, until many years later, that advocates were permitted to appear on behalf of accused persons, and to address the jury as to the facts of the case before them.

The evidence of the witnesses called for the Crown, in regard to the manner of Mr. Block's death, though of course more fully stated, differed little in effect from the narrative which has been already laid before the reader. But the case for the prosecution involved certain peculiarities to which brief allusion may be made. Mr. Garrow's theory of the prisoner's guilt necessitated proof in the first instance that sufficient motive existed to induce Starkie to take his partner's life, and secondly, that it was impossible that any other man but Starkie could have been guilty of the murderous deed. It followed as part of this theory, that the attempt upon his own life which was alleged by Starkie to have been made some nights previous to the murder of Mr. Block, was entirely fictitious, and that he had himself fired a pistol at the wall of Mr. Block's parlour, in order to avert suspicion, and to give rise to a charge against some other person when the time arrived for his committing the crime he had already in contemplation.

The court was crowded to excess. Royal dukes with unintellectual facial angles were accommodated with seats upon the Bench. Illustrious foreigners were in attendance to instruct themselves concerning English forms of trial for murder. Rank and fashion besieged the doors of the Sessions House in vain

attempts to obtain admission to the already overcrowded court. The prisoner was plainly dressed in dark-coloured clothes, and perfect composure marked his countenance and manner during the greater part of the trial. His handsome face and quiet bearing attracted admiration and sympathy, particularly from the female portion of the audience. Mr. Garrow's opening oration was listened to with wrapt attention. It was the general opinion that the case, though indirect and depending greatly upon circumstantial evidence, was yet strong against the accused.

With regard to the motive inducing the prisoner to take the life of his partner, Mr. Garrow said: "There has been much talk on this head, gentlemen. We have heard a great deal as to the absence of motive on the part of the prisoner at the bar. But, let me remind you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that the temptation which leads a man to commit a crime, is not necessarily or in every instance a great one. I shall show you, however, in the course of the present case, how keen an interest had the accused in the death of this most unfortunate and deeply lamented Mr. Block. I shall show you how the prisoner at the bar first came upon the scene—a penniless adventurer—beseeching that he might be employed in any way, upon any terms, however humble, so that he might earn sufficient to allay the pangs of his hunger. I shall show you how he gradually and insidiously crept into the confidence of his benefactor, and how basely he abused that confidence. I do not deny him the possession of abilities—but would to God, gentlemen, that he had employed them to a better purpose! I shall show you how his kind and unsuspecting employer became in time his dupe and his victim. How by an artful system of forgeries and falsification of accounts, he induced Mr. Block to believe in the depreciation of his business to a considerable extent (professional accountants and experts will give evidence on these points which will not fail to carry conviction to the minds of every one of you)—and then persuaded the deluded gentleman to admit him, the prisoner at the bar, to a share in the profits of his trade, and to promote him from the position of servant and clerk to that of equal and partner. But, gentlemen, Mr. Block was sufficiently a man of business to require that a consideration for this arrangement, so advantageous to the prisoner, should be paid to him. The prisoner represented that he had friends who were prepared to advance him the necessary funds. He accordingly lodged in the hands of Mr. Block a bill—which will be put in evidence for the amount of one thousand pounds, which he had made payable

at the banking house of Messrs. Percival, of Lombard Street. I shall show you that the story as to his monied friends was entirely false; that he had no account at that banking house; no relations whatever with those bankers. I shall show you that he had no means, and that he had attempted no arrangement to meet that bill. I shall show you that that bill became due on the very day of Mr. Block's death. Is it not probable, gentlemen, is it not evident, that his failing to meet that bill would induce distrust and disquiet, inquiry and investigation, until the whole scheme of his fraud and his imposture would be discovered and disclosed, and fall to the ground like a house built with cards? Gentlemen, alarmed at the perilous position in which he stood, he resolved that his forgeries should remain undiscovered; that Mr. Block should never know that the bill had not been met, but should rather perish in that sudden and frightful and barbarous manner with which you have been already made acquainted. Gentlemen, I shall prove all this by the clearest and most direct testimony, and then I shall ask you, whether I have not indeed shown you that motive sufficient existed to induce a heartless and reckless man, such as the prisoner at the bar, to plan the destruction of his fellow creature, and to carry out that plan to its full and most fearful end."

A model of Mr. Block's house and premises was produced in court, and the impossibility of any escape by means of the river or over the palisades on either side of the wharf was plainly demonstrated. It seemed clear that the murder must have been committed by some one who was an inmate of Mr. Block's house at the time. As the case proceeded, the web of evidence drew very tightly and closely round the prisoner. Mr. Garrow proceeded to consider the manner in which the crime had been effected.

"The weapon," he said, "with which, according to the theory of the prosecution, the crime was perpetrated, will be produced in court before you: a pocket-pistol recovered in the presence of a police officer, by one David Jones, the apprentice of the deceased—recovered I say after infinite pains and difficulty from the thick mud of the river." (Great sensation in court at the mention of this fact.) "The apprentice, moved by the circumstance of his having been at one time himself an object of suspicion, or as I would rather believe, by a sincere desire that the murderer of his kind and good master should be discovered and brought to justice, at the risk of his own life sought and found the weapon now before you, in the deep mud of the river. I shall be able to prove to you

that this pistol was seen to be in the possession of the prisoner at the bar only a short time before the night of the murder." Further upon this fact the learned counsel dwelt for some time, and then proceeded. "And now, gentlemen, we approach the final catastrophe, the last few minutes of Mr. Block's life on this earth. The prisoner, as it appears by the deposition of Mr. Block, quitted the room facing the river, to bring a particular book from another part of the house. Now, mark, gentlemen—he *did not return with the volume required*. Why? Because, before he could obtain it, he was disturbed and brought back by the sound of the pistol-shot? Not so, gentlemen. Rather because he had quitted the house stealthily—to creep to the window looking on to the wharf, to raise it from the outside, to thrust in *his white hand*," (it was noticed that here the prisoner quickly withdrew from public notice his hands, which had previously been resting in front of him on the ledge of the dock), "to take deliberate aim, and to discharge his deadly weapon at the unfortunate deceased. But we shall be told that his shoes were afterwards noticed not to be soiled, as they must have been soiled had he stood but for a moment in the thick soft clay of the wharf. The explanation is very simple. *He slipped off his shoes at the door*. He stood in *his stockinged feet* while he accomplished his murderous task—then flung away his pistol, deep, as he fancied, in the river mud—returned within doors, resumed his shoes, and affected ignorance and innocence of what had happened. Gentlemen, the ribbed white cotton stockings worn by the prisoner on that fatal night, have been found secreted in his chamber. They will be produced in court, and properly identified by disinterested witnesses. And your attention will be drawn to the fact that they are soiled and stained as only stockings could be soiled and stained which had been worn without shoes on the wet, soft, yellow clay of the wharf of the unfortunate Mr. Block." An extraordinary excitement followed this minute statement of the probable manner in which the murder had been perpetrated.

The case for the Crown was fairly borne out by the evidence adduced.

The prisoner, when called upon for his defence, seemed to be overwhelmed by the weight of the case against him. He contented himself with protestations, again and again repeated, of his entire innocence of the charge brought against him. He described it as a conspiracy to destroy him. He stated that the death of his partner, so far from being a profit to him, had involved him in ruin and bankruptcy; and that he was not so destitute of worldly means but that he could have met

the bill for a thousand pounds if he had thought proper to do so, and if Mr. Block had not consented to the payment of the bill being deferred. He denied that the pistol found in the river had ever been seen in his possession. Amidst some murmuring in court, suppressed with difficulty by the ushers, he declared that "those who hid the pistol knew best where to find it," and he boldly accused Davy Jones of the murder of his master, and charged Miss Block with complicity in the crime. "Had the apprentice," he demanded, "no interest in his master's death? Was not the apprentice the lover of his master's daughter? Could he have hoped to win her during his master's life, or in any other way but by his master's death? And for the daughter, was it to be wondered at that she should prefer her lover to her father? Had not the jury heard before of such daughters? What was an old man's life compared to a young man's love? To what would a woman not consent when her lover implored her?" The judge even interposed to assure the prisoner that observations of this kind would rather injure than assist his cause. The indignation against him in court hardly knew bounds. "So I am to be sacrificed to preserve the reputation of an unnatural daughter!" he exclaimed. But he proceeded with greater caution afterwards. He ridiculed the notion of convicting him by reason of his soiled stockings. Of course there were stockings soiled with clay to be found in his possession. Why not? Was he not a shipbreaker? Did not his business take him constantly into the mire and clay of his wharf? Did men's lives depend upon the state of their stockings? Surely it was not upon such evidence the jury would consign him to the scaffold. In such case, who was safe? Then there had been talk of white hands. White hands, forsooth! since when, he wanted to know, had a fair complexion been a hanging matter? Besides—it was altogether monstrous!—would not any hand look white, thrust out of the darkness of the night into a lighted room? What dependence was to be placed upon the dim vision of an invalid? But white or black, it was nothing to him; and but that the murdered man's daughter had forsworn herself, determined that he should hang rather than that her lover should be brought to justice, he could have satisfied the jury that he was at the back of the house, and not at the front, when the fatal shot was fired, and therefore that it was not possible he could have been the assassin of the late Mr. Block.

He ended his peroration, as he had begun his speech, by assuring the court of his absolute innocence, and then called several witnesses

to testify to his general humanity and good conduct.

The Chief Baron summed up the evidence distinctly and impressively; but, it was said in court, strongly against the accused.

The jury, without quitting their box, found a verdict of "GUILTY."

The presence of mind of the prisoner now seemed wholly to abandon him. He was as one insane from terror. He interrupted the judge in passing sentence, with protestations of his innocence, with cries, shrieks, threats, and imprecations. He besought Miss Block to save him; on his knees he implored Davy Jones to say a good word for him. He clung to the spikes in front of the dock, praying the jury to reconsider their verdict, and to spare his life. The Chief Baron's sentence was hardly audible for the agonised screams of the prisoner. It was a terrible and a sickening spectacle. Only by employing forcible means could the wretched man be removed from the court and conveyed back to prison.

There was no hope of mercy for him. No attempt was made to intercede for him and obtain a modification of his sentence.

The trial was on a Saturday. On the following Tuesday, Godfrey Starkie suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Horsemonger Lane, an extraordinary crowd being present at the scene.

His body, according to the custom of the period, was afterwards conveyed to Surgeons' Hall for dissection.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAVY JONES had been complimented by the court on his conduct and the manner in which he had given his evidence. A subscription was set on foot for his benefit, by way of recognition of his meritorious behaviour, and a considerable amount realised.

"How brave you were, Davy!" said Miss Block.

"I don't know that I did more than any other boy would have done, Miss Nancy."

"How much I owe you, you will never know, Davy. To think that I——But no, no, no! I never could have loved that dreadful man!"

"I may kiss your hand now, Miss Nancy?" he asked, simply.

"Davy, my dear Davy! What are you talking about?"

She flung her arms round his neck.

Davy Jones, Junior, like the distinguished person after whom he had been designated—like Davy Jones, Senior, in point of fact—was not so black as he had been painted, nor so black as he had painted himself. Just as all is not gold that glitters, so all is not clean

that seems so at first sight. It is necessary to examine below the surface as well as above before deciding upon an opinion.

(Concluded.)

"HERMIPPUS REDIVIVUS."

"MAN," said the learned Prioli, "is composed of soul, body, and goods. In his pilgrimage through life these component parts are constantly exposed to three mortal enemies; the devils, who are ever seeking the destruction of his soul; the doctors, who are intent on ruining his constitution; and the lawyers, who seek to rob him of his goods."

We will put the devils aside for a moment, the lawyers too, with the tongs, and devote our attention to the doctors. In a former number of *ONCE A WEEK* we examined a medical treatise entitled "*Flagellum Salutis*," wherein was exposed the excellence of the whip for the cure of every disorder to which mortality is heir. We propose considering another equally startling tractate in this paper, one more modern by a few years than that of Dr. Paulini, but its superior in absurdity. The title of the work is "*Hermippus Redivivus*," or a curious physico-medical examination of the extraordinary manner in which he extended his life to 115 years by inhaling the breath of little girls; taken from a Roman memorial, but now supported on medical grounds, as also illustrated and elucidated by a wondrous discovery of philosophical chemistry, by Johan Heinrich Cohausen, M.D." 8vo., 1743.* This extraordinary book is adorned with an illustration, representing a pedagogue with a big nose, of Brobdignagian proportions, keeping a mixed school of solemn little girls in jackets and aprons, and little prigs of boys in stocks, knee-breeches, coats and wigs. One little boy, whose body is the size of the master's hand, sits reading a book on his right knee. On the ground at his left is a little maiden, just reaching to the top of the master's gaiters. A tiny dog is sitting up begging in the midst of a class in the middle distance; and in the background, behind a row of urchins who are not looking at their books, is a cat as big as any one of them, attacking a cage containing a singing bird. The whole of this strange work is built on a Roman inscription, said to have been found in the seventeenth century, and figured by Thomas Reinsius,—"In syntagmate Inscriptionum Antiquarum"—and after-

wards by Johann Keyser in his "*Parnassus Olivensis*." This inscription, which we strongly suspect to be not genuine, runs as follows:—

AESCULAPIO . ET . SANITATI .

L . CLODIUS . HERMIPPUS .

QUI . VIXIT . ANNOS . CXV . DIES . V .

PUELLARUM . ANHELITU .

QUOD . ETIAM . POST MORTEM
EIUS .

NON . PARUM . MIRANTUR . PHYSICI .

IAM . POSTERI . SIC . VITAM . DUCITE .

that is to say. "To *Æsculapius* and to health, *L. Clodius Hermippus* dedicates this, who lived 115 years, 5 days, on the breath of little girls, which, even after his death, not a little astonishes physicians. Ye who follow, protract your life in like manner."

Other old writers, as *Cujacius* and *Dalechampius*, quote similar inscriptions, as "*L. Clodius Hirpanus vixit Annos CXV. Dies V. alitus Puerorum anhelitu*," and "*L. Clodius Hirpanus vixit Annos CLV. Dies V. Puerorum halitu refocillatus et educatus*."

These inscriptions are sufficiently like and unlike to make it more than probable that they are all forgeries. It is hardly to be conceived that there should have been two individuals with names so very similar, living similar lengths of time,* the one on little girls' breath, the other on that of little boys. If, however, we are to suppose them genuine, we have:—"Lucius Clodius Hermippus dying aged 115 years, 5 days;" "*Lucius Clodius Hirpanus dying, aged 155 years, 5 days*."

However, the authenticity of these monuments are of little importance. Let us to our book.

Dr. Cohausen enters on a minute verbal commentary on the words of the inscription, after having relieved his enthusiasm in a lengthy preface, and a still longer epistle, dedicatory to a doctor of his acquaintance.

The commentary is as careful as though life hung upon each letter of the text. Having completed this portion of his work, the author gives rein to his fancy, and elaborates from his internal consciousness a life of *L. Clodius Hermippus*. This is too curious to be passed over. Dr. Cohausen asks how the subject of the inscription managed to live upon the breath of little girls. He inquires whether *Hermippus* was a very wealthy man, and enters into reasons which appear to him conclusive to the contrary. He makes elaborate calculations as to the number of children who would have been necessary to supply breath to *Hermippus*, supposing them to have been changed every

* It is possible that, by the engraver's fault, the X in the first inscription have been substituted for an L.

* Original edition in Latin. A translation by John Campbell, LL.D., under the title of "*Hermippus Redivivus*," London, 1743. A second edition much enlarged, under the title "*Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*," London, 1749, 8vo. We have seen, also, an Italian translation. That from which we quote is the German edition.

five years, and he to have adopted his system of prolonging life at the age of 60. After having discussed the question whether Lucius Clodius were a schoolmaster, or the director of a hospital for children, he concludes that he was the head of an orphanage supported by Government; and when he has quite satisfied his mind upon that point, Dr. Cohausen proceeds to sketch the daily routine of the life of Hermippus, as follows:

"The orphanage, which was like a palace, had many handsome dwelling and dining rooms, adapted for the daily uses of himself and the children, so that the breath and exhalations from such a number of little girls might fill the enclosed air, and might mingle to compose a salubrious vapour; and, absorbed into the lungs of Hermippus, might the better exercise the desired properties. In these rooms he spent with them the greater part of the day, occupying the time in friendly and agreeable conversation, unfolding to them good rules of life, relating innocent stories, and wisely pronouncing exhortations on the practice of virtue. Early in the morning, when the noise of the awaking children aroused him, at his command they kindled in the room a fire, in order that the air which had become thickened during the night, might be rarified. In damp weather they perfumed it with the best perfumes several times in the day, because they had been instructed by their master how necessary this was to the preservation of health. When the aged man left his room the little damsels waited on him in the breakfast-chamber, and wished him a happy morning. Often he explained to them the dreams which they related to him, making them conduce to their moral edification. Some of those sufficiently old to have an inkling of the art of flattery, combed out his snow-white hair; others smoothed his long white beard; others, again, rubbed his back with a coarse towel, which is considered very good for the health of old people. And if, at that period, tea or coffee had been drunk, unquestionably they would have supplied him with it. At all events, we may conclude, as these beverages were not then in vogue, that it is quite possible to reach a great age without imbibing them. When school-time was over they passed the rest of the day in childish sports, with the permission of Hermippus. They jumped about, they played with their dolls, sometimes they also sang, for old people consider nothing so good for health, and so invigorating, as vocal music. And in this manner everything conduced to assist the expirations of the little girls in supporting our old man. If ever he was compelled to leave the room, one might see the

children dragging at his coat-tails to detain him, and fervently desiring his return. Adjoining the orphanage was a pleasant garden, in which were plants and flowers calculated by their odour to quicken the vital spirit, and assist in the prolongation of life. With these the maidens daily adorned the rooms. Into this garden Hermippus betook himself with all the little girls, each provided with a doll; and he walked about with them in it, chaffed them, romped, danced and sang, acting as though his limbs were those of youth. A thousand little rogueries, a thousand little jokes on the part of the tiny lassies assisted in enlivening him, for they possessed the art of making themselves cheerful. They wreathed flowers, and placed a crown of spring-blossoms on the white head of Hermippus, and thus he spited the fates and reached an advanced age."

Will it be believed that all this detail is pure invention on the part of Dr. Cohausen?

The learned author next proceeds to reason upon the cause producing these results; he solves the question why the breath of little girls should tend to prolong life.

"The breath," says Dr. Cohausen, "consists of an inhalation and an exhalation; and if I speak scientifically, I say that when man breathes, he lets forth the thick and thin airs through his mouth and nostrils, which he had before received into his lungs, where they had become impregnated with the evaporations from his body, the subtilised watery particles, and vitalising blood, the balsamic and sulphuric atoms. Wherefore the human breath when outside the spiracles has a material character, namely an exhalation from the vapours and gases which are intermixed with the blood and sap of the human body; and it is so especially in the breath of little girls. So observes Ficinus. This air is warm or tepid, and it moves and is endowed unmistakably with life, and like an animal is composed of joints and limbs, so that it can turn itself about, and not only so, but it has a soul also; so that we may certainly predicate that it is an animal composed of vapour, and endowed with reason. Consequently, any one who draws into his lungs this breath or conglomerated vapour, must necessarily absorb into his system the properties of that body from which it emanated, and from which it derived its being. For we know by experience that the air which enters the lungs dry, goes forth carrying with it moisture, as may be seen by breathing on a glass, or in cold weather. Also, when we inhale the breath of any one who is ill, we are conscious of receiving infection. On the other hand, it is manifest that the breath of a young and vigorous person, charged with powerful volatile salts,

will have a balsamic and vitalising capacity, or at the least a mechanical elasticity, which must communicate vigour." The doctor quotes with approval the opinion of Van Helmont, that the air absorbed into the lungs penetrates the whole system, and circulates through every part, to the very hair, catching up volatile salts on its passage. Thence he concludes that the exhalations of little girls, who are brimming over with vitality, and heaven knows what life-giving salts, must be charged with some of their redundant vitality; and if this breath be inhaled by an old man, he assumes into himself, and absorbs into his constitution, that life which had been cast off as superfluous, by the children.

Quæ spiramina dat puella? Nectar.
Dat rores animæ suave olentes,
Dat nardumque thymumque cinnamumque,
Et mel, quale jugis tegunt Hymetti
Aut in Cecropiis apes rosetia,
Quæ si multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in iis repente flam.

The third line, with its repetition of "*umque*," is peculiar rather than elegant. The doctor rates the schoolmasters of his day for smoking during class hours: he tells them that they are losing an opportunity of inhaling the most invigorating salts at no expense.

Quando doces pueros, tibi fistula semper in ore est,
Atque scholæ fumos angulus omnis habet.

"Oh, my Orbilius!" he exclaims, "wherefore dost thou do so? Dost thou complain of the stuffiness of the school-room. Thou art mistaken, Orbilius, these vapours are full of volatile salts, by which if thou wert wise, thou wouldst attain a long life. Away with thy nasty pipe, and suck in rather these redolent exhalations whereby thou mayest become healthy and aged."

It must not be supposed that the scientific—or physico-medical, as the doctor calls it—portion of the subject is dismissed in such few words. The author dilates on the theory, turns it over, tosses it about, takes a bite, squeezes it, holds it up for admiration, and then reluctantly puts it aside. In the course of his physico-medical argument, he introduces a few illustrative anecdotes. One of these taken from P. Borellus Cent. 3, Obs. 58, is to this effect: A servant much devoted to his master, on his return from a journey, found his lord dead and prepared for burial. Full of grief, he cast himself on the deceased, and kissing his palid lips poured forth a whirlwind of sighs. The breath thus emitted penetrated to the lungs of the corpse, inflated them, and the dead opened his eyes, winked, and sat up. The sigh of the faithful domestic had fanned into flame the expiring, and as all had deemed expired, vital spark. From the sage Orube-

lius our author quotes another story in confirmation of his hypothesis:

A woman had died in her first confinement, or, at all events, had fallen into a state which was believed by the attendants and by Orubilius, who was the physician present, to be dead. She lay thus for a quarter of an hour devoid of sense and feeling, with pale face, stationary pulse, and with lungs which had ceased to play. A maid-servant who thus beheld her, opened her mouth, and breathed into it; whereupon the patient revived. The physician then asked the girl where she had learned the use of this simple yet efficient restorative; and the servant replied that she had seen it practised upon new-born children with the happiest results. The author also assures us of the beneficial effect produced by wringing the necks of poultry before a person *in articulo mortis*, and making the cocks and hens breathe out their souls into the mouth of the dying, whereby he is not unfrequently restored, and becomes quite well and chirrupy.

But, continues Dr. Cohausen, it is not only the exhalations from the lungs which are life-generative, but also those from the pores. The pores are little mouths situated all over the body, constantly engaged in the aëration of the blood; they inhale the surrounding atmosphere and then exhale it again, charged with balsamic and sulphurous particles taken up from the system. Men's bodies are pneumatic-hydraulic machines, composed of fluid and solid materials, and health depends on the fluids being prevented from coagulating, by being stirred up by the constant operations of the currents of air which penetrate the frame through the pores and mouth. The solid portion of the body is disposed to harden and dry up and become stiff, and this produces age and decay; but if the circulation of the fluids be kept up by the healthful infusion of fresh vital force and living energies, then decrepitude and death may be almost indefinitely postponed.

Now the lips of the little mouths or pores all over the person can be kept flexible by oil, and therefore enabled to perform their functions with facility. Thus Pollio, an ancient soldier of the Emperor Augustus, when asked how he had succeeded in prolonging his energies over a hundred years, replied that he had daily moistened his outer man with oil, and his inner man with honey. Dr. Cohausen proceeds to lay down that it is better to absorb the exhalations of little girls than those of little boys, because females are more oily than males—a view we in no way feel inclined to dispute, without having recourse to the receipt of Mocradius for wholesale incremations, which the doctor quotes to establish the fact:—

"Lay one female body to six male bodies, in a great pyre, for thereby the male corpses are the more speedily consumed." No doubt about it: there is enough combustible material in one woman to set any number of men in a blaze.

Johannes Fabricius, in his "*Palladium Chymicum*," relates that he knew of a lady whose hair when combed emitted sparks.

Bartholinus mentions in his "*Tractatus de Luce Hominum*," the case of a female who flashed fire whenever her limbs or back were rubbed with a towel. These examples lead our author to conclude, that in women there is not merely a considerable amount of oil, but that there is also no small item of latent fire; we are inclined to add, explosive material as well.

The advantage of old men marrying young wives is next discussed by Dr. Cohausen; and he strongly urges all who have entered on the sere and yellow leaf, to take to themselves wives of very early age; that, if Providence has not made them superintendents of orphanages, or schoolmasters, they may be enabled at small expense to inhale youthful breath. Men with wives already are to sleep and spend their days in the nursery. As an instance of the advantage of patriarchs taking girlish wives, he relates the story of a certain ancient man with snow-white hair and beard, who married at the advanced age of eighty. After a while the old man fell ill; all his hair and skin came off. On his recovery, he had a fresh transparent complexion, and a magnificent bushy head and chin of vivid red hair.

"Whatever you do!" earnestly entreats the doctor, "never marry an old woman; she will absorb all the vital principal from your lungs, and poison you with her exhalations. Alas, for him, who, in hopes of gaining money, marries a rich old spinster! She becomes youthful, and he prematurely aged. For old women," he continues, "are like cats, whose breath is poisonous to life. From the eyes and mouth a cat discharges so much that is hurtful, that it has been the cause of innumerable complaints. Indeed, Matthiolus (*Lib. VI. in Diosc. c. 25.*) relates that a whole monastery of Religious died because they kept a great number of cats."

"My dear reader," says Cohausen, "if you are young and wish to marry, follow the advice of Baron von Hevel, late member of the Imperial Council, which he gives in his '*Psalmodia Sacra*':—

Si cupis uxorem quæ præstet ubique decorem,
Formidetque marem, dilige sorte parem,
Prolificam, bellam, prudentem quære puellam,
Non genium vanum, nec viduam nec anum.

That is:—If you want a wife who may be a

credit to you, and respect her husband, choose a girl your equal, prolific, comely, prudent; not a giddy head, nor an old widow." If this is a specimen of the Baron's Sacred Psalmody, we must allow the book to be very light reading for a Sunday.

In reading this extraordinary work, one is astonished at the manner in which the author seems to regard the fair sex as merely pharmaceutical agents, putting them much on a level with pills and powders, created for the purpose of keeping men in good health, and prolonging their lives. The idea scarce suggests itself to him, that they may object to be so regarded and administered. Dr. Cohausen would, as soon as look at you, write a prescription containing, among other items, so many respirations of the breath of little girls, to be taken in scented smoke.

R. Gum Olibani	℥ 1	3 8
„ Styrag	„	2
„ Myrrhi	„	2
„ Benz.	„	4
Corb. casc. pulv.		3 4
Anhel. puellarum.		quant. suff.

When the question does arise, how the damsels will like this treatment, the doctor brushes it aside with imperturbable coolness. It will be a great honour to them, to be thus rendered conducive to the prolongation of male life. Indeed, it will cause them not to be held as cheap as they are now. At present they are good-for-nothings; but employed to infuse the breath of life into men's lungs, they will be respected and valued.

And now, with a flourish of horns, he introduces the "Wondrous discovery of philosophical chymistry," of which he boasted on his title-page. "Now then, O ye cooks of Gebri, or, that I may give you your better title, ye sons of Hermes, who has taught you to extract the marvellous stone of the philosophers from the fire, that thereby ye may be skilled to sustain a protracted life! Now will I disclose to you a new philosophy? The once famous hermetic philosopher in France, Johann Petrus Faber of Montpellier, boasted of a certain *arcanum animale* which would cause any one who used it, to be free from injury caused by the inclemency of the weather, from the grey hairs of age, from exhaustion through bodily fatigue, or through mental tension, whom no sickness would enfeeble, but who would reach the term fixed by Providence for his days, free from injury from every foe. I shall prove that Hermippus protracted his life by the use of such an *arcanum*. For although, hitherto, it has been an unknown arcanum to use the crude breath of little maidens for the prolongation of the mortal existence, still it will be regarded a

far higher *arcanum*, if this can be concentrated and cooked into an essence by chymical process, so that it should have in itself the invisible spirit of nature, and the subtilised fundamental principle of life. Let no one consider what I am now about to relate, as a fable, but let him hold it as genuine fact. In my youth I had the good fortune to have the *entrée* of the house of an illustrious personage, whose lady was immeasurably learned in the hermetic science, and laboured at it along with her husband; with her I had the opportunity of discussing the primordial matter of universal substance, which the philosophers have veiled under enigma and fable. She boasted that she had learned the secret of this from an Italian *Adeptus* at Rome, and, thereby she aroused my curiosity to hear what it was: although, at the time, I was by no means slightly acquainted with hermetic philosophy.

"Once, as I urgently besought her to do me the favour of disclosing to me this mystery, she began, after the manner of philosophers, to speak in similitude: she said the *ens spirituale* was that without which no man could exist. It was common to all, to rich and poor alike. Adam brought it with him out of Paradise, and in it lay a nourishing principle of life attenuated in water and exhaled in air. I will not refer to other enigmas, which she knew how to propound from the writings of philosophers.

"In order to make the matter more conclusive, she ordered to be brought from her cabinet a vessel containing cold water, which she held under my nose, telling me that it was the true *subjectum* of science, distilled, as one might conclude, from female exhalations, which Flamellus terms corporeal vapour. With this she roused to the highest pitch my anxiety to thoroughly sound the mystery, as I had already seen hints of these properties in the writings of Sandivogius and other philosophers. I did not fail to use my utmost persuasion on every available opportunity to penetrate the secret of this *Lixivium microcosmi*. At last the favour was accorded me, and I ascertained that this holy *arcanum* consisted in human breath, which was collected from this lady's servant girls, and liquified in glass instruments curved like trumpets. The water thus gathered was concentrated in retorts and other chymical apparatus, and was the very essence fixed of impalpable matter.

"By means of this discovery, life may be easily prolonged over a hundred years, for this vapour of breath collected from maidens in trumpets, when distilled, becomes an elixir of life, and by the copious use of this concen-

trated vitality steamed down to an essence, man becomes interpenetrated with living energy capable of resisting disease, and repelling the inroads of age."

If we consider that the substances we absorb into our bodies become part of ourselves, and that our systems are undergoing a perpetual assimilation of the particles taken into us and renovation thereby, so that every seven years we have totally changed our substance, it is evident that, in the words of a learned friend of Doctor Cohausen, "This entire Hermippus, since he lived over one hundred years, must have been completely transmuted into the breath and porous exhalations of little girls; so that his career must have closed by evaporation."

It is certain that men can live a long time on what they inspire, without eating; for the famous laughing philosopher Democritus, who lived to 109, when near his death observed that his sister was depressed, and on inquiring the cause, ascertained that she had anticipated great pleasure by attending an approaching festival of Ceres, but that she feared his death would render it an infringement of *etiquette* for her to be present at the public festivities. Democritus consoled her, by promising to live over the day. And, in order to extend his life the required time, he ordered her to keep warm bread poultices under his nose, that by constantly inhaling the nourishing vapours he might be preserved. When the festival was over he ordered the bread pap to be removed, whereupon he gently expired.

Now, argues our doctor,—and this is a signal illustration of his method of drawing conclusions from insufficient premises,—if the vapour of bread could sustain the fleeting spirit of Democritus,—then the still more invigorating outbreathings of little maidens will prolong life indefinitely;—for only consider how much better are little girls than soft pap!

At the startling results of this discovery :—
Non parum mirantur physici;
therefore ye—

Posteri, sic vitam ducite!

S. BARING-GOULD.

UNDER THE TREES.

UNDER the trees in summer time,
Under the chestnut trees,
Looking up into their cool green shade
By a thousand layers of green leaves made,
When the clustering flowers are past their prime,
And the idle wandering breeze
Slyly shakes the branches to and fro,
And brings down a shower of summer snow
In the golden summer time.

Under the trees in summer time,
Under the trees I lie,

Peeping up into their boughs to see
 If the sun can dart down one ray on me,
 Whilst drowsily sounds the sheep-bell's chime
 And the babbling brook goes by;
 And the birds sing cheerily many a tale
 Whisper'd to them by the passing gale,
 In the golden summer time.

Under the trees in summer time
 I lie and dream of thee,
 And I dream that in days to come, thou and I
 Shall meet again as in days gone by,
 When laughing summer is in her prime,
 Beneath the chestnut tree;
 When the listening breeze may tell each bird
 The sweetest secret that ever it heard
 In the golden summer time.

JULIA GODDARD.

AN ADVENTURE WITH "THE PIPER THAT PLAYED BEFORE MOSES."

DID you ever hear of "the Piper that played before Moses"? I had, very often; but it was only last winter I made his acquaintance personally, and under the rather peculiar circumstances which I shall presently relate.

It happened that a long strain of brain-work had resulted in symptoms which caused my medical adviser to order me out of town—away from the sight of books, or voice of bookish men. So I went to what Mr. Borrow calls wild Wales, under the impression that the migration of tourists having taken place long ago, I should find, so to speak, the land of Goshen; at any rate, escape from my enemy the printer and his satellites. I tried Llan-dudno, then Barmouth, then Aberystwith. But the gaunt skeletons of the past season, the brazen-faced, unwinking lodging-house windows, glared at me on every side, and I fled incontinently, taking coach to Cardigan, where, strapping on my knapsack, I set off to hunt for one of those mysterious nooks where—

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,—
 the descendants of the ancient Britons are still to be met with.

My walk landed me at dusk upon the outskirts of Fishguard; and extremely quiet and pretty did the little bay look, reflecting upon its lake-like bosom the bespangled sky, where, through the clear atmosphere,

The patient stars look down
 On all their light discovers,—
 The traitor's smile, the lover's frown,
 The lips of lying lovers;
 They try to shut their saddened eyes,
 And in the vain endeavour
 We see them twinkling in the skies,
 And so they wink for ever.

I left Fishguard early next morning, and passing along the fine rugged coast-line,

reached St. David's by nightfall, and paid my first visit to the cathedral by moonlight, going back to mine inn with a creeping sensation down my back,—so ghostly and lonely did the walls look, and so truly did they remind me of a certain city by the Euphrates; and yet over 30,000*l.* of good money has been collected towards propping up the decayed walls. "Charity begins at home," is a useful motto, and it would be well if the good folks who help to swell the subscription for the restoration of St. David's would look closer at home, and do something for their own mouldering, tottering parish churches,—where truly "rust and moth doth corrupt," and where that most unscrupulous of thieves, procrastination, is sapping the very life-blood of an ill-paid, and therefore careless priesthood.

Much has been written on the state of the Church in Wales; but not one tithe of what might be said, has yet astonished the public, and scandalised the supine members of the Ministry and Church.

I left St. David's, then, with a feeling which I dare say many of my readers have experienced when, from the squalid cabin where neglect and disregard had nourished the tares so ready to spring forth in every human heart, he has stood beside some great and costly monument which has been raised to commemorate a man's life and deeds.

Moralising, then, upon the "evil that I had seen under the sun—the lust of the eye, the pride of life," I found myself gazing up at a queer eerie-looking tower, perched on an isolated rock. Not far from the ruins sat the most dilapidated specimen of a piper I had ever chanced upon—he was literally ragged and tattered. Probably he did not honour a bed very often with his company; but if he did, it must have required both time and skill to clothe and unclothe. There was a little of everything in his attire, a sort of conglomerate from the red rag of a soldier's jacket to the blue-slate coloured lining of an old woman's petticoat.

His head was covered with closely cropped iron-grey hair; a grey beard and moustache; bright blue eyes, sparkling and restless; a straight, thin nose, whose nostrils expanded and quivered with every emotion; added to a tall athletic figure, and (remembering *always* the habiliments) you have a pretty accurate picture of the man I found meditating at the foot of Roche Castle.

"Good day to y'r honour," said he, looking me sharply over his shoulder; "he touched his forehead; 'it's a fine day over the ducks. If y'r honour will only condescend to take this stone seat ye'll find it dry as a bone. I've been sitting on it all night.'"

"All night, my friend?" said I, somewhat incredulously.

"Sin' sunset, anyhow."

"Why, it poured with rain."

"Faix, it did; rain was no name for it, it came down anyhow; but, rain or no rain, here I sat, listening and watching, till the eyeballs of me were well most out of their sockets, and niver so much as a scrape of his feet did I see or hear."

"You expected a friend, did you?"

"Faix, y'ur not far out."

"Rather a wet night for a rendezvous," I went on, wondering what kind of character I had fallen in with. "You must have had a lonely time of it, unless you are partial to the society of ghosts, which I suppose Roche Castle supplies *ad libitum*, after the manner of Welsh ruins in general."

"And indeed they do, half-a-dozen at least; I seed them plain enuf in the night. Can you see spirits?"

"No. Can you?"

The man laughed and looked triumphant.

"In coorse I can. Sure, it was a spuerit I was waiting fur so long; but maybe it was too wet for him."

"I didn't know spirits thought of such trivial circumstances."

"Then ye've somethin' to larn, anyhow," he said, cunningly. "He's bin used to warm climates, ye see, and after that, it is small shame to him if he was affeard of last night."

"Then, if it's not an impertinent question," I said, "tell me, what climate is your friend used to?"

"The desart, to be sure. Faith, thin, clever as ye look, it's somethin' else than y'ur Bible ye've bin reading; didn't he walk fornenst the children of Israel, through the big desart for forty years?"

"Oh," said I, slightly taken aback, and giving a wider berth to my friend, "oh, it's Moses you mean."

"True fur ye, it's no less. Ye've heerd tell of Moses, and maybe ye've heerd tell of the piper that played before Moses."

I acknowledged that I had, wondering what would come next, though scarcely prepared for his answer.

"Faix, then I'm he."

I confess to being startled, perhaps not so much by the assertion,—that I had no inclination to dispute,—as by the fact that I was sitting cheek by jowl with a madman. I took a hurried glance over the piper, and a firmer grasp at my walking-stick,—a tolerable weapon of defence, being bamboo and leaded at the top.

Suddenly he turned round and eyed me, asking eagerly,—

"Which way did ye come?"

"From St. David's," I replied; and never till my dying day shall I forget the yell that rang in my ears; I hear it yet, tingling and crashing.

"Och, by the powers! to think I didn't know ye's, and you laffin at me in y'ur slave, and playin' me such a thrick. Get up wid ye, and just wait till I fill the billows; that's it, now I'm ready. Step out, Moses; come, step out."

And he began blowing away; walking off, but looking over his shoulder to make sure of my following, shouting presently,—

"Why don't ye come on, holy Moses? why don't ye come on? sure, it's the tune ye like best ov any. Oh! y'ur going to guv me the slip, are you? faith, there's two worrids to that bargain. I waited for ye's all last night, wet and dry, and I'm not such a gommerel as ye take me fur, to let ye out of me sight now I've got ye. Now thin, come along with ye, quick."

I did not move. I had some intention of knocking him down, but then his head did not look as if it would care much for a knock unless it cracked it, and that of course was out of the question. I had no wish to figure as a murderer: so I thought I'd let him walk on, and when he was looking ahead I would run for it; but before I could decide what course I was to pursue, the piper turned, and, walking backwards with that peculiar strut common to his trade, ordered me to follow after.

"My good fellow," I began, with a faint hope that remonstrance might do something, "I am not Moses, and if you will sit down and wait for your friend, I will continue my journey."

A long, loud laugh was his reply; added to which came,—

"Come, nun o' y'ur thricks upon thravellers; ye needn't try to blarny me."

"But, I assure you, my name is Fenton."

"Well, and if it is, what thin? sure it's always won to them poor ignorant ounadhoun's o' Welch, they don't know any better; so, av ye plase, y'ur Moses—anyways, till the raal Moses comes."

And he winked, as much as to say he had me fast.

"And if I do go with you, supposing I am Moses, what do you expect me to do?"

The piper stared, then scratched his head, and stared again.

"Faix, I niver thought of that: what will ye be doing, indeed?"

"Will you let me consult Aaron?"

"Av coorse; only don't be stoppin' so long, for I'm gitting hungry."

"Then lie down, and don't look up for your life," said I. "Keep both eyes fast shut till you hear a big bellow like a cow

roaring; then you may peep, and you'll see Aaron."

Down went the piper on the ground, his



(See page 149.)

face buried in the grass, and away went I as fast as my legs could carry me, steering for a clump of trees where, "by the smoke that so gracefully curled," I opined refuge and help must be near.

Nor was I mistaken. After a headlong race or steeple-chase over field and dike, I bolted into a farm-house kitchen, where a woman was up to her elbows in a copper pan of curds, and who was evidently not a little surprised, as well she might be, at my sudden advent.

"What's the matter, sir? sure, ye've been running," she said.

"Oh, I've met the piper that played before Moses," I replied, still gasping for breath;

and a queer, half-amused, half-sad look came upon the woman's comely face, as, beckoning a girl, she said,—

"Run, Mary, for father; sure, the poor gentleman's out of his mind."

But I soon satisfied her that I *was sane* enough; and a good laugh we had over her fear and my story, and I am thankful to say that from that day to this I have never met the "Piper that played before Moses," though I have often marvelled whether he *was still* waiting on the *marvellous* stone by Roche Castle, or whether, as I *strongly* suspect, he was only on the tramp, *and only* straggling eastwards as the tourists had *done* before him.

I. D. FENTON.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XI. A LITTLE DINNER AT GREYCRAGS.



HE institution of dinner parties, admirable for mankind in many respects, and certainly superior to all other forms of entertainment, is not so advantageous with regard to our relations with the other sex. Man can have no better opportunity of cultivating acquaintance with his brother man, but scarcely a worse for improving his position with the lady of his affections. We may not be so fastidious as

the noble bard who "hated to see a woman eat," but we still must acknowledge that we had rather see our beloved object doing almost anything else. We do not know how it may be with chopsticks, but a knife and fork in woman's hands seem certainly inimical to the tender passion; the jingle of glasses, the clatter of plates, are not to be trusted to, as in any degree permanent; servants are not invariably noisy; and just as, under cover of a fusillade of this sort, you have hazarded a remark with meaning, a sudden silence may place you in the most embarrassing position. The attentive fair one poisoning a morsel upon her fork, presents a truly ridiculous spectacle, and you—with the sentence you dare not finish—how foolish you also look, as you plunge madly at your champagne glass, and wish it were an opaque pitcher in which you could hide your diminished head. And yet, how you counted beforehand on that evening when you knew you were to meet her, and that your good-natured hostess would see that your Arabella should be placed under your charge in the procession to the dining-room! For my part, I think the Eastern custom, which excludes females from feasts, is a most excellent one. The only exception should be picnics, which, indeed, would never exist except for women,

who care not what they eat, or what they drink, but only wherewithal they shall be clothed.

However, as I have said, the lover still looks forward to the repast at which he is to meet his fair one, notwithstanding the not unrecorded experiences of the generations before him: and the Thursday on which John Carlyon was invited to Greycrags, seemed to beckon him to bliss.

His late interview with Agnes had filled his heart with hope—it must be confessed on but slight grounds. He did not take into account the depth of gratitude which she felt for the service he had rendered her, and which, of course, had placed him upon quite another footing than that of a stranger making his first visit of ceremony; the unconventional simplicity of her nature, too, so different from that of young ladies in general, gave to her manners a frankness and cordiality which he had construed, somewhat egotistically perhaps, into a liking for himself. But, he was at all events certain that she did not shrink from him as he had apprehended would have been the case, in pious horror. He did not at all dislike her remarks to him upon the question of religion. They evinced an interest in his future welfare, which perhaps might be extended to the present. Charity begins at home, but love may begin anywhere. Marriages themselves were said to be made in heaven. It was very foolish of him to leap to these conclusions; but the fact was, Carlyon was dealing with a person whose motives of action he could appreciate, and yet by no means understand. Nothing is more unintelligible to an irreligious man than the position of the truly pious. The quoters of texts, the wearers of long faces, the denouncers of fiction, the foes of the Pope, and all that rout of the vulgar and ignorant who make up so large a portion of what is called "the religious world," are very transparent to him, and afford him endless opportunities of scoffing at the Great Cause of which these foolish persons imagine themselves to be the advocates. But, brought face to face with those who spend their lives in doing good, from motives quite other than those of simple benevolence, and whose charity is of the heart as well as the hand, he is puzzled how to treat them. These "amiable enthusiasts," who show their

faith by their works, are very embarrassing to him; but they are seldom met with in society.

Carlyon had long regarded Agnes like some star set far above him in a heaven of its own; but now that he had been admitted to her presence, and listened to her opinions, she seemed no longer out of his reach. Yet as soon might he imagine that the substance of the star was any nearer to him, because in some tranquil pool he had seen its reflex, and hung over it for a little unrebuked.

It is sad to think how soon with ordinary men, and especially with those who pay a somewhat exceptional homage to women, the angel is lost in the wife, and the wife in the drudge; how lightly they value the prize once so humbly sought when they have become possessed of it. With one of Carlyon's generous and knightly nature such degradation was impossible, but he was not without some share of that vanity of his sex which translates the pressure of a woman's hand into "Persevere," and her smile into "You will succeed." A week ago, had his heart ventured to whisper to him that Agnes Crawford might some day be his, he would have laughed aloud for very bitterness. But now, as he was borne towards Greycrags, in the close car of the country, to dine in company with that no longer unapproachable young woman, the idea of such an union was by no means laughable, but eminently practicable and very nice. There was no dinner-party to meet him, of course. Not that there is any difficulty in the country in getting folks to dine with you, for they will cheerfully come six, and even ten miles, to do it in the depth of winter, but simply because Mr. Crawford knew nobody to ask. Mr. Puce, indeed, would have given five pounds (and he was not a recklessly extravagant man either) for an invitation to Greycrags; but Mr. Puce was not there. Mr. Carstairs was the only guest, besides Carlyon, who was not an inmate of the house.

An apology for this circumstance was tendered by the stately old man, as he welcomed the young squire, who on his part rejoined, most truthfully, that he was glad they were to be so small a company. He might, with equal veracity, have added that at least one of the present party could have been well spared. Mr. Richard Crawford, offensively good-looking and objectionably young, was standing by his cousin's side, and continued there to stand while Carlyon and she shook hands and dilated upon the fineness of the evening—as though June were generally a series of pouring days alternating with snowstorms. It was quite a relief when cheery Mr. Carstairs bustled in late—"When a lady's in the case, my dear sir, and especially under

certain circumstances—ahem—all other things must give place")—and fastened himself upon Mr. Richard, with some startling particulars concerning the right of fishing, which that young gentleman, it seems, had exercised of late in contempt of the lawful authority of Charles, Earl Disney. The doctor, indeed, was just one of those persons whose presence is invaluable in a small company, in which there are discordant elements. A common acquaintance of all, he seemed to be unaware of the existence of any antipathies. He rattled on at dinner from one subject of gossip to another in his good-natured way, insisting especially upon the attention of Richard as being a youth, and one who had never paid him his dues in any other form. In vain the young man replied to him in monosyllables, and never took his eyes off Carlyon and his cousin, who were conversing in reality innocently enough about ordinary matters; the doctor poured forth his cornucopia of news to the last item, and then took to science.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Richard, ever since I heard you have been to Peru, I have wanted to have a long talk with you about the cinchona plant."

And a long talk he had, lasting through half the repast, during which his unfortunate victim presented the appearance rather of one who was employed in *taking* quinine than of merely conversing about it. Mr. Crawford, senior, threw in a word or two, here and there, evincing considerable knowledge of the subject, but never at sufficient length to extricate his nephew from the discussion and set him at liberty to watch his cousin and her neighbour. If, in short, the whole thing had been planned for the discomfiture of the young sailor, and for affording his opportunity to Carlyon, the end in view could not have been more successfully attained.

When Agnes had risen and departed, the doctor, exhilarated by social success and some first-rate Madeira, was still the lion of the evening.

"I am glad to see you to-night, Mr. Carlyon," said the little man, good-humouredly; "the last time we parted, it was after rather an unpleasant discussion; but forgive and forget is my motto, as I am sure it is yours. And I am glad to see you *here*, sir, especially, where you will find precept and example too—for, if your excellent daughter, Mr. Crawford, does not convert him from his errors, neither would one who rose from the dead; that's my opinion."

"I too am extremely glad," observed the old gentleman, with a grave smile, "to see Mr. Carlyon here, although I was not aware that he stood in need of spiritual aid. But

for him, sir, my daughter, of whom you are pleased to speak so highly, would not be now alive; nor, indeed, would this young gentleman."

"I have already endeavoured to express my gratitude to Mr. Carlyon," rejoined Richard, stiffly. "Mr. Carstairs, I think I know what you have in your mind, and also in your pocket. I assure you my uncle has no sort of objection to your smoking a cigar."

"None whatever," responded the old gentleman, and the cigars were lighted accordingly.

Carlyon had not thought it possible that any observation of Richard Crawford's could have afforded him so much satisfaction. Armed with the benignant weed he knew that he would be permitted to dream as he pleased while the doctor talked; that he could conceal his thoughts in grateful silence as easily as he could hide his countenance in the fragrant smoke.

"You are very indulgent, Mr. Crawford," began the little man; "unusually so to us young folks—ahem" (the doctor was on the shady side of fifty); "and you don't smoke yourself, neither, which makes the permission doubly commendable."

"I was so smoke-dried in my—at one time in my life," observed the old gentleman, coldly, "that nothing annoys me in that way."

Mr. Carstairs had it upon the tip of his tongue to say, "That was in the army, I suppose?" but he did not feel quite equal to such an audacity, so helped himself to Madeira instead.

"One thing gives me great comfort," continued the little man; "without which, even with your permission, I should scarcely venture to enjoy myself in this way, and that is, that Miss Agnes has no objection to the smell of smoke. She never asks a poor man to put out his pipe when visiting his cottage, although the tobacco in Mellor is by no means like that of the young squire's here. What a difference there is in tobacco! When we go home together, Carlyon, I shall ask you for one out of your case."

Carlyon laughed, and they all laughed. This little doctor, who had dined and wine so freely, and was enjoying himself so much, was quite a godsend to the company. In the drawing-room after dinner he was still the leading spirit. At the conclusion (and sometimes a little before it) of Agnes' charming Scotch songs he led the applause, clapping his large hands together, like a dramatic critic of the pit. Once again he informed Carlyon that he was glad to see him in that house, and in such improving company. "Go and talk to her, sir, she will do you good," whispered

he, with earnestness. Nor did he fail to give him the opportunity; for fastening vampire-like on the unhappy Richard, he sucked his brains for a quarter of an hour, with reference to the insufficient supply of lime-juice in the merchant service for the prevention of scurvy. In short, Carstairs was the guest of the evening; nay, it was Carstairs' dinner given by Crawford; it was almost Carstairs' daughter by a previous marriage.

Carlyon laughed aloud as he and the little man strode home together that beautiful night—having sent away their respective vehicles—each with one of those excellent cigars of the Woodlees brand in their mouths. He had not had much private talk with Agnes, but he was indebted to the surgeon for all that he had had. Her last words had been the sweetest. She had expressed a wish to take the portrait of her equine preserver Red Berild. He was to ride the gallant roan to Greycrags for that purpose the very next day. She had said, "any day," and he had replied, "To-morrow," and to-morrow it was to be. It would take a long time and many sittings, (if such a term could be used for such a subject) to paint a horse. He saw no end to his opportunities of visiting Greycrags.

"What a charming evening we have had," exclaimed he, enthusiastically.

"Very jolly!" answered the surgeon, promptly. "I never enjoyed myself more in my life. Curious young fellow, though, that Mr. Richard; deuced hard to get anything out of him. Wants a deal of pumping. But when I want to get the truth out of a man, I flatter myself I generally get it—How do you like Miss Agnes?"

"Stop a bit; my cigar's going out. Give me a light, Carstairs."

"No, it isn't. It is in a state of complete combustion. How do you like her, sir?"

"What, Miss Crawford?"

"Well, I don't mean the girl that helped to wait at table; I refer to our late hostess."

"I think she is a very—pleasant—agreeable—and certainly beautiful young woman."

This opinion, given with the utmost deliberation, and much of the conscious solemnity of a judge, seemed to satisfy the inquirer. They walked on for some distance in silence.

"Don't you think that young fellow, Richard, uncommonly handsome, Carlyon?"

"Very," returned the squire, unhesitatingly.

"And so young, too," continued the doctor.

"One cannot wonder that Miss Agnes is obviously weak in that quarter. Did you not notice how quickly she spoke in his behalf when the old gentleman was inclined to take him to task once or twice?"

"Yes; she defends everybody; and, be-

sides, as you say, she is doubtless much attached to the lad. They are first cousins, you know."

They walked on in silence as before, except that ever and anon the doctor now stole a look at his unconscious companion, full of embarrassment and pity. His high spirits seemed to have quite deserted him. Carlyon, on the other hand, stepped gaily along, solacing himself, in place of another cigar, with snatches of song, according to his custom when well-content. They were drawing near to Mellor, where they were to part, before Mr. Carstairs spoke again.

"I say, Carlyon, did you observe a very singular thing that took place this evening while we were sitting and smoking in the dining-room?"

"Yes," answered the other, demurely; "I noticed you let Mr. Richard finish one whole sentence without interrupting him; it was a phenomenon no one could fail to observe."

"Pooh! pooh! I don't mean that; those young fellows want to be pulled up now and then. But did you see what old Crawford was doing while we smoked?"

"No; what?"

"Why, he was chewing tobacco. He kept moving the quid about in his mouth whenever he thought he was not observed."

"Nonsense. He was talking, only you would not listen to a word he had to say, so that he might have seemed to you to be only chewing."

"I will stake my existence, Carlyon, that he had a quid in his mouth. Was it not monstrous?"

"I didn't see it; and, therefore, can't say whether it was monstrous or not," rejoined the other, laughing.

"Now, do be serious, Carlyon. I mean, was it not monstrous for a person in Mr. Crawford's assumed position to be doing such a thing?"

"Assumed; why assumed?" inquired the other, sharply.

"Well, that's just the point," pursued the doctor. "Nobody knows who he is, or where he hails from. You have observed, I dare say, how shily he fights off any question about his past history. Well, coupling that peculiar fact with the occupation in which I saw him engaged to-night—putting one and one together, you know—I should be surprised (notwithstanding Puce's opinion to the contrary), if this strange old gentleman has not sprung from a very low origin."

"Well; and what then?" inquired Carlyon, coolly.

"Well, a good deal *then*, I should think. I mean that this Crawford's relatives and

antecedents are probably by no means what they ought to be."

"Yet he seems to me to speak very good grammar," returned the other, laughing. "If, however," added he, more gravely; "you refer to the possibly inferior social position of the ancestors of the gentleman with whom we have just condescended to dine, I honestly tell you I have no sympathy with such prejudices. A man's father may have been a sweep for all I care, so long as the colour is not transmitted (I do stop at colour). And, by-the-bye, did you happen to observe that dusky female who flitted like a bat up the staircase as we were lighting our cigars in the hall?"

"Yes; that was Cubra, young Mr. Richard's foster-mother. The only servant whom the Crawfords brought with them from the south. She never ails in health, or she might afford me an opportunity for a harmless experiment I have long had in view, in respect to the circulation of the blood. Very interesting subject that, Mr. Carlyon."

"Doubtless, doctor. That reminds me—since you are the medical attendant of Mr. Crawford, might I ask, supposing it is no breach of professional confidence, whether he has anything the matter with his heart?"

The doctor's rubicund face grew almost white; he stopped suddenly. "What, in heaven's name, made you ask that question?" inquired he.

"Simply, because I have seen him start and change colour in a very curious manner more than once, from apparently inadequate causes."

"No, sir, his heart is as sound as a roach," returned the doctor, abruptly; "I wish I could say as much for all my—patients. Well, I must wish you 'good-night' here, Carlyon."

"Good-night, Carstairs. Don't cut poor Crawford out of your visiting list because you are not sure if his family came in with the Conqueror. Make inquiries; or give him the benefit of the doubt."

Laughing gaily, the young squire strode away up the hill. The churchyard cast no shadow of death upon him to-night as he passed it swiftly by. The moonlight sleeping on the bay had no power to make him sad. When a woman has passed the heyday of her life, she never deceives herself in respect to that matter, notwithstanding that she may use all her art to deceive others; but with us men it is different. There is an Indian summer in many a man's life; a period, always brief indeed, but of uncertain duration, which takes place after youth has fled, and its flight been acknowledged. It is fostered by the sunshine of a woman's love, often only to be

nipped by the frost of her indifference. Then winter sets in indeed.

This second summer had suddenly befallen John Carlyon. He had never been in such high spirits, or felt so full of life since the time—a score of years ago—when he was a boy.

"I ought to have told him from the first," mused Mr. Carstairs, gloomily, as he lit the flat candle left for him as usual in his little hall. "My plan for that poor fellow's welfare has sadly miscarried. Instead of her doing him good she has done him harm. He has fallen in love with her, head over ears. What a *fiasco* have I made of it! All that I have done this evening is to leave an impression upon the company that Robert Augustus Carstairs, M.R.C.S., was exceedingly drunk. Well, I will tell Carlyon to-morrow at all hazards. I was a coward not to do it just now when opportunity offered; but he seemed so full of hope and life, poor fellow, that I had not the heart."

CHAPTER XII. SKETCHING RED BERILD.

IN pursuance of his previous night's resolve the doctor called at Woodlees first in his morning's round; he had taken one foot out of the stirrup, making sure of his man at that early hour, when Robin stopped him with, "The young squire's out, Mr. Carstairs;" then added, in a confidential tone, "he has ridden over to Greycrags." And his old eyes twinkled with unaccustomed mirth. "There mayn't be anything in it, you know; I don't say there is," continued he, "but it would be a great thing for the old house, as you remember, in the old times, to have a missus, and Miss Agnes, by all accounts, is just the one to do him good."

"Yes, Robin, perhaps so," responded the doctor, thoughtfully, not at all astonished by the terms in which the ancient retainer spoke of his young master and his affairs. Carlyon's spiritual case was considered "interesting" by all the orthodox about Mellor, and as many different remedies had been recommended by all classes, as are volunteered for the whooping-cough. "I will call again to-morrow, or the next day."

Day after day went on, and Mr. Carstairs called and called again at Woodlees, but saw nobody but Robin, whose servile smirk was now exchanged for a broad and very unbecoming grin. "I have done my duty," murmured the little doctor to himself on each occasion; then cantered away, not sorry that his mission had ended where it did, like an unwilling church-goer who duly presents himself at the sacred edifice and finds there is no room for him.

In the mean time Red Berild—very gradually, for Carlyon, when matters were going too fast, would make critical objections, and cause a whole leg to be rubbed out—was being transferred to paper. He was permitted to come upon the lawn, where he stood, now making futile efforts to crop the short-shaven sward, now advancing towards his master and the fair artist, to complain perhaps of the too great efficacy of the grass cutting-machine. Like the French Government when revolution threatens, Agnes always gave him bread upon such occasions, which she kept by her in necessarily large quantities for purposes of erasure. The three made a very pretty picture; Agnes sitting upon that camp-stool reclaimed from ocean, Carlyon stretched at her feet, with his fine face bathed in sunshine; and the great horse champing his bit, as though proudly conscious that he was being handed down to posterity. On the terraced walk, half way up the wooded hill, sat Richard Crawford, always with the same book in his hand, and the same leaf of the book open before him.

At unfrequent intervals Mr. Crawford senior's skeleton form would stalk out of the house, and cast its gaunt shadow over the pre-occupied pair.

"How good it was of Mr. Carlyon to give up his usual gallop on the hill-side, or 'over sands,' in order to indulge his daughter's whim in this fashion. What a very magnificent creature—although he (Mr. Crawford) for his part was no horseman, nor a judge of horses—was Red Berild! He did hope so much that Mr. Carlyon would honour his poor house [lunch being invariably over before the old gentleman put in an appearance], by remaining to dinner."

Thus matters went on—with the exception of the wet days, that are "neither few nor far between" about Mellor, and on which there was no excuse for Carlyon's coming—for weeks. The conversation between him and Agnes had hitherto never centred upon religious matters, since the occasion of his first visit to Greycrags. Each felt that that was the only ground not common to both, and, although one of them most earnestly desired that it should be made so, she shrunk from the contest for fear of its possible result. Not that she had any apprehension for her own firm faith; not that she was without hope of turning his noble soul to the truth; but, if she failed to conquer, something told her that they two would have to part; and she was so happy as things were. Happy always in his presence; but, out of it, when he had gone away no wiser than he came—not bettered, when she had had it in her humble power to better him, or at least to try to do

so—her conscience, tender as a rose leaf, was pricked.

"Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke." Had these words been addressed to Timothy only, or to all true professors of the faith? She would repeat them to herself, even while he was speaking to her in his low earnest tones, as though they were a charm against witchery. At last the opportunity long-wished for, long shrunk from, offered itself.

He was speaking of Stephen Millet, now, notwithstanding his late lesson, and vehement protestations of amendment, become even a greater sot than before, and a source of poverty as well as wretchedness to his son.

"The poor fellow has had to sell his very furniture to support that old scoundrel," said Carlyon. "When I think of William Millet, and of my Lord Disney over yonder, it really almost seems that Providence, in applying the sacred precept of 'Love your enemies,' protects its own foes, while it persecutes its friends."

"That is indeed only seeming, Mr. Carlyon. The happiest man in all this parish, the richest (in all true riches), the wisest, the best, is William. Fret not thyself because of evil doers, of him who prospereth in the way, and bringeth evil devices to pass. Nay, do you believe in your inmost heart that such a man as Lord Disney is happy?"

"Most certainly I do, my dear Miss Agnes, in so far as his capabilities permit. He is not happy in the sense that you are happy, but he is happy enough for him. The middle classes of this country possess just so much religion as to make them uncomfortable. They have too little to constitute happiness, yet too much to permit of them enjoying themselves. Now, the aristocracy, to do them justice, are not restrained from indulging in any pleasure by considerations of its sinfulness. Nor do they lose the respect of society by so doing, for the Bible of the said middle classes is bound up with their *Peerage*, and merely forms a supplement to it, unless when they are at death's door, and the choice has to be abruptly made between their duty to the Lord of Lords, or to persons of title generally. Even the clergy are thus divided in allegiance; or else, like some we wot of, they boldly throw in their lot with the latter, and become, as it were, private chaplains to the hereditary aristocracy—than which occupation, by the bye, in the literal sense, I can fancy nothing queerer. Think of it: Paul accepting the post of private soul-keeper to a nobleman of the neighbourhood; or still worse (since it would be a spiritual sinecure), to one *not* of the neighbourhood! Upon the whole, I must say, for religious folks, that they have the

smallest sense of humour, the greatest obtuseness with respect to their own anomalies and contradictions, and, I may add, the least understanding of the principles of their own creed of any people I know. Have not the true faith with respect of persons—the whole chapter is addressed to these idiots; but it might just as well not have been written, we are told, since they grovel at the feet of any fellow creature, however base, who happens to have a tag to his name. Look at the behaviour of your religious folks about Mellor, in regard to his lordship, for instance. My sister Meg is almost charitable when she speaks of *his* little peccadillos. Mr. Puce himself dined at the great house last week, in company which I cannot speak of before you."

He spoke with uncommon energy and passion, though never raising his voice beyond its usual tone; his cheeks flushed brightly, his eyes flashed scornful fire. Agnes, on the other hand, grew very white, and her hand, so cold that it could scarcely hold the brush, trembled exceedingly. She felt that the time was come for her to speak.

"This may be very true, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, after a pause, "concerning the professors of the truth—or at least some of them—because, as you say, they are ignorant of the very principles they profess. But if ignorant, why be angry with them? why scourge them with such terrible words, when they only (as you allow) need teaching? If we do not love our brother whom we have known, how can we love God whom we have not known?"

"Indeed, my dear Miss Agnes," rejoined Carlyon, smiling, "I think there is something wrong about that text, for I am sure I should have a much greater regard for sister Meg, if I had never had the misfortune to know her. Still, as you hint, my expressions were not charitable, and I retract them. Come, you see you are doing me good, reprobate that I am; and, also, please to observe that I might have behaved much worse by railing against religion itself, instead of its professors."

"I cannot go with you there, Mr. Carlyon," replied Agnes, gravely. "I have always held that to speak evil recklessly against our fellow-creatures is worse than to speak blasphemy against the Most High. We cannot hurt Him by anything we say. He can redress his own wrongs in a terrible fashion; we are very sure of that, although He may not use the thunderbolt at the instant. But Man, whom he has made in His own image, is weak; our words may injure him in reputation—in a thousand ways,—may, they may em-

"And do you say the same of deeds, Miss Agnes, in relation to man and his Creator?"

"Undoubtedly. Can any sacrilege be equal in guilt to an act of oppression, or rather is not oppression the very highest sacrilege against the poor, who are God's peculiar people?"

"Very good, and very true," said Carlyon. "Then the sin of unbelief, the intellectual misfortune of not being able to credit the statements of the Bible, you must allow is not to be compared in point of enormity to the sin of leading a wicked—that is, a cruel and remorseless—life."

Agnes was silent; her heart beat so strongly that she could hear it in that still, sultry noon; she heard the horse cropping the grass; she thought she heard her ever-watchful cousin crumpling the leaves of his book as he leant forward to listen to her reply.

"If faith without works is dead," continued Carlyon, earnestly, "faith with bad works must be surely rotten. Now what I want to know is this—I am not speaking of myself in the matter, for I do nothing to boast of, God knows—but are good works without faith in your opinion valueless, Miss Agnes?"

If he was not speaking of himself, it was, she well knew, of him that she had to speak, when she should answer. There were texts enough ready to her hand, crushing ones, final ones, such as Mr. Puce would have clapped on quickly enough, like hatches upon a mutinous crew in the Tropics, and yet she hesitated. A harsh and uncharitable dogma from her lips—that is, one that would seem so to this unregenerate man—might do the very mischief it was her intention to avert. He had never given himself the opportunities of grace—what if she should throw away this chance by any spiritual indiscretion, and so through *her* (of all people) *this* soul (of all souls) should perish!

"You say you do not speak of yourself, Mr. Carlyon; but I cannot affect to agree with you—at least, altogether—in that. Is it possible that you have no belief in religion?"

"I do not quite say that," returned Carlyon, frankly; "it is indeed impossible to be so rank an infidel in the presence of so pure a disciple—"

She stopped him with a reproving finger, and a face very stern and sad.

"Do not trifle with me, Mr. Carlyon; but answer me honestly, and like—if that is all I may adjure you by—and like a gentleman."

"Well, dear lady, I will say this much. Your religion is good for poor folks, I do believe, and admirably adapted for them, although, as I have said, the upper classes can make nothing of it. Your remark about William Millet, for instance, was in my

opinion a just one. He comforts himself in the absence of earthly blessings, with dreams of heaven. The weightier his cross here, the richer, he thinks, his crown hereafter. The devout countrymen of our friend Mistress Cubra, who hope to gain Paradise by self-torture, present only an exaggerated phase of the same superstition. Don't be angry with me, Agnes," added he, pleadingly, tenderly; "don't look like that. I was obliged to be honest with you. You would not have had me tell you a lie."

She shook her head, and her lips moved twice or thrice without sound.

"No," murmured she, presently; "I suppose a lie would have been worse even than what you have said. I am not angry, sir, God knows—I almost wish I were; but I would have given this right hand to have heard you answer differently. The Psalmist says that he never beheld the seed of the righteous begging their bread; but, how much more terrible is this, that the son of a righteous man should deny his God!"

She dropped her head upon her lap, and wept like one who feels she has lost for ever him that is dearest to her.

"Shall I tell you, Miss Crawford," said Carlyon, in an altered voice, not moved by her tears, but cold and bitter in its tone, "shall I tell you how it was I became a heretic?"

"Became, sir! it is not possible that such as you can have once found God and then lost him. And yet I have heard of something of this before; with such a father it could not be but that you were brought up in the right way: and after that to go astray! Alas! alas! 'it is impossible,' it is written, 'if they shall then fall away, to renew them again.'"

The despair in the young girl's face was unspeakable, as though, with those tender eyes, she had herself seen the open door of heaven closed in his face.

"Miss Crawford, I am beyond measure shocked to have caused you such pain; I was about to say—not in justification, indeed, but in explanation of my opinions, that there had been reasons unguessed at—"

"But with God nothing shall be impossible," murmured Agnes, under her breath; "why did not I think of that before? Yes, yes—I beg your pardon, sir, you were saying—"

"I was about to tell you something that has been a secret between me and the dead for many a year. Promise me to keep it, when you have heard it, as though it had never been told."

"I promise."

"Listen, then."

(To be continued.)

THORER.

A Norse Saga.

I.

THE paths upon the high Dunfeld are muffled with the snow,
The branches in the black pine-woods are bending white and low,
And thick the flakes are falling, are falling thick and white—
Now, Odin, guide the traveller upon the hills to-night!

II.

Beneath the rocks of Dunfeld, and fast beside the sea,
Well fenced from storms, stands Thorer's hall—a goodly home hath he;
In summer time he sails the sea, and spoils the southern lands,
Now warm he sits, and deep he drinks, among his viking bands.

III.

There feast no strangers at his board, his gates no beggars feed,
Of Odin's laws and strangers' rights he taketh little heed;
Six mastiffs chained beside his gate keep watch by night and day,
They scare away the beggar man, the stranger scare away.

IV.

'Twas when the flakes were falling, and night was darkening round,
Along the paths of Dunfeld an ancient harper wound;
Upon his beard and mantle, upon his hoary hair,
As on the pines, when winds are low, the heavy snow wreaths were.

V.

He turned not from the driving storm, nor wandered in the snow
Where thick the drifts were choking the hidden shelves below;
The bitter night, the biting wind, they chilled him not at all,
So passed he down the mountain ways and strode to Thorer's hall.

VI.

The dogs have stayed their baying or ever he drew near,
And low they whined, and back they slunk, and hid themselves in fear;
And by he passed, and on the door as loud his knocking rung
As woodman's axe in summer time may ring the pines among.

VII.

The churlish porter slowly has risen from his place,
And when the door he opened, laughed in the stranger's face—
"Oh! long the ways by which I came, and ill they be to tread,
And wild the night upon the hills," that ancient harper said.

VIII.

"Go back," quoth he, "to Dunfeld, enough of snows there be
For roof-tree and for coverlet to such a one as thee!"
The harper harped upon his harp, no longer would he plead,
And as he harped the porter fell, like one that's drunk with mead.

IX.

The harper took him by the legs, as one might take a hare,
He flung him out among the dogs, says, "Take thy lodging there!"
There was snarling then and fighting around him where he fell—
I wis it was not every night those mastiffs fared so well.

X.

The harper he has entered and closed the door again:
He heard the shouts and laughter of Thorer and his men;
Yet passed he by, and silently has to the chamber gone,
Where the daughter of the sea-king was sitting all alone.

XI.

He told her of the drifting snows and of the weary way,
And the gentle maiden sighed as she bade the harper stay.
Her heart is very heavy—to-day has Thorer said
That with the cruel Alfio that gentle maid must wed.

XII.

The tempest beats the pine planks (but ye may hear the din),
And to the chamber stealthily the chilly blasts creep in.
The maiden sighs and shudders—for very sad is she;
The harper takes his harp, she shall hear his minstrelsy.

XIII.

The harper harped, and as he harped the storm was heard no more,
But murmurs as of summer winds the southern waters o'er;
The blasts that through the chamber crept were soft like summer air,
And scent, as of the summer flowers, was with them everywhere.

XIV.

The harper harped, and as he harped the walls around her grew,
Like the trees with all their leaves where they stand against the blue;
Beneath her all was green, and no other sound she heard,
But the harping of the harp, like the singing of a bird.

XV.

The harper ceased from harping—he saw the maiden slept,
And sadly looked upon her, as from the place he stept.
"Now pleasant be thy sleeping!" 'twas thus the harper said;
"Now pleasant be thy sleep as long!" for he saw that she was dead.

XVI.

The tempest beats the pine planks (but ye may hear the din),
But louder is the laughter of Thorer's men within;
And chill the blasts of winter that steal into the hall,
But stronger far the pine logs are that blaze before them all.

XVII.

The harper stept before them, and to the board he drew,
For meat and drink and fire he craved (as is the stranger's due).
The vikings looked upon him, they laughed into his face,
"But little knowest thou, old man, the customs of this place!"

XVIII.

"What needs thy like of meat or drink?" so spake the drunken king;
 "Up with thy harp, and sing for me, and for my vikings
 sing,
 It may be, if thou pleasest me, before we bid thee go,
 That we may throw such scraps to thee as to the dogs
 we throw."

XIX.

"Not so, but give me meat and fire," 'twas thus the harper said,
 "And ye shall hear such harping as never harper made;
 But if in cold and hunger ye force me to your will,
 Ill may my harping please you, may please your vikings
 ill."

XX.

"And who art thou to chide with me and question my
 commands?
 Up, Vikings! seize and bind him, his harp within his
 hands:
 Make fast his feet before the fire, and pile the pine logs
 on,
 His wits are frozen, they shall thaw, and he learn grace
 anon."

XXI.

They haled the harper to the fire, they bound him to
 the oak;
 They heaped the logs, they jeered at him, and thus a
 jester spoke,—
 "Now from his wintry beard and hair the snows shall
 melted be,"
 (For white that harper was with age—an ancient man
 was he.)

XXII.

The harper looked upon the fire, and on the harper
 they,
 And hot it grew, yet flinched he not, nor turned his
 eyes away.
 "The weak must yield them to the strong, and I shall
 harp and ring,
 But little shall your pleasure be in lay of mine, O
 king!"

XXIII.

The harper harped upon his harp (his notes were faint
 and slow),
 The logs burned black before him, the fire burned dim
 and low;
 The cold winds swept along the roof, the cold winds
 crept beneath—
 The vikings trembled where they sat, and shivered to
 the teeth.

XXIV.

The harper harped upon his harp (more loudly than
 before),
 Then came a blast, like battle-horns, at window and
 at door;
 And the swords upon the shields, where they hung the
 walls around,
 Clashed loudly of themselves with a sharp and ringing
 sound.

XXV.

The harper harped, and as he harped they saw his
 fetters fall,
 And up he stood the comeliest and tallest of them all;
 And fast he harped, and loud he sung, a song that none
 may name,
 And like a storm the berserk-mood upon the vikings
 came.

XXVI.

And up leaped every viking, and each his weapon drew
 In rage against his fellow, so wild their fury grew;
 And fast and loud the harper harped, nor in his harping
 stayed,
 Till slain were all the vikings, and dead around him
 laid.

XXVII.

But Thorer sat upon his seat as though he had been
 chained,
 The harper stood before the fire, and they alone re-
 mained.
 "How like you, king, my harping? Was my lay a
 pleasant one?
 Once more I yet shall sing for you, and then I shall
 have done."

XXVIII.

A weird and wondrous song to his harp the harper
 sung,
 The flames sprang up before him—like living things
 they sprung;
 And they rolled along the walls, and they clomb the
 roof-tree high;
 They curled round beam and rafter, they leapt into the
 sky.

XXIX.

But on his seat sat Thorer, and died amid the flame,
 The harper ceased his harping, and through the hall he
 came:
 He shook the fire-flakes from his beard, he wrapped his
 mantle tight,
 He passed on to the Dunfeld, he passed into the night.

F. SCARLET POTTER.

"A SUMMER NIGHT IN THE
STREETS."

In Two Parts.

PART I.

OUR watch says a quarter to eleven. There
 is a calm in villa-land; rest in the world of
 St. John's Wood and Portland Town. From
 time to time are echoed the rattle of a cab, the
 tramp of a policeman, or the unrhythmical
 melodies of a stray "diner out;" otherwise
 all is silent. As a rule, respectable sub-
 urban society is in bed and, as we trace
 the double line of gas-lamps stretching ob-
 stinately to a far-away horizon, we crave
 for home, and are by no means gladdened
 at the thoughts of a night's pilgrimage over
 a wilderness of paved and macadamised
 thoroughfare. We pause for a moment at
 the brink of one of the many precipices that
 periodically yawn for the benefit of a board of
 directors from the Swiss Cottage to the St.
 John's Wood Road. With gathering gloom
 we contemplate the recesses of the Metro-
 politan Railway, while the moonbeams bathe
 in weird solemnity a maze of wheels, pulleys,
 beams upright and horizontal, cranes, steam-
 engines, cauldrons, and elfin ladders, spring-
 ing, as it were, from the very heart of the earth.

Gazing over the palings into fathomless obscurity, we can half imagine that the two workmen, grumbling and writhing amongst the complicated machinery, are anglicised kobolds, or the demons of the London clay. Resuming our journey we soon attain the precincts of the Clergy Orphan Asylum, and here, fairly baffled, apply for instructions to an elderly gentleman, of benign aspect, who, with a crutch and a great coat for his bed-fellows, has cast anchor for the night under the lee of a hospitable wall, the *vis-à-vis* of an "advertising station," and a fresh out-crop of the Metropolitan Railway. Doubts resolved, we are again on the march; but our spirits, hitherto far from exuberant, are sent down almost to freezing point by the nocturnal aspect of Baker Street.

From the distance float, as it were, the chords of a psalm tune in difficulties; and turning in curiosity towards the spot from whence the discords proceed, we presently espy a motley group assembled near the door of a brilliantly illuminated tavern, and lost in contemplation of a wan-faced little girl playing on a portable harmonium, and a decent looking man, in a grey overcoat and a shiny hat, who, with a woe-begone but would-be jaunty air, dodges in and out of the bar entrances, and respectfully appeals to a not very promising audience for patronage. Cabmen, two ostlers, a "knowing" youth, of the counter-jumper species, with his hat on one side, a lady with a sky-blue skirt, and fashionable head-gear, an ardent reformer, all bloodshot eyes and tangled hair, a female, with a goblin neck and a bundle of rags supposed to be a baby, two balloon-shaped women with red noses, and a companion of the same sex more "loudly" attired, but of an appearance, if anything, less respectable than their own. An odour of fustian, an involuntary consumption of tobacco smoke, a gentle pressure on our corns, a free use of the elbow, and once more we are under way.

But if gloom engrosses the suburbs, revelry of the loudest asserts its dominion "in town." Briskly traversing terraces, places, and squares; disconsolately hurrying past closed shutters, lowered window-blinds, barred doors, and desolate strips of garden, we join, after fifty minutes' exercise, that grand stream of supposititious mirth and real wretchedness that nightly rolls within an easy walk of the clubs. Gentry, with elevated eyebrows and gummed moustaches, hats with remarkably low crowns, broad brims, and fashionably wide ribands, light-grey overcoats, and buff coloured trousers, as uncomfortably tight as the swathed leggings of banditti on the stage. Ladies with a high colour, prolonged skirts, and chignons of the dimensions of a prize

pumpkin, "knowing cards," with the fuliginous weed in an amber tube at the end of a three inch cane, and a degree of native humour, instanced in playful attempts to hustle the easy going part of society into the gutter. That rare phenomenon, a policeman in discharge of his "duty," and, it must be added, a little besides, unseemingly boisterous, needlessly rude, too much given to pushing—females especially, orange-women in particular. Cabs, and late omnibuses, horsey gents, constructors of "books," the swell-mob, winners of a hateful on the Derby, hirsute foreigners, disputative jarvies, Lazarus and his dear brother cheek by jowl, dust, oaths, laughter not always natural, hard attempts to be gladsome and debonair, and an inward conviction of unappeased hunger, weariness, disgust. A blaze of gas from over the way, chandeliers, ornate barmaids, swing doors, crimson velvet settees, tobacco smoke, sherry-cobblers, unattainable pork pies and fowls, sacred to Beelzebub king of flies, an effluvium from gully-holes, clouds of dust, cafés and pastrycooks', penny ices, stale tarts, a rustle of a thousand feet, laughter out of tune, forced smiles, shouts from half drunken cabmen, shrieks from women, pushing, elbowing, a swaying backwards and forwards, a rumpling of bonnets, tearing of skirts, senseless jokes, hoarse cries for the police—then we stop and think of the cool night air, kissing the downland, and wish for pleasure, not so energetically pursued, but a little more real.

Again on the move, but not for long. We have turned up a narrow street facing the Haymarket, and our attention caught by the sound of music, we stand to one side, listen and watch. First a chapel, then a private house, and after that the casino; a stuccoed edifice, freshly painted, with three roundheaded windows, and two open doors. The former being partly lowered, we have a glimpse of blue, red, and gold, a showy ceiling, and decorated walls. Gusts of sound, and scraps of a waltz. We follow the example of the contemplative group at the public house to the left—we thrust our hands into our pockets, open our mouths, and stare. Look at that little fellow with the straw hat and apron near the tavern door. Obviously he is the proprietor, for on his brow are imprinted the lines of responsibility, and a sense of his own importance; his lips are compressed, and to be recognised as those of one accustomed to command. He gazes dreamily ahead, with the eye corporeal noting cabs, broughams, policemen, vagrants, and bacchanalians; but inwardly calculating his chances of fortune and bankruptcy. A ragged party, with a servile grin, considers the evening warm. He has a joke at the expense

of the grand lady in the opera cloak, tries to sneak into the bar; but the contemplative landlord is one too many for him. Not having digested the rudiments of political science, he is dead to some of the advantages of credit, though ultimately, perhaps, for "Auld lang syne," he relents with a growl, and stands a "go," with sugar and warm-water, to be accounted for under the head of charitable expenditure. Cabs hurry up, the windows jingling as if they couldn't get warm this calm summer's night, deposit their "fares," and are sent to the right-about by the metropolitan traffic-managers. Gentlemen with depressed hats, and curl-paper overcoats, ascend the entrance steps with a languid swagger, toss down their shilling, pass the checktaker and the Mephistophelean policeman with the knitted brow and folded hands, and disappear through a brown door into the body of the building. Ladies, "splendidly attired," flit to and fro, flourishing little feathery fans, and having frequent recourse to double stoppered scent-bottles. Then, with the creaking of hinges, the populace on either side of the doors crane forwards, and are quite satisfied with a glimpse of a mirror, and of part of a velvet settee. Now a brougham drives up—a hired one, as may be seen at a glance, in spite of the cockade on the coachman's soiled and papery hat. Rozinante caracoles, to the admiration of the assembled multitude; there is a determination of heads to the window, the "active and intelligent" hustle the curious, the poor old mare throws up her head and stamps on the pavement with the pitiful obtrusiveness remarkable in antiquated members of the corps de ballet, and the guardian of public safety, seizing the wretched brute by the head, gives it one push forwards and then another backwards by way of a change, while the driver remains bolt upright, his whip exhibited vertically, and with his seedy coat, dirty white neckcloth, and weather-beaten face, resembling an ancient Guy Fawkes, liable to tumble to pieces at a moment's notice. The door opens, and a lady in a crimson opera cloak, and with a mincing gait, rustles, all lace and satin, up the steps of the Casino; the crowd surges to and fro with pleasure, the policeman roars, the old mare tries to stand on her hind legs and signally fails, the brougham is got out of harm's way by some supernatural agency, and then up drives a hansom from Cremorne.

We have viewed, with mingled sensations, a building at the corner of Leicester Square, with which the impoverished have no business, but into whose windows some miserable object may always be seen staring hungrily, as if the glass and screen beyond it could be dis-

solved by protracted gazing, and the sundries, in the way of garnished fowls, hams, delicately crusted pies, and claret cup, absorbed by a process of inhalation. A pampered menial in the guise of a pert waiter, with a napkin tucked under one arm, and hands in his pockets, keeps languid guard at the door, and combines pleasure with imaginary business by examining the stars, and masticating a tooth-pick. In a big window, looking straight down Coventry Street, may be seen the Sporting News champion belt, divers tankards with embossed representations of boat races, and professors of the fistic art, and a finely imaginative lithograph of Cremorne, in which languishing ladies with Grecian noses, geometrical eyebrows, the tiniest of bonnets, wasp waists, pointed feet, and chignons of abnormal bulk, waltz to the music of Marriot's brass band, on a circular platform, graced with an illuminated Pagoda not more than a dozen times larger than the one actually by the river side at Chelsea. Fashionably-dressed gentlemen with creaseless garments, and six-inch cigars in their mouths, support their partners in the giddy whirl, or imbibe "cobblers" and soda and brandy at little round tables in the distance. As an effective background rises a superb palace—the Cremorne hotel—radiant with lamps, and flanked by umbrageous foliage, strikingly reminiscent of cotton wool.

And now we have reached the Alhambra. A functionary, half park-keeper, half waterman, regulates the traffic, summons cabs, and shows the zeal and activity remarkable in all the officials connected with Mr. Strange's admirably ordered *salle de variétés*. The less gifted members of society court the shade to right and left, and watch. By revellers they are elbowed with lordly contempt, and satin skirts rustle past them not without a thrill of horror on the part of their wearers. A hansom rattles up. The doors open with a bang. Down jumps one of the lords of creation, tosses a shilling to the son of Nimshi, and, with a stamp of his patent-leathered foot to shake his brains together, swaggers into the music-hall. Jarvey eyes the received coin with contempt bordering on disgust. He rises in his seat and soliloquises. But after the opening ejaculation "Hallo, hie there," the parko-waterman interferes, and amid a volley of oaths from the driver, the obstructing vehicle is sent about its business. Cries for a four-wheeler, and a wretched girl, with a pleading face and a bouquet of paper flowers, hurries forward in hopes of a customer. An old man, with an aqueous eye, firmly compressed lips, and a marked unsteadiness of gait, crosses the pavement, and, with

a critical glance at the nearest gas-lamp, murmurs a compliment to the moon, and upon the P. K. briskly inquiring "Where to, sir?" merely grasps that officer's hand and bursts into tears. "All right," growls cabby; and after a flourish of the whip, a strain from the skeleton in harness, and a jeer from the *ignobile vulgus*, a fresh slide is passed into the lantern. In the meanwhile the poor old weatherbeaten effigy in the middle of the square has been watching the proceedings with a mournful decayedness of limb, and as apparently anxious to have it all over as is his ill-used quadruped, which, worn out with prolonged exertion at an imaginary treadmill, requires a couple of vertical rods, wherewith to be assured of its position.

Fatigued by the bustle of the more frequented thoroughfares, and wandering in quest of regions less demonstrative, we soon attain the congenial obscurity of the Seven Dials. If the adventurous reader has ever penetrated the recesses of that neighbourhood at midnight, say when homeward bound from the "New Royalty," and the victim of a "wrong turn," he will have noticed the dinginess of the houses, coated with an additional layer of grime by the darkness; the aromatic scent of the roadways, the broken windows repaired with brown paper; the tendency of migratory individuals of both sexes, to gather in knots and lean against posts at the corners of those delightful thoroughfares sacred to the bird-fancier. He may have revolved in mind the latest garotte robbery, and wondered what was happening behind those stolid and not very alluring brick-walls; his fancy may have strayed to *oubliettes* set to entrap the unwary, and leading to regions officially described in the "London Journal." Then may have echoed the reassuring tramp of the feed and semi-intoxicated bobby, and gathering fresh composure he may have discovered in the nocturnal calm of the Dials a retirement and tranquillity approaching the rural.

We peep in at a shop-window, and descry five burnished tin covers with earthenware handles and flanked by numberless paper-bags. In the background loom partitions as at an eating house, fringed with a foot and a half of red curtain sustained by a brass rod, and a placard affixed to the doorpost announces the presence of "superior meat and fruit-pies," at the economical rate of twopence a piece. An attractive young lady with a rose in her hair exercises reginal sway behind the counter. To her enter Orestes and Pylades, as thickset lads, with eared, catskin caps, high-lows, and belcher ties. Coin being exhibited, compliments pass. One of the lids is raised, and

after much steam 'emergeth a luscious pie. The nymph of the grotto receives a dwarfed bouquet, and smiles. Her admirers grin responsively and bashfully kicking their heels with the extremity of the left boot, stumble out of the premises pie in hand, and unwatched by loving eyes furtively devour their prey near a neighbouring pump.

By this time the taverns are beginning to retire into private life. Some have their shutters up already. It is nearly one o'clock. Those who wish to quench the remnant of their thirst "before the houses close" must look sharp. The cabman jumps from his box, requests your permission, and without waiting for an answer, carries the bar by storm. A party with a threadbare coat and trembling fingers, a jolly-faced man, and a stout lady with an artificial rose-bush on her head, are sipping rum-and-water and bandying mild jokes with the affable proprietor. His spouse, radiant in a black silk skirt, a watch-chain, and a bundle of plaits and rolls at the rear of a gilded comb, smiles daintily, and from time to time contributes a monosyllable to the conversation. There is a delicious little snuggery in the background, with a mahogany table, red curtains, and the cosiest of arm-chairs. The potboy busies himself with putting up the shutters. First one jet is turned off, then another, but a favourite partition is still left lighted. Presently there is a general move from the premises. The landlord nods his head with a kindly "good night" to the best customer, the lady smiles with superb condescension, the last jet pops out viciously, then comes a scraping of feet, a slamming of doors, a gliding of shadows into space, a boom from the Westminster-bell.

Dead silence. Nothing is to be seen but a policeman, a reveller performing antics with a latch-key, a Bacchanalian couple wandering sheepishly homewards. The night breeze blowing in chill and fitful gusts up the deserted thoroughfare, dust rising in eddies, a sense of utter loneliness, a craving for day-break, an anxious counting of the hours, dark shadows crouching, dead-beat and doubled up in their rags, by doorways.

In the Strand, still a little motion. Cabs crawling lazily; troubled spirits homeless and wandering in despair; uncouth figures hard at work with brooms, brushing the dust and litter off the road into ridges and heaps in the kennel. Still advancing, we see lights, and hear, as it were, the roaring and plunging of some monster beating desperately against the bars of its cage. Looking upwards we perceive the shadow of a man at a desk; downwards, and discover gnomes with aprons and paper-caps, drawing immense printed sheets

from under rollers. We have stumbled across a newspaper-office.

Stand on Waterloo Bridge—hear the dull rush of the river. Pierce the darkness and watch the play of the moon-beams on the water. Think of the great city with its million inhabitants, of its fabulous wealth and broad contrasts, and wonder whether in tomorrow's paper there will be that old sorrowful story of a frightened shadow dashing from the parapet to be picked up quite dead, with matted, dripping hair, a pale face, and the usual tokens of starvation. Think of intense suffering,—not amongst those who complain most, genteel poverty, extravagance, verging on crime, recklessness, industry, wild hopes, divine perseverance, all contained by and repeated again and again in that forest of houses felt to exist rather than perceived, and lining the river for miles, before and behind you. Common-place ideas—stock phrases. Gentle reader, pause and think notwithstanding.

In the thick darkness the huge Westminster clock shines as a midnight sun. The wind blowing down the river, carries with it the same sort of noise that aroused our curiosity in the Strand. At first we refer it to trains on the new bridge at Charing Cross, but presently guess that it must be owing to some of the peculiarly shaped engines noticeable by daylight along the line of the Thames embankment.

In the meanwhile vagrant London has sought its rest. But where? Not everyone in his own home, and the casual wards and cheap lodging-houses can admit but a limited number. As for those famous dry arches of the Adelphi, you have been told that they are lighted with gas and patrolled by the police. Thoughts flit to the Parks, doorways, and porticos, but now-a-days the streets are so well supervised that however weary may be man, woman, or child, no one will ever find in them a resting-place. Where, then, shall we seek the homeless? Ask the policeman, and he will hint mysteriously at crowds kept for ever "moving on." But people must rest either by day or by night, and unsatisfied with the answer, you determine to search for yourself.

And first of Covent Garden. We shall find it dark, silent, apparently tenantless; nothing to be seen but a litter of straw, empty boxes, rough tables or shelves, and contrivances like magnified cotton umbrellas, raised point upwards, and confined to their rod with a stout cord. But entering the covered way, by daylight a fairy-land of flowers, delicate leaves and stems, radiant blossoms, tempting fruit, and fresh vegetables; we find the shop-fronts

closed, and against them, or crouching under the eaves of doorways, men, women, and children clothed in the merest rags, with disease and starvation written on their faces, and seeming, as indeed they are, little better than so many human receptacles of dirt and vermin. Some slouch against the walls in true mendicant fashion, with their hands crossed on their breasts, and heads bent downwards. Others have rolled themselves into compact bundles, three or four in each knot. Women murmuring in a low tone of complaint and with an unpleasant and suggestive activity of finger, are doubled up on doorsteps, and one or two lads of from five to ten years of age are fast asleep on the pavement, with a lump of rags for a pillow. There is a hum of oaths and growls rather than gossip, and upon your passing some figure starts forward with outstretched hand and a petition for charity. In a niche with a stone bench, and facing St. Paul's Church, we discover three ragged children huddled up together for warmth's sake, and fast asleep. They are evidently tired out, and lie motionless, scarcely breathing. Return in two hours' time and they will be in exactly the same position; come long after the market has opened and they will not have awakened.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

"A LOST TRAGEDY."

"SHOW the young man in," said Sir Jonas Delville.

The young man was accordingly shown in.

"And so you've come after the place, young man?"

"I have, your lordship."

"No, no, my friend, no lordship yet—not yet—simply 'sir,' as yet. And you can write verses, so the letter says."

"I have done so, your lordship—I humbly beg your pardon—sir."

"Ah, good—very good; I myself have written some trifles—mere trifles. I might be able to advise you."

"I can assure you, sir, that one of my chief reasons for soliciting the honour of your patronage was the thought that I should sometimes be so favoured as to hear from your own mouth the words I have dwelt on with rapture—that I might humbly assist in giving to the world by my pen the utterance of the greatest poet of the reign of his Majesty, Charles the Second."

"No, no—no, really, my dear young friend, you must not talk like that. You are excited, and that is bad for the nerves. It is true that I have, as I said, written some few verses, but really you flatter me by your appreciation of them at such a very high value."

"Indeed, worthy sir, I am in earnest. Your verses to Amaryllis are the talk of all the coffee houses; the wits say there has been nothing like that sonnet for months."

"Well, I thought it was good, but not so good as that. What salary do you ask, now, for your services?"

"Oh, I am sure I cannot name a sum in the presence of one of the most generous of masters. Your generosity is, I know, by most common reports, only equalled by your ability."

"Well, I think you are right; if I have a vice, it's my generosity; I am robbed to an incredible extent by all my people, I know, yet I forgive them, and trust them with everything. But let me offer you some wine. Kindly ring that bell. Thank you. William, some wine for this young man."

"Trouble you for the key, Sir Jonas."

"Key; oh, yes, I had forgotten. You see, young man, wine is a luxury, and expensive. Still, I do think I am generous. How do you like that wine?"

"It is nectar! I never tasted such."

"Yes, it is fair. But now as to salary,—what do you say to ten pounds a year, and your keep at the groom's table, with two suits a year?"

"I accept with all thankfulness your munificent offer, and shall consider as the happiest day of my life that on which I enter your service."

"You are very good, I'm sure, and I hope we shall agree. The bell. I'll trouble you again. Thank you. Twice, for my valet. I am just going on the Mall; meantime, the people will show you a room somewhere, and at four I will read you some of my verses."

"Thanks, most worthy master, thanks."

The young man left the room, and soon afterwards the house, and looking round behind him to see if he were followed, walked rapidly in the direction of the City.

"Now, Master Bedloe, do you see it's twelve of the clock by St. Dunstan's? and you promised me to be here at eleven."

"Well, so I had been here, good Keyling, but that I have caught the biggest fish our lines have yet taken."

"You saw him?"

"Yes, thanks to the letter you so kindly wrote with another man's name at the foot, I have."

"And will he do?"

"He's a splendid subject. He'll be ripe for gathering in less than two months."

"How do you mean to involve him?"

"I hardly know; but he is such a profound fool that he will walk anywhere with anybody who does but keep his vanity tickled enough."

"Does he give a salary? Is he generous?"

"Very; he gives his secretary a salary of ten pounds per year, and allows him to dine at table with his grooms."

"In advance?"

"Not at all."

"Then you have nothing for me to-day?"

"No, dear Keyling; we must wait till these pears are all ripe before we shake the tree, then there will be enough for all—by king, nation, or victim we shall be well paid, come what may; so for the present, good day."

"You seem hurried, Master Bedloe, not to say fevered."

"If you had seen what I have, you would be fevered. I have seen the fairest woman on earth—one who draws my whole soul after her. I have thought of nothing else for the last hour."

"And who may this fair Amoret—?"

"Amoret! who said Amoret? But never mind, Amoret it is, Amoret Temple, his ward. She came in while he was fooling about his verses; he merely said, 'My new secretary, my dear.' She made me a bow, with an expression on her face as if she had seen a toad. She shall alter it; I'll try some means to make her look a little more kindly on the new secretary, before I've done with Sir Jonas."

"Why, man, your blood's boiling!"

"Boiling? whose would not, to see as I do now, the face of the fairest woman in London distorted by an unconcealed repulsion of oneself. Oh, yes, my blood boils with half-a-dozen passions, and Miss Amoret Temple will find them all strong enough to make her change her looks when I'm their object."

"Has she a gallant?"

"I do not know, but if there be one, I am sorry for him. He will scarcely escape my toils. The rope or the block, for gentle or simple, as the humour goes."

"And when shall I hear more, for we need some help to get the swan quills and goose quills, for the writers at Newmarket; if only to keep their eyes shut, some must be sent."

"That's your affair. Let me get this fool well into our meshes, and half his fortune will scarcely save his head. For the present I cannot help you; so give you good day once more, Master Keyling. I will meet you at the Dolphin, at the back of the Exchange, in a few days from this, at about this hour."

The new secretary fulfilled his duties with the utmost regularity, and with the profound humility that became his station. Sir Jonas was pleased.

"My dear young friend, I am pleased with you; your verses are excellent, but I know not your prose; now, can you write a letter



"Flattery and Foppery." (See page 167.)

gracefully, with apt turns of expression, and pretty phrases, or shall I dictate to you?"

"I can write a letter, worthy sir, indifferently well, an' it please you, but I shall prefer to hear you dictate and so learn how to conduct a correspondence in good method, after the French manner."

"Truly, you are right; I flatter myself I do know how to compose—indite—call it

what you will—as pretty a letter as any man in the town; and this by blood, for my ancestor, yonder, was of France. Now, this that I will read, is from my Lord Carstairs, a most intimate friend of mine, a pattern gentleman. Why, young man, his gold-lace alone costs him four thousand pounds a year. He's one of the best dressed gentlemen in Europe."

"Not *the* best. I think I know his lordship; and though his dress is fine, indeed, very fine, still, I know another gentleman whose dress is at once finer, and in better taste."

"Ah, indeed! Now, really, I thought his lordship's taste perfection."

"It is good—very good—but I remember to have seen his lordship in sky blue and silver, with an orange waistcoat with gold lace."

"Nay, surely not! That's most horrible. Are you sure?"

"Indeed, 'tis a fact; I myself saw it; but, the other gentleman is always in perfect taste, even to his shoe tie."

"You interest me, I should like to know this paragon."

"You know him already as well as a man can know himself."

"Now, you really must not flatter me, Master Bedloe, you must not! I don't pretend to much in the matter of dress, still, I do fancy that I draw more attention on the Mall, than some other gentlemen of my rank. But to the letter—he writes:—

"My dear Sir Jonas,—I have mentioned your ardent wishes in a certain quarter. I was well received, and a certain personage enquired if you were the writer of the verses to *Amaryllis*; also, if you had not a pretty singing bird in a kind of shrine. I replied that you were the celebrated author, and that there was a singing bird. I was told then that a certain personage had a beautiful cage at Kensington, and that he thought the bauble you wished for might be found if the bird were to sing there for a little while. I replied I would communicate the wishes of a certain person, and retired. Now my dear Sir Jonas this is your only chance of wearing pearls. Do not neglect it. Let the birdie go and sing. If it be not willing, I can place at your disposal those who have caught such wild birds before, and put them into a cage.

Your very obedient servant, CARSTAIRS.

"By the bye, did you not lose to me some £500, last evening, at dice? I think you did, but the wine was too strong for me quite to remember; perhaps you had better send it by bearer."

"Now, young man," said Sir Jonas, "we must reply to this; and if you will take the pen, I will do so. Begin carefully at the top of the paper—now."

"My dear lord,—I have your most kind letter; I send you the money you think I lost last evening. I will use my utmost efforts to attain without the aid of your bird catchers, a change in the mind of the little birdie of

which I have charge. I venture to hope that I may succeed. Should I do so, I will at once inform you thereon. Will your lordship kindly wear your lemon-tinted velvet coat to-night, as I purpose attending the gardens in my pale lavender, and as we shall walk together, the effect will be good. May I beg your hosier's name? The stockings you wore last night were exquisite in their delicate fleshiness. I am, my dear lord, your most obliged and humble servant,

JONAS DELVILLE."

"Now, is that a pretty letter?"

"Extremely so; but the bird—who is the bird? What is the bird?"

"You look like a man of discretion, I will tell you. The bird is the lady who lives in my house."

"Amoret?"

"Sir!"

"Miss Temple, I mean, Sir, indeed."

"Yes, Miss Amoret Temple is honoured by the approval of a certain personage, and she foolishly discouraged his admiration in favour of a rascally nephew of mine; your predecessor who dared, sir, to attempt to prove to me that hers was the better choice! I turned him out there and then, sir! There and then, sir!"

"Miss Temple, then, does not know the rank of her admirer?"

"Know it, sir! she knows it too well. An unknown man might have met her, and perhaps have won her before she could have found out that he had another wife; but a certain personage can only approach her in one character. It's most cruelly unfortunate to me. There are a hundred ladies of good blood who would give their eyes for her position, and she, the daughter of a nameless, bloodless country parson, without a penny in the world, gives herself airs, and prates of 'virtue.' Virtue, indeed! Where is her gratitude? The only thing that will place a coronet on my brow, that will bring about the realisation of a life long ambition, she refuses to do. It's black ingratitude!"

"And does Miss Temple still see or communicate with Mr.—your nephew?"

"See! Communicate! I would turn her into the street to-morrow, if I thought such a thing. But a truce to these angry thoughts, they spoil the complexion, and bring wrinkles under the eyes, and I am very careful of my eyes and my complexion."

"Indeed, Sir Jonas, they repay you well; a damask rose, the one, the others stars like Sirius in brightness.

"The one a damask rose of fadeless bloom,
The others, stars whose brightness pales the moon."

"Good, very good; I like that. Thank you; but there's something wrong with the rhyme or metre."

"Not at all, Sir Jonas, 'bloom,' and 'moon,' are good rhymes."

"Will you repeat it?"

"The one a damask rose of fadeless bloom,
The others, stars whose brightness pales the moon."

"Thank you; I shall remember that. And now suppose we return to our tragedy. You have copied the verses I made yesterday?"

"Oh, yes. Shall I read them?"

"No; I remember we left off where the conspirators were discussing the conduct of the king, and the principal character says,—"

"That would be your own part, you know, Sir Jonas."

"Yes, I am giving my opinion. If I remember rightly, it runs,—"

"As for me—my mind's made up
No longer to endure this base neglect."

"We had got as far as 'neglect.' Now we continue:—"

"To serve the king, I am content;
But not content to serve, and wait, and wait in vain
For honours that some in lower rank take with contempt."

No! If I serve, I'll have my own reward,
And at mine own good time, or not at all;
And—failing this—I'll join you in both purse and person."

"That's very good—'purse and person'—like Shakespeare, rather."

"It's most excellent, Sir Jonas. The whole is far superior to that much over-rated poet."

"Well, to continue,—"

..... "In purse and person;
To change the face of matters politic
By agency of arms—the death-dealing lead,
The piercing steel, the deadly bowl—
I care not how—so that at last
Beneath some sun I feel the weight of pearl-orbed coronet."

"It is most excellent, Sir Jonas; you speak your mind in that; and if I might take a great liberty and ask a favour, I would ask that you would put those lines on paper with your own hand, that I might have a lasting memorial of this noble play. Thanks, Sir Jonas, thanks, and now, if you will, from your own manuscript. I will read aloud the scenes we have written."

The secretary read with enthusiasm the stilted periods of their joint composition, and had already completed his recitation of the lines in Sir Jonas's own handwriting, when he became conscious of the presence of Miss Temple.

"I only came, Sir Jonas, to tell you the coach is at the door, and I am quite ready to go with you to the Mall. I would have made

known my presence sooner, but I feared to interrupt your recital."

"Never mind, my dear, never mind. It is merely a little surprise we are preparing for the town—a little surprise. Fare thee well, Master Bedloe, for a time. Fare thee well."

A few days after the walk in the Mall, Miss Temple was requested to go to the hall to see a woman who had come to offer some laces for sale.

The woman managed in the course of a bargain to slip into her hand a letter, with a whispered caution to be secret.

The writing at once satisfied her; and, dismissing the woman with a very high price for a very poor lace, she retired and took the letter with her to her own room, and there read it. It ran,—

"DEAREST AMORET,—I have news of the last importance to communicate, you must risk everything to see me to-night. My uncle's safety depends upon us. I shall be at the left side of the new Mall from nine till eleven; pray meet me. I dare not write more."

Yours most humbly to command,
FRANCIS WESTON."

It is needless to say that Amoret did meet her most humble servant on the left side of the new Mall, about ten of the clock.

"What terrible revelation now, Francis? I thought when I so distinctly refused the addresses of that person, I should not be again troubled either about my guardian or myself."

"My dearest Amoret, the new trouble is for both of you. Last evening I was in the City, at a tavern behind the Royal Exchange—the Dolphin—it is rather a mean place, but suits my present means. I had supped, and was sitting over my flask, when I heard a voice I thought I knew. I did know it; the man speaking was Goodenough—the ex-under-sheriff. The room was getting dark, so I sat still without a sound; presently I heard my uncle's name, and then yours; I did then the meanest thing I have done in my life, I crept out in the dusk to the outside of the house, and went under the window of the room to listen more at ease."

I was horrified. It appeared from their talk that knowing your uncle's foolish vanity, and his desire for rank, a relative of the notorious Bedloe, the associate of Titus Oates, has contrived to get into your guardian's service as secretary. That he has so worked upon his vanity as to have persuaded him to write a play, and to find money for its performance, as he said, near Newmarket, promising that the King should be present."

"Then, that is what he was reading to your

uncle the other day when I interrupted them; they were so engaged they did not hear or see me, and I stood for a minute or more waiting there. There was Sir Jonas, in his easy chair with his usual self-satisfied smirk ten-fold more self-satisfied than ever, twirling his glasses round his fingers, and that reptile Bedloe fawning out his stupid, wicked nonsense as if it had been Milton's own, and all with the airs and graces of a French dancing master. He looked as guilty as a thief when he saw me, and saw from my face I had overheard."

"What did you hear?"

"Oh, something about the king and the sword and the sun—some full-sounding nonsense."

"My dearest Amoret, that 'full-sounding nonsense,' as you call it, will bring my uncle to the block or the gallows."

"Great heaven, Francis! But how?"

"This man Bedloe's intention is, in connection with another man Keyling, to betray a plot that has been formed in the City to murder the King near the Rye House, and set up some one in his place. Of course they have been anxious to secure as many victims as possible, and the intention is to betray the individuals or not, according to the pay they receive. Your uncle's vanity has made him an easy tool, and unless he pays these villains heavily for silence, those very lines will be found upon him when seized, and will be proof enough, in these days, to condemn him. Indeed, I do not think that they will offer him terms, for I heard Bedloe say, 'The old man *must* be got out of the way—terms to any one else. I'll have the government money for Sir Jonas, and when he is out of the way, we shall see whether Master Bedloe will not have better fortune with pretty Amoret than either the duke or Francis Weston. Let me once get her within four walls, and she must be something more than woman if she is not willing to buy her life at any price.'"

"The hideous reptile! I loathed him the moment I saw him."

"I know it; he said so; and that he had determined to humble your pride from that moment."

"And what is to be done? To alarm your uncle is useless; he is so dreadfully obstinate and stupid."

"You must try and get hold of the play, and burn it. If that is discovered, all is lost. Meanwhile, I will try and learn more. I do not think that the explosion will take place for a few days; if it does before that unhappy play is destroyed, your guardian will take part in a tragedy that I fear he has little idea of just now."

Francis walked forward to the house of his uncle with Amoret, and to his surprise, found the door watched by several men of the magistrates' court, while a little distance off were some soldiers under the command of a sergeant.

Determined not to let his uncle suffer if he could prevent it, he went into the house with Amoret.

"Master Francis, I'm so glad you've come," said one of the old serving men; "I fear that Master Bedloe is not behaving well to master; they have been quarrelling. Master has taken too much spiced wine, and is not quite himself."

"Is there any place where we can overlook what is going on?"

"Yes, yes," said Amoret; "there is a closet leading from my chamber into the library where they are."

"One moment, dearest; let me get some weapon, there may be need of it."

The old serving man supplied a horse pistol, and the two passed through her chamber to the closet.

"Look you, old fool, I have your life in my hands. I have receipts signed by Rumbold of the Rye House himself, for money supplied by you for swan quills, goose quills, and crow quills for the writers of the new tragedy. Do you know what these quills are? Guns and pistols! I have you there, then. Then I have your own paltry lines in your own hand, in which you declare your readiness to participate in violence to the King. Now, hear my offer; give me ten thousand pounds, and your ward, sweet Amoret, and you shall escape. I'll give you five minutes to decide. Outside in the street are the magistrates set on by Keyling; when I wave my handkerchief from the window they will enter and search the house. I will take care they find the tragedy and the receipts."

Sir Jonas sat the picture of maudlin misery; the lemon-coloured velvet and the sky-blue had been such a success at the gardens that the noble Lord Carstairs and Sir Jonas had held a debauch of triumph on the occasion; his wits were gone, he sat helpless, as minute after minute ticked itself away."

"You must let me save him, Amoret; run to your room and get the comedy I lent you. Quickly!"

The five minutes were gone.

"Now, your answer. Wake, you drunken fool, and answer."

"One moment, sir," said Francis, stepping into the room, followed by Amoret; "this gentleman is my uncle; he is not fit to decide anything to-night."

Sir Jonas no sooner heard his voice than,

seizing his hand, he whimpered, "Save me, Francis! save me!"

"I will, sir. Now, Mr. Bedloe, the time is short. You will wave your handkerchief from that window; you will then sit in that chair close to the curtain, and support, by affirmative answers, all that Miss Temple asserts to the searchers."

"Indeed, sir, I am obliged by your kindness in laying down my line of conduct, but I prefer my own. I did not think to catch three birds in the snare I laid for one. I am glad to see you, Master Francis Weston; also the fair, sweet Amoret."

"Look you, Master Bedloe, you gave my uncle five minutes; I'll give you one. If you do not do exactly and to the letter as I dictate, I will put this bullet through you, if it cost me my life."

Bedloe was a coward ingrain; he could send others to death and misery without a pang; he feared nothing so much as death for himself.

"Now, Master Bedloe, as soon as the hand points to seven minutes of midnight, I fire."

"I consent."

"Go to the window and call upon your searchers. That is right. Now, sit down in this chair by the window. Lean back in your chair. You feel something against your head behind the curtain—you do? That's right. Now, a single alarm or contradiction and—you understand. Amoret, put those receipts and that tragedy into the fire; right in the centre—so. Now, be calm, they are coming up-stairs."

The searchers entered the room, and found a young man leaning lazily against the wall by the window, Sir Jonas still sitting, and a little more sober, and Miss Temple standing by the fire-place.

"We have come, by order of His Majesty, to search your apartment for papers of a treasonable character against His Majesty's life. Do you submit?"

"Oh, certainly, gentlemen. My uncle has no objection; His Majesty has no more loyal subject than himself."

The search was conducted carelessly and loosely; it was evident the searchers knew what they were looking for, as they turned over, without notice, all letters and small papers.

"I must ask you, Sir Jonas Delville, whether you will give up to us a play, a tragedy, of which you have talked to your friends, and which we do not find here?"

"You are mistaken, gentlemen; my uncle has written no tragedy. A comedy he has written, and Miss Temple has it."

Amoret handed the comedy.

"This is not the play referred to in our instructions."

"There is no other play that you know anything about is there, Master Bedloe?" said Francis, pressing something against Bedloe's head, to draw his attention.

"No—no, I do not know of any other play of Sir Jonas's composition than the—than the comedy."

"Did you write this, Master Bedloe?"

"No; that is not my writing."

"Our information says the tragedy was in your writing."

"But there was no tragedy, was there, Master Bedloe?"

"No, I never wrote any tragedy for Sir Jonas."

The searchers were puzzled. The game had flown just as the snare closed; they could not understand it, but then they could not see behind the curtain, or at all understand why a young man should lean his back against the wall all the time of the interview. At last they left, baffled.

"And now, my dear boy, what is to be done? You have saved my life from this accursed villain; now, direct me, for I am quite unmanned."

"Now, Master Bedloe, as my uncle has left the management of this affair in my hands, I must beg you to pay attention. First, you must make a full detail of your rascality and sign it. Next, you must accept a situation in the West Indies on one of my uncle's estates. While he does that writing, my dear Amoret, set the servants to pack up all the valuables; get your uncle's keys, and get together all his securities; write to his bankers and tell them to honour his letters in Paris, and in two hours be ready to set out. There is a Welsh captain I know who sails with the morning tide for the plantations; he will take us on board and land us at Calais, and will take Master Bedloe to the West Indies."

In less than two hours they were ready; a boat took them all to Greenwich, where the ship lay, and in the opening daylight of a calm June morning they dropped down the river on their way to a safe refuge.

Sir Jonas quite recovered himself in the short voyage, and aired his French and his laced coats to the astonishment of the crew. When they arrived at Calais he insisted that it was impossible for him to travel comfortably till he had repaid the debt to his nephew by giving him his blessing and a handsome dowry to Amoret.

Master Francis called the captain on one side at parting, and said, "Captain, if Master Bedloe should attempt to escape before reach-

ing the West Indies, will you kindly remember that a man is sometimes prevented travelling fast in various ways which I need not suggest."

"I know what it is you want, Master Francis; that he shall not appear in England for a few months. Trust me, he shall not, unless he can swim a hundred leagues, for until we are that distance from shore, he shall not leave his cabin."

They reached Paris in safety at last, and remained there till the death of Charles II. released them from fear, and it was only then that Sir Jonas began to bewail the misfortune the world had suffered from not being in possession of his lost tragedy.

FRAVINUS.

CANINE PORTRAITURE.

THE above title is chosen, not by way of poaching on Sir E. Landseer's preserves, but as the Romans displayed a *cave canem* at the entrance of their houses, in order to warn off intruders—readers, for instance, who dislike or have no sympathy with dogs. That their numbers are yearly lessening is proved by the fact of the House of Commons having recently shown their condescension to the canine race and their lovers, by reducing the dog-tax to five shillings. As the proper study of mankind is man, perhaps a brief disquisition on the animal whose faculties come nearest to his, may not be wholly improper in one who openly avows his partiality for dogs. Without indulging in the narration of anecdotes respecting their fidelity, sagacity, and docile qualities, without treating of their descent, properties, or historic interest, we shall strictly confine ourselves to our hobby, their portraiture; just as upon being invited to visit the Home for Distressed Dogs, at Holloway, we should pass over the many interesting "casuals" which had taken refuge there, to pick out our particular lost pet, thin and miserable as he would doubtless look. Our subject is not at the first blush very inviting, till we remember how many poets and painters have exercised their talents not unworthily in doing honour to the dog. The earliest portraits of dogs occur on the Egyptian monuments. Two types are distinctly marked there, one a dog of the chase, lithe and active, like our greyhound; the other resembling our turnspit, very long, and furnished with small legs. It is curious, in connection with the Israelites' long sojourn in Egypt, and the many customs and similarities which existed between the two nations, that the dog is never mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, except as a term of reproach. All the trust, attachment, and usefulness of its character is lost sight of.

Sculpture, however, has busied itself least of all the fine arts, to produce canine virtues. Nor do we remember the form of a dog on any of the long list of medals coined by the Roman Emperors. In poetry, the dog has been a favourite animal ever since the days when his dog was the first to recognise Ulysses on his return to Ithaca. Two modern poets have been devotedly attached to dogs—Scott, with his "pepper and mustards," "Dandie Dinmonts," and the magnificent deer-hound, "Maida." Who can fancy the northern minstrel at Abbotsford without his dogs? Who fails to reflect on perusing it, with what enthusiasm Scott must have written the celebrated passage in the "Lady of the Lake," beginning:

Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed;

and the couplets on Ellen's dog "Lufra?"

Byron has put on record his attachment to "Boatswain" the Newfoundland, in splendid verses, contrasting him with the "proud son of man," in terms nowise complimentary to the human animal. Poetry can say no more for the dog than it does in the well-known lines—

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

From poetry we pass to painting. But first a word must be said on canine photographs. They participate in more than the usual deficiencies of portraiture which result when photography is applied to the "human face divine." The thousand niceties of expression, the flashes of intelligence and kindness that momentarily light up a countenance, and are as diverse as the wind-ripples on the surface of a lake, or the shifting play of shadows on a hillside, are wholly ignored by the art. The features of the man are accurately pictured, but the delicate charms which give them animation are omitted. In photographic portraits of dogs not only are the characteristic traits of the animal omitted in his portrait, but there is sure to be a sulky, defiant expression in addition—the natural effects of compelling him to face so formidable-looking an instrument as a camera. If the possessor of a favourite dog wishes for his portrait, he should always resort to a painter rather than to photography.

But who is to be acknowledged master in the art of canine painting? As might be expected, each artist stamps his own individuality on his mode of delineating dogs, and it is as easy to point out the sleek, velvety stag-

hounds of Velasquez—noble animals indeed, but fitter for the palace than the forest—as it is to recognise the fell snarling wolfhounds of Snuyders tearing their prey with greedy jaws, any three of which would form an admirable representation of the idea attached by the ancients to Cerberus. Both of these painters are realistic in their studies. Albert Durer, on the contrary, is intensely fantastic, his dogs resemble no known type of the animal. They are something like a cross between Scotch terriers and monkeys, while the large hounds which he paints are eminently ideal, and to judge from their meagre looks and prominent ribs might have just come from that unsubstantial land where the “poor Indian” is to roam after death, “his faithful dog to bear him company.” As Alexander the Great would have no one but Apelles to paint him, so we would entrust the limning of our favourite dogs to no one but Landseer. No other artist has ever entered so subtly into the finer traits of the animal, and so exquisitely humanised the germs of those highest virtues of man which seem always struggling to find vent in a dog’s character, and are to be seen in his expression when he turns with all the trustfulness of canine nature to his master. It is enough to remind our readers of those noble pictures, “The Shepherd’s Mourner,” and “Be it never so humble, there is no place like home,” in proof of our remarks. The despairing melancholy of the shepherd’s dog in the one is only equalled by the contented nature of the terrier chained in the other to his humble home.*

After these successes of the higher arts, it is with much diffidence that we approach the subject of canine portraiture, by so humble an instrument as prose, more especially when the pen has to be guided by our own hands. When it is taken into consideration, however, that every dog possesses as distinct an individuality as does each member of the human race, and that it is only after long and intimate acquaintance that the higher animal learns the many delicate traits of the lower one, the advantages of a facile prose description can hardly be overrated. What Bruyère or Theophrastus was to human characters, the like honour would the lucid dog depicter earn amongst canine admirers. Alas! on surveying the library-shelves we find that in prose portraiture dogs “*carent vate sacro!*” It is only a strong sense of indignation at this fact, and the confident assurance of disinterestedness given to our efforts by the mask of initials as a signature, that induce us briefly

to attempt the portraits of one or two of our best known dogs. May some more gifted artist delineate the others!

To begin with the parson’s dog: he is almost always a Skye-terrier, descended from unexceptionable lineage, but owing to his own refined habits, singularly useless at killing “varmints.” He is aristocratic to the backbone, as is evinced by his looks if you offer him dry bread, or even plum-cake, unless it is buttered, and by his repugnance to all reformers, tax-gatherers, demagogues, land-loupers, Jews, Turks, and heretics. By a domestic fiction, he is never allowed in the house, but oddly enough he is continually found sleeping on the hearthrug in winter, or dozing during summer on the leopard-skin, where the sun falls warmest through the study oriole. He is supposed to be a first-rate house-dog, but never barks at strangers (unless they have very ragged coats); friends, on the contrary, he vociferously yaps at, particularly at the postman, who comes every morning, and whom he might be supposed now to know rather intimately. Once upon a time, however, that individual, who is a violent radical, shook the newspaper at him when the conservatives had been defeated in the House. He has never forgotten this insult. As to the village sheep-dogs, when out with his master he passes them with the most dignified demeanour; he may often be noticed, however, when the worthy rector is busy writing sermons, sneaking off to the nearest farm, for a romp with the dogs of the establishment in the straw-yard. It is one of the best traits of these sheep-dogs that they do not then cut his acquaintance. On the contrary, they are always cordial in their welcome. His favourite station is on the doorstep of the parsonage, but occasionally he unbends to join the children on the croquet-ground. Still he has been so often insulted by the balls there, that it is only when his master plays that he condescends to draw nigh. At Oxford he used to be smuggled into college wrapped in his master’s gown, and hated the proctor and his “bull-dogs” with such intensity that he would always cross the street and look his sulkiest when he saw them approaching. At the snug rectory he is quite a character, well known to all the young ladies of the district, and experiencing his keenest pleasure when in their company, or being petted by them. Lastly, he is as distinct from all other Skyes, as is the portly rector, his master, from the unbeneficed “guinea-pigs” of the county town.

The sheep-dog is another well-developed canine character. There are two types of the variety—the Scotch and the English. The

* Mr. Ruskin has very happily discriminated between the dogs of the Venetian, Italian, and Dutch Painters, in his “Modern Painters.”

former always has his tail cut off, which prevents his looking haughtily at anything. Considering the privations he undergoes, his master manifests a sound foresight in thus maiming him. His attachment to his master is intense; he will lie moaning over his grave for days. Lack of a tail excludes him from all canine society; the sorriest cur of the district, the very village pariahs, chase and insult him. He imbibes all the serious characteristics of his master, listening to him as he cons his well-worn Bible on the hill-side, going to kirk with him, and thinking himself a reprobate if he should run after a rabbit on the Sabbath, or even cherished a longing to do so. Search the world through and you will not find his equal in sagacity, affection, docility, trustworthiness; his instinct at times passes the limits which separate it from reason. He has nothing fawning or despicable in his character. Many a man might humble himself as he thinks of the sterling excellence of the Scotch "colley." He has two failings, *horresco referens*—he rejoices to hear the bagpipe, and—he has a sneaking fondness for *haggis*!

The English sheep-dog is a very inferior character. Respect passes into servility with him, and watchfulness into bullying. He does not overawe his woolly charge by the exhibition of estimable moral qualities, like his Scotch brother, but by indiscriminate acts of biting and snarling and sheer force. Perhaps English sheep, however, are not susceptible of the same elevated mode of guidance as are the black-faced Highland flocks, which derive a sternness of nature no one would suspect from the tenderness of their mutton, from grazing on the crags and moors hallowed by the assemblies of the Covenanters, and notable for many a martyr who there perished at the beck of Claverhouse.

The southern sheep-dog is the tyrant of the farm-yard; woe betide any hapless pig who should disturb his noonday slumbers. There is nothing kindly or sympathetic about him; he will not join the children in their rambles for primroses. When his master is not with him, he snaps at the cows and lies in wait behind a hedge to rush out and upset any small dog that may pass along. Like all bullies he is an arrant coward, will fly from a cur half his size, is very valiant at a distance when a stranger approaches, but flees if he pretends to stoop for a stone. The shepherd beats obedience into him, and kicks him into intelligence. He is a brute for which we have the profoundest contempt, a slave without a single spark of generosity or nobility of character. Owing to his exemption from taxation under the old act, his master esteems him but

slightly, and he repays his indifference with a sulky submission. He does his duty grudgingly, earns his daily rations and even eats them with ill-temper. "Defiance, not defence," is his motto during the operation.

He may be seen in his best colours at the interesting gathering of the moorland shepherds of Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, every 20th of July, at some spot purposely selected on the confines of these counties, to return to their owners all sheep which have strayed into neighbouring flocks. From eighty to one hundred sheep-dogs, nearly all fine specimens of the breed, may then be found collected, playing or quarrelling, and fighting it out amongst themselves, while the masters stand by, leaning on the long sticks by which in many instances they intimate to the dogs what they wish them to do.

Let us try another portrait. The elderly ladies' lap-dog is either a Blenheim or a King Charles. It lives on the best of the land, and turns up its nose at everything, till in the best bred specimens, that feature assumes as *retroussé* a character as it bears in the countenance of the grotesque Chinese pug. As it reclines in all the plethora of indigestion and insolence on the hammer-cloth of its mistress' carriage, in Regent Street, it is envied by many hungry human beings who would gladly feast off the viands it refuses with disdainful indifference. It cannot even exert itself to bark when affronted, the natural cry of its species has changed into a hissing wheeze, something like a duet between a cat and an owl. Bloated and useless, it occupies an analogous position to the fine gentlemen of Louis XVI.'s court, who ate, and drank, and turned a deaf ear to the misery of the poor. We always long to send an animal of this kind to the sensible dog-doctor who cured all the ailments of lap-dogs by tying them to a crab-tree in his garden, and leaving them without food for a couple of days, giving them a sound thrashing now and then, just to keep up their spirits. However, we have the consolation of knowing that John Thomas, whose duty it is to pamper this spoilt favourite of fortune born under the influence of Sirius, administers a good kick to him whenever his mistress is out of the way. Poor Fido! He would be a changed character if he had to forage for himself for a week, like those maligned curs who, as their detractors say in the House, roam over Ireland snapping at children, biting horses' heels, and killing sheep. Idleness is as prejudicial to the canine as it is to the human character.

Many more worthy individuals of the *canis domesticus* deserve to have their portraits exhibited in the columns of ONCE A WEEK, but

we must not imitate the ill-natured dog in the manger of the fable, and presume upon the patience and good-nature of our readers. London has its dog-show every autumn. Why should not some enterprising caterer provide an exhibition of the ancestral dog-portraits, now hanging in many an old country seat, for the delectation of the public during the dog days? Government would gladly co-operate through the Master of the Staghounds; and if the Isle of Dogs proved unsuitable for its locality, Barking Creek might doubtless be secured as an eligible position. We would willingly contribute a fine half-length of "Mungo," a noble English terrier, and a replica of "Captain," the gallant Newfoundland who saved the writer's life when in imminent peril of drowning at five years of age. As a catalogue of the rarities to be then shown, and a slight sketch of the personal history and character of the canine celebrities, would be desirable, we hope that a grateful country, always ready to bring artistic talent into prominence will, in consideration of the few samples here displayed, entrust the job to the careful and "dogged" perseverance of the writer.

M. G. W.

THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

(AFTER THEOCRITUS, ID. XXIII.)

A MAN, love-drunken, loved an unkind maid;
Her form was fair, not so her faith; she loathed
Her lover, had no gentleness for him,
None; knew not Eros, that almighty God,
The bow he handles, nor his bitter darts
Which wound the young. Harsh in her words was
she,
Bending to no address. No quivering lip,
No lustrous lightning of the eyes, no cheek
In colour like the rose, no voice, nor kiss
That comforts love, was comfort of his love.
But as some savage beast which looks askance
Upon the hunter, thus was she in all
To him, with cruel lips and angry eyes
Which held his destiny. Well did her face
Become her feelings, colourless and clothed
In stony scorn, and yet in scorn how fair,
And more his love alluring. At the last,
Impatient of Cythera's flame so fierce,
To the sad doors weeping he came, and kissed
The doorposts, lifting up his voice, and cried:
"O bitter cruel! whom some lioness
Nourished, cold heart of stone, unworthy love!
Bearing this cord I come, my latest gift
To thee, for I would never vex thee more.
Thither I go, where is a way for all,
Whither thou hast condemned me; stories tell
That love is there cured in oblivion,
Yet should my lips drink all forgetfulness,
It could not drown my longing. Now I bid
Thy doors farewell. But ah! I know the end!
Fair is the violet in spring, but soon
Grows old; fair is the rose which days destroy;
White is the lily withering in its fall;
White is the snow, the frozen snow, but melts

When winter is away,—so fair is youth,
So lives but little while. The time will come
When thou as I shalt live unloved, and weep
In bitterness; yet one sweet service do,
The last of all; when hanging by thy door
Thou seest, pass me not unhappy, stay
To weep, the short libation of one tear
Grant me, and loose the cord, and round me spread
Some robe warm from thy limbs; thus hidden kiss—
Kiss me at last but once, and give thy lips
A present to the dead: fear not that I
Should live again again I may not live,
Though thou shouldst kiss in love. So, dig a grave
To hide thy lover, thrice departing moan
'Thou liest low, my friend,' or if thou wilt,
'My consort fair is gone.' Write on my grave
'This writing which I scratch upon thy wall,
'O traveller, stay! Love slew him; pass not, say
He had an unkind friend.'"
He spoke and leaned
Against the wall a stone, a stone of dread,
Reaching the middle of the gates. To these
He tied the cord, and fitting tight the noose,
Rolled from beneath his foot the stone, and died.

But, when the woman he had loved unclosed
Her door, and saw him hanging there, no tears
Rose to her eyes, no sorrow in her soul,
For his young life; polluted by the dead
Touching his garments, so she passed away.
She sought far off her pleasant baths, and came,
Where stood the statue of the god she scorned,
In stone above the waters. Then the god,
Young Eros, leapt, and slew her wicked; all
The eddies round her with her blood grew red;
But still her voice was rising, "O farewell!
Ye lovers, love; for she that hates is slain;
Love! for love's god forgets not to avenge."

J. MEW.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MADREPORES.

HAVE you ever been madrepore-hunting, reader? If you have, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking it a most engrossing and instructive pursuit; if you have not, I am sorry for you, especially if your tastes are of a geological nature; and even if you are not amongst the number of those who endeavour to render themselves acquainted with the marvels and beauties of nature, I think you would find that madrepore-hunting would pleasantly while away an hour or two which might otherwise hang heavily upon your hands.

But perhaps you say you don't know what madrepores are—that you have never seen or heard of them; in that case, a word or two of explanation may not be amiss.

There are various classes and species of madrepores, but they all possess the same nature, being, as is generally believed, fossilised marine animals, or rather the fossilised work of marine animals. The number of years which have elapsed since the skilful artisans performed their work, is uncertain; in all probability it was before the time when "Adam delved and Eve span;" but

upon this subject I have neither space nor inclination to enter; it is sufficient for my purpose to say that the marine architects were

once endowed with life and breath, and that their work is now literally, as the saying is, "turned into stone."



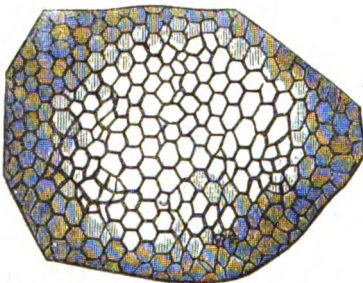
Star Madrepora.



Feather Madrepora.

When in the rough state, madrepores might frequently be passed by unnoticed, and even if picked up, they would possess but few attractions in the eyes of casual observers, and a most valuable specimen might be thrown away; but once let the fossil be cut and polished, its wonders and beauties are then fully displayed, and could scarcely fail to be appreciated, to some extent, even by those

Madrepore-hunting, like most other pursuits and employments, has its drawbacks as well as its delights; very frequently does the collector return home wearied, and perhaps dispirited from a search of many hours, during which time he has found scarcely anything to reward him for his trouble; but patience and perseverance are invaluable com-



Honeycomb Madrepora.



Sponge Madrepora.

who consider themselves, as "Punch" says, "Much above that sort of thing." As I have already mentioned, there are many kinds of madrepores: each class is divided and subdivided; consequently the varieties are almost innumerable; but those most generally known and sought after are "feathers," "suns," "stars," "sponges," "birds'-eyes," "pin-points," and "honeycombs."

Of these, I enclose sketches from specimens in my possession, which I hope will give my readers some idea of what madrepores are like; but I feel that it is quite beyond my powers of caligraphy to do them ample justice, for human pen and pencil are, at the best, but poor substitutes for the wonderful productions of nature.

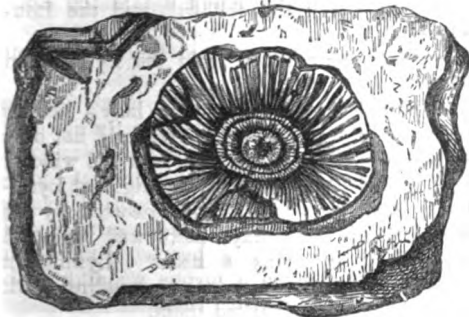
panions, and in due course of time may carry all before them.

I believe madrepores are to be found in many parts of the world. I have found them in comparative abundance on the south Devonshire coast; in the "Bradley Woods," situated about eight or nine miles from Teignmouth, there are very extensive quarries of "feather" and "star" madrepora; so manifold are the specimens there displayed, that it is a puzzling matter to decide which to keep and which to throw away, each quarry having its own peculiar sort. The collector feels at first quite bewildered by the mine of valuable pieces around him; his pockets are quickly filled, and as quickly emptied, as fresh wonders

meet his view, and at length, finding it totally impossible to keep all, he is obliged to select a few of the best, and to turn his back resolutely on all others.

The "birds'-eye" and "sponge" madrepores are some of the most common kinds; the "honeycomb" and "pin-point" are considered more valuable, and good specimens are much prized by the collector.

Madrepores are shown to great advantage when set in silver or gold, and made into brooches, bracelets, pins, and other ornaments of a similar nature; the art of cutting and polishing these fossils is easily acquired, although lapidaries may say otherwise, and endeavour to impress upon you that it is a very intricate and mysterious business. But of course this is only natural, as, were the secret generally known and applied



Sun Madreporite.

to a practical use, many an honest, hard-working man would be at a loss to earn his livelihood.

Live madrepores are occasionally dredged up at sea on our own shores. In Rees' Cyclopædia it is stated that "there are about 120 species scattered through the different seas on our globe, some of which are common to our coasts," and that they are "a genus of the class vermes, and order zoophyta—animals resembling a medusa; coral with lamellate star-shaped cavities;" and a little further on, the description of the live madreporite is continued thus:

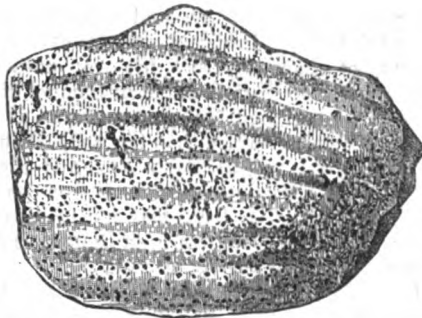
"In speaking of the animal that fills the cavities of the madreporite, it is said, its feet are numerous, and terminate externally in two conical productions, which, being placed on each side of every one of the lamellæ that give the stellular form to the cavity of the coral, serve to affix the animal to the circumference of its cell, and may with propriety be considered as the instruments by which the little animal forms the lamellæ themselves. . . . Admitting that the formation of these corals is the work of the madreporite polype, it

may be thus traced through its wonderful labours. It is found that each of the legs of the polype is provided with two processes, which are applied to each side of one of the



Bird's-eye Madreporite.

perpendicular laminæ, while a muscular pyriform body, attached to the other end of the leg, gives to it the power of employing that motion which is necessary for the accomplishment of its task. The young polype may be considered as completing its operation by two distinct processes: the secretion and separation of carbonate of lime from sea-water conveyed through the pyriform body; and its disposition, at the moment of secretion, by the two small processes, where the economy of the animal directs. Proportioned to the number of legs possessed by the infant animal, is probably the number of perpendicular



Pin-point Madreporite.

laminæ, or pillars, converging in the centre, which it begins to erect; these, when raised to a certain height, appear to be connected together by a horizontal plate of the same substance; on these the animal erects similar pillars, and places on them a covering similar to that with which he has completed the first compartment.

"Thus seem to proceed the labours of this minute artist; and as the number of its legs or instruments increase, and as they extend

in length, so much the number of the perpendicular laminæ and the circumference of the horizontal plates, augment."

But I will quote no more scientific matter, but bring this paper to a conclusion, or perhaps my readers will be wearied, and lose any interest which they might feel disposed to take in the subject. I must not belie my title, but remember that the motive which induced me to write "a Few Words about Madrepores," and to draw the accompanying sketches, was not to enter into any argument, or to write a scientific article concerning them, but to endeavour to explain in some slight degree the nature and appearance of the beautiful fossils, so that those people who have not hitherto been fortunate enough to see or hear anything of madrepores, may now be able to form an opinion as to what they are like, and, I hope, be inclined to seek further information respecting them.

A. C. WHEELLEY.

"HOW THE LADY JOAN KEPT HER VOW."

A Legend of Lymington.

What can a young lassie, what will a young lassie—
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

IN spite of this assertion, many a "young lassie" has been well content to marry an "auld man;" provided always there has been plenty of tocher on the right side. So it was that Samuel Baldwin, Knight, and sojourner in the parish of Lymington, did, in the year of grace, 1730, find a young and beautiful bride. Tradition passes over the history of their married life in ominous silence. Suffice it, that when Sir Samuel died there was found a curious paper, stating it to be his will and pleasure that his body should be carried out to Scratchells Bay, and there sunk. "In order," the document went on to say, "that my wife, Joan, may not be able to dance upon my grave, which, in the bitterness of her wrath, she has vowed to do."

In obedience to this singular command, the worthy knight's body was duly weighted and left to rest under the shadow of the Needles; while the young widow took entire possession of the dead man's property, no one disputing the will which she produced.

Now the Lady Joan Baldwin looked marvellously fair in her weeds; and, although it is said that it is of no use gilding pure gold, every-day experience proves there are exceptions to the rule; therefore, fair as the widow was, the gilding derived from the funds made her doubly fair, and brought to her feet the greedy, the needy, the rich, the poor. Time went on, and to the disappointment of the

gossiping world Lady Joan seemed in no haste to change her condition, but the rather to aim at universal conquest. The ladies grew not only scandalous but wrath, for so equally were Joan's favours distributed that every man secretly considered himself the most fortunate, and thus, there being no rejected suitors, there were no deserters, and the wrathful indignation of the neglected sisterhood was the more excusable. Things went on after this fashion until a hunting meeting came off. Lyndhurst was full of great noblemen. The Lady Joan was the toast at many a wild carouse. The hunt lasted for several days, and when the festivities were at a height an event occurred that put the place on the *qui vive*.

At the close of a long and successful day in the forest, a stranger rode home at the widow's bridle-hand.

"Some Lymington fellow," said the Londoners.

"Some court rout," said the Lymington folk.

Yet, though unknown to the lady's jealous followers, the stranger was evidently not only on good, but familiar, terms with the widow; who, in place of remaining the night at Lyndhurst, rode on to Lymington, escorted by the new arrival. Next day, there was rage and amazement in many a heart. Lymington church bells clanged a joyous wedding peal. The widow had outwitted them.

Disappointed suitors let loose their tongues, and out of very spite hunted up the fact that the man who had outdone them all and carried off the prize, was an old lover, to whom, before she was "my lady," Joan Armitage had plighted her troth, and who, they asserted, had remained in the neighbourhood disguised as a forester, nothing loth to wait for the knight's well-tochered widow. Nor was this all: darker stories were whispered, and at last it was even hinted that the knight had met his death unfairly, and that the settlement and will by which the widow claimed her great wealth was forged by the mysterious lover. Joan heard of these things, and only laughed. "I married for money once, I can marry for love this time." Yet in spite of the boasted love, and the constant presence of the man she had chosen, a great change became visible: the bright colour faded out of her cheeks; her eyes grew sunken and dim; her laugh hushed; life and energy seemed to be fading away. The bridegroom, too, was a changed man: he became silent and morose; scarcely ever left his wife's side; and watched her with a pertinacity which the lookers on called jealousy. Some said Lady Joan was conscience smitten; some said her husband

illtreated her : both reports were as far from the truth as such generally are. It was only to a chosen friend that the unhappy man unbosomed himself.

"Night after night," he said, "I wake and behold her place vacant. Night after night I have endeavoured to remain awake, that I might unravel the mystery ; but in vain : I invariably fall asleep, and when morning comes Joan is lying by my side, and were it not that her face is pale and haggard, and her feet cut and travel-stained, I could believe I had been dreaming."

"You have questioned the Lady Joan, of course ?" said his friend.

"Not a word, Dick."

"Then, why not watch her ?"

"Ay, that is it ! I want you to help me. Do you consent to lie in wait this very night, and we will follow her ?"

So it was arranged. Dick Berkley was waiting in the street, when, shortly after the church tolled twelve, the house door opened, and the Lady Joan, clad only in her white night-dress, tripped down the steps. Dick had always been an admirer of the ladies ; but he stood amazed exceedingly as he caught sight of her beautiful face, lighted up with a gleam he had never seen before ; her long hair floating, *Godiva* like, in the wind, her fair arms stretched over her head, and her clasped hands seemingly wrung together in agony. There was something so extraordinary in the circumstances attaching to the lady—something so wild and passionate in her attitude and expression—that Dick's heart was stricken, and although he hesitated for a moment, he did not lose sight of her. He had pledged his word to follow her, and so he went, keeping close behind her as she walked down the High street, and through the ill-paved bye-lanes, leading to the so-called quay. As she approached, a small boat, with one boatman, glided up the river, and as it grated against the steps, Lady Joan stepped in.

"Quick, quick !" whispered her husband, who had come up with Dick a little while before. "Follow her to the devil !"

Dick shuddered, but unfastened a boat, and they were soon in pursuit.

"Not too near," said Dick, lying on his oars ; for the husband, beside himself with jealous fury, was gaining upon the little boat. "Not too near, I say, or they will suspect us ; they are making for the castle."

He was wrong, however : they passed Hurst Castle, and steered straight across the Solent ; rounded the Needles, and turned into *Scratchells Bay* : here those who followed saw a fearful sight.

The water was as smooth as glass, but

bright with a lurid, weird-like flame ; and upon it danced the Lady Joan, filling the air with her shrieks, while all the time, round and round, sliding, curtsying, bounding, she performed her ghastly minuet.

An hour, which seemed an age to the lookers on, passed. Held by some strange power they still sat, watching with staring eyes, and curdling blood, until the white figure was taken back into the boat, and rowed to shore again.

Not one word passed between the friends ; but next day Joan's husband set off on a journey to London, where he meant to lay the mysterious case before eminent doctors, both spiritual and physical, in the hope of obtaining release from his devil-possessed wife.

Not so Dick Berkley. That love is capricious, and, moreover, covers a multitude of sins, we all know. The glamour was over poor Dick, who was so passionately enamoured of Lady Joan, that he even envied the devil the pleasure of ferrying her to her nightly task ; and Lady Joan, who had grown weary of the evil tempter, and surveillance of her husband, proved herself nothing loth to accept Dick's homage. And Dick, finding the lady willing, and the coast clear, made such use of his time that in a week from her husband's departure, Joan had consented to elope with her new lover, and carry off with them all the wealth she could bring to account.

They embarked in a French sloop, the captain of which agreed to take them to *Cherbourg* ; but, as ill-luck would have it, the ship was becalmed just beyond the Needles, in the haunted *Scratchells Bay*.

"I'll be able to keep my vow at last," laughed Lady Joan. "Sir Samuel was buried here ; if there is a fiddler among the crew he shall come up, and I shall dance over the old wretch's grave in spite of his queer will."

There was no fiddler ; and Dick, who, ever since the wind had fallen so suddenly and left them in the fatal Bay, had been getting more and more frightened, managed to persuade Joan that such an action would be folly, and soon forgot the horrors of the past in the happiness of the present.

At midnight, Dick, who was still awake, saw his mistress rise. He rose too ; and following her on deck, perceived the same scene and horror he had witnessed before ; and as he leaned against the bulwark, the devil prompting him, he thought, "Why not leave her here, and carry off the riches she has robbed the old man of."

No sooner said than done. The breeze, which seemed to be waiting for his wish, sprang up ; the sails filled, and the sloop began to move through the glancing water.

But only for a second: the heavens grew black; thunder pealed; and a fiery bolt, rushing down from the angry clouds, split the ship in two.

Dick found himself floating upon the waves, clinging frantically to a broken mast, not another vestige of the wreck was visible. But there, pirouetting, with streaming hair and gasping lips, Lady Joan danced her death dance.

Dick was sorry for her now, and called to her in his own despair and agony; but she heeded him not. As a long red streak away in the west told of coming day, the shrieks grew wilder and the dance more furious. Higher and higher spread the rosy dawn, until the Needles caught the reflection, and reared themselves like a blood-stained hand. Dick tried to shut his ears; but the frantic shrieks would not be drowned. One, at last, came wilder and more horrible than all. The white figure disappeared beneath the waves, now glowing like fire, and the unhappy man was left clinging to the spars, alone upon the wide waters.

Hours after, he was picked up by a passing ship, and carried to Ireland, from whence he wrote, detailing the circumstances, and announcing his intention of taking holy orders, wherefrom he hoped to obtain absolution and relief.

Such is the Legend of Scratchells Bay; and although I never could succeed in seeing the phantom-dance of the Lady Joan, the old boatman, who gave me the history of her fate, assured me, that when he was fishing off the Bay, he saw her; and was so frightened, that he drank a whole bottle of rum, and found himself in the morning drifted nearly to Southampton water. I fancy my friend was of the poet's opinion, and might have justly said

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,—
There it always lay for me.

I. D. FENTON.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XII.—SETTLING DAY.

As you may suppose, Mr. Nomad, the question which I put to myself when I saw the major's game, was one not to be answered off-hand—was this Charley Vivian dupe or knave? Did he know that he was winning the young fool's money, against whom he was playing, by packed cards? or did he fancy that it was luck alone which favoured him?

I find it hard now to fix my thoughts very closely upon anything; and I kept getting confused in my mind, about the scene passing under my eyes, and another night, I shall never forget on this side the grave, when the major was playing against me, and won as, I have no doubt, now, by exactly the same means. If I had known then what I know now, and had refused to pay a debt won by sheer sharpening, would my fortunes in life have been better than they are? A man in my position is very apt to think, if at some time or other I had not spent five pounds on an act of folly, and had lived exactly as I have done, in every single respect, of course, I should have had five pounds in my pocket now, to my infinite comfort and delight. If you argue with me, I admit that if I had not spent some three months of my present wages in ordering a dinner at the Star and Garter, which I never ate, I should have thrown the money away in some equally unsatisfactory mode; if Major Morton had not bled me of the last few hundreds I could borrow, they would have gone into the pockets of Colonel Rooke or Captain Punter, or some other of the true friends and boon companions who used to call me "dear old boy," in the days long gone by. Still, because it was my destiny to fall among thieves, I can't say that I feel philosophically inclined towards the particular thieves who relieved me of my cash, and robbed me of my clothes. There is not much of the good Samaritan about me, Mr. Nomad, and if I rescue a fellow-sufferer who has got into bad hands, it is not because I feel such deep compassion for the person robbed, as because I have such a bitter hatred to the robbers.

I was afraid of being noticed if I stopped constantly under the window, and so I hobbled about the garden, stealing back from time to time, to my point of observation, whence I could look unobserved into the room. The night was very still, and the hum of the great city had died away, and the last cabs had rolled home, and the players had grown very silent. Through the half-opened window, I could hear the shuffling of the cards, the dull gurgle of the brandy, as the major kept constantly filling up his own and his companions' glasses. Looking in, from time to time, I could see that the candles were flickering low in their sockets, that the carpet was strewn with cigars without end, half smoked, and then thrown away, that empty soda-water bottles were piled in rows upon the sideboard. In the east the sky was lit up with pale, cold streaks; the light was just stealing in between the curtains; and the lamps on the mantelpiece shone

with that ghastly yellow light they have at such hours as this. Mrs. Fitz-Maurice was lying back on the sofa with her eyes half shut, but still watching young Atkins' game, and with her face turned from the light, so as to show as little as might be of the dark lines, which stood out so hard and clear upon her worn, rouged cheeks. The major's padded figure seemed to have fallen loose—I know no other word; his eyes bursting from his swollen eyelids; his wig all astray, showing the bold, red head beneath; his jet-black dyed moustache and whiskers mottled grey at the ends, grizzly white at the roots. As for Vivian and Atkins, looking at them in that dull grey dawn, you could tell what they would look like when they were old men, if they ever lived so long—a supposition which then appeared most improbable.

"Now, my boys," I could hear the major say, "three more deals, and then not a card more, or Mrs. Fitz-Maurice will never speak another word to poor old Jack again." I knew, that when the major spoke in his would-be cheery voice, and called himself "poor old Jack," he meant mischief, and so I watched more closely than before. I saw that he kept packing the cards as before; but this time, and the next, and the third round, odd to say, the high cards were in Atkins' hand, and he and Vivian lost constantly. Then, when the last hand had been played, there was a pause, and I heard Atkins mutter something about it being hard to stop just when his luck had changed. Suddenly, as if a thought had struck him, the major turned round to Vivian, who had risen from the table, and said, in a voice, that I could hear trembled, "I tell you what it is, Vivian, you have cut us both hard—deuced hard, to-night; give us one chance, and play double or quits, and make an end of it one way or another."

I saw, and was glad to see, that Vivian did not like the proposal; but he was one of those men to whom it is always hard to say no to anything, and he sat down again.

"Now then for luck," said the major, as he cut the cards, and cut, as I could see, a king to Vivian, who had the deal. Well, of course Vivian won, and old Morton swore an ugly oath, and Atkins turned very pale, and insisted angrily on playing double or quits again. Then another deal, with the same extraordinary, or rather perfectly unextraordinary luck to Vivian; and then it would have been Atkins's turn to deal, and Vivian's turn to cut the cards; but, at this moment, the Major jumped up with a sudden start, threw the cards out of the window, and swore he would have no more of this sort of thing, while old Jack could hinder two lads he loved like his

own sons from playing the devil's own game. Then Mrs. Fitz-Maurice, at a sign from Morton, began crying, and sobbed out that she would not for the world have money lost in her house, and that she fancied while she had been asleep they had been playing for trifles; and the major said, with a sigh, that it had been a bad night's work for both of them; but that, if he was to part with his money, he had sooner it went into dear old Charlie's pocket than that of any man alive. Then, with a haste, which I should have thought would have raised a sucking babe's suspicions, he announced that he had lost a pair of ponies, for which amount he proceeded to fill up a cheque, with an old joke about short accounts making long friends. Then, turning to Atkins, who was adding up, with trembling fingers, a long score of figures, he added, it was a comfort anyhow to him to think that his "dear lad" could spare his couple of thousands far better than Old Jack could his tenners. The "dear lad" looked anything but consoled with the reflection, and I could tell well enough by his fumbling with his pocket-book, that he was thinking how he could get off paying cash down at once. He said something about not having a stamp with him; but, by the merest luck in the world, as the major declared, he himself happened to have some bill stamps in his pocket-book. I wonder at what period of his life old Morton happened not to have stamped paper always at hand. Atkins, I could see at once, was a coward at heart, and though he wanted to defer paying, he had not the courage to insist on doing so. Very slowly and reluctantly he signed the bills which the major held out to him, and then they were handed over to Vivian, who, meanwhile, had been standing aside, looking very pale and queer, and ill at ease.

Then there was a peal at the bell, and I hurried into the hall, and found Atkins there, half-crying, half-cursing, because he could not find his hat; and, as I let him out, he buttoned up his coat, with a look of low satisfaction on his face, because he thought I was disappointed at getting nothing from him. He was just the sort of man who would feel a pleasure in doing a poor devil out of sixpence, because he himself had just lost thousands. Well, for him, I did not feel a grain of pity. If Morton had never robbed a better fellow than this silly, selfish spendthrift, who was mean in his very vices, he would not have half so much to answer for as he has. I know the Atkins' type of black sheep, well enough. It is hardly ever that they go to the bad altogether; at any rate, as far as this world is concerned. They have their fling and pay not much too dear for it, sow their wild oats,

and get something for the crop; settle down when they are tired of racketing; marry some poor girl whose life they render miserable; grind down their tenants and workmen, and show no mercy to any young fool who goes in the same path as they trod themselves, when they were young.

Shortly after, Vivian came down, and listening outside the door, I could hear the major telling him not to be an ass, and to thank his stars for the best stroke of luck that could have happened to a man.

"You know, my boy," he added, "that Mortimer Morris holds the bills I got discounted for you; and there would have been the devil and all to pay, if you could not have met them, when they become due next week. Thanks to Atkins, you can clear off the better part of that ugly debt, at all events; and, if you come to my chambers to-morrow, I will see Morris and get back your bills for you."

Then I knew it all. Mortimer Morris was from old time Morton's partner, or at any rate, the head of the firm to which the major served as jackal. The money won from Atkins was to pass into the pockets of this precious gang; and if the bills were disputed, old Morton could prove that he had given value for them; and his own cheque would show that he had lost money himself on the night in question; and this fact would free him from the suspicion that his reputation might entail upon him.

"All right," said Vivian, "if I was not in such a hole myself, I would not take the young cub's money;" and with that he sauntered out moodily into the road. I asked the major if his honour would not give a poor fellow half-a-crown; an application, which, as I expected, led to his slamming the door in my face, and telling me to call for my money to-morrow; and then being quit of the premises, I hurried after Vivian, who was a short way ahead. If it had been only that so many hundreds had passed out of one man's pockets unjustly and unfairly into another's, I should have never troubled myself in the matter. There are such a precious lot of unjust and unfair things go on every day in this odd world of ours, that if you tried to set them right, you, or at any rate, I, should never know where to begin or where to end. But I had taken a fancy somehow to this young, careless, handsome, ne'er-do-well; and I wanted, if it were possible, to give him one chance, ere he went under hopelessly. For I saw clear enough that if once he parted with the bills, out of which Atkins had been swindled, he would be in the power of the most unscrupulous old scoundrel who walks up and down Pall Mall; and that is saying a

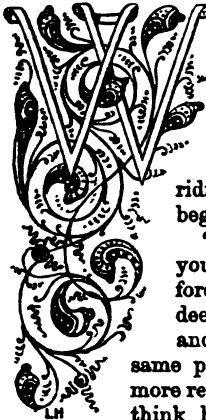
good deal. When the trick was played out, the major would tell him how he had been an accomplice, in as ugly a swindle as could well be devised. It would be no use his swearing that he knew nothing about the matter, the facts would be fatally against him; his character would be in Morton's and Mrs. Fitz-Maurice's hands; and sooner or later, he would become the decoy bird for which they designed him. Very likely he may end by being this, or worse, if worse there is, but at all events, I resolved he should not fall into their clutches body and soul, if I could hinder it.

Meanwhile, I could see he was walking on more briskly and cheerily. After all, when you are in no end of a mess, it is not unpleasant to have a windfall of luck, which tides over the trouble, even if you are not quite comfortable as to the manner in which the luck has come to you. If beggars cannot be choosers, gamblers certainly cannot also. So I stepped up to him, and asked him, with as much of my old tone before I was what I am, as I could summon up, to let me say one word to him. He stared at me for a moment, trying to recall who I was; then, with a pleasant laugh, said, "Oh! you are the waiter at Philomela Lodge." Well, luck has played well for me to-night, and you shall share in my good fortune, such as it is." But, before he could put his hand to his pocket, I interrupted him, saying, "If you don't listen to me it's the worst night's play you ever sat down to;" and then I told him all I had seen and all I knew. I can't exactly recall what I said; but I know I wound up by saying that it was for him to choose whether he would be a card sharper or a gentleman. His hands began to twitch nervously at his shirt as he listened to my story. He was too startled and too much upset to notice what was odd and incoherent in my narrative. Foolish, as he might be, he was not a born fool, and no one but a fool could have failed to see the truth the moment it was pointed out. He walked to and fro, biting his lips till the blood trickled down, and I could see it was going very hard with him. Then, at last, the sad, soft, pleasant smile I had noted before, shot over his face; and he pulled out the pocket-book from his breast, took out the bills, tore them into bits, and turned away with a sort of gasping sob. Suddenly he came back, when he had gone a few paces, put a sovereign in my hand, saying, with an odd laugh, "I owe you this for having lost me two thousand pounds already;" and then, before I could thank him, he was gone. So, you see, for once in my life, I did a good action, and got paid for it handsomely.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XIII. HOW JOHN CARLYON BECAME A HERETIC.



WITH hesitation and evident reluctance, with his face averted from the listener, and at first hammering the daisy heads upon the lawn with the handle of his riding-whip, John Carlyon began:—

"My father, as no doubt you have heard, Miss Crawford, on all hands, was indeed a constant churchgoer, and he brought me up in the same path. There was no man more respected, although I do not think he was loved, in all this neighbourhood. He not only never offended against the proprieties, but he was a steadfast upholder of them—what is called one of the safeguards of society. That was the general opinion of him to the day of his death; but it was a mistaken one. He was a hypocrite from first to last; his whole life was one huge lie."

"Mr. Carlyon!" exclaimed Agnes; "you make my blood run cold; not so much by what you say, which seems almost too terrible to be true, but at your manner of saying it."

"When, however, I first found out the truth, young lady, I was more moved than I am now. The student of anatomy faints at his introduction to the dissecting-room; but, after a while, he ceases to shudder at its revelations. He sees what lies behind the velvet cheek of beauty, and the keen eye of wit, but it affects him little. He knows that with all humanity it is the same. He has his advantage over me in that respect. If I could think that behind the veil of religion, the cloak of respectability, the infidel and the debauchee were inwardly concealed, I should loathe my own father less; but I know there are honest folks in the world. I know that you, Agnes, are as pure as you look, as good as you seem. But this man, that was my own flesh and blood, to whom I owe my being, to whom I was bound by Nature herself to respect and honour—oh, spare me! I cannot bear to speak of it."

"Even a good man may err and give way

to strong temptation," whispered Agnes; "yet if he repents——"

"This man did not repent," broke in Carlyon, almost fiercely. "He had nothing to repent of; for in his eyes nothing was sin, nothing was vice, nothing was wrong—unless it was found out. Then indeed he would have been sorry. He was a tyrant, and he broke my mother's heart. I will never forgive him that! She was beautiful, gentle, guileless as yourself, and he killed her. She prayed for him upon her deathbed, and he despised her prayer; I do believe that that was the bitterest drop she had to drain in the whole cup of her wretched married life. She made me promise not to tell him what I knew, and not to tell the world. I had to live on with this murderer for years, a participator in his acted lie, and hoodwinked, as he thought, like the rest. He deceived everybody,—yes, everybody—parson, people, neighbours, servants. Robin, at home, believes him to this day to have been the best of men. A tyrant and a libertine, he was yet reckoned the most pious man in Mellor parish. This was the sort of father, Agnes, from whom I learnt how to be religious."

"Mr. Carlyon," returned she, thoughtfully, after a long pause, "are you sure—are you quite sure, that in your great love for such a mother as you describe, and in your own tenderness of heart, you may not have taken sternness for cruelty?"

He shook his head impatiently.

"Some men," she went on, "not naturally cruel, I have known to be without tenderness of manner, even to those dearest to them; rugged and harsh even when their wives lay a-dying, and yet not heartless."

"No, girl, this man was not rugged. He knew how to frame tenderest words for ears that should have blushed to listen to them. Of some men, it is said, 'we never knew his worth until we lost him;' now I never knew how base a father I had got until he came to die."

"Ah! he confessed his sins, and the long catalogue appalled you!" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands. "You should thank God for that. Perhaps, in that last hour, all was forgiven him. No one can fathom the infinite depths of Divine mercy. Let us hope, let us pray, that he may have been preserved

from that awful state of which he stood in dread."

"Nay, Agnes, we Carlyons have no fear," observed her companion, proudly.

"No fear!" echoed she, in scorn. "What! had this man, living, as you say, a lie, for fear of the opinion of his neighbours, no *fear*? Does cowardice, then, among infidels, solely consist in being afraid of the righteous judgments of God? If so, 'obtuseness with respect to their own anomalies and contradictions' is surely not entirely peculiar to religious people."

Carlyon bit his lip.

"It would surely be the rankest cowardice to be afraid of that in the existence of which one does not believe," said he, evasively. "The man I speak of died, laughing in his sleeve at the world he had cajoled. He had been a wanderer in many lands, and examined a hundred creeds, only to find one as worthless as another. His god was Self, and he had served him very faithfully. His last advice to me, his only son, was given when the grave was gaping for him: we were alone together, and he upon the sofa that was to be his death-bed, and he knew it; the very room has been hateful to me ever since. He bid me lie like him; be serious and devout; affect the virtues that I had not, for the very vices' sake which they concealed. So should I live a life of ease and yet of dignity, and die with honour, troops of friends, and all the regard that accompanies the close of a life well spent. He would, as it were, have bequeathed me his very mantle of deceit, having no further occasion for it himself, like some poor conjuror, who teaches his tricks to his children while he lies a dying, as the best legacy he has to leave them."

"Mr. Carlyon, this is too horrible to be believed," gasped Agnes. "Nature does not permit of such a father. I have seen many death-beds, and when death is claiming us we are often not ourselves; the senses are disordered, the mind wanders; men impute to themselves sins which they have never committed."

"But not this man, Agnes. Do you suppose that I would not believe so if I could; that I have not exhausted every suggestion that could lighten this load which has so weighed down my life? No. He told me the truth at last. He left behind him only too ample corroboration of it. No one is so prudent that he can guard his memory after death. No man, who keeps a cheque-book, can dare say 'I do not keep a journal;' besides, there were letters that came for him long after he was lying in his grave—but why all this? You know his secret now, which I have

hitherto preserved inviolate. Do you wonder that I loathe religion; that 'the very name of Nazarene is wormwood to my Paynim spleen,' and synonymous with all that is false and fair-seeming. That, from the instant that I found myself freed by this man's death from my promise to my mother, that I forsook his hypocritical ways and all belonging to them."

"I do not wonder, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, sorrowfully; "I do not even say (as others would), why doubt the genuineness of that thing of which you have only witnessed a fraudulent imitation. We are moulded, I know, by the iron force of circumstances—though not all of us. Your mother did not lose her faith in Heaven because your father had none?"

"My mother? No," answered Carlyon, in hushed and reverent tones.

"She was a Christian woman to the last?"

"She was an angel: to impute wrong to her would be to confuse wrong with right."

"And has the thought of her—of her long suffering patience, and forgiveness—never moved you towards the faith your father professed, but which she practised?"

"I have sometimes thought there should be an immortality for such as she; that so much goodness ought not surely to be allowed to perish. I have thought so lately of one other person also—of you, Agnes."

"Hush, sir, hush! I am very different from this saint in heaven. If she had lived, I cannot but think her love, her teaching, her example, would have won you to her creed, as to herself. You felt better—happier—when you were in her presence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did," replied Carlyon, eagerly; "as I feel when I am in yours. Yes, Agnes,—do not shrink from me; I will do my best—only I will not lie—to learn better things of you. Will you teach me, even although I do not promise to learn?"

He looked up in her face for the first time, while she, the heretofore questioner, drooped her eyelids, and a fire burnt in her cheeks.

"Can you not take compassion upon me, even though I am a heretic?" urged he with tenderness; but she heard him not.

"If any man love not the Lord, let him be anathema, maranatha," were the words which she seemed to hear.

"Go to some wise and holy man," said she, in a faint voice.

"To Mr. Puce?" asked he; "or to whom? No, I shall sit at the feet of this Gamaliel, Agnes Crawford, or of none. I love you with all my heart; nay, I can well believe—so wondrous is the change through all my being—with all my soul. I seem to have

another life beyond myself, and if that be my soul, it is you who are its keeper, for to you it flies. Will you be my teacher? Will you be my wife? one word, one 'yes,' will answer both questions." But there came no answer. He could not even read one in her face, for it was hidden in her hands. She was speaking, though her speech was inarticulate, but not to him.

"I know you will never marry—an infidel," said he, slowly.

"Never, never," answered she, with eagerness. It was quite a relief to her to get so categorical a question, and one to which she could so unhesitatingly reply.

"Yet you will not reject my—proposition; you will not refuse to afford me an opportunity of being convinced?"

"I cannot say," murmured she: "I must have time, Mr. Carlyon, to think of this. Do not press me for your answer—that is, just now. In your presence, I cannot—I must be alone," added she, hurriedly. "I must ask guidance."

"I venture to think," interrupted Carlyon, respectfully, "that your father will be no obstruction."

Her face flushed from brow to chin. "I was not referring to my father," said she, coldly.

"I trust," returned he, earnestly, "I have not been too bold—not said too much and too soon. Pardon me, Agnes; do not let the greatness of my love be the cause of my undoing. If my presence is an embarrassment to you, you will write, perhaps?"

"Yes, I will write!" exclaimed she, eagerly; "to-night, to-morrow. It will be better so."

He rose at once and took her hand in his.

"Whatever you may so write, Agnes," said he, slowly, "will be my law. If you decide against me, to have nothing to do with this wicked person, to avoid the touching of pitch, lest even your pure soul may be defiled, I shall understand it. It will be unnecessary to state reasons. The one word 'no' will suffice; I had rather that you wrote nothing more. I will never trouble you again. I shall have turned my back on Paradise for ever. But if—if you think within yourself that I may be won to what you deem the right—mind, I do not say it is even probable, for I will not use lies to gain Heaven itself—and if won, that you might, in time, even stoop to love me, I shall understand that also, by one word, 'yes.'"

What would he not have given to have touched her white brow with his lips, as she stood close beside him, downcast, thoughtful, with her snow-cold hand in his! It was not because every window, for all that he knew,

might have had its watcher, or because her cousin was playing the spy as usual, upon yonder terrace, that Carlyon did not do so. It was not for fear of *them*, that, having raised those fingers midway to his lips, he let them fall again, and turned away in silence, while Red Berild followed, docile, with a hasty farewell crop at the scanty grass. To have kissed her would have been very sweet, but it might have demanded its dread memories for years.

Heavy of heart, the strong man took the road from Greycrags homewards; while his good horse pressing his great nose against his hand, strove vainly to give his master comfort.

Agnes remained standing in her place, deep sunk in thought, till a book fell heavily upon the terrace-walk, and a well-known step began to descend the hill; then, at its first foot-fall, she started from her reverie and hastening in, sought her own chamber, where she remained for hours.

Her mind was torn with antagonistic emotions. She would never marry an unbeliever, that was certain; to that she clung, and reverted to it again and again; it was her sheet-anchor in the storm. But had she not grown to love one? Was she not paltering with her own conscience in this matter? and even with still more sacred things? Did she honestly believe herself to be a bearer of God's message to those unwilling ears; or was not her strong desire to convert the Sceptic, alloyed with a wish to win the Man? Agnes Crawford was not a student of Pope, or she might almost have applied to herself, the self-accusation of Eloisa—

E'en then to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you;
Not Grace nor Zeal, Love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love I lose my all.

Hour after hour passed by; the luncheon bell rang, but she took no heed: but, late in the afternoon, a knock came to her chamber door, and a voice in mooking tones, (or what, perhaps, she fancifully imagined to be so), reached her through the key-hole, saying, "Missie Agnes, you are wanted in the parlour; Mrs. Newman's come, and wish to see you very particler."

"Mr. Carlyon's sister!" murmured Agnes to herself, while a sudden pain seemed to shoot through her heart; "why should *she* come here?" But she answered, in her usual firm, clear tones, "Very well, Cubra; tell her I will be down directly."

CHAPTER XIV. MRS. NEWMAN'S ACT OF CHARITY.

It is not to be supposed that Carlyon's visits to Greycrags passed without notice

among the good folks of Mellor. The appetite of that small community for gossip was absolutely insatiable; it was quite a trade with more than one respectable female to make it, and even to invent the materials. So that when a subject for it was found, that could be relied upon as fact, good solid substratum, for all sorts of scandal, the public satisfaction was unbounded. But not in all cases the private. Mrs. Newman, of Mellor Lodge—a place that had been once termed the Priory, but it was not to be supposed that so good a Protestant would call her residence by *that* name,—was by no means pleased with the reports that reached her from all quarters concerning her brother's proceedings. She had long “washed her hands of him,” in a spiritual sense; she had excommunicated him in an almost episcopal manner, by throwing her hands up and shutting her eyes, at solemn conclave over many a tea-table; but she had never shut her eyes to his property, which was entirely at his own disposal. She anticipated with confidence the reversion of Woodlees for herself and Jed, (short and loving for Jedediah,) her son, when its present unworthy occupant should be—elsewhere; for Carlyon was her senior by five years. It was astonishing with what calmness and fortitude this excellent woman reflected upon the future fate—the terrors which she honestly believed to be in store—for so near a relative. Upon one occasion, while discoursing upon this particular topic, which was a very favourite one with her, she was rebuked by no less a person than the archdeacon of the diocese. For archdeacons, as such, she had no great reverence; but this one happened to be own nephew to my Lord Disney, and she had that admiration for noble birth which supplies the place of such a multitude of other virtues in minds like hers. He bade her not to make too sure of the eternity of the torments of the wicked, and explained to her the doubts entertained by the learned of the literal meaning of the word *aiwvros*. “Not,” added he, with a benignant smile, “that that much alters matters; for the duration signified doubtless extends to millions and millions of years.”

“That is *some* comfort,” quoth Mrs. Newman cheerfully, and with a sigh of relief.

But, notwithstanding this opinion of Carlyon's deserts, she had always counted upon his leaving Woodlees and the rest of his property to his own flesh and blood. Not to provide for one's family is (as is well-known) to be worse than an infidel, and Meg had never thought worse of brother John than *that*. Yet, lo! at an age when he might be supposed to have almost escaped the perils of matrimony, here was he visiting Greycrags

daily, with a motive that it was easy to guess at. Jedediah, indeed, who was of a frank and open nature, even for eighteen, alluded to it one morning at breakfast in the following terms.

“I say, mother! Uncle John is after that gal at Greycrags—Miss What-d'ye-call-um—Crawford.”

“Seeking to ally himself matrimonially with that young woman, Jed? Impossible!”

“Glad you think so,” answered Jedediah, gruffly, and filling his mouth with muffin; he was rather gluttonous in his habits, and also a good deal spoilt. If his mother was stern to others, she was not so with him; he had always done as he liked from his childhood, and he had generally liked what was not good for him. He was vicious beyond what she had any suspicion of, and his good-nature was of the sort that only lasts so long as its proprietor is pleased. Mrs. Newman was getting, as all such mothers do in time, a little afraid of her darling son.

“You needn't be cross, Jedediah,” said she, quietly; “I was only asking for information. The affairs of this world have, I am thankful to say, no great interest in my eyes, and those who know me do not much trouble me with them. I have, however, heard a rumour of what you speak of, although I have never suspected anything serious in it. I am not of a suspicious nature, Jed.”

“Ah,” said the young man, drily—so drily, indeed, that the tone would have suited “Bah” equally well; “I wish for my sake, then, if not for your own, that you'd just look alive and put a stop to it. It's a most disgraceful thing. Why, if uncle marries, there may be a whole kit of children, and then what becomes of those alterations that you are always talking about making when we come into Woodlees?”

Between Mrs. Newman and her brother, although their characters, and therefore the expression of their countenances were so different, there was a considerable personal resemblance. Although she did not dress becomingly, and, indeed, wore clothes of a texture much inferior to what is usual with women of her social position, and wore them threadbare, she always looked a lady; but when annoyed, her thin lips shut together unpleasantly close; her fine blue eyes seemed to harden, and she sniffed like the war-horse that scents the battle, only of course in a lower key. There had been a passage of arms between herself and Jedediah that morning in reference to a scarcity of marmalade at the breakfast table, and he had carried his point and got a new pot. This had given her real pain, as extravagance always did. There

were still a few stale strips sticking to the little glass dish, and she would have liked to have seen them eaten before being driven to the preserve cupboard for a fresh supply. Jed had even taunted her, at the height of the discussion, with those prudential habits which her enemies (for the good lady *had* enemies) denominated parsimoniousness, and when she had replied, "Ungrateful boy, it is only for you I save," he had replied, "It is for *me*, then, that I require some fresh marmalade."

He had taken butter, as well as that costly sweetmeat, with his muffin, on purpose to vex his parent, and had effected his object; and now he was choosing a subject of conversation very ill adapted to give her peace of mind. The relations said to be established between her brother and Miss Crawford were by no means a matter of such indifference to her as she professed. In fact, she had thought of little else from the first moment the rumour had reached her ears; but she had endeavoured to shut her eyes to the full extent of the danger; it was very objectionable to have it brought before her in this inexorable manner, and she sniffed disapproval audibly.

"Yes, I know you don't like it," observed Jedediah, in reference to this signal; "but it is time to look matters in the face."

"What would you have me do, Jedediah?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; she is one of your own sort, this girl, and you ought to be able to stop it somehow. I only know this, that Uncle John is said to be getting on in that quarter uncommonly fast, and the sooner you set about putting a spoke in his wheel the better."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty," said Mrs. Newman, slowly, "to hint to this young lady at the injurious reports that are in circulation respecting her; she cannot surely be aware of the peculiar opinions entertained by your unhappy uncle."

"She is probably aware that he is sweet upon her, and has a good two thousand a year," observed the practical Jedediah.

"No, Jed; I will not think so ill of any young person of religious principles as to suppose she is actuated by sordid motives."

"Bah!" exclaimed Jedediah, this time with a most unmistakable B. It was rude, but not altogether inexcusable. From the day from which dated one of the boy's earliest but strongest recollections, when his deceased parent had been carried to his long home in a coffin made out of an ancient piano-case (some enemies of the thrifty widow averred that it was too short for him, and that he had been decapitated to suit its dimensions), up to the present hour, when that stale

marmalade had been almost foisted upon his reluctant palate, he had been familiar with the sordid devices of at least one saint, and had learnt to suspect them all. Yet singularly enough, while mistrusting the genuineness of the profession of those among whom his lot was cast, this young man had imbibed their prejudices, and though greatly inclined to vice, was as intolerant of error as Mrs. Newman herself. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to reflect, that although boys would be boys, and you could not put old heads upon young shoulders (this in allusion to some very Bowdlerized edition of Jed's peccadillos which occasionally reached her ears), her Jedediah was a young man of the most excellent principles. For the rest, he was a very handsome young fellow, (except for a certain coarseness about the mouth, which it did not need a Lavater to translate,) and there was no wonder that his mother was proud of him. Moreover, he was a sensible fellow, after a fashion—what Mr. Carlyle and the vulgar are both agreed to call "knowing"—and she did not despise his blunt but practical utterances.

Nothing more passed between them on the present occasion; their sparring—in which the hitting was all on one side—often ended in that manner; but the force of Jedediah's observations, backed as they were by Mrs. Newman's own secret misgivings, was not lost. She had made up her mind to follow his advice in respect to that peril so imminently impending at Greycrags, but in the meantime she did not neglect her usual precautions in the smaller matters of domestic economy. When her Jed had lounged out of the room to have his pipe in the stable,—for the time had not yet come when he should rule the house and take his narcotic therein,—she locked up the tea and sugar, and having scraped up the old marmalade and mixed it with the new, made a faint mark with her pencil outside the pot exactly at its highest level. Then she descended to the kitchen, discovered that there were sufficient bones and *débris* left from past meals to make excellent soup, without getting in fresh stock, as recommended by that extravagant hussy, the cook; sniffed violently in the larder over the carcass of a fowl, which did not appear to have so many legs as it ought to have had. "Mr. Jedediah had had *both* broiled for his yesterday's breakfast," said the hussy. "I only saw *one*," said her mistress.

She shook her head when the kitchen-maid demanded another box of lucifer matches.

"How dare you require so many lucifer matches in the summer?" inquired she, as though, during that season, the kitchen-fire might be lighted by a burning-glass. "What

is the use of my having that admirable proverb hung over the dresser?" and she pointed to the spot upon the whited wall where "*Waste not, want not*" was inscribed upon a scroll, not in the illegible high church fashion, but in such a manner that one who roasts might read.

Next she dived into the pantry and delivered to the astonished foot-page—the last of a long, but short-lived line of foot-pages—a lecture upon the use and abuse of plate-powder, with a few remarks upon the pecuniary penalties that await breakage in all well-conducted establishments. After which, ascending noiselessly to the upper regions, she came upon two housemaids making a bed and giggling, to whom she promptly issued a couple of tracts, entitled "The Crackling of Thorns; or, How Anna Thema and Marion Arthur were made to laugh on the other side of their Mouths," with one (practical) illustration.

After thus performing the duties of a diligent mistress, she sat down at her desk, with a mind relieved of all lesser cares, and free to be concentrated upon the important subject forced upon her notice by Jedediah. Even then her habitual prudence and attention to minute affairs did not desert her; instead of spoiling half-a-dozen sheets of Bath post, as some persons do, who have a letter of difficult composition before them, she selected some waifs and strays of paper, backs of envelopes, and blank spaces at the foot of bills, and thus proceeded to concoct a letter on almost as many surfaces as the Sybil inscribed her oracles. "Dear madam," it began; then "Madam;" then "My Christian friend;" and once—but that she tore up into small pieces as soon as written, and sniffed so that she blew them all about the room—"My dear Miss Crawford."

She was still hanging over "My Christian Friend"—on the blue lines of a butcher's bill—like a poet in search of an impossible rhyme, when a shrill voice suddenly interrupted her with "Please, mum, the gardener's wife is a-waitin' for her bonnet."

"You wicked boy," cried she, starting to her feet; "how dare you enter the room without knocking?" and, with that, as if to apply the mnemonical system of association of ideas, she smartly slapped his cheeks. "Tell her to come up; that is, in a minute or two."

The page retired drooping, dogs' eared. Mrs. Newman instantly sought her own apartment, and opening the door of its hanging wardrobe, took from it a faded old summer bonnet, looking like an autumn leaf.

"I've promised it to the woman," mused she, regretfully; "and I suppose I must give

it her. And yet it looks almost as good as new. I am sure I might have had another season's wear out of it."

She gazed at the yellow bonnet-strings which had once been white, with lingering fondness.

"Well, I'll cut off the trimming, at all events; that is quite unsuited to a person in her station of life."

Suiting the action to the word, she regarded the mutilated article of apparel with some approach to resignation.

"There," said she; "the wires are all in shape. She could not have got such a bonnet as that, if it was new, under fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings," she repeated, very slowly, as though she were reluctantly counting down the money, coin by coin. "That is a very large sum to give away. I think I'll tell her to call again some other time—but then I've done that twice already. How weak it was of me to promise it to her. How foolishly impulsive I am."

The mirror of the hanging wardrobe before which she stood did not reflect the features which are generally considered indicative of an impulsive character. The pinched-up mouth, the greedy eyes, the fingers clutching tightly at the threatened treasure, would have furnished a study for any painter who wished to symbolise (genteelly) greed. But presently the thin lips straightened themselves into a really pleasant smile, the eyes softened and even twinkled, and the white hand carried its burthen of frail rubbish with a grace. She had thought of a plan to keep her word, and yet not lose her bonnet, or at least her bonnet's worth.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," exclaimed she, with cheerfulness, as she entered the drawing-room, "you see I have brought your bonnet."

It was very necessary to say this. For Mrs. Jones, a delicate nipped-up-looking woman, who had had half-a-dozen more children than was good for her, and was expecting another, regarded the object dangling from her mistress's fingers with considerable embarrassment. Could that wretched, half-stripped thing be the long-promised gift which she had already applied for to its unwilling donor twice in vain? It was no more a bonnet than a skeleton is a man!

But all of us are not in a condition of life to express our genuine sentiments; it is not so easy to be honest and straightforward as gentlemen of "culture" and independent means, who write philosophic leaders in reviews and newspapers, are apt to imagine. People who live by hard work, and have little ones to support, cannot afford to lose their places; but must be humble and obedient to

their masters (and mistresses) in a sense beyond that which (I hope) the Church Catechism contemplates. Thus, Mrs. Jones, the gardener's wife, bethinking herself of those near and dear to her, resisted the temptation of saying, "Where is the bonnet?" and dropped a curtsy before its *simulacrum*. Perhaps the expression of her mistress's face, beaming with conscious benevolence, persuaded her for the moment that the thing was really of some value, and induced her to murmur, "Thank ye, mum."

"I thought you would be pleased, Mrs. Jones," returned the lady, still maintaining her hold upon the article in question. "It will make a very nice bonnet after a little looking to."

Whatever this mysterious process of observation might have implied, the very mention of it seemed to enhance the value of that with which Mrs. Newman was about to part. "Now mind," she continued, "I don't wish to make a bargain with you, Mrs. Jones, for this is a free gift. A promise is a promise, and you shall have it whether or no."

Here the thing changed hands, and its late proprietress uttered such a sigh as only escapes from one who has resisted a great temptation. "It's your wedding day, is it not, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, mum, it be; it is twenty year come this very day that me and my husband have lived together, and a many crosses we have had, and its been a hard job all along to make both ends met, but we do make 'em, thank God!"

"Very good, and very right; it's a pleasure to hear you say so, Mrs. Jones; and now, I dare say, you have a nice little dinner to-day—a leg of pork, or a bit of beef, perhaps—about one o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, mum, we ave got a leg of mutton, although it is not every day as we sees even bacon, far less butcher's meat—"

"Just so," interrupted Mrs. Newman, with one of her sweet smiles; "and you will have no stint of potatoes, for your husband has permission to take as many as he pleases for his own use out of the garden."

"Yes, mum; that was considered in his wages."

But Mrs. Newman went smiling on as though no such remark had been interpolated.

"Now, what I was going to say, Mrs. Jones, was, that if you find the leg of mutton more than you require, one o'clock being my luncheon hour, if you choose to send a nice hot slice, with a few potatoes, between two plates,—mind, I say if you have lots to spare, and I don't want to put it as any return for

the bonnet, (which, indeed, is ridiculous, for that was a very costly article)—I shall be very much obliged to you,—there."

And Mrs. Newman smiled and nodded, and pointed towards the door, as though to preclude all expressions of gratitude upon the part of the gardener's wife, and really looked so lady-like and pleasant, that poor Mrs. Jones retired like one in a dream, doubtful whether she could have heard aright. But before she reached the bottom of the stairs, her doubts were resolved, for a sweet voice called softly to her over the bannisters,—

"Let the potatoes be fried, Mrs. Jones, if it is all the same to you; and don't trouble yourself about the pepper and salt, for I don't wish to put you to expenses."

(To be continued.)

"WHOM I LOVED THE BEST."

BROTHERS five under one roof tree—
Trusty, loving, and blythe were we
For many a year. But there came the days
When the brothers must go on their parted ways;
Some to the east, some to the west—
So young birds fly from their mother's nest!
Now and again still I meet the rest;
But the winds are sweeping from east to west,
Over his grave whom I loved the best!

Once I could boast of a troop of friends—
A broken circle when fond youth ends!
Love and ambition men's hearts divide—
Their wills are restless, the world is wide.
East and west and south and north,
To life's grim battle the friends went forth.
Now and again still I meet the rest;
But the waves are rolling from east to west,
Over his grave whom I loved the best!

Among a bevy of maidens gay
I flung my youth's fairy wealth away.
Blonde or brunette, they all seemed fair—
One had an angel's golden hair!
Lovers woo'd them from north and south—
There's many a slip betwixt cup and mouth!
Wedded, widowed, I meet the rest;
But the stars are sailing from east to west,
Over her grave whom I loved the best!

EVERLYN FOREST.

"A SUMMER NIGHT IN THE STREETS."

In Two Parts.

PART II.

At the bottom of Durham Street, Strand, which slopes rapidly riverwards, yawns a dismal cavern, surmounted by a brick-wall, pierced with a couple of windows acting the parts of dwarf and giant. Advancing to the pit's mouth, we are repelled by an odour as of a thousand dust-bins, formed from the heaps of refuse lining its sides, and collected upon the loose soil composing the floor. Five gas-

lights burning dimly, and supposed to illuminate about a quarter of a mile's worth of arches, seem merely to exaggerate the depth of the gloom. Overhead stretches a low curved roof of brickwork, and to the right and extreme left gleam white grated doors, opening into cellars and stables. Advancing a few steps, and using our walking-stick as a divining-rod to guard against summersaults over dust heaps or a sudden jerk into one of the miniature pitfalls of which the caverns that we are exploring contain only too many, we gain a glimpse of sky in the distance; and passing our stick along the walls on each side of us, discover numerous recesses buried in darkness, almost as much by day as by night. In these dens it was that in times past the waifs and strays of humanity were wont to herd together for shelter and rest; it is here that, according to the solitary policeman on guard from six to nine and from three p.m. till ten, turbulent Bohemians still congregate when driven from the casual ward and reduced to the necessity of camping out "somewhere." But with all due deference to authority, we have a suspicion that the majesty of the law, when on the look out for shillings, and dealing with what it is pleased to regard as a gullable subject, allows an undue rein to its imagination, for we have been in the celebrated dry arches at all hours of the day and night, and have never so much as heard a sob or a groan. The only individual we ever encountered in these delightful regions was a living embodiment of Bunyan's "man with the muck rake." At all events, if so many unfortunate beings still congregate in the Adelphi catacombs, they are to be complimented on their good behaviour, which may be referable to the sedative effects of misery on the spirits. Turning to the right, we advance still with our walking-stick in front of us, towards the patch of blue sky in the distance. More dust-heaps offend our olfactory nerves, and we pass sundry waggons, from beneath which we half expect the sudden emergence of a lurking marauder, bent upon possessing himself of the few halfpence in our pockets, and damaging our unprotected and not very valuable person. But we proceed in safety, and are soon by the river-side, or what was such a year or two ago, listening not to the ripple of the water, but to ghostly discords originating on the Thames embankment.

A rickety paling and deserted tenements stretch in front of us. Looking backwards, we see the arches, dark, silent, and desolate. On the rough pavement of a sort of rude piazza, facing the river, are drawn up one or two waggons, glared upon by apertures like wild-beast dens, but said to be used,

as are the grated arches above referred to, as cellars and stables. Somewhere overhead rises the Adelphi Terrace. Around us, prevail dust, straw, cobwebs, et cetera, and the invigorating perfume that such commodities engender. Stepping across a narrow lane full of ruts, we reach an evacuated and tumble-down pot-house. The walls once of a virgin white are now tinted as with the hues of a tarnished rainbow. We contemplate the broken and patched-up windows, worm-eaten shutters, sepulchral hoardings, and dingy gold letters. There is an inscription hinting at neat wines and spirits, and sparkling ales, but search as we will, nothing comes to hand but rats, spiders, snails, and other "small deer," similarly attractive. Let us dream of pleasure seekers puffing their pipes, sipping their spirits, roaring the rude burden of a senseless song, laughing, bellowing, and fighting, in, on, and about that weebegone haunt of revelry. The majesty of the law has many a wild legend to narrate of the premises in question, and will tell how that in the days of yore contemplative revellers loved to assemble on the house-top, to watch the craft on the river, and to be soothed to refreshing slumber by the oaths and contention of their "rowdy" acquaintances below. Pushing open a rickety door on rusty hinges, we reach an open space imperfectly boarded with beams moss-encrusted and rapidly decomposing. The moonlight gleaming from above and through divers interstices, reveals a stagnant pool of dark green water, and those venturing upon the rude platform by which it is partially concealed, run the risk of an early bath, recommended without the option of a refusal. On Sunday mornings, roughs, navvies, and oostermongers assemble in force between the pothouse and the arches, and beguile the tedium of "church-time," with divers games of hazard, the while preserving a keen watch for the policeman. We return through the caverns, having the choice of more than one path, all equally unalluring; and it is not without a sense of relief that we find ourselves once more in the comparatively civilised, but deserted Strand.

But we must not be lazy, and our next pause shall be by the "squirts" in Trafalgar Square. A broad shadow cast from the base of the Nelson column screens us from the observant eye of the law, and we infringe the regulations of Scotland-yard by assuming a posture of repose on the brink of one of the fountains. From the neighbouring streets sound the rattle of a distant hansom, the policeman's tramp, or the strains of a too confident reveller seeking Waterloo Bridge at the bottom of Whitehall. The portico and

spire of St. Martin's gleam ghostly white; there are still lights in the club windows, and at the cabstand to the right there is an occasional stamping of hoofs, a dull rattle of harness, and a low murmur of voices. When used to the darkness, we observe a clay-coloured bundle at the base of the column, and as we wonder what it contains, the water falls with a dull melancholy plash like the heavy dripping of blood.

And now the law in the person of its representative comes nearer and nearer. There is a flash and stream of light from the "bull's-eye," and the clay-coloured bundle is told, with a rough shake, to "get up and be off." Not pleasant to have the sunshine thrown in too briskly by a spirited dashing aside of the shutters; still less agreeable to be roused from one's first sleep by a shove and a blaze of light from a lantern, and to be enjoined to rise and to wander indefinitely. The slumberer blinks, rubs his eyes, rolls from side to side, and growls half inaudibly that he has the cramp in his legs, and hasn't tasted bread for two days. With that, he kicks the ground with his heels, and reminded by a second and ruder jerk "pulls himself together," and, like a troubled spirit as he is, again, but perhaps not for the last time, starts in search of a resting place.

However, of all the public dormitories, the largest and best is the Mall of St. James's Park. There are canopies of foliage to keep off the rain, and those of the benches that have backs or a tree close behind them, are at a premium. On an average, each seat has three occupants. Some prefer to recline at full length; others rest with outstretched legs, pocketed hands, heads well down, buttoned-up coats, and hats half way over their noses. Lads combine in a heap, and, towards dawn, rise to shake their wits together, and enjoy a stimulating scratch. Not only from the lowest class are the guests recruited. Many of the sleepers are dressed tidily, almost well; and conjecture may busy itself as to the causes of their *al fresco* slumber.

Periodically a drunken man rolls down the avenues, staggering from right to left, and pausing at intervals to contemplate the vegetation behind the park railings, with an unmeaning stare.

The army has its representatives, and divers, urged by drink and a spirit of emulation, throw aside their superfluous habiliments and use the middle of the road as a race-course. A soldier pulls off his coat, cap, and boots, and flings them at the foot of a tree. Distant voices are heard as in altercation. The hero becomes absorbed in the darkness, and wondering what will happen next, we are suddenly surprised by the clatter of feet, with an accom-

paniment of cheers, and the soldier and a comrade dashing past at top speed, are carried beyond the goal by their own inert force, and in the intervals of panting, call angrily for a decision of the umpires. Upon this, an emaciated lad with an aversion to ablutions, bursts into a hoarse chuckle, and raises himself on his elbow; an elderly sportsman in a battered hat, and a coat reaching below his knees, grins sagaciously, and maintains with some vagueness that he "knew he'd do it;" but the hazy form of a policeman in the distance warns the competitors that the sooner they resume their regimentals and disappear, the better. Turning towards the Horse Guards, we peep through the park railings and see the ornamental lake, weird and gloomy as Avernus, and listen for a moment to the chill night breeze shuddering with a ghostly murmur amongst the willows and aspens. Then we move in the direction of Westminster, and a lady, who is beguiling the tedium of the night with a dismal melody in an exaggerated idiom, is constrained by our harmless demeanour to ejaculate, "Ough, the black thief, and it's Satan himself;" a complimentary remark that she deems worthy of frequent repetition during her journey from the Foreign Office to the Duke of York's Column.

Westminster Hall is illuminated, but tenantless. The policeman on guard observes that the "house" is still sitting; but that he expects it to be "up" every moment, and, indeed, as we pace the stones with echoing steps, honourable members rush frantically from a lighted door to the left, shrieking "hansom," or "fourwheeler," as the case may be; a cry that is repeated by the grim figures in the ceiling with variations appropriately wild and unearthly, till the policeman, losing all self-control, rushes from the building, elevates his arm, and shouts as if to deaden the stings of a too lively imagination. Then comes the rattle of wheels, a slamming of obstinate doors, and a bellow to the driver. More honourable members bound out like cannon-balls, the carved images toss their cries from side to side as if puzzled to discover their meaning, and by the time we have reached Whitehall, the cabstand is in noisy activity, the policeman is fast shouting himself hoarse, and honourable members are being borne off at a not too early hour, to the respectable land of Nod.

But we are hungry; the taverns and eating-houses are closed, and won't open for hours. Provisions are at a premium. Whither shall we fly for refreshment? Memory thus invoked instructs us as follows. In Piccadilly, as well as at Hyde Park Corner, flourish itinerant two-penny-pudding and

penny-cup-of-coffee stalls. Let the prosperous reader smile if he will, the institutions in question are to the unfastidious wanderer simply godsend. Leaving the prime cut of the steak out of the question, we are prepared to assert that the meat on sale, though occasionally hard, is palatable and wholesome. The crust wherewith it is surrounded deserves a word of credit, and the gravy is rich and abundant. The puddings are taken out of the oven in little tins, from whence they are discharged into plates of the willow pattern, and when seasoned with ketchup they are handed to the purchasers jointly with a three-pronged fork. The coffee is at all events warming, and if deficient in quality, it is supplied without stint. Some have gone so far as to rank it with the finest mocha; but this is an opinion with which we can hardly express an entire concurrence. The proprietor of the stall near Apsley House is a big, jolly-faced man, with a furred cap and jack boots, no lack of civility, and a feeling heart. Often when the wistful but penniless hungry are near, does he growl encouragingly, "Come, my girl, don't be down; take a pudding," being content to forego payment till "a more convenient season." Not less liberal is he with his coffee, and we have even known him go the length of advancing the needy a shilling or half-a-crown. The recreant "bobby" chuckles as he yields to his scurrilous wit, and imagines that his food must be worthy of the hippophogene society; wretched shavelings, with a frantic idea of being funny, hiccup, and murmur insinuations that are indignantly repelled by the cabmen. One "gay" young man supposes that the poor creature cowering over the stove, is the proprietor's wife; but that jolly man and good Christian exclaims fervently, and with a world of meaning, "No, thank God! the old woman and kids are safe at home." When we come to look at the humanised bundle and to touch it, it reveals a sad, wan face, full of despair, poor arms nothing but bone, and a head like that of a skeleton. The two-penny pudding is all she has tasted during the day. She has apparently come to the worst, short of the river, and when you speak she raises her head despairingly, sobs, moves her lips without speaking, and shivering more with inward than external cold, draws her rags closer to those worn, wearied limbs, and once more bends moodily over the fire. Utterly forlorn! Poor thing! and only one out of so many. Pray God that no sister or daughter of ours be brought to this terrible pass!

Cabs rattle up one after another, and the hands of the clock point to half-past three. A surly driver jumps off his box, and calls for a

pudding. He is full of grievances. All the while from twelve till two he has been slaving for "a couple o' warmints, who worked him like mad, and only forked out half-a-crown." Why doesn't he summons them? "Well, he can't afford the time and bother. Snobs! When he took them to the police-station, one put down his name as a lord. Hang 'em!" But why so many cabs about? *Answer.*—A special night at Cremorne; gardens open till three.

By this time it is pretty well daybreak, and our spirits rise, though the night has been calm, clear, and genial. The policeman beats his hands together, and, for a wonder, is glad to be spoken to. Waggon rumble in the distance, and Prince's Gate turns restlessly in its bed at the disturbance. The sky beyond St. Martin's is tinted a delicious pink; the thrushes sing cheerily, and we scarcely envy the snug dreamer who is spending—we could almost say wasting—the morning in bed.

Returning townwards with a lightened step, we by-and-by stand on the rise of Wellington Street, near the Lyceum Theatre, and see Waterloo Bridge under a spotless sky, and not only the houses beyond it, with every *minutia* of window, parapet, ledge, and balcony clearly defined, but hilly ground in the distance, and a charming glimpse of fields, trees, and hedges. When half-way over the bridge, we can note everything on, or on each side of, the river so distinctly that we begin to wonder whether during the darkness the maze of buildings usually so clouded and shapeless has not been journeying westwards. From the urns and angels on Somerset House we glance to the works on the Thames Embankment, the steamboat piers, with their gaily lettered advertisements, the Temple gardens and library, the confused mass of masonry and woodwork by Blackfriars Bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the crowd of towers, spires, high roofs, and fantastic chimneys in its vicinity, the barges moored close together by the south bank, the mysterious structures and wharves bordering the Commercial Road, the Tower, and forest of masts about and beyond it, and, most pleasing sight of all, a sudden rise of hill country in the distance.

Glancing backwards, we see the Embankment, with its masses of stone, its cranes, pulleys, steam-engines, and excavations; the Adelphi Terrace on its arches, gloomy and repulsive as during the darkest hours of the night; the vast hotel and railway bridge at Charing Cross; and, moored by the pillars of the latter, a swarm of steamers quite motionless, and seemingly tired out with the exertions of the preceding day. Once more looking citywards, and apparently in vain quest of

a token of life, a slender funnel in the distance throws out a single puff of steam; a darker cloud begins to spread from the horizon, and then the first chimney, as if determined not to be outdone, discharges two or three more puffs in rapid succession. A barge disentangles itself from the mass of its still sleeping brethren, and two black spots, which we take to be men, move hither and thither, and thrust forth a couple of immense oars, of which the ends touch the water with a sharp splash; then the clumsy craft moves lazily up the stream; the oars work slowly backwards and forwards; the smoke in the distance mounts higher and higher, and becomes more and more dense; the puffs of steam add a snow-white garland to the gathering pall, and as we leave the bridge a gentle spray borne from gray clouds rolling eastwards, hints less of a rainy day than of "the pride of the morning."

A gentleman of uneven paces is hammering ferociously at all the doors opposite the Inland Revenue Office, uttering protests the while against the lack of metropolitan bed accommodation. The toll-keeper looks on gloomily, and a policeman at the corner thinks of special nights at Cremorne, *à fresco* two-and-sixpenny suppers, sherry cobblers, and the circular platform. Just as the bedless knight and representative of order are beginning to discharge oaths on one side and growls on the other, we turn a corner and are out of sight. In the meanwhile divers artisans have been crossing the bridge to their daily work, and on approaching Covent Garden Market we find that the heavy waggons that we heard in Piccadilly, and which caused Prince's Gate to turn in its bed, have arrived, and are being unpacked. Heaps of cabbages; piles of round baskets, marked with cabalistic signs in red paint; transfers taking place from one cart to another; divers individuals looking on, some of them with little leather-bound pocket-books and pencils, smiling, talking, dropping critical remarks, and scribbling entries. One cart smaller than the rest is full of onions, and anything more beautiful than the cloud of pure white thread as of spun glass, veiling the glossy roots and their delicate green stems, it would be hard to imagine. An admiring group has gathered on the pavement to watch the performance of a carter and his two horses, which, unfatigued by their journey, are throwing up their heads, snorting, pushing in all directions but the right one, and striking sparks to the extent of a small conflagration from the paving stones under their hoofs. Divers of the bystanders are countrified-looking men, with sunburnt faces, brown-felt hats, and leathern gaiters; others are of a bilious complexion, and fitted with threadbare gar-

ments of a demure fashion, and a rusty black. These latter don't say much, but smile, and look sagacious; and if we didn't wonder what such gentry had to do at Covent Garden in the early morning, we should set them down as dissipated attorneys'-clerks considerably out at elbows. Opposite St. Paul's Church, flowers are being unpacked and arranged, and the round-faced clock, with the chubby hands, watches the proceedings with benignant complacency. The big umbrellas have been spread to form an awning over the vegetables, and are doing flourishingly. There is a delicious aroma, a magnificent embroidery of flowers, a small forest of light green stems, velvety leaves, and luxuriant blossom. The shops in the covered passages are beginning to open, and the sleeping bundles of rags driven from their refuge are wandering about the premises as listlessly as the barges on the river. Hot coffee in blue and white mugs, and oleaginous rolls prevail. Stout, healthy-looking lads, men with great knots on their heads, and the highly respectable parties with leather bound pocket-books, alike patronise these sufficing delicacies. Fruit and vegetables are being arranged on the wooden shelves used as couches during the night. More carts approach, and in the large shed on one side of the "Hummums," flowers are sprouting on long tables, and there is a *réunion* of stout elderly ladies, with rubicund features, active lads, men with dilapidated raiment, crownless hats, and blackened clay pipes. In one part of the market a swarm of females, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, and all in the most wretched attire, are gathered round an old man who alternately curses them for pushing, and throws measures of unshelled peas into their extended aprons. There is considerable eagerness on the part of the recipients, and a good deal of elbowing on both sides; but no conversation except from the dispenser of vegetables, who grumbles like a suppressed volcano, and occasionally finds vent for his ire in such queries and statements as "What d'ye mean by shoving? Keep back, can't ye? You'll go without any soon, my lass!" his views being enforced by elbow exercise of a rather vigorous kind. Directly a woman has procured her allowance of peas, she rapidly crosses from the market to James Street, from whence she turns down a not very engaging thoroughfare to the left. Following her steps in some curiosity, we discover a group of females assembled in a paved court or alley, where they squat on the ground, chatting busily, and a second detachment a little further on, hard at work shelling peas in a cellar. Returning to the market, we watch an elderly individual arranging a desk, an imposing stock of paper bags, and divers *et cætera*

around a pillar, and about thirty women assembled in a triple line in front of him, squatting on inverted baskets, and eying their tyrant with the half expectant, half mischievous glance of children at school. After a due allowance of oaths, growls, pushes, and squeezing, they are provided with peas by their not very good-tempered task-master, and begin shelling them busily. If we run off for some breakfast and return a little after eight, we shall find the market almost at its height, a dense crowd collected, the carts of West End tradesmen and waggons blocking up the leading thoroughfares, much activity, keen competition, very little noise, and the three lads that we noticed during the night, still fast asleep in their niche opposite the Church. But one or two determined revellers from Cremorne, who have wandered among the fruit and flowers, made small purchases, got in everyone's way, and patronised the favourite tavern in Russell Street, are tired out, and have gone to bed. Being only a degree more sprightly ourselves, we shall journey homewards before the city gents approach on knifeboards, and fleeing the daylight like over-taxed owls, draw down the blinds, tumble in between the sheets, and hope to be fast asleep ere the arrival of the matutinal German band.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

WASPS.

I HAVE had repeated opportunities for many years past—indeed, until I came to reside at Brighton—of watching the proceedings of the female of the common ground wasp, (*Vespa vulgaris*.) in the spring of the year. At this time the wasp emerges from some old tree or crevice in a wall, and then seeks diligently for a place where she may build her nest. This is generally in some hole in a dry bank; but as my bee-hives were frequently protected by an old hive placed over them, I often found that the female wasp selected one of these in which to form her nest. It was suspended from the top, and as she was indefatigable in her labours from early in the morning until late in the evening, it was not very long before a beautiful small nest was made, containing six or eight cells: in these the female who had been impregnated the preceding autumn deposits her eggs, which are hatched in about eight days. She then feeds her grubs for about a fortnight, when they cover the mouth of each cell with a silky substance, and, in about nine days more, eat their way out; they then begin to work, especially in feeding the newly hatched grubs; which the parent wasp now ceases to do. The most curious part in the economy of wasps is

the fact, that as the inhabitants of the nest increase, they increase the size of the nest. In order to do this, they must remove all the outer wall of the nest, and construct a new one; and continue to do this so long as more room is required. In order to show what the labour of these industrious insects must have been, I may mention that when I was in office, a building of one room was erected, in the spring, by contract, on some crown property, the roof of which, in the autumn, was found to let in the rain. The whole of the roof was then taken off, and in doing this, a wasp's nest was found on the rafters, which was removed and brought to me; it was found to measure three feet and a half in circumference, and covered with, what appeared to be, beautiful shellwork. It may be considered a curious fact that not one wasp ever made its appearance from this large nest; it was completely abandoned. I sent it afterwards to the Zoological Museum.

Now the original nest, formed entirely by a female wasp, would be about the size of a hen's egg; and, as I have stated, it must have been enlarged from time to time as its inmates increased in number. How often then must the walls of it have been re-covered and replaced until it arrived at the size in which it was discovered. So it is with sea-shells. A very small one is at first formed; but as its inmate increases in size, so does the shell, until it arrives at last to a proportionate size to that of the wasp. These facts have always appeared not only wonderful, but almost unaccountable. In the case of the shell there was evidently no power of expansion, nor is it probable that there was any such power in the nest of the wasp. Still the fact is left for the investigation of naturalists.

It may not be generally known that there are two species of wasps, one being the ground wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*), and the other, the tree wasp (*Vespa Britannica*). The difference of the two species is very perceptible. The tree wasp has a reddish-brown spot near the point of insertion of the wings; the base of the antennæ is yellow on the outer-side, instead of being entirely black, as in the ground wasp; and the tree wasp has two yellow spots on the back of the corselet, while the ground wasp has from four to six. Independently of the markings just mentioned, the tree wasp has more black distinguishable upon the body than the other species; and, besides, is rather larger in bulk.

I have frequently found the nest of the tree wasp suspended from a branch of the Scotch fir. Indeed, while I was residing in Staffordshire some years ago, there was a field having on two sides of it rows of Scotch

firs, which were much frequented by the tree wasp, and where I constantly discovered their nests. I never found them on any other trees, although there were larch trees in the neighbourhood, on the very tops of which, by the way, the tree sparrows frequently built their nests; for, like the wasps, there would appear to be two species of them. The tree wasp appears to employ nearly sound wood in the construction of its nest, on account of the necessity of having a nest at all times capable of resisting the action of wind and weather.

In the spring the female wasp constructs a nest at nearly the extremity of a branch; it is at first very small, and may contain a few cells, in which she deposits her eggs. In a short time these turn into larvæ, which she feeds until they arrive at maturity, when she closes the mouth of the cells. They then arrive at a perfect state, but are all neuters. These, with the female wasp, enlarge the nest, in the cells of which she deposits the rest of her eggs, which are attended to by the neuters. This second brood is made up of males, females, and neuters, but, as the cold weather late in the autumn sets in, all of them perish except the queen wasps, which, as I have remarked before, leave the nest and hide themselves until the following spring, when they come forth and begin a new colony. One cannot sufficiently admire the rapidity with which the female wasp performs her work. When it is completed she deposits her eggs in the cells she has made, and it requires almost thirty days until they are transformed into a perfect wasp. As the nests are commenced early in the spring, it follows that the first brood must emerge from their cells a month later. As soon as the neuters are hatched, the care of feeding the larvæ devolves upon them, and from that time the female rarely, if ever, leaves the nest.

As the fact of the grub spinning the silky substance has been disputed, it may be as well to mention that a celebrated naturalist, Reaumur, has asserted that he frequently saw the larvæ in the act of spinning the envelope, and this has been confirmed by other acute observers.

The inhabitants of wasps' nests, like those of bees, consists of three different classes, viz., males, females, and neuters. The females are larger than the others, and are the large breeding wasps which appear in the spring, and generally make their nest in some bank of earth. In the progress of enlarging this nest, as the inhabitants increase, considerable excavations take place, and in doing this, many very small pebbles are removed; but

some are too large to be taken away, and therefore drop from the roof and accumulate at the bottom of the hole, as I have frequently found to be the case.

The tree wasp has none of these impediments to contend with. The insect knaws the softer parts of the wood away, leaving the fibres standing up above the rest of the surface. The exterior covering of the nest, when completed, is composed of from ten to sixteen layers of a paper-like substance, disposed one over the other, in such a manner that each sheet barely touches the next, instead of being placed so as to form a solid mass. Defended in this manner, the nest is capable of resisting the heaviest rains.

The nest of the tree wasp in its earliest state does not exceed an inch in diameter, and contains only five or six cells.

It may here be as well to mention that a very observant and indefatigable naturalist at Brighton has already discovered at least seven distinct species of wasps, and is still pursuing his inquiries on this interesting subject. His specimens are carefully preserved, and it is hoped that the result of his discoveries will be published. They will throw much light on the history and economy of the wasp, an insect, probably, more interesting in its habits and architecture than even the bee.

There is one curious fact with respect to the wasp, worth mentioning, and for which, besides my own observation, I am indebted to the same intelligent naturalist. It is as follows: if the entrance to a wasp's nest be stopped up in the day time, the numerous wasps which are constantly returning to it, make no attempt to sting the aggressor; but if only one escapes from the inside it attacks him instantly, although, perhaps, not with the same pertinacity as the common bee is known to show.

EDWARD JESSE.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE LAVA.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

OF the thousands of travellers who land yearly on Antwerp quay to the music of the carillons, and after enjoying a hurried franc's worth of Rubens, make headlong for the Rhine, there are few, if any, who are aware that a short detour from the beaten track would bring them to a strange, wild region, where every hill is an extinct volcano, every peak a worn-out crater.

This volcanic district is within a day's drive of pretty little Spa, and yet I, who had summered four consecutive years in that nest

amongst the hills, had never heard of its existence.

Weary of promenading by day under a blazing sun to the sound of Gungl's and Labitzki's waltzes, and revolving to the same strains by night, under the soft light from the countless lustrous in the Redoute (proofs, by the way, that the gaming administration find that "*le jeu vaut la chandelle*"), I longed to commune with Dame Nature after a six weeks' flirtation with Madame Fashion. Where should I go? was the question, and a question hard to answer, as I wished to combine novelty with nearness. My friends seemed to have formed a conspiracy to send me to the Rhine, though I assured them I knew every pepper-box upon its banks, and *faute de mieux*, I believe I should have taken the general advice, had I not, at the last moment, put the question to a sensible Spadois, who never even named that hackneyed river, but asked at once if I had visited the Eifel. His account of its volcanic mountains, with their lava-scored sides, and the blue lakes which slept upon their summits, seemed like fiction; but I had sufficient faith in his veracity to walk straight to the nearest "*loueur de voitures*," and order a carriage to be at the Hôtel d'Orange next morning at daybreak.

The next thing was to find a companion, a solitary journey being in my opinion a great bore. The first acquaintance to whom I proposed the trip jumped at the idea, and promised to be with me before the carriage. A note, however, handed me next morning by the sleepy porter announced that my friend was indisposed—"for the journey," I mentally added; but I was determined not to be done out of my excursion, and with a silent adjuration at my friend's perfidy, I threw my traps into the carriage, and drove off through the silent streets.

I have no idea, however, of starting again *solus*; the reader will not be offended, I trust, at the offer of the vacant seat. Good springs and well-stuffed cushions will perhaps make amends for dull companionship. Shall we start? *Eh, bien! allez, cocher!*

What a fog! We shall be out of it before we are half up the hill. There—we are in the sunshine, as I told you. The whole valley is filled with fog, and looks like a lake of milk. Were it not for the protruding church spire no one would guess that a town, and a very wicked little town too, lies beneath its surface.

To the left is the old gambling-house, the Salle Le Vaux as it is called, now deserted for the Redoute, and there is the road to the Tonnelet spring. To the right lies the Promenade des Artistes, a pretty path up a

wooded glen, crossing backwards and forwards over a brawling stream. This was one of Meyerbeer's favourite resorts, and here he composed a great part of his operas upon the back of a black donkey! Imagine the march in the "*Prophet*" with an accompaniment of brays, not from a trumpet, but from an ass!

That clump of trees on the summit of the hill surrounds the Sauvenière fountain,—the water is very pleasant to the taste and highly impregnated with gas; close to the well you will see the footprint left on the rock by Saint Remacle, a man of some weight to have left such an impression behind him. This is the ladies' spring, *par excellence*, and is much frequented by would-be mothers, who have only to drink of these waters with a foot in the footprint, and their fondest wishes are sure to be realised.

A little further to the left is one of the Spa racecourses, or "hippodromes," as they are called in these parts. We are now on the bleak moor, and the road is straight and tedious. You will be tired of stunted ash trees before our journey is over, for the road will be bordered with them for many a mile. They are ugly, but not to be despised, as their scarlet berries form the sole food of the delicious little grives, such favourites with Belgian epicures. It is hard to say what is the English name for these birds, if there is one. They are very like our thrush, but are songless and birds of passage; they are caught in great numbers by horsehair nooses suspended in the ash trees, and in the woods where there are no ash trees bunches of ash berries hung from the larches are safe to attract victims to the noose.

On the top of the hill, which continues to rise for a mile or two after we pass the ladies' fountain, stands a solitary cabaret, "*Aux Quatres Vents*," open to all the winds of heaven, as its name implies, not an inviting sign for man or for beast. Beyond we have a glorious view of the undulating wooded hills of the Ardennes, through which the river Amblève winds. At the bottom of the hill is Francorchamps, the last village we shall pass in Belgium, and a very poor one too. Here we leave the main road, which leads to Stavelôt and the Cascade de Coe, a fall of the Amblève, a favourite excursion from Spa, where old women, hideous as witches, gain their living by throwing dogs from the bridge over the cascade for the amusement of visitors; the poor brutes are tossed from rock to rock, and return yelping to the shore, often with a broken leg or a smashed thigh.

Our road turns to the left, and half a mile brings us to the Prussian frontier, where a huge bar painted in stripes like a barber's

pole, and suspended in a similar position, is ready to fall across the road in case of an invasion. We have now a choice of roads,

one creeps round the hill, the other goes straight over it. By all means take the shortest, *cocher*!—a walk up the steep will



Lake of Schalkenmehren.

give us an appetite, and breakfast is not far off.

The view from the summit is beautiful. We look down upon Malmédý, the first Prussian town; in the foreground is the large church, with its cupola-topped towers, the hill behind is ornamented with the summer-houses and pleasure-grounds of some of the wealthiest inhabitants, and the view is closed in with swelling hills.

The ancient savour which salutes the nostrils upon entering the quaint old town is tan! a very sweet savour, I should say, to many noses in Malmédý, to judge from the numerous country-houses round the town, all the property of tanners. If an heiress is talked of at Spa, there is no occasion to ask her father's profession. Save your breath, and write down tanner. A well-tanned demoiselle is not a bad speculation, I can tell you.

There is an air of prosperity about Malmédý; the houses are large, and the streets broad and clean; a stream of clear water runs down the main street, crossed here and there by planks, and carries off all impurities. But here is the "Cheval Blanc."

"*Bonjour, bonjour, monsieur!* We want breakfast; but there is not time to send to Spa for it."

The landlord understands my little joke, though it may seem to others obscure. The fact is a few days ago we got up a dinner-party to Malmédý. Dinner was ordered some days before-hand, and a very good dinner it was; so good, indeed, that we complimented monsieur on his cuisine. He bowed and felt flattered at our commendation of his humble establishment, asserting at the same time that his *chef* was a real artist. Some one, however, of an inquisitive turn of mind, discovered in an out-house a cart bearing the name of the first *restaurateur* at Spa, and on making inquiries found that our dinner had travelled as far as we had.

Off again! we can smoke our cigars in peace and digest our breakfast, for the next sixteen miles are dull and monotonous. There are plenty of ash-trees and countless flocks of grives, but nothing to interest the eye. Losheim is the end of the stage, a small village, only remarkable as being the first point from which a sight is caught of the volcanoes.

There they are in the far distance, like a row of ant-hills!

While the horses are baiting, we will have a talk to the postmaster—a garrulous old man, who dearly loves a chat with wayfarers. He will tell us of the village curé, who has lately died at the rather advanced age of 123, and then he will give us the story of the bishop's visit. The bishop, it appears, the year before the curé's death took Losheim on one of his episcopal tours. The curé welcomed his diocesan with "This is, indeed, an honour! Losheim has not seen a bishop for one hundred years."

"How do you know that?" asked the bishop.

"Because the last episcopal visitation took place in the year I was appointed curé of Losheim, and that is exactly one hundred years ago."

The bishop was incredulous, but when the fact was verified by the parish records, he at once asked the old gentleman for his receipt for longevity; the answer was given in doggerel, more emphatic perhaps than delicate, to the effect that his length of life was to be attributed to his avoidance of wine, woman, and care.

At Losheim we branch off from the main road to Trèves, and turn to the left. The country becomes more picturesque and undulating, but there is nothing of much interest by the way. We pass under a precipitous hill, upon which are the ruins of the ancient castle of Kronenberg. They are screened by a modern château, which hangs almost over the precipice: the whole makes a pretty sketch.

The only village of any size through which we pass is Stadkyll, and it is ugly and unimportant. Shortly after leaving the village we come upon a sad picture—a turnpike-house has been burnt to the ground in the night, and the keeper's family have bivouacked close to their old home; a tent has been rudely constructed with charred poles and blankets, and there the mother, surrounded by her children, sits with wild, sad eyes,—the very image of despair.

In a meadow close by are the ruins of a large abbey—a square building with two towers, backed by a wooded hill.

The sun is westerling fast, and we have still a long way between us and supper at Hillesheim. The rain is coming on: "*Plus vite, cocher!*"

It has become pitch dark, and yet no signs of our destination. The wood is black and the hill is steep. Hark! there is a church-bell!

"Are we near Hillesheim?" we ask a wayfarer.

"There it is," is the answer.

We see nothing, but go on in blind faith and in a blinding drizzle; in five minutes more we are driving up a slushy street, redolent of farmhouse odours, and draw up at a miserable-looking inn. A shelter must not be despised in such weather, so we will not be hard upon the ladder-like stairs and the box-like bed-rooms. Everything is certainly primitive, and proves that tourists do not often find their way to the Eifel. There is only one other guest, a travelling tinker, and he is drunk, and particularly anxious to improve our German, which, he says, is not the dialect spoken at Court. We eat our supper to recitations from the poets, and are very glad to escape from our new friend's familiarity by an early retreat to bed. My room is eight feet square, and has four doors, and if there are locks there are certainly no keys. The aristocratic tinker admired my watch; he may rob me, perhaps murder me, and leave me dead in that nasty little box, which I suppose they call a bed in these parts. He shall not have watch or purse, for I will hide them in the rafters.

The morning sun shines in at my window, and my goods are safe. We must explore the town before we are off. The shell is better than the kernel. Inside there is nothing to see, but the ancient walls which surround the town are picturesque. The wall is very high, rising from a deep foss, and is partly in ruins; the creeper-clad towers and crumbling buttresses contrast strangely with the hideous modern church which crowns the hill.

We are now in the volcanic Eifel, but we have six or seven miles to traverse before we shall see any indications of igneous action. The drive to Gerolstein is pretty, but there is nothing particularly worthy of note till we reach Pelm, a quaint old town, picturesquely situated on the river Kyll. On the hill yonder is a fine old ruin, the ancient fortress of Casselberg, one of the strongholds of the Counts of Manderscheid, whose name was once the terror of the Eifel country. The ruins are perched upon a basaltic peak, and a little in the rear is a lava cone—a small one, certainly, but it will do as an introduction to its larger brethren.

The dolomite cliffs which rise precipitously from the Kyll are very grand. Their broken summits take fantastic forms, and it is very hard to believe that the hand of Nature is the only hand that has built up those castellated ramparts. There are towers, battlements, and buttresses, as perfect as man could make them.

The whole neighbourhood is a rich mine of fossils; petrified crabs, coral, and shells may

be had for the seeking. I wish I was a geologist, that I might have the pleasure of grubbing for such treasures; but not being one, I shall be content with purchasing specimens at Gerolstein, where a large selection is always kept for sale.

Gerolstein stands on the brow of a hill, upon the summit of which are the remains of another castle of the all-powerful Counts of Manderscheid. Opposite is a volcanic mountain, with an extinct crater, the Papenkaul. It is filled up, however, and not worth a visit, except, it may be, to investigate the lava stream which has boiled over the crater and rolled down into the Kyll. But it is only a small stream, and there are plenty larger further on.

The two sights of the neighbourhood are an eccentric cavern, where water freezes in summer and remains liquid in winter; and a hole in the ground, from which a stream of gas issues, and causes sudden death to any animal of an inquisitive turn which comes within reach of the noxious vapour; mice, frogs, and birds are constantly found dead round the orifice.

The cavern and the cavity are on opposite hills, so that a visit to both entails a long walk, which I am not at all sure they are worth.

We are now going to Daun, and must retrace our steps along the banks of the Kyll, and under the dolomite ramparts for three or four miles to Pelm. The road from Pelm to Daun is remarkable for the traces of volcanic agency observable on every side—we pass under some of the highest of the Eifel volcanoes—near Kirchweiler, the Scharteberg rears its crater-crowned head. Further on we drive through a basin which was evidently once a crater; we will get out and examine the soil, it sounds as if we were treading upon cinders. Take a lump in your hand, and you will find that it resembles exactly what we call clinker; it differs only in colour and in being more friable. A child would tell you at once that it had been burnt by fire, and yet centuries on centuries have passed since it was subjected to the influence of heat. Olivine, a rare mineral, is said to be found in these parts. Nearer Daun the Erensberg comes into view; a huge frozen torrent of lava issues from the crater on its top; the village of Dochweiler is entirely built of blocks cut from its bed. We are now in a land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with lava. On all sides are volcanoes with lava-scored sides. As we descend into the pretty valley of Steinborn, a village with a mineral spring, we have a mountain on each hand, both rich in lava streams—the Felsberg and the Rimmerich.

And now we enter Daun—the centre of attraction to the tourist, whether he be geologist or lover of nature only; for close to the town are three of the little crater lakes, the jewels hidden amongst the cinders of the Eifel.

Daun itself is a picturesquely situated little town, built upon a hill under a château occupied by the royal head-forester. On the same site there was formerly an ancient castle of the counts of Daun.

There is a clean little inn outside the village, where we shall be nearer the lakes, and enjoy a view of hill and dale instead of windows and chimney-pots. Let us halt there; the fare is excellent and the house is clean.

And now for the much praised lakes! In the valley flows the Lieser; we follow its bank for a mile, then cross it and mount a steep path up the hill-side, on our left. A short pull brings us to a mountain ridge, and the Gemündener Maar lies at our feet. What a scene of peace and beauty! The lovely little lake is as blue as the sky above, and sleeps in the bosom of the hills—hills covered with waving woods, where the trees creep down to its very margin, and trail their branches in the water. I have stood on the shores of most European lakes, marvelled at the grandeur of Lucerne and the Königssee, and drunk in the softer beauty of Leman and Wolfgang; but this tiny mere amongst the mountains touches a softer cord in the heart than they. It seems to me like the apotheosis of peace after an age of war, when I try to realize the fact that where those waters slumber, disturbed only by the swallow's wing, the flames roared with a noise louder than the thunder, and leapt to lick the sky with their fiery tongues, and that all those smiling hills were heaps of red-hot cinders and streams of seething lava! Facts are very often hard to swallow; but let us continue our walk:—At every turn the view of the lake changes, and it is hard to say from which point it looks fairest. There is another close a-head, we shall see it from yonder ridge. Think you it will be as fair as the one upon which we have turned our backs? There it is,—judge for yourself. What a change! That from summer at a bound into winter could not be greater. Behind us is luxuriant beauty, before us a desolate waste. The lake at our feet is black and drear, no wood-clad hills are mirrored in its waters; the reflections are all of dark rocks and banks of slag; a minute ago we were trying to believe that flames and smoke and ashes did once desecrate the scene we looked upon, now it is hard to believe that the scoræ is cold; the traces of the fire are as fresh as if it had

been yesterday when the crater belched forth flames. One object alone in the treeless landscape speaks of life, and that also tells of death. On the northern bank of the lake stands a little neglected chapel, in the midst of a small burying-ground; the only signs of vegetation are the nettles, and they grow in wild luxuriance round the graves; the grass, too, is long and dank.

There is generally something attractive in every sheet of water: there are graceful curves, and little creeks, and jutting headlands even in a farm-yard pond; but the Weinfelder Maar can boast no beauty of shape. The sides are steep and the water is square, like a huge tank. We have had enough of the lake,

Whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er:

let us see if the next will be a more pleasing picture. We come to another ridge: a wide landscape is before us. Far down in the valley at our feet lies another lake, a large, sluggish-looking piece of water, much larger than either of the ones we have left behind. Red-roofed houses and a church spire are reflected in the lake. The village of Schalken-mehren, from which the Maar takes its name, is built on the edge of the lake, surrounded by marshy ground—a nest for fever, I should say, so we will give it a wide berth, and keep to the high ground, where the air is fresh and the view is wide—a sea of uplands, wave after wave of hills swelling one behind the other, and fading away into the distant blue.

We can return if we like by the stony high road, or retrace our steps. We have enough of dusty roads, so let us take one more glance at the Gemündener Maar, and bid adieu to the Dauner Maar, as they are called, with the pleasing image on our eye of that blue tarn amongst the hills.

On leaving Daun we make for Gillenfeld. The way is uninteresting, through a wild, hilly country. Gillenfeld is an ugly, straggling village. No one would think of visiting it, still less of sleeping at the wretched little inn, were it not that another of the Eifel lakes is in the immediate vicinity. There are very few travellers who make their way to Gillenfeld, I should say, to judge from the surprise created by our arrival. The very pigs in the street, which is more like a farm-yard than a public road, seem to consider us intruders by the injured tone of their gruntings.

Half an hour's walk ought to bring us to the lake; ought, I say, for I made it a walk of three hours by mistaking the way, and being unable to find any one to ask whether I

was right or wrong. The Pulver Maar is reckoned the finest of the crater lakes. It is the largest, covering more than one hundred acres; but I still give the palm to my first friend, the Gemündener Maar, which it resembles very much.

The hills which surround it are equally wooded, but they are on a larger scale, the south side being bounded by the Römersberg, the highest of the Eifel Mountains.

The side upon which we approach the Maar is open ground. We are treading upon scorise and volcanic sand, and remember that the scene was not always so smiling. Here we come upon rows of mounds. This must have been an ancient barrow. How close they lie together, undisturbed, perhaps, for centuries. Let us ask this stolid labourer who is coming up the glade.

"What are these mounds, my friend? Are they very old?"

"No, meinheer, not very old. They are full of——"

"Bones?" I suggested.

"Nein, meinheer, kartoffen."

It is clear I am not an antiquarian to have mistaken potato-pits for ancient graves!

THE WARNING.

A WEEK or two before my story opens, a proposal had been made, and had been accepted. It had been made by the eldest son of "The Squire" of the county, to the daughter of a neighbouring squire, equally entitled to preeminence, had it not been for the fact that the family of the latter had scarcely been settled in that part for as many years as the former had centuries. In worldly wealth they were about equal; both of untarnished reputation in all the virtues conspicuous in landlords, magistrates, and county authorities. They lived sufficiently far apart to be very good friends, and as their politics were alike, even a recent election had not provoked hostilities. Both families were thoroughly well brought up, and the younger members were very popular both with each other, and the rest of their acquaintance. It will seem strange, therefore, that though no objection was openly made, yet, evidently, the union between the two families was not regarded with entire satisfaction by the parents of the young man. Their congratulations were not as cordial as George Forbes expected. There was a shrinking from the subject in the family circle, and though their formal consent was given, and the young lady had been received and welcomed, almost warmly, by them, as the bride of their eldest son, there was still an indescribable something in their

manner, which gave him a decided impression that his engagement was not to them that source of intense pleasure which it certainly was to him. In vain he appealed to his mother, and equally in vain to his father; neither would give him any direct answer on the point which lay nearest his heart. They both distinctly said that they had nothing to say against the marriage—nothing to say against the lady, her family, or her fortune—nothing whatever; and certainly they on no account wished the marriage to be stopped, or even put off; though for a moment Mrs. Forbes did hesitate at the last suggestion, but the next instant she again repeated her assurance that she by no means wished even for delay. George was fain to content himself with this assurance, and rode off to pay his devoirs to his lady love, as was his wont; generally arriving at Hawley Court before luncheon, and remaining till late in the afternoon, or, if business detained him in the morning, he not unfrequently went there for dinner, and, to avoid the late ride home, the father of his intended bride would sometimes press him to stay the night. Generally it seemed to be preferred, though, that George's visit should be a daily one, and that he should return to Forbeston, his home, to sleep. After he had started on this particular afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes continued their stroll round the garden, for it was in the early spring, and the weather being mild and delicious, the garden often took the place of a business room when any family consultation was to be held. It may be that their conversation will shadow out the cause of the coolness which had agitated the mind of their son.

"I cannot get rid of that impression," said Mrs. Forbes to her husband; "it haunts me, and, as you see, it has unconsciously influenced me to such a degree that even my manner to George betrays it, though I did not mean it should."

"It certainly is curious," was his answer; "but it has just the same effect on me, and I cannot shake it off, either. But I am sure we must not let it prejudice us. Everything we have heard of the family is strongly in their favour; everything we know of them we like, and the girl herself is, to my thinking, unexceptionable."

"She is a charming, amiable creature," said Mrs. Forbes; "and I am sure that if any one had asked me ten days ago whom I should like George to marry in all the county round, I should certainly have chosen Miss Baillie. And yet, now, I do not know what to think—I cannot help looking upon it as a warning."

"If I had not heard that strange faint sound, which woke me, when I found you

almost fainting, I believe I should have tried to convince you that it was a mere hallucination."

"That is a fact that perplexes me," said Mrs. Forbes; "for I heard no sound, only saw in the bright moonlight the warning gesture, as the grey figure raised its hand and warned me off, just as I opened my arms, in my half dream, half consciousness, to embrace her. And oh! the intense horror that came over me as it altogether vanished, I can't express; and I have felt it, and shuddered so dreadfully, whenever I have seen Mary Baillie since. I quite expected to see her raise her hand in that slow, solemn way, when she came into the room yesterday, in her grey silk dress."

"We must try and not think of this," said Mr. Forbes, musingly; "and yet, as you say, one cannot help it. But we must not show it, for we should be doing an injustice to Miss Baillie. Still, I will endeavour to trace out something more of their history, if I can; though I believe we know all there is to be known."

"It's not the past, it's the future," said Mrs. Forbes to herself.

"Let me see," continued her husband; "there are Mr. and Mrs. Baillie: we know exactly who they are, and where they came from, and there is no mystery about them. Then there is the eldest son, whom we have never seen, in India—Civil Service, I believe. The second in the army, and that good-natured young scamp, Harry, at Eton. Then there is our Miss Baillie, soon to be Mrs. George Forbes," (at which Mrs. Forbes shuddered,) "and her two sisters, very pretty girls, too; and that is all."

"They are not as pretty as Mary; and Emily has such an odd look in her eyes. Somehow, I don't like her much."

"Well, but if you don't,—though I own I do,—that is not reason enough for George to break his engagement with her sister."

"No," said Mrs. Forbes, half laughing; "certainly not."

"And what will be, will be," added Mr. Forbes, as he turned from the garden to the house.

Poor Mrs. Forbes! she did not feel very comfortable; and she could not, with that strange vision always haunting her.

George, meantime, pursued his ride. He had not left home till near three o'clock, and meeting by the way a friend with whom he had some little business to transact, the delay which this occasioned caused him to arrive later than he intended at Mr. Baillie's; and it was quite five o'clock when he passed the lodge gate. He intended, as usual, to ride

straight into the stable-yard to put up his horse, and then walk without ceremony into the house, omitting the form of ringing the bell. Just as he was about to turn aside to the stables, at a point where the front door was straight before him, to his surprise he saw the figure of his promised bride, in a grey dress, standing outside the door. Supposing that she was waiting for his arrival, he called out to her,—

"Here I am! I'll be round directly—come and meet me."

No answer.

He called again, "You'll come and meet me, won't you?" The figure turned, waved its arms, motioning him earnestly away, and vanished! He was puzzled; but supposed she must have gone out of sight into the garden, though how, he could not conceive, as there was a broad open terrace to traverse before you could reach the shade of the shrubs from the hall door; and he had *not* seen her cross it; but, then, it was certainly getting dark. This passed through his mind as he rode into the stable-yard, where the step of his horse brought out a groom instantly, for he was accustomed to arrive at all hours, and was everywhere welcome. So not a moment was lost there; but hastening, by a small side door, to the front of the house, he again saw the same grey figure standing where it stood before. Much surprised that she did not come towards him, he called out, "Hollo, Mary! it seems you are not anxious to see me to-night."

No answer.

Almost involuntarily, he stopped, standing within about fifteen yards from her, and said, very seriously, "Mary, come and meet me, or I shall think you are sorry to see me." No answer; but the figure partly turned, and, with a despairing gesture of its arms, motioned him wildly away, and, as before, disappeared entirely! This time he was certain she had not crossed the terrace, and darted forward, expecting to find her under the shade of the wall. No sign of her! He looked round bewildered, and then ran quickly into the house, and into the drawing-room, saying, as he opened the door, "Where is Mary? why is she out so late?"

"Mary is not out, and she is here!" was answered by her own well-known voice.

"How can you have come in, then, in such a moment?"

"My dear George," she said, "I came in an hour ago. What do you mean?"

"Nonsense," he said; "I saw you just now on the terrace, as I came to the door, and you must have come in just before me."

"Your imagination must have pictured

me there, then, George," she said; "for I assure you that for the last hour I have been sitting here expecting you. And even if it had not been so late, I should not have gone out to meet you, for you told me yourself that it was very uncertain at what time you would be able to come to-day."

George did not answer for a minute or two, but stood gazing at the fire; presently he said, thinking Mary would be surprised at his pre-occupation,—

"Where are your sisters, then? It must have been one of them."

"Now, dear George, do believe that you saw nothing; for my sisters went away this morning to visit my aunt, as I told you yesterday, only this romantic vision of me has made you forget everything. I am sure, George," she continued, looking anxiously at him, "you have something on your mind that troubles you. What is it? do tell me."

"Nothing, nothing," said he, impatiently, gazing abstractedly at the fire, with the recollection of the warning wave of the arms still before his mind.

"Why will you wear that grey dress?" he said presently, turning sharply round to her; "I cannot bear it."

"Oh! George," she said, in a gently reproachful tone, "and it was only yesterday you were saying how pretty you thought it! But I will put on another to-morrow, now that you say you don't like this. But you are very changeable, I do think," she added, as she put up her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't, don't," he said, as he shuddered, and drew back instinctively; then, recollecting himself, and how extraordinary his behaviour must appear to her, he added, as if in explanation, "A twist—a sort of sprain—nothing, really. I was very ungracious, dear Mary."

"I hope it is not bad; I had no idea you had hurt yourself, George," her whole expression turned to one of the tenderest concern.

"It's really nothing," he said, ashamed of his paltry excuse; "it will be quite well to-morrow."

Ah! that to-morrow, to-morrow, that they were always harping upon! He made an effort to forget the vision, and be the same to her that he always was; and by degrees his earnest devoted affection for her, his pleasure in her society, and the power of her soft winning beauty, asserted their usual supremacy over his mind, and the hour that was their own before dinner sped away all too quickly, and they were as thoroughly happy and wrapped up in each other as any two hearts could be. Dinner came, and a cheerful, pleasant evening of conversation and music;

and though the unexplained mystery floated sometimes mistily across his mind, he would not let it dwell there, but banished it with success, till, at the moment of parting, a light observation of Mary's recalled it.

"Good-bye, George! Come again to-morrow; but do not flatter yourself that I am always looking out for you on the terrace."

"And, my dear Mr. Forbes," said his future mother-in-law, as they shook hands, "I had nearly forgotten to tell you that my eldest son has just returned to England, and will, I hope, be here in time for the wedding; I shall be so very glad for him to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Baillie spoke these words with some hesitation, and a close observer might have observed that the colour left her daughter's cheek, and a look of alarm took the place of the smile with which she had last spoken to her lover. George did not notice it, however, eagerly replying to Mrs. Baillie, and saying what pleasure it would give him to make the acquaintance of Mary's eldest brother, which he had so little hoped to be able to do at present, not having even heard of his departure from India.

So he went; and Mary threw herself back into a chair, the tears trickling through the fingers with which she covered her face.

"Oh, mama, mama! why will you not tell him all? Let me tell him; I must, before the day. It is deceiving him, it really is; and I am sure he would not care. It would make no difference."

"You must listen to reason, my dear child," was her mother's cold answer; "it would be extremely imprudent to make this unnecessary fuss about your brother, more especially as it is quite unnecessary now. There is no use at all in awakening unpleasant suggestions with an old story; and I do hope, Mary, you are not going to be so foolish as to make explanations about nothing."

"I can't bear deceiving him like this; I cannot bear it," she added, passionately.

"You had better compose yourself now, at any rate, and go to bed, and to sleep; and I hope you will be more rational to-morrow," said her mother. And so they parted.

As George stepped through the hall on his way out, his eye fell for a moment on the figure of a person not familiar to him; apparently a servant out of livery, for he was carrying a tray in his hand; but a man of very powerful build, and certainly some one whom George had not seen in that house before. He knew all the servants of the house, and as he was constantly there, and in such familiar intercourse with the family, it struck him as

rather curious that he should have heard no mention of any change in the establishment, or of the engagement of any new servant; and he knew no visitor had arrived. Somehow this casual glance at a new face made a great impression on him, and he speculated on it as he mounted his horse, and rode out of the yard, half wishing he had asked the groom something about it, though ashamed at the time of doing so. The night was not very dark, and as the air was clear, and the moon up, there was quite light enough to show him his way. The approach passed under some high elm trees, a short half mile from the house, and their thick branches cast a deep shade over the road. As George passed under the darkest part, he was startled by hearing a groan, as of a person in pain. He pulled up and listened, and heard it again close to him, on the right side of the road. To jump off his horse, and, tossing the rein over his arm, to find the source whence it proceeded, was the work of a moment. There lay a man on the ground, groaning deeply.

"What is the matter? Are you hurt?" asked George, stooping over him.

"Hush!" said the man; "don't speak—help me up."

George let go his horse, and proceeded to raise the man. But in an instant the man whom he supposed to be half murdered was up, and upon him, grappling with him, and, with tremendous force, swaying him backwards and forwards, struggling by science or main force to throw him. George was not a prize-fighter, but still had a fair knowledge of the art of self-defence, and all his skill, and strength too, were at once called into play by an immediate instinctive consciousness that he was fighting for his life. The struggle continued: the strength of his adversary was enormous, and he had, besides, the great advantage of having taken George at unawares and had almost pinned his arms, so that Mr. Forbes could do little to liberate himself, and the contest soon became, on his part, one of defence only. Not a word passed the lips of either as they wrestled fiercely, swaying now this way and now that, with all the force of those two strong frames exerted to the utmost. By degrees George's strength relaxed under the iron grasp of his adversary, and more than once his knee had bent and almost touched the ground; when, in making a desperate struggle, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate at the mercy of his enemy. The latter never for an instant let go his hold, but kneeling firmly upon him, he threw up his head, and laughing a frenzied laugh, he screamed.

"Ah, ah! I have him now, I have him;

they tried to hide him, but I have got him now."

George was quite helpless, and thoroughly frightened besides; for that wild laugh had convinced him that what he had suspected from the first was true—that his opponent was mad. He wisely considered that the best thing he could do was to lie perfectly still, which would, at least, not provoke any further hostilities, and might possibly give time for help to arrive. He fixed his eye steadily on his enemy, which had the effect of quieting him, and for two minutes they neither of them moved; and then, to George's infinite relief, a sharp, stern voice rang in his ears.

"So, Mr. Baillie, this is what you're up to, is it? Come away directly, sir; I want you."

The wretched man's expression changed altogether to one of submissive fear, as he quietly let George go, got up, and stood quite humbly before his keeper, the same tall man whom George had remarked as a stranger in the hall.

"Now then," he said, "what do you mean by this? Didn't I tell you you were not to go out of your room to-night?"

"I only wanted just to kill him—only to kill him," he said, tremblingly. "Don't be angry; I was coming back as soon as I had done it, only the moon shone so bright, and that kept me."

"Now come along, then, and be thankful you were stopped in time. Don't stand talking here; come on!"

Cowed and submissive, he followed the powerful man, his keeper. George was, meantime, attended to by the groom and one or two others. His providential rescue was owing to the fact of his horse having trotted back to the well-known stables as soon as the rein had been let loose. He had found the stable-door shut; and the groom, crossing the yard at the moment and seeing him there, at once conjectured something had happened to Mr. Forbes, and lost no time in imparting his fears to the rest of the household; amongst these, to the keeper of the mad son of the family, who at once rushed to his patient's room, and finding him absent, had feared the worst, from the dislike which he knew he entertained towards Mr. Forbes from the moment at which he had been told that he was going to marry his sister. He had often watched him from the window of the room where he had been kept concealed for a week or more, and always with an expression of aversion amounting to hatred. Knowing all this, it was very seldom that the keeper let him out of his sight when Mr. Forbes was in the house; but believing him gone, he had not hurried back as usual to his patient's room,

and his anxiety was intense as, guided by the insane shouts of laughter with which he was but too well acquainted, he rushed to the spot where the struggle had taken place, and where he arrived in the very nick of time to save George's life.

Need we explain further? There was hereditary madness in the family. The eldest son, its present victim, was generally kept out of sight, nominally in India; but really in a private asylum. Latterly his fits of insanity had become so very rare that it was thought he might safely return home, always under competent supervision, in the hope that familiar faces might have a beneficial effect on him. But, alas! before the first week had passed, his disease broke out as we have seen. Providentially, as Mrs. Forbes thought; for this encounter and consequent disclosure gave them reason and right to insist on the match being broken off; and even George himself, though half broken-hearted, was forced to acquiesce in their decision.

The severe illness which prostrated Miss Baillie when she was informed of the abrupt discovery of the family secret and of her lover's consequent withdrawal, did not, as was greatly feared, result in insanity; and the quiet single life she subsequently led conducted, no doubt, to the preservation of her mental faculties. George went abroad for two years after his terrible shock and disappointment, and it was long before he could entirely resume his wonted composure and quiet home life; yet, at last, before his mother's death, he gave her the satisfaction of seeing him united to a girl who thoroughly came up to her ideas of what her favourite son's wife ought to be. And her marriage was not preceded by the appearance of a figure in grey, nor by any mysterious warning whatever.

TO THE FAIRE "WHITE ROSE."*

"ALAS! my ladye bright. Thy maids are weeping
As many a woman's heart has wept before,
Thy hero is at rest, thy darling sleeping
The sleep from which he shall awake no more.

"Alas! my ladye bright. Thy dawn is clouded,
Thy bright eyes dimmed with bitter, bitter tears;
The glory of thy morning's sunlight shrouded;
Thy fair cheek furrowed, and yet not with years.

* Lady Catherine Gordon, the young wife who graced Perkin Warbeck's short-lived triumph and shared his perils to the last, spent the first years of her widowhood at Henry VII.'s Court. "Fondly named the 'White Rose,' from her exceeding beauty, her fair face was not her only charm. She became the idol of the English Court, and towards her the first of the Tudors himself warmed into something approaching a chivalrous generosity. She mourned deeply for him to whom she had clung in the face of a condemning world. Whether he were prince or impostor, he was her husband, and she loved him."

"Alas! my ladye bright. Pale northern flower!
Thou sweet white blossom; thou poor wandering
dove,
Pining within thy splendid, captive bower,
To reach the grave where lies thy murdered love.

"Alas! my ladye bright. False was the seeming
That bound thy heart unto the one who's gone;
But he fulfilled thy sweet youth's sweetest dreaming:
Prince or impostor—still thy peerless one.

"Alas! my ladye bright. What hope can reach thee?
No morrow may bring peace unto thy breast;
Only the courage of thy House shall teach thee
Silent to suffer, 'till God send thee rest!"

A. G. H.

A DAY IN THE CLOUDS.

A Sporting Paper.

ALL of us, whose pursuits are influenced by weather, either in the way of business or pleasure, farmer, tourist, or sportsman, in Great Britain, or abroad, have, as we know to our cost, had bitter reason for grumbling this summer. It was but natural that the writer should share the common lot, for our shooting lodge was in the wildest part of the western highlands, in the watershed whence the streams drained through a succession of lakes, to the Atlantic on the one side, to the more distant German Ocean on the other. The level of the loch on which it stood might, nearer the sea, have been the summit of a good-sized mountain.

Hard shooting and wild weather had made the grouse disgustingly unapproachable. Packs, rising half a mile a-head of our guns, were beginning to clear the hills of the birds that yet remained in coveys. Save when, from time to time, we dropped upon some old hermit of a cock, who fell a victim to his taste for solitude, our shots became fewer and fewer, and our inducements to face the very broken weather weaker and weaker. We had long before exhausted our scanty library, and had filled many more cartridges than we were ever likely to use. Each morning we had studied the Times, till competent to pass a competitive examination even on the advertisements and the police reports. We each individually studied and thumped the sensitive metallic barometer, in the vain hope of making something else than an undeniably "bad glass" of it. The view of the lake, lashed into a sheet of foam by the gusts that swept down from the mountains, and generally seen through driving rain, picturesque as it was, became positively offensive, and made us the more anxious to take advantage of the bursts of brilliant sunshine which occasionally alternated with the storm.

The shooting extended over a succession of

wild, steep heather hills, rising sheer from the door of the lodge and the shores of the loch. There was not a yard of level walking on the whole of it, save here and there, where the summit of some hill was a table-land of peat bog. Though the walking was hard, the cover was good, and the grouse plentiful on these lower hills; but above them again towered a yet loftier range, its bare sides unrelieved by a single patch of purple. The whole culminated in two summits, in reality among the highest in Scotland, although this would scarcely have struck one, owing to the great elevation of the land and hills from which they sprung.

In the course of our grouse shooting we had naturally confined ourselves to the heather, but we had always talked of an expedition some calm, sunny day to these stiff-looking summits in search of ptarmigan, though while making good bags below, we had had little inducement to go farther and perhaps fare worse. Ptarmigan shooting is always a lottery. Birds had been plentiful last season, but it did not follow that they were so now; and the keeper could give us no information, for, except when occasionally looking after foxes in winter, he never troubled himself to mount so high.

From day to day we deferred our expedition; but, at length, after a succession of the very worst weather, on a morning when the intervals between the showers were unusually long and unusually bright, and when the wind was somewhat less violent, we determined on a start.

Dogs were unnecessary on ground as bare as a billiard table, though scarcely as smooth, and where loose stones furnished the only cover. So we gave them a holiday and mounted the hill in front of their kennel, followed by the eager gaze of the inmates, and amid a chorus of disgusted yelping. We mount by the broken bank of one of the numberless little streams that fall over the face of the hill, tumbling from shelf to shelf of stone, in a succession of miniature cascades and little black pools, flecked and fringed with foam, and overhung with bracken and heather. These patches of bracken look by no means unlikely for black game, and as we speculate as to whether it is worth while to relieve the gillies of our guns on the chance of a shot, we almost step on an old cock, who rises from beneath our feet. He rises heavily enough, but in a second or two has got into his swing, and is sweeping down the hill at thirty miles an hour, crowing in his jubilation over his narrow escape. He had better have reserved his note of triumph till fairly out of the wood. Unluckily for him the last of our party is

ascending within arm's reach of the foremost gillie, and, quick as thought, snatches the gun, throws it into his shoulder and fires. The cock is already sixty yards off, and there was little time to lose, but a pellet strikes his pinion, and down he comes on the heather, with a thud and a rebound that would have killed any more tender fowl on the spot. However, but for a broken wing, he seems but little the worse, and the keeper has something of a chase before he can turn the cripple up hill and capture him.

After this little episode the more energetic of the party take the hint and carry their own guns, but with the exception of a long shot at an old cock grouse who, more fortunate than his sable *confrère*, escapes seemingly unscathed, we reach, unrewarded, the great bog, which forms the summit of the first range.

It is a stiff pull, mounting that heather-carpeted staircase, rather out of training as we are after our late confinement to the shooting-lodge. None of us are sorry for the excuse of waiting for the ponies, who carry the panniers which we mean to fill with hares, and who, having to pick their way more carefully, have fallen somewhat behind.

More interested in the weather than in the scenery, we naturally glance first at the wild mountain peaks to westward. The lower parts are clearly visible, and the summits stand out bright and bold against the blue sky; but round their waists are rolling volumes of cloud, like smoke wreaths from the funnels of a gigantic Great Eastern steaming down the Atlantic, which is breaking at their feet. The weather looks ominous; there is no denying it. The best we can expect is driving showers and plenty of them, but, as we have got so far, we may as well go on. On we go accordingly, crossing some flat peat bogs, among which, but a few days before, we had stumbled on a couple of red deer. The ground is surrounded on every side by forests. It breaks into the most seducing corries, and is filled with the most tempting pastures; and as it is one of the highest-rented sheep-farms, might be one of the best deer forests in Scotland. We should grudge it less as the former, had not the delicate "black faced" given place to the "Cheviots," as each day at dinner we discover, to our cost, when mutton forms invariably the *pièce de résistance*. Now there are no deer to be seen, but over it hovers a golden eagle, who is hunting the ground in a most methodical manner. He is but little disturbed by our appearance, but is too wary to venture within gunshot, and clearing the region of peat, after another slope of heather, we approach our happy hunting-grounds.

As we mount the bare hillside in line, the mountain hares become more numerous, and a pretty steady rolling fire is kept up from the breech-loaders. So steep is the slope that, as they double up under the charge of No. 5, they often roll back faster than they had mounted. Unfortunately, light wreaths of cold mist come stealing over the ridge, and the hares magnified by the cheerless medium, assume a weird-like resemblance to roe deer. But the sun breaks out brilliantly again as we reach the first of the weather-beaten stones that strew the bare turf, and mark the outmost limits of the haunts of the ptarmigan. For the moment he has it all his own way, and the mist vanishes quickly as it appeared. We reach the top of a bold spur, where grass and stunted moss crop out amid fragments and blocks of stone. Just as we turn for a glance at the landscape behind us, we are recalled to the more especial pleasure of the hour by a cry of "mark," taken up by the keeper who, though a Celt, "has a good deal of English," and echoed in intensified Gaelic accents by the gillies, who have little or none.

Far beneath our feet, but high above the heather plateau we have left, circles a flock of birds, marvellously resembling white pigeons, scared from a wheat field. As we watch them, still rising in their flight, they sweep upwards again and disappear round a shoulder of the hill in front. Lucky for them that that shoulder screens them from the hawk-like eyes of our followers. There is a boy in especial, who, as he generally straggles after the party, one hand holding in leash a pair of straining setters, the other balancing from his shoulder a pole, from which depend by their necks the last-killed birds, always reminds me irresistibly of the figure in Bolton Abbey. Those eyes of his, with their keen restless glances, which seem at once to embrace everything above, below, and before him, can mark the bird to the very tuft of heather by which he dropped; and to-day, unembarrassed by the accustomed pair of dogs, he is even more on the alert than usual.

Now, his skill is useless, and with the rest of us he can only mark the line they may be presumed to have taken.

On we go; the uppermost of the three guns keeping the ridge, and slightly in advance of the others; a gillie is placed between each, while two or three more line the ground yet lower down, to send us up the mountain hares, or possibly some outlying ptarmigan. I pick my way along what seems the mingled *débris* of stone and slate quarries, and hurriedly speculate as to the law of nature, which can possibly maintain them in position on such a

slope. Certain it is, that gravitation tends to throw myself continually out of the perpendicular, and I feel that the more suitable equipment for this work, would be a balancing pole instead of a double barrel; but as I find my hands necessarily hampered with the latter, I step rapidly from stone to stone, feeling that if I pause to hesitate, I am lost. All at once, as I round a ledge, behold, clear against the sky-line, on a block of granite, some thirty yards before me, the graceful outline of the head and bosom of a ptarmigan. So perfect is the adaptation of the plumage to the tints of the lichen-patched rock on which it is seated, that had its form not betrayed it, it might easily have been passed unnoticed. Throwing up the gun I step forward, and fire hastily as it rises. Rises, I ought hardly to say; rather, it drops rapidly over the edge of the stone, and quick as I fire, while I can see the shot sweep the very spot where it has been sitting, the next instant it reappears, out of range, and going down wind perfectly unhurt. I cannot take blame to myself for the miss, and yet I feel especially disgusted, the more so, that the threatening aspect of the clouds renders it doubtful how long our sport may last.

Our host, an old hand at the sport, who is standing above, and has witnessed the whole affair, shouts down that "ptarmigan-shooting, like Christmas, comes but once a year," or something of that sort, and that when we do come up to shoot beggars, who have nature, wind, weather, and everything else in their favour, we must take them like rabbits, when and how we can get them, and shoot them on the ground or in the air, as we get the chance. In somewhat different language, the keeper enforces the advice; and though but little less shocked than when first told to shoot a Highland fox, I stifle my qualms of conscience, and determine in my bloodthirstiness that the next bird shall have as little law as may be. I am fortunate again. Following the direction of the keeper's finger, I again have a sitting shot, and this time, on coming up to the place, pick up the victim fallen just where he had been sitting. A fine old cock, killed by a long shot, and in magnificent plumage, all unruffled and unstained, he is at once destined to the manipulation of Mr. Snowie, Inverness, as a *souvenir* of the day. Certainly the autumn plumage of the bird infinitely surpasses in beauty its more monotonous winter colours. The delicate pencilling of the mottled feathering of the back contrasts so admirably with the snowy breast, while the long feathers of the wing are so exquisitely relieved by the clear-drawn black line that edges each. Even the keeper,

"a hily practical man" as Artemus Ward would say, is enthusiastic over it, and his, indeed, is the idea of preserving it for stuffing. With this view it is transferred to the hands of the boy, with strictest injunctions to carry it so till our return to the lodge.

Somewhat farther we approach the place, where, as we are agreed, our friends of the first flight ought to be found. A specially rocky hummock before us seems exactly the spot where we may look for them, and accordingly the three guns draw somewhat nearer, that we may be ready to give a good account of the pack. We are not deceived; just as the keeper says, in a loud whisper, "there they are," they rise some thirty yards off, get five barrels at various distances, total killed, two brace. I confess that, for my part, I browned them with the first barrel, though I picked my bird with the second, and dropped him prettily enough.

By this time the clouds, that have been banking up around the western hills, come rolling on fast and thick, and are accompanied by a sharp shower, driven in upon us by a chilling wind, so we take refuge for the moment under the nearest rock, that seems to promise some sort of shelter, and have recourse to our whisky-flasks, to temper the inclemency of the weather.

So, to make a long story short, we go on for the next two hours, generally in driving showers, sometimes in blinding sunshine. The birds are, of course, wild and shy, though now and then, when we succeed in marking and following the same lot once or twice in rapid succession, they seem to get dazed and stupified, and, at last, give us an easy chance. Had the day been calm and bright, it is evident that we might have made a heavy bag; as it is, it gradually mounts up. At length, in a bright burst of sunshine, we are beneath the long narrow ridge, the highest ground of all. We determine to make a rush for it, and shoot what ought to be our best ground while we may, and I am told off for the top of the line. There is no time to be lost, and I rush straight up the steep to take my place, while the others form in line as before, to shoot round the sides.

Were time more precious than it is—were it the critical moment of the stalk, and were I crawling on the antlers of a stag, instead of looking for hares or ptarmigan, I could hardly resist a glance around me, for seldom have I seen such a panorama from such a *standpoint*, still more rarely in such a light.

Towards the Atlantic all was cloud and storm; but to the north, east, and south, everything lay gleaming and sparkling in a flood of sunshine, save here and there where

some mountain-top cast its giant shadow over moor or water. Lochs, ten and twelve miles in length, in distant deer-forests, seemed to glisten like pools at my feet, of as deep a blue as I had ever seen in the lakes of Italy. The hills among which they wound, lofty as they were, were dwarfed by the greater elevation on which I stood, while beyond them rose the bold outlines of range on range, each bearing the name of some well-known forest, and here and there overtopped by some giant of world-renowned name. Still farther away and far beneath, in the remote distance, stretched in dim masses of green and yellow, the woods and cornfields of the lowlands. Here and there in the valleys, relieving their desolation, was dotted a shooting lodge or a sheep-farm, and at the foot of the mountain, in the side most remote from human neighbours, lay a solitary shepherd's shealing. With seven miles of bog and hill, water-courses and snow-drifts, between him and the nearest habitation or foot-path, what a winter that man must pass, and what opportunities must he have of studying, as a practical philosopher, the pleasures of solitude.

But a stray shot or two remind me that sport, not scenery, is my object, and I hurry forward, along a causeway of closely packed stones that forms the backbone of the ridge, and I have walked on worse paved streets in many an old Flemish and German capital. Seen anywhere else, we must have believed it artificial, and been led into a maze of speculation as to its construction. Here fancy perforce takes a different turn, and one involuntarily shudders in picturing the force and frequency of the tempests, which have ground up and beaten down these storm-shaped paving-stones.

The hares scared from below are already crossing it, and, damp as my cartridges have become, faster than I can fire and load! Ere I reach the cairn of naturally piled boulders, in which the ridge terminates, the storm is again upon us. Under the influence of the plashing rain and driving wind I can more easily comprehend the process of the construction of the causeway; enthusiasm for sport yields to cheering visions of the snug sitting-room at the lodge, and, it being now impossible to distinguish anything through the blinding fog, I raise my voice and shout to my companions. The answer comes from no great distance beneath, and I find the whole party, the ponies and their guardians excepted, huddled together under the lee of the hill, the water streaming from each angle of their persons and equipments. The day is getting on; there is small hope of a change

for the better, and even under the cheering influence of a judiciously applied stimulant, we are unanimous as to the prudence of an immediate descent.

Had it not been for our breech-loaders,—and, much as I have always valued them, I had never, till that day, appreciated them to the full extent,—we should scarcely have held out so long. As it was, for the first time in my experience, I found that the rain had penetrated the waterproof cartridge-bag.

No longer sustained by the excitement of the sport, one of the party, who has outgrown his *première jeunesse*, begins to show unmistakable symptoms of fatigue, and to express himself, with much disgust, as to the toils in store for him before he reaches the lodge. Though in the depths of his heart making a shrewd guess at the distance which lies between him and that much wished-for haven, he turns to one of the gillies, and we hear him say in a hesitating voice, evidently hoping that the man may become a party to the benevolent deception he wishes to practice on himself, "I suppose, Donald, it will be three, or perhaps four miles, from here to the house." "'Deed, Colonel," was the unhesitating and unsatisfactory reply, given in accents that might have been heard a quarter of a mile off; "I'm thinking it would be six, and, 'deed, I'd rather it would be eight, if it were a better road."

Though sympathising with our friend, we burst into a laugh at his face of discomfiture, and commence the descent. Indeed, we have no wish to find our way homewards in anything darker than we have it now, over ground where man-traps, even for the wary, are plentiful enough in the shape of masked pitfalls, ready to engulf a single limb, or the whole person, as the case may be. After a day's deer-stalking, such risks may be worth running; but to break one's leg, thirty miles from any doctor, for a ptarmigan or blue hare, would be simply absurd.

As we turn to descend, we have a striking proof of the wild loneliness of the place in a magnificent eagle, who dashes over our shoulders within ten yards of the party.

The only other incident which interrupts the monotony of our plodding, plashing march downwards, is our finding ourselves within twenty yards of a flock of plover, who, while they gaze at us, give us time to take our guns, slip in cartridges, and firing through the fog, more by luck than good shooting, pick up four of their number.

As we enter our jolly sitting-room, a sort of melancholy steals over me; but later in the evening, as we sip the '44, round the

cheerful fire, we agree that, weather notwithstanding, we have passed an exceedingly pleasant day among the clouds.

A SEA-SIDE WOOING.

STREPHON with Amanda talkèd,
 Dallying on the wave-wash'd strand,
 Purple evening as they walkèd,
 Dropp'd upon a golden land.
 Gnats in hosts Amanda flurr'd,
 Soon one wooed her liquid eye,—
 "Quick!" she cried, "with hand unhurried,
 Strephon, catch this horrid fly!"
 Gently he his fair caressing,
 With her *mouchoir* wrought the cure;
 On her lips a kiss impressing,
 As a seal to make it sure.
 Red at once the westward skies flush'd,
 To the east their warm rays flew;
 Both the lovers to their eyes blush'd,
 And—I blush to tell it you. M. G. W.

TURNPIKE RIOTS.

A LITTLE more than a century ago the present great and prosperous town of Leeds, the focus of the wealth and manufacturing interest of Yorkshire, was severed from communication with the outer world by a chain of hills which were almost impassable for the want of good roads. Within the limits of its narrow streets there dwelt and toiled a teeming population, skilled in their crafts and ardent in their enterprise, whose fame had gone abroad to secure them the attention of men who were willing to purchase the goods their industry provided. The western parts of Europe and the colonies of America had long been their constant customers, when—

Another path to Scythia's rude domains
 Commerce discovers; the Livonian gulf
 Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
 Of rising Peterburg, whose splendid streets
 Swell with the webs of Leeds; the Cossack there,
 The Calmuc, and Mongolian, round the bales
 In crowds resort, and their warmed limbs unfold,
 Delighted.

Every effort must be made to take advantage of the new market which was opened to them. But without, and especially in a northerly and westerly direction, where the pastoral population of the county was to be found, a bleak and solitary desert prevented them from entering into that intercourse with their neighbours which their commercial undertakings so frequently required. The absence of good roads, although common to the whole kingdom, was nowhere more marked than in Yorkshire, where good roads were perhaps the most needed. Horace Walpole, in describing his journey through Yorkshire, in 1756, says: "We lay at Leeds, a dingy, large town; and through very bad roads (for the whole

country is a colliery or a quarry), we went to Kirkstall Abbey, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods." The distance from Leeds to Kirkstall is three miles, but it was then a journey which few would voluntarily undertake. As yet there was no regular road, and in the narrow lanes and bye-paths the highwayman and footpad lurked in security; justice could rarely reach them, for her representatives were too often baffled by the mazy windings into which they were led. It was in vain for Parliament to enact laws to diminish robbery so long as the copse and thicket offered their friendly shelter to the thief; it was useless for the manufacturers to increase the number of their looms and enlarge their mills, so long as it was nearly impossible to convey their goods to a market. The miserable bridle-roads which had served for "the long tinkling train of slow-paced steeds," when pack-horses were the only agents of transport, would no longer suffice for the passage of heavy waggons, following each other in a long string, and requiring a firm and solid foundation to bear their ponderous weight.

Much larger quantities of wool were now required to satisfy the demands of an expanding trade, and although it was no easy task to obtain the raw material, the most difficult task the manufacturers had to encounter was admittedly the distribution of their manufactured goods. The manufacturing towns of the West Riding are mostly situate upon rivers of some considerable size, yet the manufacturers could not avail themselves of water by reason of the many weirs raised across the streams, which were valued rather as a means of working the mills than for carrying away their produce. A day's journey for a horseman brought them to the great agricultural centres York and Ripon, where wool was to be found in abundance. Within twenty miles lay the port of Selby, where ships came to receive the cloth destined for the coasts of the Baltic and the north-western sea-board of Europe; yet the want of suitable roads constantly prevented the manufacturers from fully availing themselves of these advantages. The way between Selby and Leeds was described as in "a most ruinous condition, very dangerous to travellers, and in winter almost impassable." So narrow was it, and so broken was its surface by the frequent passage of heavy vehicles, that in wet weather it more resembled a deep and sloppy trench than a public highway. The necessity of repairing this road soon became obvious to all who were in the habit of using it. Accordingly, on the 22nd of February, 1751, the inhabitants

of Leeds and Halifax petitioned the Government that the roads from Selby and Tadcaster to Leeds might be effectually mended and kept in a state of repair. The petitioners alleged "that the repairing and amending of the said roads would tend greatly to the improving of the trade and commerce of the district." Proceedings in Parliament were at once instituted, and some of the necessary repairs made. Mr. Edmund Lodge, a member of a Leeds mercantile family of some repute, gave evidence to the effect that several turnpikes had been erected between Leeds and Selby; but none were nearer Leeds than the one at West Garforth, about five miles off, "and that if a turnpike was erected nearer Leeds more money would be collected." This evidence fully proves that it was in the neighbourhood of Leeds where the roads were in the worst condition. From Selby a tolerable road had been constructed westward as far as the great Roman-road, locally known as the "Roman Rigg," but in the more rugged country towards Leeds only the old bridle-roads were to be found. On the 7th of May, 1751, the Lords empowered the petitioners to repair and enlarge the roads from Selby to Leeds, "and from thence in two several branches, one through Bradford and Horton, and the other through Bradford and Wibsey, to the town of Halifax; and also for repairing the road from Tadcaster over Braham Moor through Kidhall Lane, over Winmoor and through Seacroft, to a place called Halton Dyll, where it comes into the said road between Leeds and Selby." These roads so constructed were for a long time the main arteries through which the traffic of the West Riding flowed. One of the first railways constructed in England, the Leeds and Selby Railway, closely follows this road throughout its whole length.

Provision had now been made for the ready transmission of their goods from the manufactory to the market. The difficulty of obtaining wool still remained but little lessened. Ripon had long been the seat of a famous wool-market, constantly frequented by the Leeds clothiers; but now the market was showing signs of decay, in consequence of the difficulties of transporting the wool to the manufactories. The obstacles which were being successfully overcome on the Leeds and Selby roads, were more formidable upon the rougher tracts which separated Leeds from Ripon. There, a sparser population, nestling in the bottoms of the valleys, could not hope by their own efforts alone to make good roadways over the hills which separated them from each other, cutting off intercommunication except during the fine and dry periods

of the year. Resort must therefore again be had to Parliament for power to establish a company to do the work which commerce needed, but which local enterprise could not perform. In January, 1752, the mayors of Leeds and Ripon officially sought to obtain power to construct roads from Leeds to Harrogate, and so to Ripon. Harrogate was then an insignificant village, which had not risen to prosperity and importance as a watering-place; until 1749, its parishioners had three miles to go to church; afterwards for many years a small chapel erected in the town was sufficient for their accommodation.

The bill obtained the royal assent on the 26th of March, 1752, and the projectors commenced their work with praiseworthy vigour. A difficult country had to be penetrated, huge moors had to be crossed, swamps had to be drained, and rivers bridged over. That extraordinary genius, John Metcalf, commonly called "Blind Jack, of Knaresborough," left hunting, racing, card-playing, and cock-fighting, to undertake the construction of that part of the road from Harewood-bridge to Harrogate. It was upon this part of the road that the greatest obstacles had to be overcome, but the blind engineer performed his task in the most satisfactory manner.

After constructing roads westward to Bradford and Halifax, eastward to Selby, and northward to Ripon, the townsmen of Leeds obtained power to repair the road leading from Leeds to Ealand. This was a road upon which much heavy traffic passed, and the ponderous coal and lime waggons needed such a solid foundation to travel upon as could only be obtained at considerable cost. Seven hundred pounds had been borrowed to carry out the repairs, and turnpikes must be erected very near to the towns to recover the money so expended. Armed with the authority of the legislature, the projectors erected their turnpikes upon the several roads in expectation of reaping their recompense from grateful travellers; but they soon found themselves mistaken. Throughout the North of England efforts had been successfully made to improve the condition of the roads; and wherever improvements had been made there hostility showed itself to those improvements, because they necessitated the payment of tolls. The turnpike-man issued from his hut to demand the impost, and the waggoner drove him back with a denial of his right to extort money from anyone passing along the king's highway. Nowhere was there manifested a sterner determination to resist the payment of tolls than in the neighbourhood of Leeds, one of the places most benefited by the change. To enforce their right, the trustees of the several

roads closed their gates, and refused to open them until the legal toll had been paid. This interference with their free right of travelling upon the highway was an injury people could not endure. The closed gates must therefore be removed by force. A mob was speedily collected, bent upon the destruction of these toll-gates. On the 24th of June, 1753, news reached York that the manufacturing towns were in the hands of rioters, who were everywhere cutting down the gates and burning the toll-houses. A party of Hawley's dragoons was forthwith marched to suppress the riots. On the morning of the 25th, a message was sent to Edwin Lascelles, Esq., informing him that the rioters intended to demolish the bar at Harewood-bridge, and pull down his house. Lascelles, who was at a later period created Baron Harewood, of Harewood, was a prompt and vigorous man, who too well knew the character of his opponents to regard them as contemptible. A letter to Lord Burghley (Lansdowne MSS., vol. xxix.), speaking of Harewood and the neighbourhood in Queen Elizabeth's time, says of the inhabitants, "ther are a kinde of people in these partes that claym a lyberty to doe and say what they list, because they have nothinge to lose but bare lyfe, which they will not hasard, yet goe so near yt sometymes till the rope get beyond them." Three hundred of these desperate claimants of a "lyberty to doe and say what they list," were marching to carry out their threat, and no military force had arrived to stop them. The emergency was great but Mr. Lascelles was equal to it. After arming about eighty of his tenants and workmen, in whom he could rely, the squire resolved to defend the bar, and for that purpose he placed himself on foot at the head of his company. Some smart skirmishing, in which several were wounded on both sides, took place on "Mill Green," a field not far from the bar, before the rioters were repulsed. The timely arrival of the dragoons saved Mr. Lascelles; the rioters were dispersed, thirty of whom were left prisoners in the hands of the soldiers. Ten of them were committed to York Castle the next day.

It was in Leeds, however, that the mob manifested the most fury. Business was suspended and the safety of the inhabitants placed in jeopardy. Soldiers were quartered in the town to preserve order, and other detachments were sent to protect the several toll-bars. A committee of magistrates and road-trustees sat at the King's Arms inn, in Briggate, to direct the action of the military, now necessary. It was hoped this parade of the civil and military power would strike terror into the hearts even of the most violent;

but the mob was not to be deterred, at all events, by mere show. A carter whose business led him along the new road towards Ealand, refused to pay the toll demanded at Beeston toll-gate. His refusal appears to have been accompanied by violence, and for the offence he was at once seized by the soldiers posted there. In obedience to their orders the dragoons proceeded to escort him to the King's Arms for examination; but on the road the escort was stopped by the rioters, an attack was made upon the soldiers, and their prisoner released. This success gave the mob new courage and greater consolidation. Three other prisoners had been apprehended the night before, whose rescue had not been attempted. The rioters noisily announced their intention of liberating them that very evening. For this purpose, between seven and eight o'clock, a body of about five hundred men had assembled in Briggate; threatening the magistrates, breaking windows, and clamouring for the release of their comrades. Leeds was at that time under the magisterial rule of Sir Henry Ibbetson, a merchant, who had received his baronetcy for raising a corps of one hundred men, at his own cost, during the outbreak of 1745. The mob gathered in front of the King's Arms, and indulged in a great amount of noisy violence. When Sir Henry came forward to read the king's proclamation against rioters, volleys of stones, torn up from the loosely paved streets, were showered upon him. The window-panes and shutters of the inn were smashed to atoms; the sentinel in front of the house was felled to the ground by a stone. The mayor commanded the people to disperse to their homes, but his commands were hushed amid yells of anger and defiance. Messengers had been sent round the town inviting peaceful citizens to close their houses and shops, and remain at home, so that in the event of a conflict, the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. Those therefore who remained in the streets were known to be disaffected, and upon them punishment must fall. When the reading of the proclamation had failed to restore quietness, the mayor invoked the aid of the soldiers. About twenty troopers garrisoned the inn, and to these the justices gave orders to fire. The first volley, of blank cartridge, rather excited derision than awe; it was not until a succession of volleys of bullets had killed and wounded about sixty of their comrades that the rioters could be dispersed. A great deal of anger was aroused by this attack, both in the soldiers and the citizens; but by frequently changing the "garrison" of Leeds, ill-feelings wore away, and in a very short time the benefits of improved roads were felt by everybody.



AUGUST.

A MELLOW day, when scarce a breeze
 Ruffles the leaves of the birchen trees;
 When the sun hath touched with a golden hue
 Each cornfield and fallow daintily,
 And the cloudless sky in its hazy blue
 Over the earth hangs dreamily.
 And the mossy boulders deep shadows
 throw
 Into the quiet tarn, whose edges
 Are bordered wide with lilies and
 sedges—
 And scarce a sound is heard below,—
 So still is the air, so still is the earth,
 Save for the drowsing murmurs that
 creep
 From the insect world in its drowsy
 mirth,
 All nature might be asleep.
 On such a day might St. Hubert's
 horn
 Through Aquitaine have rung cheerily,
 And over the hills, through the valleys
 at dawn,



His train have ridden merrily—
 Merrily on till a wondrous hart,
 Cross on its forehead and golden horned,
 The hunting bishop hath duly warned,
 That he with the joys of the chase must part.
 But still the fame of the bishop bold

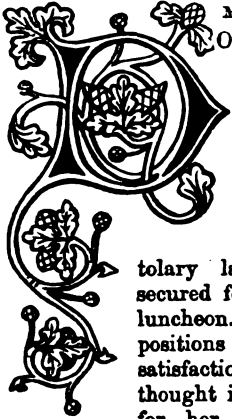
On the heart of the hunter kept its hold,
 And ever the bishop held a place
 In his heart for the lovers of the
 chase;
 And hunters in honour of this love
 Made him their patron saint above.
 And you, ye sportsmen, on sport intent,
 With your eager dogs these August
 days,
 May the bishop's blessing to you be
 sent,
 And gain him your meed of praise.
 For the legend runs, "He who honours
 the name
 Of St. Hubert shall win a hunter's
 fame."

JEAN BONCEUR.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XV. AGNES AND SISTER MEG.



DOUTLESS it was with the elastic vigour that characterises the acts of most of us when we have done a good stroke of business in whatever walk of life, that Mrs. Newman reverted to her epis-

tolary labours, after having secured for herself a gratuitous luncheon. Yet none of her compositions seemed to give her satisfaction. But for her forethought in using scraps of paper for her rough draughts, she might have wasted two-penny worth of Bath note.

"I will go and see the girl myself," murmured she, impatiently; "that will be better than writing."

She would have started on the instant, for Mrs. Newman was not a person to let the grass grow under her feet when once a resolution was formed; but she could not bring herself to sacrifice, or, at all events, expose to possible miscarriage and loss, that excellent slice of mutton. And here she made a mistake. It is providentially arranged that very prudent and saving persons shall invariably, at one time or another, miss their mackerel, through an unwillingness to expose their sprat to possible loss; in their exclusive care of the pence the pounds occasionally take to themselves wings; their pin a day secures to them their groat a year, but in picking it up they sometimes neglect more important sources of income. Thus, in waiting for her gratuitous lunch, Mrs. Newman missed her opportunity of putting a stop to that conversation between her brother and Agnes Crawford, which we have had the privilege of overhearing. If she had started on her mission without waiting for that slice of mutton, she might (to use a culinary metaphor while speaking of a kindred subject) have cooked somebody's goose pretty completely. Imagine the effect of her appearance upon that sunny lawn; its abrupt interruption of the *tête-à-tête*; how she would have frightened the horse, and worried the man, that (would have liked to have) kissed

the maiden all forlorn, that lived in the house called Greycrags!

As it was, Mrs. Newman did not start for that retired mansion until 2.30 p.m. She arrived in her basket pony-carriage, driven by the small foot-page: like a baleful fairy, who, though drawn by fiery dragons, guided by a duodecimo fiend, reaches the house of the young princess the day *after* her coming-of-age, when it is vain to wish her wall-eyed or web-footed. But, out of elfland, it is never too late to do mischief.

Agnes had a foreboding that evil was impending when Cubra hissed through the key-hole, "Missis Newman come, and wish to see you very partickler;" nor did her instinct deceive her.

Nothing could be sweeter than the smile with which her guest arose as she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her as a mother might greet a daughter. It was the first time that Mrs. Newman had visited Greycrags since the Crawfords had resided there, and she had a great deal to say about the improvements that had been effected in the meantime. At last she said,

"What a charming lawn you have, my dear Miss Crawford; but what a pity it is that you allow horses upon it, for surely I see hoof-marks?"

"Ah," thought the speaker, "it's all true. The hussy blushes. It's quite as well I acted upon dear Jed's suggestions."]

"Yes, those are Red Berild's hoof-marks; the horse your brother rode when he saved my cousin and me upon the sands. I wished to take his portrait."

"My brother's portrait?"

"No, madam; Red Berild's." They were looking steadily in one another's faces. Agnes had quite recovered herself. Mrs. Newman felt that no easy task was awaiting her.

"It is all the same," said she, "whether it was the horse or the rider. I am an old woman—that is, comparatively speaking—and you, Miss Crawford, are a very young one. I am quite sure that you are unaware of the consequences—I mean of the construction which must needs be put, nay, which of late has been put upon my brother's visits to this house. In your exceeding innocence—" here Mrs. Newman placed a hand with a darned glove on it upon her young friend's

shoulder, and her voice became even tenderer and more winning—"and in your happy ignorance of the ways of the world, you have unwittingly given this wicked creature——"

"The horse, madam?"

"Miss Crawford, I am astonished at you. This levity is most unlooked for, most unbecoming. I say that you have unwittingly—as I *hope*, unwillingly—given this wicked and abandoned man encouragement. I am obliged to speak plainly."

"So it seems, Mrs. Newman, since you call your own brother by such names." She drew herself slowly away, so that her guest's hand, reluctantly slipping, hung by the darned finger tips for a second, and then fell.

"And is it not the truth, Miss Crawford? Can you pretend to be ignorant that John Carlyon is an infidel? And is not that to be wicked and abandoned?"

"We are all wicked, madam; but we cannot tell whom God has abandoned."

"And I thought this was a Christian woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman, holding up her hands. "How we are deceived in this world."

"Yes, madam," returned Agnes, coldly, "it is only in the next world that a true judgment will be arrived at, and even then we shall not be the judges."

If Mr. Richard Crawford had been occupying his usual post (which he was not) half way up the hill, or even higher, he could not have failed to hear Mrs. Newman sniff; it was like a hippopotamus who has just emerged from under water.

"Perhaps you think the infidel is only to be *pitied*, young lady," observed she, with what, had she been an irreligious person, would certainly have been termed a sneer. "Now pity, we all know, is akin to love."

"Mrs. Newman!"

"Yes; I can read it in your face. You love this man. You would marry him if he asked you to do so."

"That is false, madam, and I think you know it."

Notwithstanding this unpleasant imputation, Mrs. Newman was pleased. The girl was on her part evidently speaking truth. No irretrievable mischief had as yet been done. If he had proposed, she had not accepted him, although perhaps she might not have rejected him.

"I would never marry any man," she went on, "with the opinions you have, however uncharitably, described."

"But you are not without hope that his opinions may change," observed Mrs. Newman, quickly. "You believe in this man's possible conversion. Perhaps you believe that

you yourself may be the happy instrument. You do; I see you do."

"If you have no other purpose in coming here than to insult me thus, Mrs. Newman," returned Agnes, trembling, "I will retire." Her courage, so high when it was *he* who was attacked, sank before these relentless blows aimed at herself alone.

"Not before I have told you the whole truth," exclaimed the other, stepping swiftly towards her, and grasping her by the wrist. "Your conscience whispers that you are looking beyond the convert for the lover. If you have hitherto deceived yourself, you can do so no longer now, for I have undeceived you."

"And you do not wish your brother to be converted?"

"By *you*, no," answered Mrs. Newman, fiercely; "that is," added she, recollecting herself, "because such a thing is out of your power; you do not know how strong he is—this man. It is you who would be perverted by him. Two precious souls lost in the endeavour to save one."

"He did not think of his own life when he spurred across the whirling river to rescue mine," murmured Agnes, as though to herself.

"A reckless man will do anything for a pretty face, girl."

"You hurt my wrist, madam; please to let me go. A reckless man! A brave and noble man, I say, and one to be of the same blood with whom should make you proud."

"Those are strong words, young lady, and scarcely modest ones. If I must needs be proud of being this man's sister, how fine a thing it would be to be his wife. And it *would* be a fine thing to some people."

Up till now, Mrs. Newman had preserved the habitual smile and gentle tones that had stood her in such good stead through years of vulgar and penurious greed, but at these words her look and manner became those of a shrew.

"For a girl, for instance," she went on, "without money, without family—springing, in fact, from no one knows whom or whence, it doubtless would be a great matter to secure John Carlyon for a husband; that is to say, if she had no religious principles whatever, and was only bent upon attaining a position for herself in this world. But for you, Miss Crawford, no matter what the advantage you might gain by such a marriage, I will take leave to tell you——"

"Nothing more, madam," interposed Agnes, with dignity, at the same time ringing the bell sharply for her visitor's carriage. "I will not listen to another word. You have said enough already, far more than any gentle-

woman ought to say. Any honour to be gained by alliance with one of your family would indeed be dearly purchased if it entailed intimacy with such as you."

Mrs. Newman curtsied deeply with her customary grace.

"Thank you, Miss Crawford," said she. "I have also to be grateful to you——" here the servant entered and received his orders, retiring, doubtless, with the impression that the two ladies were most uncommonly polite to one another,—"for having exhibited to me under the disguise of a Christian young person, an unprincipled girl, and a designing fortune-hunter."

"She never can see him again after that," murmured Mrs. Newman, as, leaning back in her pony carriage, she thought over that heavy chainshot delivered at parting. "It was absolutely necessary that I should not mince matters; and what a comfort it is to think that I have acted for the girl's own good!"

CHAPTER XVI. SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was on the morning after the interview between Mrs. Newman and Agnes that Mr. Carstairs, calling, as he often did, at Woodlees, was, for the first time, so fortunate as to find its proprietor at home.

"Mr. John is in to-day, sir," said old Robin, whose eye-twinkling upon this subject had become chronic; "he really is, for once."

"Oh," ejaculated the doctor, by no means with satisfaction, but rather like one who, having received certain information that his dentist is out of town, has gone to consult him respecting a troublesome tooth, and finds him in. "Not gone to Greycrags this morning, then, eh, Robin?"

"No, sir, but he's got a letter from the young lady. Leastways, one was brought to him five minutes ago, and if you had seen his face when he took it into his hand—oh, yes, we was right about that, bless you. 'There was no answer,' said the man as brought it over. Why, of course not; what's the need of answering by letter when my gentleman rides over every mortal day? Perhaps he's put off a bit, that's all."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carstairs, musing.

"I tell you what, sir," went on the garrulous old man, "it will be a sore day for Miss Meg as was when the young squire marries. She counted upon Woodlees for Master Jedediah, bless you. But it's better as it is, to my thinking; for Miss Agnes, she'll win Mr. John to what's right, to the path as my old master walked in all the days of his life—a good man, Mr. Carstairs, if ever there was one—and that is all as is really wanting. If he had but piety and propriety, as our gardener says,

(and a remarkable long head has gardener), he would be perfect; and though I think it my duty not to let him know it, this I will say, never had servants a better master, or a kinder, than Mr. John. Whereas, you know, Miss Meg as was, she was always near—very pious and very proper, but most audacious near. Why, I remember, as if it was yesterday, when our Susan (she as was married to him as kep the Disney Arms, and a sad drunkard he was, but they're both gone now) went out to wash some chitterlings in the mill-race yonder and fell in. That was just after missis died, and Miss Meg she managed the house, and pretty nigh starved us for a matter of six months; we had to eat the innerds of everything, such as we had been used to throw away before her time, and she set us an example by having chitterlings for breakfast; nasty stinking things as ever you smelt. Well, Susan fell in, and the news came to the kitchen just as I was bringing in the urn, and I told Miss Meg at the breakfast table. 'Ma'am,' says I, 'while cleaning them innerds Susan Grives have tumbled into the mill-race.' 'Where are the innerds?' cried Miss Meg. I never shall forget it, never. Without even asking whether the girl were drowned or not, 'Where are the innerds?' Oh, yes, I do hope that Miss Meg as was will not be mistress here in my time."

"Well, that's not very likely, Robin, is it?" inquired the doctor, looking earnestly in the old man's face. "You surely do not expect at your age to outlive your master."

"At my age," grumbled Robin; "well, I'm sure, one would think I was Methuselah. And as to that, the young are taken, and the old ones left, oftentimes."

"Very true, Robin," answered Mr. Carstairs, nodding. "And now let me see Mr. John. I know my way, and needn't trouble you to come up-stairs."

"Ah, but he ain't in the turret room," ejaculated the other, still in rather a dissatisfied tone, for Robin was tender as a belle of eight-and-twenty upon the point of age, "he's in the master's room. He happened to be in the hall when the letter came, and just as though he couldn't wait for a minute, he shut himself in there to read it, and ain't been out since; I daresay he's a getting it by heart," chuckled the old man. "You must knock louder than that, bless ye——"

But Mr. Carstairs, getting no reply to his summons, and finding the door made fast, stooped down and looked through the keyhole. "Fetch some cold water," cried he; "quick, quick!" and while uttering the words, the agile little man flew out at the garden door, and in at the window of the cedar chamber

(standing open as usual to get what sunshine it could) like a bird. There was, indeed, not a moment to spare. John Carlyon lay upon the floor, still breathing stertorously, but with a face like that of a strangled man. His head had fortunately been caught by the sofa cushion, and remained higher than the rest of his body. His hand still clutched an open letter, the receipt of which had doubtless caused the calamity by some emotional shock, and a small book—it looked like a Testament—lay on the floor by his side. The doctor's quick eye took in all these things at a single glance, and sooner than the action could be described in words, he had freed Carlyon's throat from neckcloth and collar, and bared his arm. Then, throwing open the door to get a free current of air, as well as to admit Robin, he began to use the lancet. Would the blood never flow? Was he dead—this strong man, in the full vigour of his prime? No; very slowly, drop by drop, but presently in a crimson tide, came the life stream; while old Robin stood by, dazed with terror, and sprinkling the cold water as often on the floor as upon his young master's forehead.

"Is it a fit, doctor?" inquired he, in a hoarse whisper.

"No, the heat of the weather, that's all," responded Mr. Carstairs, hastily. "See, he is getting better now."

There was a deep drawn respiration, and the large eyes drowsily opened and closed. "You had better go away, Robin; he is coming to himself, and perhaps would not like to know that you had seen him in this state. Say nothing to anyone of what has happened. Hush! go, go."

"Ay, ay, sir, I understand," answered the old man, moving reluctantly away. "It is not for me to tittle-tattle about my master's affairs." Then, as the door was pushed hastily behind him, he added, "But I knows a fit from a faint, I reckon. God forbid that Miss Meg as was *should* be mistress here in my time, as I was just saying; yet many's the true word spoken in jest. And he did look mortal bad, surely."

"What is the matter?" asked Carlyon, sitting up, and passing his hand wearily across his forehead. "Have I been ill, doctor?"

"Yes, my friend, very ill; but you are getting over it now. Let me help you on to the sofa; there."

"The letter! Where is it?" inquired Carlyon, feebly.

"It is here," said the other, returning it to him, folded up.

"You have read it, doctor?"

"Yes; I could not help reading it—that is, seeing that one word."

"Ay."

The voice that was wont to be so strong and cheery sounded faint and hollow like the last boom of a funeral bell.

"Only one word, doctor, yet with a world of meaning in it. That 'No,' means for me No happiness, No hope. I wish you had not come and saved my life. What years of wretchedness may be before me ere I gain the shelter of the grave!"

"No, Carlyon," returned the doctor, gravely, "you have at least not that to fear. You will never be a long-lived man."

"How so?" inquired the other, incredulously. "I should be glad to be able to believe you; for somehow," glancing up at the strange weapons upon the wall, "I could never bring myself to hasten matters—to desert my post here, albeit I have nothing to guard, nothing to protect——"

Carlyon did not finish the sentence, but turned round with his face to the wall.

"That letter was from Miss Crawford, was it not?" said the doctor, very tenderly; "and its meaning is that she has refused you. I am deeply sorry, old friend, that you have been caused this pain, and I reproach myself because it was in my power to avert it."

"In yours?"

"Yes. If I had done my duty, I should have told you something weeks ago which would have spared you much of this. Can you bear to hear it now?"

"I can bear anything," murmured Carlyon, wearily, "the worst that can befall has happened to me already. She is not like other girls; when she says No, she means it."

The despairing words had no such hopeless ring but that the other knew an answer was expected with some comfort in it. Yet none was given.

"Carlyon," said he, after a long silence, "if Agnes Crawford had written, 'Yes,' instead of 'No,' still, knowing what I know, learning what it would have been my duty to tell her, she would not have married you. And you, if you had known, you would not have asked her to become your wife."

"Would I not?" murmured Carlyon, bitterly. "Your secret must indeed then be a terrible one. Perhaps I have madness in my blood. I sometimes think I have."

"No. It is not terrible—at least, it need not be so—but only sad. Had it been what you hint at, I should have known it years ago, but this I only learnt a few weeks back—on the day when you saved Miss Crawford's life upon the sands."

"I wish I had been drowned in saving it."

"You were very nearly drowned, Carlyon. It was only your fainting under water that saved

you. Your case, I saw at once, was different from the other two; and when you lay insensible at my house, I found out this—you have heart disease, John Carlyon. You nearly died to-day; you may die to-morrow if anything should cause you the least excitement. Your life is not worth six months' purchase. I do not think it possible that you will live beyond a year." There was a solemn pause, during which the lightest sound was heard; a butterfly brushed against the open window; a bee buried in some fragrant flower beneath its sill, emitted a muffled hum; far off, on the other side of the high garden-wall, the mill-race roared; the rooks cawed sleepily from the elm tops in the park.

"You remember, upon the day I mention," continued the doctor, "that I began to speak upon religious matters. Doubtless it seemed impertinent to you that I did so; but you know the reason now. I thought—do not let us argue any more, my friend—I thought it my duty to do so, and I think so now. Science had passed your sentence of death, and it was surely meet that Religion should comfort you. I saw that I was unfit for such a task, and yet I wished to be of some service to the son of your father. There, I will not speak of him again, since it pains you. But I have known you from a child, my friend, and I knew your dear mother, who gazes upon you from yonder picture, with the same love and with the same fear, (I did not understand it then, but I do now,) with which I have seen her gaze upon her darling boy a hundred times."

"You understand it now?" said Carlyon, bitterly; "oh, no."

"I think I do," returned Mr. Carstairs, quietly.

Still keeping his face averted, Carlyon held out his hand, which the other took tenderly within his own.

"And why did you not tell me this—I mean about my heart—before, doctor?"

"Partly, lest the shock might hurt you at that time, which, from something that you yourself let fall, I thought it would; partly because I was a coward, and loth to be the bearer of such news; but principally, because I thought I saw in Miss Agnes one who would show you the road to heaven far better than I. I knew, of course, after what had happened, that you two must needs become intimate, but I did not look forward to your—to this sad end of it all. Even that, however, lies in some measure at my door. I did all for the best, and nothing has turned out as I would have had it."

"Don't fret, my friend; don't reproach yourself, you good soul," said Carlyon, turn-

ing round and smiling upon the doctor, who stood dejected by his side. "It was not certainly your fault that I shut my eyes to the gulf that lay between me and Agnes. I am punished for my folly, that is all."

"It was I, however," pursued the doctor, mournfully, "who gave you at least one opportunity which has doubtless worked with others to this sad end. I knew that that hare-brained cousin of hers would be jealous of you. He suspects everybody. I believe he is jealous of me, the self-willed idiot!—and so, when we were at Greycrag that night, I kept him to myself, solely that Miss Agnes might have some serious talk with you. I was an ass not to foresee what sort of talk it would be. I would have told her the whole truth, but that that would have been the betrayal of a professional secret. Now, if I had been a parson I should have done so for the good of your soul."

"Lost! lost! for ever lost!" murmured Carlyon.

"No, no, my friend, not lost," returned the doctor, kindly. "It is never too late to—entertain more correct views upon religious matters."

"What are you talking about, man?" exclaimed Carlyon, fiercely. "I was not thinking of my 'miserable soul,' as you call it."

"I am sorry to hear it," returned the doctor, simply.

"And I am not going to join your fire insurance society," added the other, scornfully. "The premium would, under the circumstances, be probably enormous."

"I have said what I thought it was my duty as a Christian man to say," said Mr. Carstairs, reddening, "and now I am here in my professional capacity only. Can I do anything more for you, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Yes. That instrument which I see peeping out of your pocket is the stethoscope, is it not? Please to use it once more."

"I have told you what its answer will be," said the doctor, hesitating.

"Nevertheless," replied the other, smiling, "I wish to make 'sicker,' as Kirkpatrick said when he drove his dirk into the Red Comyn."

He opened his waistcoat himself, and watched Mr. Carstairs steadily as he applied the instrument.

"When I was on the grand jury at Lancaster last year, doctor, I saw a sad scene. A mother waiting for the verdict upon her son, who was being tried for murder, and had been caught red-handed in the very act. I am glad to think that when you pronounce my doom there will be none to lament for me, not one. Come, doctor, what is it? I know

you are a wise man, who looks upon the bright side of things, and yet has the knack of telling the truth. You are putting your black cap on, I see. The sentence is Death, is it?"

The kind-hearted doctor nodded. Perhaps he did not like to trust himself to speak.

"Good. And the stethoscope never deceives?"

"Never," returned Mr. Carstairs, firmly, and with some approach to indignation. "I will stake my professional reputation upon what I have stated with respect to your case."

Carlyon smiled in his old, pleasant fashion.

"I would not damage your credit, doctor, by overliving my year, for all the world. And I may die in the meantime, of course?"

"At any moment. To-day—to-morrow. It is certainly your duty to lose no time in setting your affairs in order. I think you should see your sister, Mr. Carlyon. I met her only yesterday afternoon, and she spoke most kindly of you."

"Most kindly of me? Then she must certainly have been speaking very ill of me to somebody else. I have always observed that in Meg. After administering a great deal of scourge she sometimes applies a little balsam."

"You are uncharitable, Carlyon. She not only spoke quite enthusiastically of your heroism upon the sands the other day, but also very patronisingly (you know her way) about Miss Agnes, whom she had just been to see at Greycrags. Why, what's the matter? Excitement of this sort is the very worst thing——"

"Did my sister go to Greycrags?" exclaimed Carlyon, starting to his feet. "Did that lying woman speak to Agnes? It is she then whom I have to thank for this—this letter. I see it all now. She did not wish me to marry, lest Woodlees should not revert to her Jedediah; and to stop it, she maligns me to Agnes. The hypocrite, the backbiter!"

"You are killing yourself, Mr. Carlyon."

"You are right; I will be very careful," returned the other, bitterly, and pacing the room with hasty strides. "I should be sorry to die within the next few days. Perhaps you will call to-morrow, and see how I am."

Carlyon took the little man by the arm and gently, but firmly, urged him towards the door.

"It is no use my coming to see you, sir," expostulated the doctor; "I can do nothing for you."

"Very well, then, don't come," returned the other, quietly. "I shall remember you all the same, as if you did."

"Sir!" ejaculated Mr. Carstairs.

"Forgive me, old friend; I am not myself. I do not know what I am saying. I thank you for all your kindness, and especially for your telling me the truth."

Doctor and patient shook hands warmly enough. Although widely different, each respected the other after his fashion.

"For God's sake keep yourself quiet," was the kindly and characteristic remark of the former, as he rode away.

Carlyon nodded, then turned to Robin.

"Tell James to saddle Red Berild directly, and then come to me."

"Red Berild, Mr. John?" returned the old man, scarcely believing his ears, for it was rarely that anyone ever crossed that horse except his master.

"Did not I say so?" observed Carlyon, coolly, and, returning to the parlour, sat himself down to write. The note was finished before the groom came, and he began to fret and fume.

"You have been a long time coming, sir," said he, with unwonted sternness; "and Red Berild must make up for your delay. Do not spare the spur. I want this letter taken to Burnthorp, to Mr. Scrivens."

"The lawyer, sir?"

"Yes, the lawyer; who else? There is no answer; but he or his partner is to come at once. If the means of conveyance are wanted, lend him your horse, and you will walk."

"It is twenty miles," murmured the groom, thinking of the distance to be traversed by Shanks, his (unaccustomed) mare.

"I shall expect him here in four hours," observed Carlyon, referring to his watch instead of to this remonstrance.

When sentence of death is pronounced by one's doctor, we think—that is, just at first—that it is going to be executed forthwith; and we are in a particular hurry to make our wills.

(To be continued.)

ELKS.

THESE huge, grotesque-looking animals, at once the largest of the deer tribe, and far the largest of European mammals, have, it appears to us, hitherto received less notice than their size and many singularities would warrant. Their specific name, too, "elk," (from the Scandinavian "elke," having possibly a common root with the Saxon *ēlp*, whence *Alp*, elephant, &c.)* has been and is still frequently misapplied to animals of species altogether distinct.

* Dr. Noah Webster assigns these words a Hebrew root, signifying "a huge or mighty animal."

The elk proper (*Cervus Alces* of Cuvier), is found in the present day, in the north of Prussia, in Scandinavia, in Russia, in parts of Asia in latitudes similar to those in which it occurs in Europe, and in North America. On the latter continent where it is known as the moose, from its Indian name *moo-so-a*, it extends from Columbia to the Arctic sea, west of Quebec occurring on the north bank of the St. Lawrence only, but east of that city being met with on the south bank as well, extending into the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the more retired parts of the state of New York.

The elk or moose—for the European and American animals appear specifically one and the same—may be briefly described as follows:—

The male, or bull, when full grown, is from seventeen to eighteen hands high. The cow moose rarely exceeds sixteen hands. The colour of the male is a varying ash, the hairs getting darker towards the tip. The coat of the female is lighter and redder than that of the male. The hair is very long and extremely brittle, a peculiarity which in Sweden is attributed to the dryness of the moss on which the animals sometimes feed. In winter, unlike most animals inhabiting high latitudes, the coat of the elk assumes a darker in place of a lighter hue, the bulls becoming almost black. The males alone are provided with horns, which appear about an inch in height during the first year, during the second they resemble a spear head a foot long, at five years they have assumed a triangular form, and at maturity, which is said to be about the fourteenth year, they have attained their full size, often measuring five feet from top to toe, and exceeding a half-hundred-weight in weight. The horns are shed in January and February, and so rapidly are they developed, that at the end of Spring they are restored again to their full size. The forelegs are apparently disproportionately long—the hoofs, which are sharp and finely shaped, being the usual weapons of defence; those of the hind-feet are loose and splayed, somewhat resembling the hoofs of the reindeer—a provision doubtless intended to support, to a certain extent, the great weight of the animal on the swamps it frequents in summer, and on the surface of the winter snows. The neck of the elk is short, and the muscles which support the head, of most wonderful size. The shortness of the neck is in some degree compensated by the enlargement of the muzzle or moufle, and, as in all the deer tribe, by the length and peculiar prehensile powers of the tongue. The tail is short and white underneath; a warm musky odour, faint, but clearly perceptible,

which marks the vicinity of the animal, proceeds, we believe, from certain small glands near the root.

The rutting season is in September; and the calves which are born in Spring, one or two at a birth, follow their mother for an unusually long period. Like all animals which are long in reaching maturity, the elk is reputed to attain a great age, but on this point no reliable information is seemingly procurable.

Its favourite food appears to be the young branches and twigs of trees, and water plants of all descriptions. The elk is said to be at all times a sparing feeder, and the growth and sustenance of a bulk so vast (for a bull frequently exceeds 1800 lbs. in weight,) out of the seemingly inadequate materials such food affords, is unquestionably most remarkable. Still more so perhaps, is the annual reproduction of the antlers. Many competent authorities, among others, Blumenbach, have asserted the annual growth of the horns of the deer tribe to be among the greatest wonders of comparative anatomy; and if this be true, in reference to our native species, the horns of which seldom exceed ten or a dozen pounds in weight, what shall we say to the annual reproduction, in the course of ten or twelve weeks, of solid masses of bone,* of fifty and sixty pounds weight (exceeding that of a full-grown sheep), and this without any apparent unusual demands on the other bodily functions of the animal!

In some instances the horns exceed the above dimensions. In his Travels, Mr. Catlin mentions having found a pair of antlers of the moose, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, which being set on their points as an archway, permitted the tallest man of his party to walk under without touching them.

The great size the animal often attains appears to have been long disbelieved. A quaint old writer, one John Josselyn, gentleman, who published a narrative of his two visits to New England in 1679, appears peculiarly wroth at the scepticism with which his accounts of the animal were received.

"The moose or elke," he writes, "is a creature, or rather if you will, a monstere of superfluitie, a full grown moose is many times bigger than an Englishe ox, their horns, as I have said elsewhere, very big and brancht out into palmes, the tips whereof are sometimes found to be two fathoms asunder, (a fathom is six feet from the tip of one finger to the tip of the other, that is, four cubitts,) and in height, from the toe of the foot to the pitche of the shoulder, twelve feet, both which hath been taken by some of my scepticke

* The antlers of deer, unlike the horns of other animals, are pure bone.

readers, to be monstrous lies. If you consider the breadth the beaste carrieth, and the magnitude of the horns, you will easily be induced to contribute your belief. And for their heighte, since I came into England, I have read Dr. Schroederus his Chemical Dispensatorie, translated into English by Dr. Rowland, where he states that when he lived in Finland, under Gustavus Horn, he saw an elke that was killed and presented to Gustavus his mother, seventeen spans highe. So now you sirs of the gibing crue, if you have any skill in mensuration, tell me what difference there is between seventeen spans and twelve foote."

There is, certainly, some little difference between twelve feet and the average height we have before assigned to the moose, but unless the antlers far exceeded their ordinary proportions, Mr. Catlin's specimen could not have fallen far short of the dimensions given by the irascible Josselyn.

The habits of the moose require but brief notice. In summer, they roam the forests and swamps, in small herds; but in winter, conscious apparently of the difficulties which their great weight presents to their passage across the snow, they collect in larger herds, and form "*yards*" or "*ravagés*," as they are termed by the French Canadians, in some well-sheltered spot. By confining themselves thus to a small area (twenty or thirty acres generally), as long as the food lasts, the surface becomes trampled down and the banks of snow-drift around not only shelter them from the icy blasts, but, in military phraseology, "defilade" them from the view of their enemies the wolves, whose unconquerable suspicion prevents their ever venturing inside the enclosure.

Like many other huge animals, the moose appears to be gifted with the power of moving swiftly and noiselessly through places seemingly the most unsuited to his size and action.

Mr. F. Buckland quotes an officer who thus writes of a Nova-Scotian forest:—"Though all of our mammalia are nocturnal, and many of them beasts of prey, their nightly wanderings and strife with their victims are conducted in the most orderly manner. Quiet, noiseless stealth, appears to be the characteristic of all animal life in the forest. Mutual distrust, even of the same species, and ever-present tendency to alarm, predominate in the wildest districts, where the sight of man is unknown, or at least unremembered. The moose can so silently withdraw, that I have remained hours on the stillest night, believing the animal to be standing within a few yards, in a neighbouring thicket, whither he had advanced in answer to a call, and

found at length he had suspiciously retreated. The great creature had retired, worming his huge bulk and his enormous antlers through the entangled swamp, without the detection of the straining ear, to which the nibbling of a porcupine at the bark of a tree, in the same grove, was plainly audible."

In Canada, indeed, the moose has need of all the wariness with which nature has endowed him. The many economic uses to which the various parts of the carcass are there applied, and the length of the season during which the chase is legalised by the Canadian game laws (six months), has caused him in many parts to be hunted *à l'outrance*; and to this fact, and still more to the wanton destruction of old and young alike, which is too often perpetrated, we owe the rapid decrease in the numbers of these animals of late years.

The methods of hunting the moose are various, depending on the season. In September, when moose-hunting begins, "calling" is the plan most often adopted. This method consists in attracting the bulls within range of the hunter, who lies concealed, by imitating the call of the female, an accomplishment in which the red men are said to excel. In other cases "driving," is the plan resorted to; the Indian beaters making a long detour and driving the animals towards some spot previously determined on. Both these methods are employed in autumn. "Creeping" or "still hunting," which is in fact stalking, is another method which may be followed both in autumn and winter. To these we must add "tracking" or "crusting," i.e., following the animal on snow shoes, during the winter, when his great weight causes him continually to break through the snow, and thus places him at a disadvantage. Besides these, are the various methods of trapping and springing, by which great numbers are destroyed, by the lumbermen and Indians.

The various uses to which the different parts of the animal are applied, are thus set forth in the pages of the Canadian "Naturalist and Geologist," by a gentleman in the Hudson's Bay Company's service:—

"The hide supplies parchment, leather, lines and cords; the sinews yield thread and glue; the horns serve for handles to knives, and awls, as well as to make spoons of; the shank-bones are employed as tools to dress leather with; and with a particular portion of the hair, when dyed, the Indian woman embroider garments. To make leather and parchment, the hide is first divested of hair by scraping; and all pieces of raw flesh being cut away, if then washed, stretched, and dried, it will become parchment. In converting this into

leather a further process of steeping, scraping, rubbing, and smearing, with the brains of the animal is gone through, after which it is stretched and dried, and then smoked over a fire of rotten wood, which imparts a lively yellow colour to it. The article is then ready for service. Of parchment as such, the Indians make little use, but the residents avail themselves of it in place of glass for windows, for constructing the side of dog-curricles, and for making glue. The leather is serviceable in a variety of ways, but is principally made into tents and articles of clothing, and in the fabrication of dog-harness, fine cords, wallets, &c. The carpets, fire bags, mittens, and mocassins, made of it, are often richly ornamented with quills and beads.* The lines and cords are of various sizes, the largest being used for sled-lines, and pack-cords, the smaller, for lacing snow-shoes, and other purposes. In order to make the sled-lines pliant—a very necessary quality when the temperature is forty degrees to fifty degrees below zero Fahrenheit—the cord is first soaked in fat fish liquor, it is then dried in the frost, and afterwards rubbed by hauling it through the eye of an axe. To complete the operation it is well greased, and any hard lumps masticated until they become soft, by which process a line is produced of much strength and pliancy, and which is not liable to crack in the most severe cold. To obtain thread, the fibres of the sinews are separated and twisted into the required sizes. The moose furnishes the best quality of this article, which is used to sew leather and cloth, make rabbit snares, and weave into fish nets." When we consider, too, the large amount of meat (which, tough and tasteless as it is, can be preserved as pemmican), on the carcass of a single moose, one can scarcely wonder at the eagerness with which they are sought.

In Lapland and Sweden, the elk appears to fare better. The writer of "A Summer in Lapland," informs us that the open season is there confined to two months, September and October; and he adds that this is about the only clause in the Swedish game laws which is in any way observed, and that the consequences are perceptible in the increased numbers of the animals of late years. He gives an amusing incident in illustration of the attention paid to the matter.

"A few seasons back, a steamboat on one of the Fiords, came across an elk composedly swimming from one bank to the other; with much difficulty a hawser was made fast to his antlers, and Mr. Elk was taken in tow, but a Swedish Justice Shallow, who happened to be

on board, took exception to this proceeding, on the ground that it was the close season; and so after some disputing, much to the dismay of the sailors, the elk had to be 'let go.'"

The method of hunting in Sweden is confined to "driving," of which we have spoken before. The skin of the elk is here considered the most valuable portion, and for sleigh robes fetches a good price.

Of the Asiatic elk, we have been unable to learn any particulars, beyond the fact of its wide-spread existence within certain latitudes.

Like many of its congeners, the elk appears at an earlier period of the world's history, to have had a far wider range. Fossil remains of the animal have been found in nearly every country in Europe, and in North Germany, and Pomerania, they are especially abundant. They have also been found in the Pleistocene strata of our own islands, with the remains of the cave lion, cave bear, mammoth, and other extinct monsters. It has been lately assumed that they existed here, not only in the times which we now term pre-historic, but even in the days of the Roman occupation. These last assumptions appear to us good examples of the sweeping deductions sometimes thus drawn from most insufficient data.

The evidence of the pre-historic existence of the animal in Britain, rests on a *single* antler (found in the silt of a Northumbrian burn), which *might*, we submit, have had an origin as recent as Mr. F. Buckland's Aldershot skull.* Its co-existence with our Roman predecessors, is supported by the fact that some Roman remains and the skeleton of a moose, were discovered together near Berwick. In our boyish days, in another north-country town, we remember a huge Madras elephant that used to march before a gallant regiment, there quartered, to the immense edification of our youthful selves, and of a gaping crowd of the lieges; and a few seasons back, we observed on Dover heights, a Scottish red deer, thus accompanying the movements of a Highland regiment. Now, we would beg leave to ask if it might not be possible that the moose in question, was a "pet" of some of Severus' legionaries, brought probably from their far-off German forest-homes. We venture to commend this supposition to the consideration of our geological friends, as being quite as consistent with the fact as the previous deduction, and as we indeed are inclined to think, a good deal more probable. Neither Cæsar, nor any other Roman writer, mentions the existence of elk in Britain. Cæsar states that

* Pouches are made out of the forefeet; these are called *copuchæ*. The hoofs are retained as an ornament to the pouch.

* See "Curiosities of Nat. Hist.," 2nd Series, vol. II.

it abounded in the great Hircynian forest; and Pliny, who appears to have found an inexhaustible fund of marvels in the animal itself, is rather indefinite as to its habitat.

We may here remark that the gigantic extinct Irish deer (*Cervus megaceros*), yclept the "Big-horn," or more frequently, the "Irish elk," the discovery of whose monstrous antlers caused so much wonderment to the poets and savants of the last century, was not strictly speaking an *elk*, but a true deer, of a variety between the fallow and reindeer types.

This, as we have already stated, is by no means the only misapplication of the term.

In Canada, where the true elk is termed the moose, the name elk is applied to the *Cervus Canadensis*, better known by its Indian name of wa-pi-ti, the "red deer," of the Hudson's Bay hunters—an animal which closely resembles our own red deer, though far exceeding the latter in size. On the Oregon coast, these animals grow to an enormous size, often weighing from five to seven hundred-weight. Their antlers, too, sometimes reach the proportion of the fossil Irish specimens. Mr. Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Columbia," recently published, relates having found them six feet in length, and eleven inches round the burr. He inclines to consider these animals merely a large variety of the Canadian wa-pi-ti. They are usually known as the "Oregon elk."

In South Africa, the term *elk*, synonymous with elk, is applied to one of the bovine antelopes, which has become well-known from the efforts made for its domestication in England.

In Ceylon, and in India, the name elk is, again, almost always misapplied. In India, it is bestowed generally, on the magnificent black deer, (*Cervus Aristoteles*), otherwise called the sambar or great rusa, one of the largest and most beautifully formed of the true deer. In "My Indian Journal," by Colonel Campbell (the Old Forest Ranger), there is a very spirited sketch of this animal, from the pencil of Mr. Wolf, to the fidelity of which we can bear witness, and which we would beg the reader to contrast with the eccentric form of the "elk proper."

C.

THE SKIPPER'S COAT AND THE LAND-LUBBER'S REVENGE.

READER, if you are ever expatriated to Sunnybay, that fashionable invalid watering-place, in Blankshire, where the sole amusement of the male population is doing nothing, because there is nothing to do, and the sole amusements of the female population are going to church every two hours, riding in

mule carriages, and flirting with young curates, do as I did, and hire a twenty-ton cutter for a month, and be happy.

The Bumble-bee, my venture, was nearly twenty tons burden, and had been owned by a member of one of the royal yacht clubs. She was cutter-rigged and decently appointed, and in every respect well adapted for any one who wanted a good useful sea-boat.

Let me pass over the dignity with which I ordered the skipper to see my things put on board, and to be ready for me in the afternoon at the pier-head at Blank. I must take credit for one thing, which was the faithful carrying out of a resolve, made before hiring the Bumble-bee, of never, by dress, manner, or talk, aping the yachting-man, or of allowing my worst enemy a chance of putting me down as an impostor, like many of the nautically-attired snobs who lounge about watering-places in blue jackets with anchor buttons, and who are never afloat except in a lady's breeze.

Our crew consisted of but two, the skipper and a fine manly yachtsman, who judging from his wardrobe was out of luck, and had been picked up cheap; but whatever his pay may have been, he was an excellent fellow and a thorough seaman.

The anchor is up and we are off, and honestly let me confess that when I found myself lying on the deck, attired in an old pilot jacket, flannel trousers, and straw hat (for I indulged in comfortable clothes when afloat), I felt very, very happy, and perhaps a little "cocky."

The skipper promised a six hours' run, to Sunnybay, which place we expected to reach about 10 p.m., and I pictured to myself the full moon shining on the bay, the girls who had been at church on and off all day, walking on Sunnybay pier and on the Sands, a little muffled up, and not unattended by curates. There not being much to look at, sea-wards the sails would attract attention, and I should have the dignity of running into the bay the observed of all observers, might possibly be hailed by the pier-master, if he had not gone to bed; should land in the dingy, and be recognised as the man who kept the yacht.

It was sunset, and the tops of hills far away inland blazed with all those brilliant colours of which poets delight to sing; and little villages which dotted the shore of the Solent stood out in bold relief against the evening light. "How I wish," I thought, "we were going to be out all night." The thought was hardly out of my mind before the skipper came towards me and said:

"Bad job this, sir, wind dropping at

sunset, and tide turning. What shall we do?"

"Anchor," I replied, as cool as a cucumber.

If I had been doing amateur soldiering I should have said "charge," but being afloat I used the last words of the immortal Nelson.

Now why did the skipper ask me what to do? I discovered in five minutes that it was a fishing question for the purpose of ascertaining whether I knew anything of yachting or not. I think, as will presently appear, the skipper did not gain much by his tactics.

Of course it turned out that we could not anchor where we were, so all we could do was to drift ignominiously until we could; and we drifted accordingly, and pending that dreary process I plumbed the skipper's character, and found it to be made up of three things; first, love of self; secondly, love of money; and thirdly, love of ease—the ingredients being about equal in proportions.

The skipper's whole conversation abounded with anecdotes of generous traits in the characters of gentlemen who had sailed with him, and of presents which had been from time to time made to himself.

It was impossible to remain all night on deck, as the dew was falling heavily, and so with a last look at the Needle rocks on which the moon was shining, I handed over my waterproof coat to the skipper, *who was expecting a new coat from Dartmouth the next day*, and went below and turned in.

What a noble sight sunrise at sea is, but does it not strike cold at that hour!

"What, ho! there! Skipper, give me my waterproof, for it is very chilly, and you 'William' make some coffee, there's a good fellow, and I'll light a pipe."

Now the skipper came out of my coat about as willingly as a periwinkle comes out of his shell at the bidding of a small boy armed with a pin; but with wonderful presence of mind he ordered William (which name I give to the hardy yachtsman) to do so many things that he was compelled to pull off his tarpaulin coat, into which the skipper crept while warm, and lamented the delay of the Dartmouth tailor, who had neglected to send his waterproof.

In vain I argued with the skipper that he could get a tarpaulin coat at any port for a few shillings; my arguments were useless, he would have the coat which he had ordered or none. He showed his hand too plainly, and it was clear that the thing uppermost in his mind was that I should give him one, and I was equally determined not to do so.

I will sum up the events of my first fortnight's yachting in a very few words. I did sail into Sunnybay in great style; I did create a small sensation, mine being the only yacht there; and I trust I bore my conspicuous position meekly. At any rate I gave a great deal of pleasure, for very little money, to my children and friends, who were content with snug little luncheons without endless champagne cups, and I spoilt the skipper to such an extent that, comparatively speaking, he was my master.

If I hinted at going to Cherbourg, doubts were raised about wind or weather, so I contented myself by cruising about some twelve hours a day, more or less, and kept the skipper (who was supposed to keep himself) in all the good things of this life. Whatever the weather was, out I went, and the skipper still kept on about the faithless tailor and his much-desired coat.

A bright thought came across me, and I put it into execution. Two friends came for a week's cruise, and when the eventful day of our departure from Sunnybay arrived, the skipper was in great glee at the sight of numerous hampers and bottles which were being stowed away under the care of the faithful William.

"Well, now," asked the smiling skipper, "where are you thinking of going, gentlemen? It occurred to me that it would be a good plan if——"

"Hold hard, skipper," I said, interrupting him, and looking him full in the face. "We will go to Dartmouth, and fetch your coat!"

It would fill three volumes if I attempted to describe the various subterfuges of our friend to avoid that voyage. How he put into a harbour ten miles off, the first day, on the plea of wind and tide failing. How at seven o'clock that evening I insisted on going on; how he insisted on not taking a pilot, although pressed to do so; how we got into a sou'-wester, and smashed all our crockery, and bid fair never to get in anywhere, owing to the skipper not knowing the coast, and nearly running us on to Exmouth bar; how at last I insisted on signalling for a pilot off Teignmouth; and how, after waiting for some hours, our signals were observed, and two pilot-boats raced for the job, and how one over-shot us, and the other was nearly swamped in boarding us; how the pilot who boarded us took possession of us, to our great comfort, and made us snug for the night in a sheltered bay.

I really pitied our skipper, for he looked such a fool, when the pilot expressed his opinion of the mess we had been dragged into.

Next morning the skipper had his craft to himself, and the old objections arose about going to Dartmouth. I was firm, however, and insisted on Dartmouth, with the alternative of abandoning the yacht, and leaving him to recover his money; and it so turned out that we safely reached Dartmouth and dropped anchor in the Dart, off the Town Quay.

"And now," said the skipper, with the courage of despair, as he pulled the little dingy alongside, "I will run ashore and see about beds at the hotel for you, gentlemen."

In jumped the skipper, and just as he was shoving the boat off, in jumped I. His eye met mine, and he looked about as merry as an eel in a sand-pit.

"I think this is the best hotel," said the skipper, pointing at random to the first inn which met his eye.

"Excellent," I replied. "But first about your coat. What is the name of the street, and what is the tailor's name?"

Need I say that the skipper's memory was doubly defective?

It is no good kicking a man when he is down; so I was merciful, and left a loophole for my friend, by leaving him, and going into the hotel.

In about an hour the skipper turned up, attired in an excellent waterproof coat, which he had picked up ready made; and from that moment his mind seemed relieved, and he became willing and cheerful, and we got on capitally together.

He was not a bad fellow, as the world goes, at the bottom, but he tried to take in a land-lubber and was fairly done, and he knew it.

F. G.

MY MARSH FARM.

LET others boast of granite peaks,
Hills red with heather sheen,
Rich leas, dark forests, all the wealth
That in the west is seen;
Not e'en for these, and more, would I
My marsh-farm change, I ween!

True, that no stream o'er rocky shelves
Leaps joyous on its way;
By lady-ferns no currents love
To murmur night and day;
Hither the poet fancy-led,
Is seldom wont to stray.

But then my whitening barley-breadths,
Wheat-fields of waving gold,
Stretches of emerald pasture, all
Most goodly to behold.
Who that could name their varied charms?
Who, praising, could be cold?

Here Vikings drove their barks on shore,
Spurning the surf-strewn wave;
To us their stern will, tender heart,
And soft blue eyes they gave;
Like them our maids are lithe and fair,
Our men are tall and brave.

Their names live stamped on town and street,
Or linger by the beck;
The wind swept-wolds, the glimm'ring marsh,
Their villages still fleck;
Iceni, Romans, Saxons, Danes,
Our glorious annals deck.

'Tis health's quintessence on these banks
Of fragrant thyme to rest,
To suffer air, sun, wind, and waves,
To sweep care from the breast,
Watching sea-rescued acres smile,
In harvest splendours drest.

And then the gallant west wind's rage
When Autumn's leaves are flying,
When oak and sapling, fruit and flower,
Dashed down, are lowly lying.
Here let me face it, struggling on,
Its utmost force defying!

List how my wild-fowl, many a flight,
Make clangour on the shore;
See my marsh blooms, yon^e flow'ring rush,
Pink-petalled, reigning o'er
The tall mace-reeds—how like a king
He flaunts his guards before!

Near these slow white-starred waters let
My lazy sheep recline,
While far and wide, knee-deep in grass,
Stray round the thoughtful kine.
Yonder blue sea, to those blue wolds
And bluer sky—all mine!

From the pale east, what floods of light
Flush the broad flats at morn!
What grandeur in the vast expanse,
These miles of ruddy corn,
Those meadow-seas, where purple waves
Roll onwards, swiftly borne!

At eve, too, when one crimson blaze
The wearied day retires,
Its level far-shot rays light up
Full fifty tow'rs and spires;
While myriad distant casements gleam
Flashing responsive fires.

What matter peaks of snow, deep vales
Strung on a streamlet's thread?
In lieu of landscape, larger skies
By kindly Nature spread
Enfold the marsh, and fuller airs
Soft influences shed.

Long may I note the subtle hues
That here tint morn and eve;
Watch summer into winter, nor
In rainiest seasons grieve.
I love my marsh-land—all its moods
My heart opens to receive.

* The *Butomus umbellatus*, with its large head of showy rose-coloured flowers, is not uncommon in the marshes of Eastern England.

Long be it mine, amidst my men
 To work my sires' marsh-farm,
 In peace with all, with wife and babes,
 To learn contentment's charm;
 Then, wise with age, lie down resigned,
 Greet death without alarm.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XIII. ON THE TRAMP.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, up and down, there and back, back and there again. You don't know how wearisome it is, this constant trudging to and fro, with nowhere to go to, nothing to do, no reason why you should turn to the right rather than the left, no object in your toil except to trudge over so many miles of ground in your weary day's work. Friday is always a mortal bad day for us Posters. We are paid on the Saturday night; and by Friday morning we have all pretty well exhausted not only our last week's wages—these seldom see the middle of the week—but our week's credit. Our scores at the few public houses along our line of route, where they will give us tick, are too long to bear adding to; and just because we cannot raise the money for a pot of beer, Friday always happens to be the driest or hottest or chilliest day in the whole long seven. Yesterday was as bad a day as I can remember. We had a summer sun and a March wind. The dust blinded our eyes and parched our throats; and we had about as much chance of getting a drop of anything to wash out our mouths as Dives had when he saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Drinking fountains, do you say, Mr. Nomad? Now, looking at me and my mates, do you think we are the sort of men to take any pleasure in a cup of cold water? If we were, we should not be walking posters this mortal day.

No, there was nothing for it except to tramp on till night came. As ill luck would have it—bothers of every kind always come by the bushel together—we had heard a rumour that our "spirited proprietor" complained of his gangs not being seen so much about as those of the rival house, the "Royal Sovereign," and had sent out a watcher to see that we were up to our work. The other day I read a report of a charitable meeting at the London Tavern, where our proprietor—he goes in for benevolence and charity as he would for talking fishes or two-headed women, or anything that will draw the public—dwelt in eloquent terms, so the newspaper stated, on the right of honest labour to honest wages; and said that he, "poor actor" as he was, had always sought to make this the principle on which he pursued his humble calling. Why, if he could

get us to walk the streets for a penny a day he would not only do so at once, but would try to get us to throw an odd man in for every twelve pence he paid each day! And if he could discover we were shirking our work on a Friday, he could not for his life resist the temptation of discharging us all on the spot, because he would then be able to dispute the five days' wages due to each of us. I have heard a story told of him, that once on the eve of one of his innumerable failures he went to old Mortimer Morris, with whom he had every sort of unintelligible bill transactions, and told him that he must close the theatre, of which he was then lessee, on Saturday—the day of the interview being Sunday—because he was losing twenty pounds a night, and had not a sixpence to pay his way with. "Why not close, then, to-morrow?" was the natural suggestion of his friend and counsellor. "Ah! but, my boy" (it was Morris himself who once told me the anecdote), "you see, by keeping the house open all the week, and then putting up the shutters without a shilling in the till, I shall get a week's work out of my company for nothing."

Well so we had to keep a-foot all day long, if we hoped not to spend our Sunday in the Workhouse; and weary work it was, as I can tell you, that long day's tramp. Short of being on the treadmill, I don't well see how there can be anything much more wearisome or heart-breaking, than this constant tramp, tramp, tramp; without even a purpose. Of course if I liked to starve I could throw away my boards any moment and walk out of the ranks; and though as a matter of fact we trudge on just as if we were a gang of convicts chained together, yet it is the knowledge we could drop our burden if we would, which makes it not utterly unendurable. As to telling me that prison labour is not nearly so hard as that of ploughmen and mechanics, and that prisoners have a pleasant and easy time of it, you are only wasting your breath. I hate cant of any kind; and as to all the twaddle I see written in the papers about prisons being so comfortable, and prison life so pleasant, that felons only want to get back as soon as they are out; it's sheer cant and humbug. If you think from this I have been in prison myself, Mr. Nomad, you are mistaken. A great many better men than myself have been there, and I dare say, are there still, and I should not feel the slightest hesitation at telling you I had had my hair cropped. I am quite above any prejudice of that kind; and for all the talk of you and your class about the dignity of honest misfortune, I have no doubt you would think it about the same disgrace to go as a pauper to

the pariah union, or a convict to the county gaol. But in order to take philosophic views of any kind, you must have a certain amount of education. I don't suppose you could find a meaner or less creditable lot than us Posters as a class; but yet most of my mates have a feeling against a poor devil who has been foolish enough not to keep on the safe side of the law, and unlucky enough to be found out; which I for one, being such as I am, can hardly understand. When you take stock of us next time, just mark O, the last but one of our gang. A more broken-down, shuffling, shabby-looking fellow, you will not see amongst us all; and that is saying a good deal. Did you ever notice the expression of a costermonger's cur, who knows by experience that whenever he catches anybody's eye or gets into anybody's way, he will be kicked as a matter of course. Well, you will see exactly the same look on O's countenance; and for exactly the same cause. He is so used to being kicked morally, if not physically, that he has grown to expect it; or, as his mates think, to like it. Even N of whom I told you the other day, who brings up the file, and who has hardly spirit enough to say a word if a cabman drives over his toes, or flicks him with his whip in passing, will tread on O's heels, and shove him into the gutter, without a word of excuse or apology. M who is really a good sort in his way, and the gentlest of mankind, will never allow O to drink out of his pot, when it is his turn to stand glasses round; and omits O from the circular invitations he gives us all to come and stop at the manor of Merriton-le-Moor, when he, Morton, comes into his estates. In fact our captain and I are the only persons in the gang, who will say a civil word to this pariah of paupers. And this is not because we are better Christians, or more humane than our fellows; but because we somehow have not the prejudices of the class, low as it is, to which the others belong. You see O has worn the dust-coloured gaol sackcloth, and has been known as number one hundred and odd, and has been lectured by prison chaplains, bullied by prison warders; has worked at the crank, and been on the mill; and yet, for having so suffered, can look for no mercy, even amidst comrades so forlorn and outcast as us.

I have, as I once told you, a sort of morbid curiosity about all kinds of men, and all conditions of human life. One of the few scraps of Latin I can recollect from the days when "religion and sound learning" were imparted to me at school, by the aid of the birch and the Eton grammar, was: "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*," and even when

I was prosperous and had never known trouble, I can say for myself I always had a hankering after knowing how men felt, and behaved, and acted under all conceivable circumstances. Perhaps it was this feeling which made me take a kind of interest in O, when I learnt by hearsay that he had an experience of life, which I never had had, and never was likely to have; he was willing enough to talk, or rather he is so broken and nerveless that he will answer any questions you choose to put to him, whether you have a right to ask them or not. His story is one of those the end of which you may read in almost any paper you choose to pick up now a days. Some years ago he was cashier in a ship-broking firm. The head of the house lived down at Brighton, the younger partners were members of West-end clubs, men about town, sharp enough about making money, careless as to how they spent it. Thirty thousand a week passed through his hands; he had a salary of three hundred a year, and kept the banker's pass-book, which was never looked at by any member of the firm from year's end to year's end. The son of quiet tradespeople down in the west, he was cast loose on London; he was a nice fresh-looking man, with good manners and a taste for good society; and he got thrown amongst a fast lot, who worked hard by day, and lived hard at night. Five pounds odd a week does not go a long way when you are always running down to Brighton on Sundays, and spend your evenings at the Argyll and Cremorne, and do a little upon the turf, and have to be well dressed, and like a good dinner, and know a good glass of wine, and can sing a good song in convivial company, and have a weakness for rendering the "old folks at home" happy by thinking you are making your fortune up in London. So at least O found out to his cost. He got into debt, and the duns began to bother him, and then he speculated a little and lost; and in order to keep on the game and make good his losses, he borrowed money from the firm without mentioning it, meaning to repay it out of his winnings; and of course he lost more—people always do lose when to win is a matter of life or death to them—and equally of course he borrowed more. "In for a penny in for a pound;" and then one fine day the old head of the house came up from Brighton, and missing his train, thought he would fill up a spare hour by looking over his banker's book, and then all came out. When the matter was looked into, O, more to his own astonishment than to that of anybody else, was found to be in debt to the firm to the tune of thousands. He was not the stuff out of which your grand swindlers are made. He

took the money as he wanted it, keeping no exact account, not liking to look into his position till luck should enable him to put matters straight, and then when the crash came, he made no effort to fight the game out but gave in and confessed everything. Well, to do them justice, the young partners wished to let him off; but the head of the business, the man who, unless report belied him greatly, had made his own fortune by marrying a widow, and getting her to give him every penny which belonged of right to her first husband's children, would not hear of mercy. When a young man himself—so he never lost an opportunity of telling anybody whom he could catch by the button-hole—he had lived on a pound a week, and saved money out of it too. He could pardon anything but culpable extravagance. As he said this he would look hard at his young partners, who, as it came out afterwards, had been induced by his misrepresentations to invest all their capital in a concern which was insolvent when they entered it; and so the delinquent clerk was made an example of, for the sake of the office. Well, he was arrested on a Saturday evening, while he was entertaining a select party of friends, chiefly of the theatrical persuasion—unattached—at the Trafalgar at Greenwich; was committed for trial, pleaded guilty, threw himself on the mercy of the court, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The judge who tried him took occasion to deliver an oration on the growing luxuriousness of the age, and at the shameless ingratitude of the young men of the day; and informed the prisoner that his punishment would have been far heavier if it had not been for the generous intercession of his justly irate employers.

From that hour, O was dead to the world, as dead as if he had been sunk a hundred fathoms deep with a cannon-ball fastened to his feet. Neither kinsman nor friend asked after him; and he sought for no communication with the outer world. At first, so he told me, his feeling was one of intense relief, and rest, and comfort, when he found that the secret was discovered, the play played out, the struggle at an end. For the first few months he bore up well enough, going through his work mechanically, hardly knowing where he was, or what he did. Then the intense solitude and dreariness of his life began to tell upon him. The hours seemed to become days; and the minutes hours. The time would never creep on; and all day, and every day, he kept counting wearily and ceaselessly, how many instants of his imprisonment had passed away. The gaolers and keepers were not, as far I could ever

learn from him, wilfully cruel or unkind. They spoke to him as to all his fellows, as if he was a dog; and if he was a well-behaved dog and took his treatment patiently, he did not get more of cuffs and kicks than is supposed to be good for dogs. Somehow, they thought—very likely he thinks with truth—that he was surly and shirked his work; and the mill and the crank became his daily portion. That, he always says, finished him. The dreary, endless labour from which there was no escape or respite, unless the sufferer actually fainted beneath the task, was misery, to which, as he once told me, neither want nor hunger, nor cold, nor any physical suffering, can bear comparison. Then towards the end of the first year his strength began to fail, and his food ceased to nourish him, and his mind wandered; and one day he was carried from the treadmill to the infirmary, where he lay for months, and woke up to consciousness to find that the second year of his imprisonment was drawing to its close. After that crisis, the extreme of his suffering was passed. He counted the days no longer, thought of nothing much except his meals, and his night's rest; and so the years slipped by; and one morning he found himself free again, without money, unfit for work, with no prospects, and no friends. After one or two feeble efforts to get employment, he met with our fraternity. We are not a long-lived lot in our profession, and O, though the youngest perhaps in years, has carried the boards the longest. This is a hard life even for a Poster; and when I have a copper to spare—which is seldom enough—I give it to O, to get him something to drink. Perhaps I do it partly to show the rest of the lot that I think them no better than a man who has been upon the mill—but still for all that, I hope those stray coppers will be scored to my credit up above, if not here below.

THE OLD SHEPHERD ON HIS PIPE.

WHEN I smoke I sees in my pipe

Sometimes of life a type,

And I think, as my lips I wipe,

A talking as is my way,

"Here's the spirit, in this red coal,

That puts the life in the bowl;

In the fire I sees the soul

Imprisoned in the clay."

Mayhap I sits in my room,

In the winter evening's gloom,

And, as I think of man's doom,

My spirit a'most it dashes;

For I says, when I stops my breath,

And the pipe goes out, "That's death;

"We're dust, as the parson saith,"—

And then I knocks out the ashes.

F. C. BURNARD.

THE SIEGE OF THE WICKET.

THE batting has beaten the bowling, say the wiseacres. But is the bowling as good as it was, and is cricket better than the cricket of a quarter of a century ago? The best test of the question is to compare the scores in two great matches—taking for examples the match between Kent and England in 1839, and the match between Kent and Surrey played in July, 1867.

The elevens in each of these years included some of the finest players in England, and both matches extended over three days. In the Kent and England match, one thousand and sixty-seven balls were bowled for four hundred and sixteen runs, one hundred and twelve overs being maidens. In this match, all the wickets fell, Kent winning by two runs. In the Kent and Surrey match of this year, fifteen hundred and sixty-four balls were bowled, one hundred and sixty-eight overs being maiden, and thirty-three wickets fell for six hundred runs.

Taking the proportion of maiden overs out of the number of balls bowled, there is little or no difference between past and present cricket, though in one respect the bowling of 1867 contrasts favourably with that of 1839, there being only *one* "wide" in this year's match, whereas, in the olden time, there were twelve wides out of a less number of balls.

Comparing the batting in the two matches, the average per wicket, not counting the "not outs," was ten runs a wicket in 1839, against eighteen a wicket in 1867.

The wiseacres are, to a great extent, right. The batting is stronger than formerly, and it may be accounted for very easily. In the first place, railways have increased cricket ten-fold, and players of eminence, instead of appearing, as they did formerly, two or three times a year on a country ground, may be met with daily on any cricket ground in England. The good bowlers have no longer a monopoly of their art; cricket to them has become a regular calling, and one or more of their order may be found in every large public school and university club ground, and in many private clubs, and the result is that when an amateur finds himself placed on the list of his county, he is quite as much at home on a public ground as he is on his village green.

Referring to the "Siege of the Wicket," which is the same size, and subject to all the same dangers now as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, let us see how it is that scores are so much longer than formerly.

There are a few reasons which seem to ac-

count for the batsman's success in the present day. The majority of the players have known hardly anything else but round arm bowling and the slow under-hand, and the general use of leg pads and gloves has given them a great advantage as regards leg hitting, and playing what is called the Cambridge or Harrow "poke." Mr. Alfred Mynn was, I believe, the originator of this style. When the round arm bowling deprived the batsman of the "draw" to a great extent, Mr. Mynn would lift his left leg as high as he could, and guarding his right leg with the bat, place the ball square with the wicket, or behind him, according to the position of the field. This was not a very elegant performance, but it was effective. The "on poke" has now become very popular with good players; it requires no small amount of pluck (if the bowling is fast), and great accuracy of eye. The player must look the ball straight in the face without flinching, and keep his bat as straight as a line, as he is in double danger of leg before wicket and a nasty body blow. Nothing bullies a bowler and the field more than this "poke," if well done, particularly if the batsman can hit hard as well, as he has the opportunity of getting two of the field close to him on the on side, and will probably find a large space unguarded, if he can get hold of a drive. Another cause of the long scores is the excellence of the cricket grounds of the present day. A good wicket now is as true as a billiard table, and is all against the bowler and in favour of the bat, and, moreover, the ground will not wear out, as it used to do formerly owing to want of preparation.

Now as regards the bowling. It is treason to say so, but I firmly believe it is not so good as formerly, speaking of the very best. The slow overhead and overhand throw which is now occasionally seen in the south, and the childish attempt to pitch a ball ten feet in the air, on the chance of its falling on the bails, would have been scouted by the brave yeomen of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hants, twenty-five years ago. I much doubt whether such bowlers as Alfred Mynn, Hillyer, Lillywhite, Cobbett, and Redgate, who all played in 1839, can be seen in any one match now. Redgate bowled Stearman, Fuller Piloh, and Alfred Mynn, in one over, and they were three of the finest players in England. The bowling then was real round arm bowling, and the hand was obliged to be kept below the shoulder. For accuracy old Lillywhite and Hillyer were never surpassed, and both of them had the credit of pitching a ball just where they pleased. Cobbett also was very true. Redgate was very elegant in his delivery, and very deadly also.

He took a long run before delivery, and the pace was tremendous. Both he and Mr. Mynn bowled the purest round arm bowling possible, with the arm straight out, the difference being that Redgate ran to the wicket and Mr. A. Mynn marched about six paces and swung the ball in, pulling himself short up on his left foot. Tarrant, Wooton, Grundy, and Greenwood most resemble the bowlers of the past; but it may fairly be said that there has never been a second Lillywhite, Hillyer, Redgate, or Alfred Mynn.

No doubt the present is as straight as any bowling since round-hand was invented, but there is a very great doubt whether the fashionable over-hand, and sometimes over-head, style is so effective as the true round-arm. There are a dozen bowlers of the present day who pound the ball down with the hand in a line with a wicket, without any break or spin on the ball, to one bowler who delivers the ball with the hand below the shoulder and the arm well out from the body. The pounding bowling is very true to the wicket, but very simple to play, whereas the lower delivery causes the ball to spring directly it touches the ground, and if the wicket is dead, it very often shoots.

Again, comparing the past with the present, county matches in the south have much less interest than formerly, owing to their frequency. The easy access to London enables the country people to see all the cricketing notorieties at some time, on one of the London grounds, and there is great sameness in the style of batting. Twenty or thirty years ago people would go any distance to see Pilch, Mynn, Felix, Lillywhite, Mr. Taylor, Box, Wenman, Guy, Redgate, and others, but now there are few individual players who will draw many to see themselves specially.

When Dearman, the Yorkshireman, challenged all England at single wicket, and Mr. Alfred Mynn obeyed his call, there were five thousand people on the Town-Malling ground, in Kent, before eleven o'clock in the morning; and when Mr. Mynn went to Sheffield to play the return match, the coach by which he travelled was mobbed at every town through which it passed along the North Road. And he *was* worth seeing, as he was the handsomest and noblest cricketer in the world. He won by a hundred and twelve runs in the first match, and in one innings, with thirty-six runs to spare, in the return.

Batting and averages occupy the thoughts of the present cricketers a great deal more than formerly. They don't reckon how many runs they have lost owing to catches missed, and balls badly fielded. They do not look on

themselves as members of a small army, who are fighting against another army on equal terms, and they are apt to go away before the match is over, and get a man to field for them if they have had *the* great desideratum—their innings. These remarks do not apply to all cricketers, but to far too many. "Self" has taken a strong hold on cricket, and public cricket too often looks as if it was contracted for at so much per day. A captain is not what a captain used to be. The average mania is as fatal to cricket as the trade unions are to commerce, and Jones, and Brown, and Robinson go about playing in scratch teams, in matches in which they have no interest beyond their innings; and if a captain puts either of them in last man, they think themselves badly used, whereas if they had gone in early they would probably have slipped away by a train which started an hour before the time for leaving off.

Although all these drawbacks are bad for cricket, still on the whole, the game in general is much better now than formerly, but as regards the *very* best public cricket, I cannot see, after a thirty years' experience, anything done better now than in days gone by. Certainly the bowling is not better; and the wicket-keeping of Mr. Jenner, Box, and Wenman, without pads or gloves, was a feat which I much doubt any man of the modern day being able to do, although the men of this day are very good. It may safely be said that no amateur has ever surpassed, if he has equalled, the play of Mr. Felix, Mr. Taylor, or Mr. Mynn; or that any professional has excelled Pilch, Guy, Wenman, Dorrington, and a host of others who flourished with them.

Looking again to the fielding, the present age cannot show better professional fielding than that of the old school, though as regards the amateur cricketers, the improvement is very marked. The fielding of the Marylebone Club against Surrey, at the Oval, in the present year, was one of the finest sights that could be witnessed in cricket; and as a rule, the fielding is *the* great feature in the Oxford and Cambridge matches.

But, reverting to the professional players, it certainly is the case that we see players sometimes in county matches, who are put in for their batting, and who in the field make a regular muddle of the game, being neither able to throw, catch, or stop a ball. This was not the case in days of yore. The question whether the field were equal to watch out against the slow bowling, would never have been asked then, as it is now sometimes. One of the chief requisites for a cricketer was

being a good fielder, and if he was not, he would have had no chance of playing for his county.

Taking cricket for all and all, there is not much fault to find with it in 1867. It has grown more, and picked up fewer faults in its rapid growth, than most sports. Shooting—that is, old-fashioned shooting—has been totally altered for the worse; but village greens are much as village greens were, and squire and peasant meet on equal terms on the time-hallowed turf, and steady old men sit by and smoke their pipes, and say—as I am saying now—that as good cricket existed in their time, as in ours; proving the truth of the old saying, “*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*”

F. GALE.

GEORGE ROMNEY.

PART I.

“A CURIOUS book might be written on the reputation of painters,” says Mr. Croker in a note to his edition of Boswell; “Horace Walpole talked at one time of Ramsay as of equal fame with Reynolds; and Hayley dedicated his lyre (such as it was) to Romney. What is a picture of Ramsay or Romney now worth?”*

That fortune is inconstant and that reputation is a bubble, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Croker to assure us. Unquestionably the fame of the painter, as of other people, undergoes vicissitudes: varies very much accordingly as it is appraised by contemporaries or posterity. But it may be open to doubt whether the editor of Boswell does not undervalue the artists specified in illustration of his proposition: more especially Romney. That any benefit has accrued to Romney's fame from the unsafe sort of embalment it has received in the rhymes of such poetasters as Hayley and Cumberland cannot be contended. Even Pope's verse, though it has saved a name from oblivion, has failed to redeem it from contempt. The great poet condescended to sing the praises of Jervas, the pupil of Kneller; but the renown of the painter, Pope's praises notwithstanding, was fleeting enough. We read of Miss Reynolds marvelling at the complete disappearance of Jervas's pictures. “My dear,” said Sir Joshua, in explanation, “they are all up in the garrets now.” For just as humble guests resign their places, content

with very inferior accommodation, when more distinguished visitors arrive upon the scene, so bad pictures yield to better works of art, and quit the walls of galleries and saloons to take refuge in servants' bed-rooms, back attics, and stable lofts: suffering much neglect and contumely in comparison with their former high estate and fortune.

If we may assume that Romney's pictures are now but lightly valued, it must be conceded that the time has been when they were very differently estimated. For in his day Romney was the admitted rival of Reynolds, whose pupil and biographer Northcote, an unwilling witness, admitting with reluctance anything to his preceptor's disadvantage, says, expressly:—“Certain it is that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew in fashion.” Reynolds, it cannot be doubted, was jealous of Romney, and spoke of him always rather acridly as “the man in Cavendish Square;” just as Barry was at one time fond of designating Reynolds “the man in Leicester Fields.” “There are two factions in art,” said Lord Chancellor Thurlow; “Romney and Reynolds divide the town; and I am of the Romney faction.” In his own day, indeed, the recognition of the artist was remarkable. Flaxman, the sculptor, maintained him to be “the first of all our painters for poetic dignity of conception.” “Between ourselves,” wrote Hayley to Romney's son, “I think your father as much superior to Reynolds in *genius* as he was inferior in *worldly wisdom*.” Upon his death three biographies of Romney were given to the world. Cumberland wrote a brief but able memoir. Hayley produced an elaborate life, embellished with engravings and epistles in verse. And the Reverend John Romney published an interesting, if not an impartial, account of his father's career. Yet these works have not prevented the painter's name from gradually losing its hold upon the public memory, nor his pictures from sinking far beneath the valuation originally set upon them. Accident, and the want of a permanent public gallery in which the best achievements of English painters may be stored and studied and admired by their countrymen, have contributed to these results. Upon the great occasions when English pictures have been assembled for exhibition, somehow Romney has been but inadequately represented. In the Fine Art Gallery of the Great Exhibition of 1862 there was but one portrait by Romney to thirty-four examples of Reynolds. In the finer and more complete collection at Manchester, in 1857, there were five Romneys to thirty-eight pictures by Reynolds. Altogether Sir Joshua's memory has been amply avenged for any neglect he endured in his life-

* The remark has reference to certain odes by Cumberland in honour of Romney, and to Johnson's comment thereupon:—“Why, sir, they would have been thought as good as odes commonly are if Cumberland had not put his name to them; but a name immediately draws censure, unless it be a name that bears down everything before it. Nay, Cumberland has made his odes subsidiary to the fame of another man. They might have run well enough by themselves; but he has not only loaded them with a name—he has made them carry double.”

time by reason of the undue ascendancy of Romney.

George Romney was born at Beckside, near Dalton, Lancashire, on the 15th December, 1734, the son of John Romney, a carpenter and cabinet-maker, above his station in taste and knowledge, who is alleged to have introduced into the county various improvements in agricultural engineering. Of his union with Ann Simpson, the daughter of a Cumberland yeoman, four sons were born:—William, who died on the eve of his departure to the West Indies, in the employ of a merchant there; James, who rose to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the East India Company; Peter, who gave promise of considerable art-talent, but died in his thirty-fourth year; and George, the painter under mention.

Of a sedate and steady disposition, but somewhat dull and "backward" at his books, George Romney, in his eleventh year, was taken from school, and, until he arrived at twenty-one, was employed in his father's work-shop. The lad had manifested skill as a carver in wood; had constructed a violin for himself, and read with deep interest Da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting," making copies of the engravings. His natural talent soon further developed itself. His father had a business acquaintance with one Mr. Alderman Redman, of Kendal, upholsterer. The alderman's sister, a Mrs. Gardner, chanced to see some of young George's drawings, was struck with their cleverness, and encouraged him to persevere, and to make his first essay in portraiture by taking her likeness. George produced a drawing that was much extolled; further evidences of his enthusiasm for art were forthcoming; and eventually John Romney was induced to take his son to Kendal, and apprentice him to an itinerant painter named Christopher Steele, a showy gentleman, who had been in Paris, aped French manners, wore fantastic clothes, and was popularly known as *Count Steele*—a sort of art-Dulcamara, in fact. Articles of apprenticeship were duly signed, sealed, and delivered between John Romney, cabinet-maker, and George his son, of the one part, and Christopher Steele, painter, of the other part. George Romney was bound for the term of four years, to serve his master faithfully and diligently, to obey his reasonable commands, and keep his secrets; John Romney was to provide his son with "suitable and necessary clothes, both linen and woollen;" and Christopher Steele, in consideration of twenty-one pounds, covenanted to instruct his apprentice in the art or science of a painter, and to find him meat, drink, washing and lodging during the

said term. Steele was no great artist, though he had studied under Carlo Vanloo, of Paris. He troubled himself little enough as to his pupil's progress, employing him for the most part in grinding-colours and in the drudgery of the studio. But George Romney made the best of his opportunities, and he was not unhappy. He had fallen in love with Mary Abbott, one of two sisters living with their widowed mother, in humble circumstances, at Kendal. But soon, Steele was bent upon quitting Kendal, had made up his mind to move to York, and instructed his pupil to prepare to accompany him forthwith. The lovers, of course, were in despair at the thought of their approaching separation. In the end they secured their mutual fidelity by a hasty and private marriage. Reproved for his precipitancy and imprudence in this respect, Romney replied that his marriage would surely act as a spur to his application: "My thoughts being now still and not obstructed by youthful follies, I can practise with more diligence and success than ever." While at York he zealously devoted himself to his art. His wife, left at Kendal, assisted him with such small sums as she could spare, sending him half a guinea at a time hidden under the seal of a letter; in return he forwarded to her his own portrait, his first work in oil.

After staying nearly a year in York, Steele and his apprentice moved to Lancaster. Meeting with little encouragement there, Steele, always restless and embarrassed, determined to try his fortune in Ireland. The pupil was now very anxious to be quit of his preceptor; he longed to be practising on his own account. He had at different times lent Steele small sums of money, amounting altogether to ten pounds. He now proposed that both debt and articles of apprenticeship should be cancelled: that the release of the debtor should be the consideration for the freedom of the apprentice. Steele consented, and George Romney became his own master.

His prices until he went to London were certainly not high: two guineas for a three-quarter portrait and six for a whole figure on a kit-cat canvas. The only way of making this poor tariff remunerative was by extreme rapidity of execution; and few men have ever painted so rapidly as Romney. But this rapid manner has its disadvantages. If habitually persisted in, it in time renders thorough finish impossible to the painter. An absolute necessity in Romney's early life, it became a distinct vice in his after works. To this were in part attributable the crowd of incomplete canvases the painter left behind him at his death, and the characteristic sketchiness traceable even in his most esteemed pictures.

At York he disposed of twenty pictures by a lottery, which produced little more than forty pounds. Among these works was a scene from "Tristram Shandy," upon which he had bestowed some pains; for at York Romney had attracted the notice of Lawrence Sterne (whose portrait Steele had painted), and received at his hands marks of attention and friendship.

Twenty-seven years old, Romney began to weary of provincial triumphs; to long for the wider field of exertion and the more enlightened recognition he could only find in the capital. He had toiled early and late to acquire money and skill sufficient for a creditable appearance in town. A son and daughter had been born of his marriage; yet his domestic ties could not bind him to the north, while his ambition was prompting him so urgently to seek certain fame and fortune in the south. He managed to raise a sum of one hundred pounds. Taking fifty for his travelling expenses, he left the balance for the support of his wife and children, and without a single letter of recommendation or introduction set forth to try his chances alone in London. He was soon obliged to send for twenty pounds more, of the fifty he had left with his wife. He started southward on the 14th of March, 1762, in company with two other Kendal gentlemen, on horseback. He stayed a day at Manchester, where he met his old master, Count Steele, who warmly greeted his pupil, and rode with the party next day as far as Stockport. After much alarm from highwaymen—for in those days country banks were not, and every traveller was his own purse-bearer—Mr. Romney and his friends arrived safely at the Castle Inn, London, on the 21st March. The painter remained at the inn for a fortnight, until he was able to settle down comfortably in lodgings, in Dove Court, Mansion House. He was soon hard at work upon "The Death of Rizzio," adorning his walls with pictures he had brought with him or sent for afterwards from Kendal, such as "King Lear," "Elfrida," "The Death of Lefevre," and a few portraits of friends. The Rizzio picture has been represented as "a work of extraordinary merit, combining energetic action with strong expression." Its fate was sad enough; attracting no notice, producing no profit, and at length becoming an incumbrance in the studio, the painter destroyed it with his own hands; or, more probably, cut it up and sold it piecemeal, for one of his biographers mentions having seen certain heads by Romney in which terror was strongly depicted, and which had evidently formed portions of some larger work. In the August following his arrival in town he quitted Dove Court for

Bearbinder's Lane. Here he executed several portraits at three guineas each, and painted his "Death of Wolfe," to which was awarded a prize of fifty guineas by the Society of Arts. Out of this picture arose much controversy. Adverse critics objected that the work could not with propriety be regarded as an historical composition, because, in point of fact, no historian had yet recorded the event it pretended to represent: Wolfe's death, however glorious and memorable, was too recent to be within the legitimate scope of high art! Further, Mr. Romney's work was condemned as "a mere coat and waistcoat picture," and much fault was found with his accurate rendering of the regimentals of the officers and soldiers and the silk stockings of the general. A few years later Benjamin West was greatly praised for his treatment of the same subject; Reynolds, after much deliberation and the statement, in the first instance, of a directly contrary opinion, avowing that the young American's picture would occasion "a complete revolution in art." It had been the plan, theretofore, in pictures of historical events of whatever period, to portray the characters engaged in the garb (or no garb) of antiquity; but West had declined, in placing upon his canvas an event of the year 1759, to introduce the costume of classic times; altogether disregarding the dislike of the connoisseurs to cocked hats, cross-belts, laced-coats, and bayonets, and their demands for bows and arrows, helmets, bucklers and nakedness. But in truth, West was merely following in the footsteps of George Romney, who had already produced a "Death of Wolfe" in the correct dress of the period. There were few to laud poor Romney, however. Even the decision which gave him the prize was reversed, and the premium ultimately awarded to Mortimer, who had exhibited at the same time a picture of "Edward the Confessor seizing the Treasurer of his mother." Romney was obliged to be content with a gratuity of twenty-five guineas.

The painter's friends at once charged Reynolds with an active share in effecting this result; and indeed it seems clear that the reversal of the decision was due to his interference. They averred that he was anything but an impartial judge; that he was well aware the "Death of Wolfe" was the work of a portrait painter; that he could not bear the thought of a rival near his throne, and had laid down the principle "that it was impossible for two painters in the same department of the art to be long in friendship with each other." He would not permit an obscure painter from the country to carry off a prize from a student of Mortimer's pretensions. With Mortimer he was on terms of friendship:

his fellow-pupil under Hudson, and, above all, no portrait painter. What measure of truth there may have been in these allegations it is now difficult to decide. Thenceforward Reynolds and Romney were certainly enemies. Between the two painters, indeed, there never existed the slightest intercourse of any kind.

The curious treatment he had received from the Society of Arts made much stir, however, and brought the young painter friends and patrons. Probably the next best thing to securing the friendship of the future President of the Academy was the reputation of having incurred his enmity. "The Death of Wolfe" was purchased by Mr. Rowland Stephenson, the banker, who presented it to Governor Varelst, by whom it was placed in the Council-Chamber at Calcutta. Romney moved from the city to the Mews-gate, Charing Cross, probably to be nearer the exhibition in Spring Gardens, and the Artists' Academy in St. Martin's Lane. At this time, it may be noted, Dance and Mortimer were living in Covent Garden, while Hogarth and Reynolds had set up their easels in Leicester Fields. Romney now raised his prices for portraits to five guineas, and saved money sufficient to enable him to pay a long dreamt-of visit to Paris. He was absent six weeks; and on his return took chambers in Gray's Inn, where he painted several portraits of members of the legal profession, including Sir Joseph Yates, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench. In Gray's Inn, too, he painted his picture of the "Death of King Edmund," which, in 1765, obtained a prize of fifty guineas from the Society of Arts. For this work, however, he was unable to find a purchaser. In 1767 his circumstances had so far improved that he felt himself justified in moving to a house in Great Newport Street, within a few doors of Reynolds, where he remained until his visit to Italy, in 1773. Meanwhile his friends were loud in their laudation of the prodigy who, in historical works, they declared, promised to rival the great masters, and in portraiture threatened to wrest the palm from Reynolds himself. He now raised his prices again, charging twelve guineas for a three-quarter portrait, and found no lack of sitters at the increased rate. Whether or not he sought for academic honours is not clear; certain it is they were not conferred upon him; and he invariably chose to send his pictures to the rooms of the Chartered Society, in Spring Gardens, rather than to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Artists, in every way his inferiors, were welcomed to the ranks of "the forty;" but to Romney never were granted even the poorer dignities of associateship. This neglect of him he always ascribed to the sinister influence of Reynolds

and his followers, among whom, in this instance, must be numbered Fuseli, who was much given to sneering at Romney as "a coat and waistcoat painter," and who, in his edition of "Pilkington," says, perty, "Romney was made for his times, and his times for him." Allan Cunningham suggests, what is probably true, that Romney was a man likely to take a sort of morbid pleasure in his isolation, and in the odium which would necessarily devolve upon the academy by its neglect of an artist of his eminence. His name has gone to swell the list of painters of mark who have ventured to defy the influence and opposition of the Academy, and have single-handed fought their way to success notwithstanding.

In 1771, through the introduction of Cumberland, Mrs. Yates, the actress, sat to Romney for a picture of the "Tragic Muse." Of course, this work was completely eclipsed by Reynolds's "Tragic Muse," painted some thirteen years later. Notwithstanding the demerits of the President's picture, the plagiarism of the pose and draperies from Michael Angelo's Joel in the Capella Sistina, the incongruities of the theatrical state-chair in the clouds, the gold lace, plaited hair, imperial tiara and strings of pearls,—still the majestic beauty of his model, her classical features, broad brow, grand form and superb eyes, enabled him to surpass immeasurably the effort of his younger and less favoured rival. Mrs. Yates, though an accomplished actress, was far from possessing the personal gifts of the Kembles' sister. To Romney's studio Cumberland also brought Garrick, with some hope that the great actor might interest himself in favour of the painter. But Garrick was too closely allied with Sir Joshua; he was wilfully blinded to the merits of Romney. He criticised with most impertinent candour the works he found in the studio, pausing before a large family group of portraits and with an affected imitation of the attitude of the chief figure, saying, "Upon my word, Mr. Romney, this is a very regular, well-ordered family; and this is a very bright-rubbed mahogany table, at which that motherly, good lady is sitting; and this worthy good gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject—to the state, I mean (if all these are his children)—but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success which I hope will attend you!" "His pasteboard Majesty of Drury Lane," in truth, knew nothing of the painter's art; and from any other than Romney would have incurred, as he well merited, most unceremonious ejection from the studio. He was safe enough with Romney, however, as he probably well knew. The painter, deeply mortified, silently turned the

family picture with its face to the wall. He was extremely sensitive: a curious diffidence mingled with his conviction of his own cleverness. He was readily disconcerted: at a laugh, a jest, a few words of satiric criticism, he lost faith in himself, interest in his works; the subject which had promised so much pleasure now seemed to him fruitful only in pain and disappointment; he would seek at once a new occupation, and add another to a growing pile of canvases which the ridicule and captiousness of others, and his own weakness and caprice, had combined to leave for ever incomplete. Perhaps it was by way of balm for the wound he had unwittingly inflicted, by bringing Garrick to the studio, that Cumberland published in the *Public Advertiser* his verses upon the painters of the day, with especial mention of Romney and his picture of "Contemplation," which work, the poet says in a note, "the few who attended the unfashionable exhibition in Spring Gardens may possibly recollect." Already the success of the Royal Academy was telling disastrously upon the "Society of Artists of Great Britain" (long since defunct) to which Romney had attached himself.

In 1773, our painter, in his thirty-ninth year, and in receipt of an income of some twelve hundred pounds, derived solely from his profession, set sail for Italy, bearing with him letters of introduction from the Dukes of Gloucester and Richmond to the Pope, and accompanied by his close friend, Humphrey, the miniature-painter. His Holiness gave gracious permission to the artist to erect scaffolds in the Vatican, the better to make copies of the Raphaels which decorate the palace.

Among the pictures executed during Romney's Italian tour was a portrait of the eccentric Wortley Montagu (Lady Mary's son), who had assumed the manners and attire of a Turk, and who, shortly after his sitting to the painter, died from a bone sticking in his throat. Another work which he brought back with him to England was a daring attempt to represent "Providence brooding over chaos." In later years, when Lord George Gordon and his mob were sacking the Roman Catholic chapels throughout London, and plundering the houses of all suspected of sympathy with the Latin Church, Romney became alarmed lest his picture should attract the attention of the rioters, and, regarded by them as an evidence of idolatrous devotion, lead to the destruction of his house and property. The canvas was at once removed out of sight. At the sale of his works, on the death of the painter, his son changed the name of the picture to "Jupiter Pluvius," under which more marketable form it soon found a purchaser. DUTTON COOK.

A VISIT TO CHATEAUBRIAND'S TOMB.

A CLOSE lodging in Jermyn Street is not a pleasant abode during the hot days of August. Accordingly it was with no little satisfaction that I hailed the return of my annual vacation, and a short removal from the heat and smoke and din of the great metropolis. A month is not a very long time, but still a great deal may be seen in even a month, if one goes the right way about it. After careful cogitation as to whether I should visit the Highlands, or go to Ireland, or lastly take a trip on the continent, I finally decided that the latter would be the best plan; and a very few hours after my decision had been made, sufficed to see my traps packed up, and myself comfortably ensconced in a corner of a first-class carriage, hurrying down to Folkestone.

My first intention had been to spend a few days at Paris, and from that to go down to some of the provinces; but on my journey I heard so many complaints about the frightful heat of Paris, &c., that I changed my mind, and went instead to Brittany, where I had heard some good sport might be obtained. I had no cause to regret my changed intention, although the last part of the information I received was anything but true. The "messieurs de la chasse" have shot every feather of game, and have now turned their invincible arms against the thrushes and black-birds which used once, but alas! no longer, in several parts of France, to make the hedgerows vocal with their merry carols. The railroad is not, I believe, yet opened as far as St. Malo, where I intended to make my first stoppage. Accordingly I was obliged to travel from Rennes in one of the old-fashioned diligences, which will soon be things of the past, like our stage-coaches. Although on the whole a "laudator temporis acti," yet I shall not be sorry when these lumbering old vehicles are superseded by the whistling and shrieking locomotive. Hans Andersen, the Danish poet, is almost the only writer, we believe, who has courage to say that railway travelling is not so unpoetic and so destructive of all enjoyment that can be obtained, under more favourable conditions, from a fine landscape or a romantic view. He thinks that the rapid change from one scene to another is delightful, and we must say that in this opinion we heartily concur. Never did we wish for a railway-carriage more than when in that slow diligence on the dusty Rennes-road on a hot August morning. At Rennes I made a short stay, as short, in fact, as possible. The town, like most old French

towns, is dirty, ill-built, and very picturesque. It has gained an unenviable notoriety from having been the head-quarters of the guillotine that kept Brittany in awe during the dreadful days of the great Revolution. Brittany was, however, one of the provinces which suffered least from that fierce tornado. The old families were obliged to fly, and still many a ruined château may be seen where once stood an old family feudal mansion; but Brittany is still, with few changes, what it was a hundred years ago. The bourgeois with his strange patois, and the country lass with her dark, speaking eyes, are still peasants, unsophisticated, and uncontaminated with any of that jargon about the rights of man, &c., which long ago turned the heads of half France. The traveller in the wilds of Brittany loses for a little that swagger and nonchalant air which generally characterise most Frenchmen, but more especially those from the neighbourhood of Paris.

And here perhaps a word to the intending traveller may not be wholly unacceptable from one who has received his lessons in the expensive school of experience. Our advice to one "bound" for the north-west coasts of France is not to go *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, and so to Paris, and then down to the coast, which is both expensive and unsatisfactory. We should advise him rather to take shipping at Southampton or Weymouth, in one of the magnificent mail-boats that ply between these ports and Jersey. He will step on board about 10 p.m., and awake by breakfast-time next morning to find himself in the pretty little harbour of St. Heliers. As a matter of course, when he casts his first glance on Jersey the sun will be shining brightly, and everything lit up with a cheerful and happy smile. A summer morning in the Channel Islands is rarely a dull or a rainy one; it mostly dawns bright and clear, full of promise of a fine day, a promise which is seldom broken. This is one of the many pleasures of a trip on the continent; one leaves the crass and damp atmosphere of England, and instead enjoys the deep blue sky and the clear dry air of the sunny south. A day, or even two days, at Jersey, will be well spent. There is much to be seen in the island, both as regards itself and also its inhabitants, who are composed of three distinct nationalities, fused together more or less perfectly, *viz.*, the French or Celt, the Norman, and the Anglo-Saxon.

The passage from Jersey to the opposite coast of France is accomplished in about three hours, and a beautifully fine passage it generally is. The voyager passes several groups of rocks midway between the two

shores, of all sizes, and of the most fantastic shapes. One of these, the Nimquies, is a by-word among Channel Island sailors, and many a goodly bark has foundered here in sight of two friendly harbours.

But we must hope that such a dismal fate will not overtake our traveller; we will rather prefer to imagine that he has landed safe and sound on the "quai" of St. Malo. Most old French towns are worth seeing, and St. Malo is no exception to the general rule. Occupied by the English in the twelfth century, it still retains some traces of their dominion. In the ancient houses existing in the oldest parts of the town, the wooden architecture of the Middle Ages may still be seen. The ramparts, with their battlements, and towers, and bastions, are still as perfect as when the bolts of Henry's crossbow-men rattled against their sides; and on a calm night the dull tread of the sentry as he goes his weary rounds may yet be heard as of old. The streets are narrow and dark, the houses almost meeting overhead; and what is peculiarly offensive to our modern notions of hygiene, the drains are open and in the centre of the roadway. The soldiers are a peculiar feature of the view: they swarm everywhere like bees—little active fellows of about five feet three inches; as brave as lions in war, but in peace much better citizens than our "lobsters," to use an expression savouring somewhat of slang.

I put up, my first night, at the Hôtel de France, where the room in which Chateaubriand was born is still shown, as is said, in precisely the same condition as when the great writer first saw the light of day within its walls. Next morning I set out to see the tomb, which is one of the lions of the place, having received all needful directions from a pleasant little Breton maid. Leaving the town on the right hand I followed a path that ran close under the walls, and at length came to a causeway of shingle. Care must be taken to cross this only at certain times of the tide, as the water soon covers it, and cuts off a return. Having crossed over to and gained the summit of the small but steep island where Chateaubriand is laid, I obtained a bird's-eye view of the town as it lay spread out beneath; and certainly the exertion of the climb was well repaid. The old ramparts seemed to frown grimly on the white sands at their base, and on the children of the burghers at play with their "bonnes," who were dressed in the romantic costume of Brittany. The cathedral spire, with its fine proportions, stood sharply defined in the clear air, and being a recent structure, forms, by its light colour, a contrast to the sombre tint which age has shed

over the town. The cathedral is dedicated to the "Vierge aux Marins," and its spire is the first object that greets the mariner's eye as he approaches land, and is likewise the last glimpse he obtains of his home as he sails away. Climbing a little higher, I reached the top of the island, and found myself among the ruins of some old fortifications, which had doubtless served the purpose of outworks at some former period. It was here I obtained my first view of the tomb, and do not mind confessing having felt a little disappointed. It is a very simple structure, consisting merely of a slab of stone, on one end of which a rude cross is set up, without inscription or date. The whole is surrounded with plain iron railings, all red with rust, and in a sadly neglected state. But, worse than all else every accessible spot is disfigured with names or initials, which it was annoying to find were in the majority of instances those of English visitors. It is well known that Englishmen have gained themselves an unenviable reputation for this sort of thing on the Continent. It is not easy to conceive what pleasure they can find in a custom, if such it may be called, at once so foolish and so vulgar. We may be proud of the energies of the Anglo-Saxon race, which prompt men to visit all parts of the world in search of profit or pleasure; but surely adventurous individuals ambitious of immortality, might employ themselves better, when they visit classical localities, than by scrawling their ugly and unmusical Teutonic appellations upon time-honoured ruins, or on tombs hallowed by the remains of some of the noble and mighty dead.

It is not easy to imagine what could have prompted Chateaubriand to choose this place of sepulture for himself, unless perhaps the strange and almost romantic accident of his birth at St. Malo. It seems a strange fancy to lie in unconsecrated ground, particularly amid surroundings of a nature comparatively uninteresting. The view towards the town is picturesque, nothing more; the view out to sea may be pronounced decidedly tame. There is nothing grand in the position of the tomb, elevated only about two hundred feet above a sea which, in the channel, is nearly always calm. Here there is no surf dashing in, as on some parts of the English coast; no huge Atlantic swells rolling in and thundering against opposing cliffs, as they do on the west of Ireland. On a sunny day, as the traveller looks across the sea, in the direction of Jersey, and sees the "many-dimpled smile of ocean" beneath him, he will say that the view is pretty enough, but still not such as to tempt a man to lie buried

apart from the rest of his kith and kin, on the top of a barren island.

But the reputation of the author of "*Le Génie de Christianisme*" reckes but little of a tomb. The man when living reared for himself a monument more enduring than marble, one which will be remembered and admired when the plain monument on the *cité* has crumbled into sightless decay.

L. FORBES.

MOES SINE CAUSÂ.

"A MAN is either a fool or a physician at forty." That is, if persons of average health arrive at the discreet age of forty, without having learned from that sage monitor, Common Sense, how to keep themselves well, they must, in that one respect, at least, be hopelessly foolish; and not all the physicians in the world can, without their own co-operation in the matter, secure health to them.

The laws of health, happily, are becoming more and more a popular study; yet no candid and intelligent person can read the detail of fatal accidents in one single week's newspapers, without feeling convinced that nine out of ten arise from ignorance or neglect of the laws of health; or from setting at defiance such good old adages as "Look before you leap," "Prevention is better than cure"—in other words, *Common Prudence*.

"Disease Prevention Acts," "Sanitary Reforms," and such moral machinery, are set to work to root out epidemics; to eradicate diseases which find congenial soil in poverty and degradation; to preach on the excellent text, "A clean life and a trust in God are the best of all prophylactics,"* and to show to the million to how great an extent their lives are—under God—in their own keeping. This paper, however, is not addressed to the poor and the ignorant, but to such intelligent readers as—being neither fools nor forty, neither hypochondriacal, valetudinary, nor learned in drugs—may become in a measure their own physicians, and be also the means of benefiting others within the sphere of their influence, whether epidemics be raging or not.

Physiologists assure us that we can perform wonders in the art of prolonging life, not leaving us ignorant of the means by which we should set to work; and though these things have been written about again and again, the experience of every day seems to justify a few more words, and especially with reference to early education.

An inquiry into the nature of accidents by fire, poison, drowning, suffocation, &c., will

* Daily Telegraph, August 6, 1866.

satisfy any one that the majority of them prove fatal from the mere lack of presence of mind in persons at hand, or of a prompt application of those simple remedies with which every one ought to be acquainted. Not insignificant among life-preserving accomplishments, therefore, is the cultivation of a philosophical equanimity on the occurrence of startling or sudden events. Young persons cannot be too early trained to this, and to the formation of their judgment regarding remedies, pernicious agents, and their antidotes. Continually we meet with young girls who, on the occurrence of an accident, run hither and thither, wringing their hands and shaking with fear, when—had they their wits about them—they might, by affording instantaneous assistance, be the means of averting sufferings, perhaps even death itself. How many a woman has been burnt to death within the last few years because, on finding her dress ignited, she has run terrified into the air, instead of rolling herself in a blanket or the first heavy woollen wrap she can seize. Undenially this helpless fear is one of the “pernicious agents” to be guarded against. Often, too often, is fear the origin of fits, idiocy to the unborn, accidents innumerable, death itself. An instance of the latter occurred in the case of a lady who, when in a precarious state of health, saw a spider on the white curtain of her bed. It was not one of those terrible animals, with a great hairy body as big as a plover’s egg, or with legs like a young crab, sometimes to be seen in hot countries making the tour of your chamber-wall, and which really might like a taste of your blood, provided it found you in a defenceless state of repose. This was a harmless English spider; it did not bite the lady, or go near her, yet it killed her by merely being there. She had just become a mother, and on catching sight of the insect, was thrown into convulsions by an unconquered terror of spiders. Death resulted. Two deaths; for the motherless babe died too, and had an inquest been held on the bodies, the verdict on both could only have been, “*Killed by a spider.*” Perhaps the hysterical screams of that poor lady’s own mother or nurse had early implanted these ineradicable horrors in her breast, when she was a timid child. If so, what a solemn verdict for that mother or nurse! And this is only one of many instances where senseless fears have been visited by fatal results.

“But,” the reader may protest, “there are natural antipathies which are wholly unconquerable,” and a long list of facts will be produced. So there are; but they are few in comparison with those which early and judicious training will overcome, and to which

we now more particularly refer. Irrespective of natural antipathies, then, you may daily meet with educated persons who are positively not ashamed to betray fear at the sight of a spider, a toad, or a mouse. Here, in much cultivated England, in this nineteenth century, when you cannot take a country walk without encountering a man in wild pursuit of some bug, or ramble along a shore where young England is not raking and poking among the rocks for queer looking mollusks; when so many households are familiar with collections of crawling creatures alive or dead; when batrachians are among the domestic pets of our youngsters—that there should still be intelligent women who shriek at a poor little spider, an earwig, or a cockroach!

“Why are you afraid of a toad?” I asked a lady only the other evening, on seeing her rush frantically across the road away from one.

“Oh, I always *was* afraid of toads. They are so cold; they hop so.”

Cold-blooded, depraved young toads! Pernicious creatures! Why hop ye so?

“Good gracious!” cried another lady, and a sensible one, too, in most respects, “I would rather be shut up in the black hole than be in a room with a rat,” on hearing me say I had once watched some half-dozen perambulating my chamber abroad, before taking aim with walking-boots, bits of firewood, and other missiles, which I invariably piled on a chair by my bed-side for that purpose. Not but what rats are sometimes savage and dangerous; and I confess that it was only after a week’s experience had assured me that those rats had other aims in view than to molest *me*, that I took such calm survey of them.

With all respect to my two lady friends, such fears date from the dark ages, when toads and spiders were fabulously invested with homicidal powers, when entomological societies and aquariums had no existence; and had these fears no worse consequences than to make the terrified women appear ridiculous, we might laugh at them and leave them; but, by teaching the rising generation to be as foolish as themselves, these weak persons are deeply responsible for their foolish terrors. To each trifling injury positively attributable to a spider or an earwig, twenty serious injuries, simply through *fear* of them, could be enumerated.

Therefore, by familiarising weak aunts and sensitive sisters to the contemplation of “ugly bugs” and tame toads, and thus by aiding to overcome harmful antipathies, we may welcome our young naturalist as one agent in preserving and prolonging life,—*human life*, even though it be at the sacrifice of a few other lives lower in the scale of creation. And this somewhat

extravagant recommendation of the study of natural history will be justified by the case of the lady who died on seeing the spider. For, suppose such a nervous individual to be the mother of a large family, or the superintendent of a number of young children, what a quaking little set she might soon convert them into by her constant display of terrors; her exclamations of horror at a "horrid spider!" a "poisonous toad!" At the sacrifice of jackets and shoe leather, at the cost of glass cases and broken bowls, let our children—always under judicious guidance and in moderation—be encouraged to rake and poke among the sea-weed, to scramble over hedges and ditches, to hunt out and treasure up whatever of the wonders of God's creation excites their curiosity and—subsequently, we will hope—their reverence.

This scrambling and chasing has the further advantage of developing muscle as well as mind, and of imparting to youthful limbs that agility and readiness which are only to be obtained through the cultivation of the corporeal powers. And though this may seem stale and trivial to write about, it is not every one, even in these days of gymnasiums, who looks upon running, tumbling, jumping, swimming, riding, walking on cliffs and narrow ledges, all athletic sports, even dancing, as *life-preserving* powers; for they all impart properties which, by giving a more perfect control over the limbs, put us in a position to sustain little or no hurt in case of accidents. Ethardo, Blondin, Leotard, and other acrobats, also the Zouaves in their wonderful military feats, are examples of what training may do. (The word *discretion* might claim some space here, were we not addressing intelligent readers who know what precise portion of valour that quality forms.) Practised with discretion, then, these accomplishments procure for us a sort of immunity from danger, so that happen what may, we shall—figuratively speaking—alight on all fours, like a cat. Such an adept is puss in the above-mentioned feats, that she has obtained the credit of having nine lives. Her steed, from kittenhood, has been a rope line, a waving bough, or the topmost branch in a gale of wind. Puss must possess that faculty which phrenologists connect with the organ of *vitativeness* in conjunction with form, size, weight, comparison, &c.; a faculty which enables us to recover, poise quickly, to dexterously convert a loss of footing into a leap, and so save ourselves from a fall. It is a faculty to be acquired in youth, and the more it is cultivated the fewer will be the losses of life from casualties.

Of all the modern clubs, the swimming

clubs, and of all the popular feats, the swimming matches, are among the most useful and life-preserving. The art of swimming is one of the most important; yet in England it has been, till of late years, one of the most neglected in education. We read that it was as great a disgrace for a Roman youth to be unable to swim, as for a Spartan youth to be a coward; yet in England we can scarcely take up a newspaper in which a death from drowning is not recorded. Four school-boys in one day at Brighton, not long since; three more in the north while I write this! and the recently published "Reports" inform us that in one year—1864—the number of persons accidentally drowned was two thousand seven hundred and fourteen!

The organ of *vitativeness* which we just now accredited to puss, and which indicates the disposition to cling tenaciously to existence, does—so phrenologists inform us—by creating a certain resistance to disease, contribute essentially to the preservation of life. Dr. Adam Clarke, Kant, and Schiller, were examples of strong will in resisting disease; so were Dr. Andrew Combe, and the Brontë family. And the lady who died at the sight of a spider was an instance of very feeble will in yielding to foolish fears.

An example, in proof of the power which an intelligent man can acquire over his own frame, may be cited in the case of an American clergyman, who, in a position of extraordinary danger, was truly said to have saved his own life.

He had, on some special occasion, been invited to preach at Lynchburg, in the hilly regions of Virginia. After an evening service in mid-winter he was returning to his lodging, by way of a street which, to avoid a hill, was being excavated in the middle; leaving the houses and foot-path at a considerable elevation on either side. Upon this elevated pavement the reverend gentleman was walking, and, unaware of the alteration in progress, was about to cross, when—the street being ill-lighted, and the night very dark—he fell with violence over the deep cutting on to the rocky, half-made road, below, where he lay for a time completely stunned. Consciousness returning, he became aware that he was lying on his back, unable to move a limb, or draw a breath. Feeling himself on the point of fainting, the horrible thought flashed upon him, that there he must lie and die, the road being impassable.

Suspended respiration, whether caused by a violent concussion, or by drowning, can, we know, be sometimes restored. But to achieve this—as the Royal Humane assistants can testify—several persons set promptly to work, and place the insensible patient in such a

position as to expand the chest, using friction and a variety of stimulants to set in motion the breathing apparatus. But here, in solitary plight, lay an injured and helpless man, whose only aids to recovery were intelligence and force of will; and prompted by these, he set himself at once to work to rekindle the furnace of life in the physical vestibule, the lungs. His first efforts to inspire were agony, but, after intense exertions, benumbed and stiff as he was, he drew a feeble breath, then another, and another, of gradually increasing power; each fresh inspiration invigorating and encouraging him. Whilst engaged in these efforts he still lay motionless, but, having accomplished the breathing, he next endeavoured to move; when he discovered that besides being bruised, stiff, and sore, one hip was so severely injured as to render him utterly incapable of rising. He felt he was maimed for life; and the shock with which this idea forced itself upon him, almost surpassed that with which he had reflected on the possibility of being left there to die alone on that dark winter's night. With the prospect of lameness and deformity, came ruined hopes, and he almost felt tempted to relinquish the struggle for a life so blighted. Conscientious reasoning, however, dictated the necessity for additional exertions. He must now endeavour to make himself heard by the few who might be passing above at that late hour. To utter a sound in his exhausted condition required another great effort, and it was only after many struggles—practising his voice as it were—that he managed to produce a faint noise in the throat. Husbanding his fast waning strength, he then waited, listening eagerly for an approaching footstep. When, after a considerable interval, one was heard, and rescue seemed at hand, the moan he uttered was too feeble to attract attention. Conceive the agony of mind of a man thus bruised, exhausted, benumbed, whose only hope of life lay in making himself heard afar off. And now the town seemed hushed in sleep, and the air was laden with snow, which threatened to fall and cover him, and he began to resign himself to the death which seemed inevitable. Once more, however, persons were heard approaching, and he recognised the voice of a chattering negress. The hope of being heard was slight indeed, yet in a moment of silence our poor friend summoned all his feeble strength to cry. A slight grunt or groan only escaped him, but the woman heard it. "What's *dat*?" she exclaimed, stopping short.

"Reckon 'tis a drunken man;" said her companion. "Come 'long."

"Whar's he den?" argued the daughter of

Eve. And another minute or two elapsed while this point was debated, the man urging the woman onward, being "scared," as he told her. With each effort the prostrate man gained courage, and in a pause of the chattering, he summoned power to cry,—

"Come—here."

"Whar is ye?" asked the woman.

"Down—here—hurt;" the poor gentleman managed to ejaculate, in successive gasps.

One of the strange characteristics of negro nature, is that of being terrified at the idea of an injured or a suffering person; and the man again urged the woman along, but her curiosity was unsatisfied, and while she delayed, the sufferer put forth another effort to cry, "Come down! I'm hurt." Then she prevailed on the man to help her down the cutting, guided by the sufferer's moans. On finding him, and so injured, lights and further assistance were procured, and the minister was carried along the level to a house, and there laid upon the floor. A surgeon was sent for, who discovered that the hip was, by the violence of the fall, forced into the socket in a very remarkable manner; and on ascertaining the spot where the accident occurred, he pronounced it barely short of a miracle that the sufferer had not been killed; affirming that, by using those extraordinary efforts to breathe, and so preserve consciousness, he had positively saved his own life.

It is not all persons, who, having studied the laws of health, and being duly impressed with their importance, are in a position to obey them as their judgment would dictate. In the preparation of their own food, or in the ventilation of their own homes, they may be compelled to defer to the prejudices of ignorant or arbitrary elders or superiors. Their occupations may be sedentary, or too prolonged, to permit of sufficient recreative sleep or exercise. But the attempt to regulate their own health must not be relinquished for all that. There is always a *best thing* to be done under any circumstances whatever; and a sensible person will consider what that best thing may be. The sempstress at her sewing-machine, for instance, the student, or the writer, who sits bent forward, hour after hour, can, on a temporary change of occupation, vary his attitude by leaning well back in his chair, or by standing erect with well expanded chest, so as not to defraud his lungs of their complement of vital air one moment longer than is necessary. When, after long sitting, the circulation becomes torpid and the brain weary, he can set his window open for a few minutes, even in mid-winter; and, if a short brisk walk out of doors during the interval be

impracticable, let him go through a series of gymnastics, or wrestle with imaginary burglars in his own sanctum, and he will not find his minutes thrown away. It is better for a person in health and of sedentary employments to walk in the rain, rather than not walk at all.

"Blue-pill, madam? Stuff-a-nonsense, madam. You can't want more blue-pill; take exercise, madam, not blue-pill," cried an honest doctor, to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise. It's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." Which reminds us of our old friend Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out as he put on his hat, and returned a shilling of the fee, "Buy her a skipping-rope."

It has been aptly said, "two thirds of a man's woes begin in his stomach." And perhaps two thirds of those are cureable *by himself*. To walk off ill-humours is something more than a moral feat; such moral ailments in most cases having root in the actual physical ones.

Lately, in London, Dr. Lankester held an inquest over the body of a gentleman, who fell suddenly in Soho Square, and died in convulsive efforts to breathe. A post-mortem examination showed that the sudden death was caused by suffocation. Large masses of unmasticated food, partially vomited, were found in the lower part of the throat, closing the air passage. "Two or three pieces of meat were so large as to create surprise among the jury as to how the deceased could have possibly swallowed them. The contents of the stomach also displayed several pieces of equally astonishing size."

The gentleman had dined off steak, potatoes, and water. A wholesome enough meal. But it had been very much hurried, and the stomach had previously been weak. Had the poor gentleman been in the habit of observing his own powers of digestion, or of studying the laws of health at all, he would have known that half or one-third of the quantity of food, *properly masticated*, would have afforded him twice the nourishment, without risking his life. And if only on the score of economy, this is worth thinking about in these days of cattle plague, and high-priced provisions. What with fast eating and imperfect digestion, the question suggests itself—How many persons, who consume three plentiful meals a day, derive as much nourishment from their food as it is capable of affording them?

Is not this worth the consideration of the would-be-philanthropist also? So now, having proposed to myself, in the first place, the honour of addressing intelligent readers, and

concluding that they are also benevolent readers, who will gladly combine two great advantages, I leave them to discover for themselves to what extent they can improve the physical condition of their fellow creatures by watching more carefully over their own.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

A landscape of Rembrandt's in the Uffizi, Florence.

THE climbing and the toil are past, and now
My pilgrimage half done;
For I have turned the steep hill's westerling brow;
Downward the path leads on.

Here let me pause and cast one look intent
On the receding road,
Childhood's sweet vale afar, the long ascent,
Oft faltering, I have trod.

Ah me! how fair in morn's exulting light
The distant mountains smiled;
How, beckoning from their heaven-approaching height,
My untried hopes beguiled!

Wistful, by shady glens and quiet ways,
From youth's gay haunts apart,
Where love and joy forget in flowery maze
Life's thorn and bitter smart,

Companionless, not cheerless, forth I fared;
Moss-hidden, honeyed bells
With bees, with birds refreshful berries, shared,
And still above the fells

Star-like the summits shone, my aim to greet;
But soon too heavy grew
Fetters, scarce felt at first, on hands and feet;
And, as I nearer drew,

False-frowning, bleak, bare rocks around me ranged;
The safer, trustier ways
Wind round their base; now these all past, how changed
The scene whereon I gaze!

The westerling slope, the mountain's rugged side,
The vale beneath me spread,
Whose deepening gloom and shades mysterious hide
The path I henceforth tread:

Summer and noontide glow are spent and gone;
Soft hues on earth and sky
Grave autumn sheds, but clouds obscure the sun
Where yon dark hollows lie.

For there the fatal flood lurks deep and cold,
Whose wan mists, envious, pale
What lies beyond; yet see, where, steeped in gold,
Visions of bliss unveil!

O happy plains! O city on a hill,
Crowning th' horizon's bend!
With hope renewed my weary heart ye fill,
And courage for the end.

Not hard the downward path, with snares not spread,
Lonely, not desolate;
Evening draws nigh; somewhere below a bed
And sleep for me await.

So fearless on I wend, yet with good heed;
 Surely to that dread strand
 All paths descend, but only one may lead
 Within the Promised Land.

HELEN LOWE.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE LAVA.

In Two Parts.

Part II.

WE are now on our way to Manderscheid. The drive is picturesque, but there is nothing striking in the scenery; we pass another crater lake, the Holzmaar, a reedy tarn, small and pretty, but in no way to be compared to those we have lately seen. As we approach our destination the country becomes wooded, and we rattle down a rutty lane, over-arched with trees; we are led to expect a fine view of Manderscheid from the heights, but we are already half down the hill, and an impenetrable screen of leaves shuts out all view. The road takes a sudden turn; the trees open like a scene of enchantment, and a view not easily to be forgotten breaks upon the sight. We are standing on the verge of a yawning precipice, rocks at our feet, and rocks at our side; below lies a deep green valley, divided into two smaller valleys by a ridge of jagged slate cliffs; clinging to the crags are two ruined castles, for size and beauty of situation probably not surpassed in Europe. They look like crouching lions waiting for a spring, and the foe must have been a fearless one who attacked them in their lair. They belonged of old to the celebrated Counts of Manderscheid, whose traces we have already seen on the banks of the Kyll. From the spot upon which we stand, these castles look inaccessible, as the rock on which they are built rises sheer, like a giant wall, from the Lieser, which appears mysteriously from the bowels of the earth, and after acting as a castle moat, disappears again into the mountain side. The castles are wonderfully preserved, and must have been strongly built to have defied, as they have, not only the assaults of enemies, but those of time—a more dangerous foe.

It seems strange that none of our artists have found their way to Manderscheid; we want something fresh on the walls of our exhibitions: there are castles on the Rhine and the Moselle which are beset by painters, and appear year after year in some fresh guise, and here at a short distance from both these rivers is a fresh subject for the pencil, worthy to be treated by our cleverest hands. From whatever point we look at Manderscheid castles, the view is marvellously picturesque. Perhaps the view from the bridge over the Lieser is on the whole the finest.

On the opposite heights stands Manderscheid Town, with its church spire and gabled houses, upon the brink of a precipice almost as giddy as the one from which we look. Behind the town and all around us are high mountains, closing in the view on every side, adding greatly to the grandeur of the scene.

About a mile from Manderscheid the grandest of the Eifel Mountains rises precipitously from the valley watered by the Kleiner Kyll. The Mosenberg is the most remarkable of all the volcanoes in the Eifel, the summit is jagged fantastically, and three basaltic cones indicate the position of three of its craters, four of which it possesses; from the southernmost a huge lava stream issues and descends to the river, where the lava cliffs are high and sheer.

The view from the summit is the most extensive in the Eifel.

A little to the north of the mountain is another crater lake, the Meerfelder Maar; it is not worth a place in the sketch book, as it is nearly dry, the water having lately been drained off; a geologist would probably think it the best deserving a visit, as the water does not conceal the different volcanic formations.

The first portion of the road from Manderscheid to Wittlich is certainly the most picturesque point on our journey. Without a great stretch of the imagination we might fancy ourselves in the Tyrol. We wind down a steep declivity through a thick wood to Neumuhl, and there cross a brawling stream. What are those large birds hovering in the air? Ah! I know that cry—they are eagles. We ascend by zig-zags up the other side, our road still darkened by the trees. It is quite a mountain-pass on a small scale; but when we reach the summit all resemblance to the Tyrol vanishes, for we are again upon the moor, the dreary moor, and our way lies over it for some miles. At Minder Lütgen the scene changes again, and the land becomes more fertile; and when the brow of the hill is reached a magnificent panorama opens out before us. The fire-scorched Eifel is a dream of the past, as we look down upon the sunny plains watered by the Moselle. Slag and scoræ, basaltic rocks, and lava streams, volcanic sand and tuff, are replaced by verdant slopes and grassy meadows, vineyards blushing with grapes, and orchards red with apples.

We rattle down the hill, the very horses seeming to feel the change, and before we have had half time enough to drink in the glorious view, drive into Wittlich, a quaint old town upon the Lieser. The hotel, which not long ago we should have despised, looks to us a palace, and the food set before us ap-

pears a sumptuous banquet. Hard beds and sorry fare are all forgotten after one draught of sparkling Brauneberge.

We have a choice of several roads to the banks of the Moselle: one leads to the baths of Bertrich, where we can have another look



Castles of the Counts of Manderscheid.

at our old friend the lava, and thence through the lovely valley of the Alf to the town of that name upon the river; a second will take us straight to Trèves. Let us take the latter. Trèves is well worth a visit, and we can pay Bertrich a visit afterwards, when we go down the river. Is it agreed?

We are off then for Trèves. A short and pleasant drive through a laughing country brings us to Schweich, on the Moselle. The ferry-boat is coming over, so that I shall scarcely have time to sketch the ferry-towers, with the river running between them.

The ferry once crossed, our journey may be said to be over, for the poplar avenue which we now enter is one of the main approaches to Trèves. We constantly catch peeps of the river, and there are the towers and spires of the town. Yonder is the Porta Nigra. Rome herself cannot boast of such a gateway. It is almost as perfect as on the day upon which the last stone was fixed in its place, and yet the architect who designed it and the masons who reared it lived when Rome was an empire.

Trèves looks upon Rome quite as a modern city, and boasts to be 1300 years her senior, as may be seen from the Latin inscription on the Roth Haus.

But here we are at the Trierscher Hof, and our journey is at an end. Let us shake hands before we part. I have found you, fellow-traveller, a most agreeable companion, for you have been a good listener, and the terms are synonymous.

You have probably not been so contented with your *cicerone*, but you will be honest enough to confess that I have taken you to places whose names you never heard, and shown you scenes, some strange, some fair, all worth a visit, of whose existence you never dreamed, when you rattled along the "iron-road" to Cologne, or lounged in the "vapour-boat" upon the Rhine. I shall be satisfied with this admission, but I should be better pleased if I thought that you had found amusement in tracing with me the course of a lava-stream down a mountain-side, or watching the clouds reflected in a crater meer.

M.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XVII. MR. SCRIVENS' LITTLE MISTAKE.



HOSE who collect the statistics of death-bed scenes, without the intention of confounding the sceptic, are aware that, for the most part, folks die as they have lived; that is to say, according to their several constitutions.

Good Christians, if of a nervous temperament, are alarmed. Phlegmatic persons, even if they have no sure grounds of religious belief, are to the last (what their friends call) "philosophic." People little accustomed to thought

of any kind, rarely feel, or, at all events, exhibit, any mental emotion. An old officer of experience once told me that he had seen upwards of a hundred soldiers die in hospital, and not one of them was moved by the prospect of dissolution at all. At the same time it must be owned that much of this immobility may arise from the indefiniteness of the time when death shall be actually knocking at the gate. People talk of the uncertainty of life as a reason for repentance; but, in reality, its uncertainty is the great encouragement for procrastination. There may be no hope, but also the danger often does not appear immediate, until it has actually overwhelmed us. Criminals, it is true, when their day of certain doom draws nigh, are, in many cases, terribly agitated; but these last are exceptionably bad subjects for any such trial, since they have especial good reasons for feeling remorse, and for fearing retribution. The old are, as a general rule, least impressed with the nearness of dissolution. They have lived so long without dying, that it has become, as it were, a confirmed habit with them; and they cannot picture to themselves, while still in tolerable health, so radical a change.

In Carlyon's case, if Mr. Carstairs had confined himself to saying, "You have heart complaint of the most serious character; you

may die any day; your life is not worth six months' purchase," his patient would not, perhaps, have been much moved; but the addition, "I do not think it possible," or "I will pledge my professional reputation,"—which was it?—"that you will not live a year," made the professional opinion very striking.

Carlyon sat alone in the dark little chamber, looking forth upon the many-flowered garden, faint and odorous in the hot noon, and strange thoughts indeed were busy within him. He had read long ago at school in some Latin author, (he did not even remember that it was Cicero,) "No man is so old but that he imagines he will live a year;" and this line, arising in his mind sudden and unsummoned as a ghost, began to haunt it. There was no man in health, then, in the whole world, so old but that he looked to live longer (by so much time as the doctor had already left the house) than himself. Curiously enough, while thus confining himself rigidly within the life-limit assigned, this man did not now consider the probability of dying in the interim. The apprehension that had caused him so hastily to dispatch the groom to Burnthorpe was already gone. It seemed as though some warning such as is stated to have sometimes come to mortals from beyond the grave, had fixed his death at a certain date. Only a year, neither more nor less, save by a few minutes, to live. How strange it seemed to think that this self-same sunny hour would never return for him again. Thus, every succeeding day would be the last of its date for him. That, after a few weeks, no summer would shine for him more; no autumn after the next bear its fair fruit; no winter—this was his favourite season—afford its usual sports, save once. Then spring, which to all his kind was the welcome herald of so much, would come only to make the earth green for his grave! How strange it seemed that the occurrence of no one of nature's operations should (precisely) take place for him again! Never to see the shadow of yonder dial begin to lengthen on the grass, exactly as it was doing to-day. Stay; would it ever do so exactly. His mind began to seek what little science was in it to imagine how this might be. Then it reverted to the dial, and thence, naturally enough, to the story of King Hezekiah.

"There will be no miracle done for my sake, I suppose," muttered he, with bitterness. Then, losing his scornful look, he added, tenderly, "When she hears this, how she will pray that I may improve my year of grace. Sweet soul!"

His hand mechanically sought the letter in his pocket, and at the touch of it his brow grew dark.

Only one quarter gone of the earliest time in which he could expect Mr. Scrivens to arrive. If hours were to pass like this his life would be a long one after all. He sat down to write, and occupied himself with certain papers, until there was a far-off sound of wheels: some vehicle was slowly entering the great gates; a crunch upon the gravel sweep. Yes, he was come.

A red little dapper man was Mr. Scrivens, bald, except for a rim of sandy hair, and with a ferret face half hidden by huge red whiskers, which it was his constant ambition to get both in his mouth at once. Holding one fast between his teeth, and coaxing the other with his white hand (of which he was very vain) towards the same trap, was his habitual occupation; and when he had succeeded in the double capture, he would let them go, and begin again. Notwithstanding this impediment to conversation, his words flowed like a river. He had not been at all put out by the suddenness of Mr. Carlyon's summons; quite the contrary; he was delighted, charmed, after so many years, to revisit Woodlees. The last time was—ahem—upon a very melancholy occasion. "A good man, sir, was your poor father, an excellent man. Yes, yes."

"I sent for you thus hastily, Mr. Scrivens, upon a business matter, which to me, at least, seems pressing," began Carlyon, without noticing these interjectional remarks. "At present, I believe, in case of my dying intestate, all the property I possess would go to my sister——"

"Real and personal, sir, without doubt. And a very pretty property, too. Mrs. Newman is well, I trust, sir; Mr. Jedediah, your nephew, I had the pleasure of seeing——"

"I wish to make a will, Mr. Scrivens. Here are ink and paper, be so good as to take my instructions."

"Very right and very proper, my dear sir," observed the lawyer, encouragingly; "one of the first things that a man should do, upon emerging from what the law holds to be infancy, is to make a will—that is, provided that he has anything to leave; otherwise the precaution is needless. Even in your case, a man in the prime of life, with what I may venture to call a constitution of iron——"

"To my nephew, Jedediah Newman, I wish

to leave the sum of five hundred pounds, Mr. Scrivens."

"Just so, sir. Something for himself, as it were, independent of mamma, eh. Young men often stand much in need of such forethought as you display. Not that your nephew, let us hope, with the example of so excellent a mother before his eyes, so prudent, so—ahem—so discreet, would be likely to have embarrassed himself."

"My nephew is a scamp, I believe," observed Carlyon, drily; "but that is no matter to me. I wish to leave him five hundred pounds."

"Just so, sir. No matter at all. Young men will be young men. Too tight a curb at home—we know the rest. Any other particular bequest?"

"Yes. Robin must have an annuity of fifty pounds for life; and the other servants—their names are written on this paper—of twenty pounds."

"Very considerate, I am sure, Mr. Carlyon," returned Mr. Scrivens, setting down these particulars, "service is no inheritance, as the saying is. Any more special bequests?"

"I wish a hundred guineas to be paid to Mr. Carstairs, of Mellor. That is all."

Perhaps Mr. Scrivens was secretly disappointed that that *was* all, imagining that the name of one's legal adviser as well as of one's family doctor might have appeared in the document; for this time he said nothing, and silence, with Mr. Scrivens, meant not consent, but disapprobation.

"The whole of my property, real and personal, with the aforesaid deductions only, I wish to bequeath to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Robert Crawford, of Greycraga."

"My dear Mr. Carlyon!" The imprisoned whiskers flew from their ivory jailors, for the lawyer's lower jaw had suddenly fallen. "You are not in earnest, sir, surely?"

"Why not?" continued the client, gravely. "I, John Carlyon, being of sound mind, do hereby—you have dropped your pen, Mr. Scrivens."

"I beg your pardon, sir," observed the other, humbly: "the Carlyons have held Woodlees for three hundred years, and, just at first I missed your meaning. As your family lawyer, I was about to enter a respectful protest; but, of course, when a lady's in the case, all other things give place. Ahem! Permit me to congratulate you, my dear sir, with all my heart. I have heard the young lady spoken of very highly."

Carlyon bowed with considerable stiffness, and signed that his companion should resume his writing.

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Scrivens, gaily, and

with a whisker in each hand, "the thing can't be done—at least, not at present."

"Then I'll get somebody else to do it," ejaculated the other.

"My dear sir, you mistake me," pursued the lawyer, blandly. "I can, of course, do as you request; but it will all be labour in vain. Dear me, how ignorant you laymen are of the simplest rules of law—though it is not for me to regret it, far from it."

"Will you leave off making those damnable faces, and begin?" shouted Carlyon.

"My dear sir," explained the lawyer, with some precipitation, "these instructions are valueless: that is the simple fact. They will become waste paper upon the day of your union with this young lady. Marriage invalidates—"

"I am not going to be married, sir," interrupted Carlyon, in a voice that made the lawyer's blood run cold. "Now, your impertinent curiosity is satisfied, sir, perhaps you will do as you were told."

CHAPTER XVIII. MR. RICHARD GETS SOME GOOD ADVICE.

SCARCE a week has elapsed since the incident recorded in our last chapter, but it has witnessed great changes, or what were considered such at Mellor. John Carlyon has broken up his establishment—not, however, without remembrance of those who had belonged to it—and Woodlees is advertised to be sold. These facts alone were dainty dishes enough to be set upon the tea-tables of the neighbourhood; but there were a score of other strange reports respecting the young squire beside. Quite a glut of gossip, in short, and yet the market was very far from dull. The more immediate cause of this charming state of affairs was old Robin. In spite of his protest that he was "no tittle-tattle," there was no ancient female in the county so incapable of retaining a secret. Nature had ordained that he must out with it or burst. Was it not painful enough to have been the witness of his dear master's seizure, without the additional torture of having to conceal that most interesting occurrence? To expect silence was to be too exacting, too exorbitant. There was no "ambiguous giving out" either, in Robin's reference to this calamity. "Mr. John was in a fit, and Doctor Carstairs a bleedin' on him."

Then followed the scarcely less exciting narration of the sending for Mr. Scrivens. After what had happened, this prompt measure could have been taken for no other purpose than that of preparing a will. Except as to details (which were sought after with feverish eagerness), no further information was required

by an intelligent public. They "put two and two together" with a rapidity unequalled even in the old coaching days.

John Carlyon had had a fit: apoplexy, epilepsy, paralysis; there was a great opportunity here for imagination, and that display of medical science so grateful to the human mind—nay, it was even darkly whispered by some folks, *delirium tremens*. With the prospect of immediate dissolution before his eyes, the sceptic had characteristically concentrated his thoughts upon his temporal affairs. Mr. Scrivens on his part had been, for the present, reticent enough, notwithstanding that Jedediah had ridden over to Burnthorpe within the last few days, on pretence of "looking at a horse" which the lawyer happened to wish to part with, and had endeavoured to pump him; but this announcement of Woodlees to be sold, spoke for itself. John Carlyon must have willed his property away in some direction other than its legitimate channel, else why was the family residence to be thus disposed of?

Mrs. Newman maintained a calm exterior—some people called it "malice à white heat,"—and only shook her head and touched her forehead when the subject was mentioned. She was understood to imply that her unfortunate brother was not answerable for his actions, and doubtless it would have afforded her great satisfaction if such had been indeed the fact, and the law could have been got to certify it.

Now, as is not unusual in such cases, the person whom all these rumours chiefly pointed to, namely Agnes Crawford, was least aware of their existence. She knew that Carlyon had left Mellor, and that Woodlees was to be sold, and she had a suspicion, which gnawed the tender heart within her, of what had sent him away. Her conscience reproached her twenty times a day for having done the very thing which it had before insisted upon. Its old self, if I may say so, had now no ally except in those bitter words which Mrs. Newman had flung at her at parting. It was they which had turned the scale in the late conflict within her, and which now played the part of the metropolitan brigade upon the flame of love. But they no longer made head against the devouring element. Now that the goods had been removed and the fire was confined to the premises, the flaming serpents flickered over the empty rooms and the bare walls at their wild will. Now she had lost him for ever, Agnes began to feel how deeply she had loved Carlyon. And how he must have loved *her*, since one word of hers had sent him forth, she knew not whither, and made his home so hateful to him that he had resolved to enter it no more!

Was it likely that he would make any use of that sacred book, which had accompanied an answer so curt and so unwelcome? True, its brevity had been agreed upon, nay, proposed by himself; but might she not, nevertheless, have becomingly added something to have made rejection at least less ungracious, considering too that she was addressing, probably for the last time, the preserver of her life? Her cheeks burned while she thought of this, not in self-reproach, but from the consciousness that she had acted thus through love for him. For she had not dared trust her fingers to write more. Ah! if he could have only known what it had cost her to be so coldly brief! But now he would despise her parting gift, even more than his scepticism would have prompted him to do, from contempt of the giver. She had had it in her power to move his unbelieving heart, perhaps to win it, to the truth; but she had refused to take advantage of so rare and blessed an opportunity. His errors, nay, his very condemnation, might lie at her door. And why? Because she feared, as Mrs. Newman had suggested, being herself perverted from the right way? No; but because she feared to have imputed to her the vulgar, sordid motives she was assumed by that plain-spoken lady to entertain. Such ideas had never so much as entered into her brain; it was only this woman who had thrust them there; but once admitted—like a vile image intruded on a pure mind—she could no longer be ignorant of their existence. Although she had not been influenced by them, others, girls like herself, might be so; what Mrs. Newman thought of her, others might think of her. Perhaps Carlyon himself—no, she would not think that; but had not he too expressed his conviction that her father would not oppose himself to their union? Had he then any reason to believe that he was promoting it? Was she being thrown in this rich man's way, as manœuvring mothers were said to throw their daughters? She felt the hot blood tingle to her ear-tips, at this shameful thought. And yet to whom, unless to her father, had this woman referred when she had talked of her "springing from no one knows whom or whence?" Agnes shuddered! the red rose turned to white; and she closed her eyes as though to shut out some horrible scene.

Bitter as was the cup she had now to drink, it was perhaps well to do so. Bad as it seemed, even worse might have befallen; and with that ineffectual balm she strove to heal a wounded heart.

Thus Agnes Crawford argued with herself, now yearning for his love, now fortifying her heart against him with materials from the arsenal of Mrs. Grundy, and now agitated by

a nameless sorrow which, arising in the far-back past, threw forward such a shadow as seemed to make gloomy all her future.

It was while meditating on this secret grief, while sitting in her old place by the open window of the drawing-room, looking out upon the empty lawn, that Richard Crawford found her one morning, and took a chair by her side. He had treated her of late with marked but unobtrusive kindness. In the absence of the man he held to be his rival he had become once more his usual self, affectionately respectful, reverent. He knew that Carlyon had been refused, and therefore that the great obstacle to his success was done away with. He had never despaired until that man came and stepped between him and his cousin from the first, taking advantage of the accident that had introduced himself to her so favourably. If it had not been for his horse, he could not have saved her; and had not *he* (Richard) been equally willing to sacrifice his life for hers? How hateful it was to think that he owed his own safety to this country squire, who held his head so high, and cared for nobody, and could make his way so easily into the woman's heart, which he—her cousin and an inmate under the same roof—had failed to win. However, this rival was now removed, and as it seemed for ever. If his own place was to be only second in her affections she should still be his wife; if the other had won, it was he who should wear. As sure as the sun shone she should be his. He had been assured of that all along; but he had not been certain of securing his object by legitimate means. He would have used any had Carlyon intervened between them; but now there would surely be no necessity for proceeding to such extremities. On the other hand, there was no time to lose. He had already received a hint from his uncle, equivalent, as he was well aware to a peremptory order, that he had taken holiday long enough, and must be prepared for another sea-voyage—perhaps as long as the last. Without a solemn promise from Agnes that she would be his wife, he was resolved not to go. And he was now about to exact it.

"Agnes," said he, with a grave tenderness, that was not assumed, and became the young man very well, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, cousin." She turned her head slowly towards him, and her voice, though kind and gentle as always, had the unconcern of preoccupation in its tone.

"Something," said he, more earnestly, "for which I beg your best attention; it affects us both very nearly, but to me it is all in all."

"Yes, Richard."

A month ago she would have already begun to reprove him; but now she did not seem to apprehend to what such words needs must lead. This coolness galled him far more than her displeasure would have done; but he was very humble and quiet.

"My uncle says that I have had holiday enough, and that I must go to sea again forthwith."

"Poor boy," returned she, pityingly, almost caressingly; "and yet you do not seem to have been long at home. I think that's hard. I'll ask my father—"

"No, thank you, Agnes," answered he, coldly; "I am not a child to be begged off a day or two from school. I am a man now."

"A very young one, Richard," replied his cousin, smiling. "Nay, don't be cross; you will laugh, yourself, when you come home next, with a great beard, perhaps, to think how, as a stripling, you once imagined yourself to be a patriarch."

"Don't jest, Agnes, for I can't bear it. As to going to sea, it is my profession, and, as you know, I like it dearly. I don't mind hardships. I would not live a life of idleness, such as I lead here, even if I could. I know one has got one's work to do in the world, and I am no skulker."

"Bravely said, Richard. There is nobody who will be so proud of you as I shall be when you achieve the success you merit. We two are alone in the world, for, except my father, we have no other kith or kin; and blood is ever so much stronger than water, cousin."

Her white hand sought his shoulder and there rested; her voice had the honest ring of affectionate good-will. But neither touch nor tone were welcome to the recipient.

"Blood is nothing to me," answered the young man, impatiently. "If you sprang from the other side of the world, I should love you equally well. I wish you did, since you vex me so with 'cousin, cousin.'"

"I hope, Richard, you are not going to vex me," observed Agnes, withdrawing her hand, "with the same talk which I have already forbidden you to use. That is not behaving like a gentleman."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, passionately; "can it be wrong, when every thought within me shapes itself into the words, 'I love you,' not to utter them? I know I am young, and that there is time to spare. I do not press you to be my wife, Agnes—that is, not yet. I can be patient. I trust to show myself worthy of you before I win you. But, now that I am about to go

away, I know not for how long, I want to hear from your own lips a pledge—well, then, not a pledge—I shall be content, God knows, with very, very little. Only a little hope, that is all I ask: one gleam of light to cheer me on my lonely way. Nay, hear me out. Promise me that you will never wed another, never plight your troth to another, until I come back from sea."

"That is very easily done, Richard," returned the young girl, calmly; "and I would do it gladly, but for that which such a promise would imply. You will find me as you leave me, cousin, you may be sure of that—quite sure."

Carlyon's chance was gone, of that Richard felt certain; but notwithstanding her quiet smile, there was a melancholy in her voice that jarred upon his jealous ear.

"Then, why not give me hope?" urged the young man. "If, as you say," (here he fixed his dark eyes upon her searchingly,) "you do not love another—you *do*! you *do*!" exclaimed he passionately; "you are deceiving me. This fellow has not really left the place. You are only waiting till my back is turned."

"Sir," said she, with a white face, but speaking very calmly; "you said awhile ago that you regretted we were kith and kin. After such words as you have last spoken, I regret it too. A man indeed! None but a reckless boy, forgetting to whom he speaks, could have so transgressed."

"But is it not true?" urged the young man, half abashed, yet still suspicious. "Why did your colour change else, when I said 'you do not love another'?" Give me your sacred word, Agnes, that you have not pledged yourself to John Carlyon, and then I will believe you."

"I deny your right to ask me any such question, sir; but if it will put a stop to all such talk as this, once and for ever, I will tell you. Mr. Carlyon has asked me to become his wife, and I have refused him."

"But if he were to do so, now?" inquired Richard, eagerly.

"Now, or at any future time, would be the same; I should still refuse him. You seem pleased, sir, with this news. But, let me tell you further, since I have said so much, that what I have said of Mr. Carlyon applies tenfold to you. My purpose is to marry no man. But did I marry, I should choose a gentleman—no eavesdropper, who suspects the woman he pretends to love, nor one who sets a servant to play the spy upon her mistress—yes, I know you, sir. The next time that you propose to yourself to win a woman's heart, be honest, be open, lest, instead of

love, you reap contempt, as you have reaped with me."

He had never seen her—no one had ever seen her—half so wrathful, half so moved. Erect, to her full height, she stood, and flashed her words upon his bent-down head.

"Be honest, be open," reiterated she, as she laid her hand upon the door, "that is my parting advice to you, cousin Richard."

The words seemed to scorch his ears.

"I will take it, cousin Agnes," said he, quietly. "You will see me from henceforth quite another man." Even while he spoke his mobile countenance grew staid and firm; his thin lips ceased to tremble. "I will, so help me heaven!"

"I hope heaven will, Richard, for you need its help."

She closed the door behind her with those words.

"Yes, I will be open enough," muttered Richard, grimly; "although not with her. She must never know what I am about to do; and, indeed, how should she, since *he* would be the last to tell her. She has only herself to thank for it; she has driven me to it. I would have won her, if I could, by any other way."

He passed out of the room and up the stairs; then took the turning that led to his uncle's chamber. A man servant, coming from that direction, met him with, "The master is scarcely dressed, sir; he cannot see you yet;" but Richard pushed by him roughly, without reply, and knocked sharply at his uncle's door.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN MUSEUM, WHITEHALL.

In an obscure thoroughfare leading from Whitehall Place, and in ominous proximity to the United Service Museum, the explorer specially determined and bent upon the expedition will find one of the most interesting exhibitions in London. When we say that it assumes to be, and has the power of becoming, a—comparatively speaking—perfect exposition of the resources of our great Indian Empire, containing the most intelligent people of a quarter of the globe, we may be pardoned for thus speaking of the manner in which it is hidden from the sight of the world, as though it were some refuse shot anywhere out of the way—in such a dog-hole, to speak comparatively, as "Old Fife House."

Were it not for the exhibition of our Indian produce in the several national expositions, we question whether the English people would have known anything more of India, excepting that it was the place from whence come cash-

mere shawls, spices, and Bengal tigers. Of its vast resources in every kind of product, animal and vegetable—of its mineral wealth—of its textile fabrics, and of the art-work of its people, notwithstanding that we have held a large portion of it for a hundred years, the public know little or nothing. That the old East India Company, being a strict monopoly founded upon the policy of the Middle Ages, should have purposely said as little as possible about their splendid possessions, is intelligible enough; but in the transfer of the great empire founded by "a few ironmongers, clothiers, and other substantial people of that kind," in the reign of Elizabeth, to the imperial authorities, it does seem strange that statesmen should have been so shortsighted as to fancy that an obscure corner would be good enough for a collection which must, with a little care and attention, become not only the most splendid permanent exhibition in the country, but will represent the interests of the largest collection of intelligent races ever brought within the sway of one sceptre.

At the entrance hall we are met by a collection of relics which lead us back to a period long anterior to the Norman conquest, and which testify to the enlightenment of India at that remote period,—we refer to the remains of the buried city of Brahmanabad, in Scinde, a large place, which was destroyed by an earthquake, probably (from the coins that have been discovered in the ruins) in the eighth century. The relics contain mutilated specimens of the various articles in domestic use at that period, and it would appear that they were pretty much the same as now in use in India. It is certainly curious to look at a set of mutilated chessmen and the fragments of a chess-board, elegantly ornamented, which were probably played with by some of the earliest converts to the faith of the Prophet. These chessmen bear evidence of having been turned in a lathe, and they are curiously formed, with a peg at the foot, to fix into the frame, in the same manner in which chessmen are made at the present day for use on ship-board, where it is necessary to provide against any sudden motion which would disturb the game. There are dice, again, not exactly like those in present use, as they are oblong instead of square; but they are numbered on their different faces in a similar manner. The earthenware is of the same elegant form which is now made; but it has one advantage over similar articles at present made in Scinde—the pieces of pottery are veneered with porcelain or china, an eighth of an inch thick. This is certainly an evidence of an art which is lost. Many of the pieces of pottery are brilliantly coloured; and glass in profusion, of vivid hues,

agate ornaments in glass, and ivory turned, are shown in the glass case. Some of the pieces of glass evidently formed portions of blown and cut bottles, and some pieces of cornelian ornaments are figured in white lines upon a smooth surface in a manner which is now unknown. Not to dwell longer upon this glass case of singular relics, which prove that the India of eleven hundred years ago was pretty much the India of to-day, we pass on up the stairs to the apartment on the first-floor. It would be tiresome to dwell upon the army of bottles that contain specimens of the vegetable wealth of India, the thousands of grains that it produces, the almost numberless pharmaceutical preparations it furnishes, the gums and plastic resins it affords in endless profusion, and the spices and perfumes. It must be remembered that it was the fame of the spices of the East which attracted so many adventurous bands towards that wondrous land, and which in the end led to the discovery of the new ocean pathway to it by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Let us make our way to the case which excites more human interest, the splendid collection of arms which attracts the eye in the distance. There are several articles here which, in point of workmanship, may put our own cutlers to the blush. The Indian princes have in all ages been famous for their patronage of the fabricators of arms, and in some of the armour, arabesqued with gold in the most artistic and delicate patterns, we see the perfection to which steel-work is brought in that country.

Among the historical trophies, the most prominent are the beautifully arabesqued arm-lets and gauntlets, and the steel helmet in which Tippoo Saib made his celebrated stand at the gates of Seringapatam, where, together with his two sons, he was killed like a soldier, sword in hand, by the English troops. It is this Tippoo Saib who is said to have amused his children and guests by the mechanical figure of a tiger eating an English officer, the growls of the animal, and the cries of the man, being imitated by some apparatus contained within the body of the animal; but the story is not thoroughly authenticated, and we scarcely think that a soldier, who fought so well, could have been guilty of so paltry an act. That the apparatus was discovered in his palace after his death, is, however, certain. The sword of Holker is also shown—a mighty blade, which we should scarcely have imagined any Indian hand could have wielded. But of swords there are scores, made in a manner which, to an European eye, are extraordinary enough; and curved blades of the celebrated Damascus steel, the hilts and scabbards one blaze of gold and jewels. Some of the daggers

are curved, like the sword of the cherubim; some are made to thrust straight forward, instead of to cut at right angles; and some, again, are made to secrete poison, or to suddenly start out hidden blades like the fingers of a hand. There is one species of sword used for hamstringing elephants, which bears no resemblance whatever to the ordinary blade, being five times as broad at the end as at the hilt, and having a sheath more like a coat-sleeve than anything else. "But what is that diabolical-looking steel cap?" we asked of the gentleman who was kind enough to accompany us during our visit. He unlocked the case, and put into our hand an article constructed of steel, so as to fit into the palm of the hand, and beautifully jointed, so that it may close or open with it; where this articulated palm ended, four claws of sharp steel were firmly fixed, so as to be along the under side of the four fingers. The whole was so constructed that it could be fitted to a glove, or lie there concealed from observation.

"That looks a treacherous weapon of some kind," said we.

"Yes," he returned; "upon that claw the foundation of the famous Mahratta empire was built."

This is the identical "bagh nakh," or tiger's claw, with which Siraji murdered the commander of the empire of India, after a well-laid plot, by which he had drawn his enemy into his power. The tale of this extraordinary assassination, so peculiarly Indian in its treachery, is so well told by Elphinstone in his "History of India," that we may be excused for extracting it. The commander despatched by Aurangzib against the cunning Mahratta chief, was Afzil Kahn, who was sent out from Bejapur in command of a large army, sufficient to sweep the marauder (whom he despised) and his daring followers away.

"But," says Elphinstone, "that enemy knew well how to turn his presumption to account; he affected to be awed by the reputation of Afzil Khan, and to give up all his hopes of resisting his arms. He sent humble offers of submission to the Khan, who deputed a Bramin, high in his confidence, to complete the negotiation. This man Siraji won over, and by his assistance Afzal Khan was easily persuaded that Siraji was in a state of great alarm, and was only prevented from surrendering by his apprehensions of the consequences. During these negotiations, Afzal Khan advanced through intricate and woody valleys to the neighbourhood of the hill fort of Partabghar, where Siraji was residing; and the Mahratta consented to receive his assurances of forgiveness at a personal interview, if the Khan would concede so much to his fears as

to come unattended for the purpose of meeting him. Afzil Khan on this quitted the army, and went forward with an escort, which he was afterwards persuaded to leave behind, and advance with a single attendant. He was dressed in a thin muslin robe, and carried a straight sword, more for state than with any expectation of being required to use it. During this scene Siraji was seen slowly descending from the fort; he advanced with a timid and hesitating air, accompanied by one attendant, and, to all appearances, entirely unarmed; but under his cotton tunic he wore a shirt of chain armour, and besides a concealed dagger, he was armed with sharp hooks of steel, which are fastened on the fingers, but lie concealed in the closed hand, and are known by the descriptive name of 'tiger's claws.' The Khan looked with contempt on the diminutive figure which came crouching on to perform the usual ceremonies of meeting; but at the moment of the embrace Siraji struck his claws into his unsuspecting adversary, and before he could recover from his astonishment, dispatched him with his dagger. He had before this drawn his troops from all quarters by secret paths, into the woods round Afzil's army, and on a signal from the fort, they rushed at once on the Mussulmen, who were reposing in insolent security, and slaughtered and dispersed them almost without resistance."

The "tiger's claw" appears to have been by no means an uncommon weapon in India, as there are several in the museum. Its purpose was not, as the historian would assume, to seize and hold the victim, but to tear open his bowels, which it could do with the utmost ease. But to return to the arms case; among an extraordinary number of matchlock guns, of different construction, and fine workmanship, there are two *revolvers* at least a hundred years old. Thus an invention, which, even now has not advanced beyond the pistol in Europe, was applied to the gun in what, at that time we were pleased to term, the "barbaric East."

We have not to go far from this splendid collection of weapons to find that the Hindoo excels in the arts of peace as much as in the manufacture of arms. The textile manufactures of India are splendid samples of what may be done by intelligent human industry, versus machinery. It will perhaps be new to Englishmen to know that the woven fabrics used by the better classes in that vast country are all of native manufacture. The upper classes in India will not look at our barbarously printed chintzes, or our muslins. The native workmen can spin much finer yarn by hand than we can do by our most delicate

machinery. In the exhibition of 1862, we challenged the world with some specimens which surpassed anything before attempted by the machinery; but the finger of the Indian woman spins a yet finer thread. Some of the first-class muslins woven by the Hindoo with his fingers and toes on a rude bamboo loom, throw our finest efforts entirely in the shade. The muslins of the Deccan have long been famous throughout the world. There are three kinds which stand preëminent, and have received poetical names, which they fully justify. The highest class muslin is termed "woven air," or kings' muslin, as it was generally made for the nobles at the court of the Great Mogul. The second class is known as "abrowan," or "running water," and the third class is called "saluam," or "evening dew." Dr. Forbes Watson, the intelligent director of the museum, who bears the rather odd title of "Reporter on the products of India," has published a very valuable work on the textile fabrics of India, in which he draws attention to the ignorance of our manufacturers to the real requirements of the people of India, to correct which, and to prepare the way for an adequate sale of our textile fabrics in our Eastern possessions, he has collected a series of seven hundred patterns of the various fabrics used in the East, which ages have proved to be perfectly adapted to the wants of the people. In dealing with the natives of India, it must be remembered that we are dealing with a people far in advance of ourselves in an art point of view; we cannot, therefore, dictate to them what they shall wear, as we would to the natives of Africa. Both in pattern and colour, English manufactured goods are below the tastes of the meanest of the Hindoos, and, moreover, in texture and wearing qualities they are inferior. They will not wash, and that in the East is sufficient condemnation. Moreover, our ignorance of the kind of garments worn by the population is fatal to the introduction of anything but the commonest colours and materials of that class. The great majority of the people of India wear robes that have never been shaped, or sewn with the needle. There are three or four garments which clothe the masses of the people—the "dhotee," or waist-cloth, a cotton scarf wound round the loins, and then brought up between the legs; the "longee," a scarf worn over the shoulder and upper part of the body, and the "saree" of the men, a scarf which covers the body and also the head; there is, in addition, for the men, the turban, which, in the upper classes, is made of fine muslin, so as to allow a considerable thickness, in order to protect the head; some of these turbans are forty yards

in length. The different dimensions of these articles of apparel, and the method in which they are ornamented, is of the utmost importance, and unless our manufacturers understand these details, they cannot hope to find a sale for their wares throughout the great peninsula of India. In order to instruct our manufacturers, these books of working patterns we have before alluded to have been collected by Dr. Watson, and distributed, at the request of the Government, in the different chambers of commerce in our manufacturing towns. This is the first time, we fancy, in England, that our rulers have taken upon themselves the task of pointing out the direct path our fabricators should go, in order to suit our foreign customers. It is a wise course, however, and several of our Manchester manufacturers have already availed themselves of the advantages the Government have afforded them.

The collection of cashmere shawls, as might be expected, is very perfect. In the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, some of the most splendid examples of the true cashmere shawl were sent by the Marajah, and many of these were purchased for the museum. A real cashmere is a much rarer fabric than is generally believed. We see, it is true, so-called shawls, in the silk-mercens' windows in Regent Street, but they are rarely the true thing. Scarcely any cashmères find their way out of the country; but a number of fabricators have emigrated and settled themselves in Umritzur, where the larger portion of cashmères that reach Europe are manufactured. The patterns are good, but they are not so soft and delicate in texture as the real article. The material of which the true cashmere shawl is made is the fine wool that forms an under-growth to the hair of the Thibet goat. This fine wool, or pashum, cannot be obtained excepting in Cashmere, and kumanhee wool is substituted for it. When we inform our readers that a real cashmere costs 300*l.* in the country, he may feel pretty sure that the shawls he sees offered under that name in the shop windows are the second-rate manufacture of the Punjab. The French, some time ago, thinking they could improve upon the design of these shawls, sent not a few workmen to modify it with the ideas of the West; but it was a failure, as was anticipated by all who knew anything of the principles of true Indian work. We English made a similar mistake with respect to carpet designs. A zealous superintendent of one of the prisons in India sent home for a supply of Berlin wool, and set his prisoners to weave a pattern in which large roses were introduced; the result was a strange absurdity

which lacked all the genuine harmony of the commonest Indian design, and a glaring hardness of colour, which at once proved how much we had to learn from the poor despised Hindoo. It was sold, we are glad to say, for a mere song, whilst the commonest native fabrics realized large prizes. We despair to speak of the various gold embroidered fabrics displayed in the cases; but we may state that, fragile as these look, they will all wash, and the gold we are told, never tarnishes, for the reason that it is so pure.

We must not linger too long over these delicate fabrics, which may well serve as models of perfection to our own manufacturers. There are a hundred curious specimens of handicraft, in different materials, awaiting our inspection. The goldsmith's work for example, especially the gold and silver filigree work of Delhi and Cuttack, and the enamels of Jeypore in Indore, which art, we are informed, is a secret preserved by the natives. The enamelling by the workers from these states is all done on the reverse. It certainly surprises us to find that the lapidary work and the stone setting is inferior; in this respect we may give the East a lesson which they may learn with advantage. The excellence of form, which distinguishes the native artist, is by no means confined to articles of superior manufacture, as it is with us. Let us look at these specimens of copper and brass ware: they are the ordinary cooking utensils of the country, but there is not an article that would have disgraced the best days of Greece. There is no such thing in the East as first-rate and third-rate art, as regards form; the native finds it is quite as easy to make a jar of a good form as of a bad one, and his instinct always leads him right. He could not make such a pitcher as every day goes to the well in England; and it is well that he cannot. The carvings in sandalwood and ivory are profuse, and are monuments to the patient industry of the people. The same harmony of details is observable as in the cashmere shawl; but what material does not the native cover with his delicate designs? Horn, tortoiseshell, and lacquered work of all kinds, are profuse in adornment, and the inlaid work from Bombay and Surat we are all well acquainted with. We hear that, in the English department of the Paris exposition, there is a most magnificent collection of Indian jute, most beautifully carved; this, with the rare specimens of shawls and carpets, will ultimately find its way to our own museum.

After inspecting the beautiful fabrics in all materials, it is curious to turn into the room which contains specimens of the tools with

which the native accomplishes so much. Can those delicate textile fabrics come from those rude looms? Can the Hindoo, with a few threads and a bit of bamboo, turn out that "woven air" muslin, so fine that it cannot be distinguished as it lies upon the grass? Can the native do with his finger and this ram-shackling engine far beyond anything we can accomplish with our most delicate machinery? Yes; because the human mind and the human nervous system is far more delicate than any combination of metal that was, is, or ever shall be.

It is a good idea to show the tools with which a foreign people work. Here we have common implements of every kind. Those of the blacksmith and carpenter are very similar to our own—no doubt we copied them from the East—but they are smaller than the English tools, to suit the finer hands of the native. What curious articles we find huddled together in this model-room: spinning or weaving frames; models of native sailing boats, some the fastest things in the world, from which our own shipbuilders may take a hint; agricultural implements, and among them the clodbreakers, ploughs, harrows, and drills; we must not forget to notice the sawing-machine, an idea which, like the revolver, we have stolen from the East and then patented! All these curious things are jumbled together in a room not bigger than an ordinary breakfast-parlour. Indeed, Fife House presents the grandest specimen of cramming, next to Sir John Soane's Exhibition, in existence, and is a specimen of the miserable manner a great nation treats an exhibition of the works of 200,000,000 of people. We have not space, even if our reader had the patience, to follow through all the rooms devoted to the beautiful models of the fruits and vegetables of India; the raw materials of all kinds; the forests of woods of every conceivable texture; and the collection of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles.

The various forms of religion which have existed and still exist in India, are represented by a fine collection of pieces of sculpture, statues of God, and emblems—one of them of the most extraordinary kind—and even machinery by way of facilitating devotional exercises;—witness the revolving prayer cylinder of the Llamas of Thibet, &c. The marbles from rock-cut tombs, and the reliefs representing ceremonial and historical subjects, are full of the deepest interest to the Oriental scholar. But the Indian of the present will doubtless far more interest the general visitor. The habits of the people, the ships they trade on, the bazaars they buy in, the dances and amusements they partake of, are all shown to

us like life, in a series of well executed models.

Of the people themselves, as represented by the various tribes and races, we have a series of most interesting photographs, executed at the suggestion of Lady Canning, and, more interesting still, a series of casts of the faces of a large number of the native tribes. We are told that the bought collection exposed to view, forms but a portion of the stores stowed away out of sight. Like a glittering iceberg, the largest part is submerged in deep depths that never see the light of day.

Her Majesty's Indian Government have provided a range of apartments for the museum in the new India Department now in the course of erection. The light is good, but it is clearly quite inadequate as regards space for an exhibition which must ultimately become one of the finest in Europe; and, moreover, it is on the attic story! Imagine our statesmen setting aside the attic story for a museum which represents all the civilization of the East—a territory exceeding Europe in size and the number of its inhabitants, and a soil where every production of the earth seems to overflow! The idea is too absurd. The museum must have a building of its own. The nation would not grudge the money, for the majority of the treasures collected has cost it nothing. The servants of the old company and of Her Majesty's service, especially the medical department, have collected and given, as free gifts, the extraordinary collection we have space but to glance at; and it is but just that the Government should provide a jewel-case worthy of such treasures—treasures, be it remembered, that are every day increasing.

The site of Fife House and the buildings adjacent, which will abut upon the new road to the Thames Embankment, would afford ample space for a noble museum all Englishmen would be proud of, and one which would be worthy of the great empire it would represent.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

PART I.

THE approach of autumn suggests a glance at the changes which have taken place, in the course of the last fifty years, in the method of compassing the partridge's death.

During that period partridge shooting has emerged from one phase, has passed through another, and has entered upon a third. In the first of these phases the flint and steel lock had no rival, wheat stubbles were universally reaped, turnips were sown broadcast, pointers and setters were in the height of their glory, and nineteen out of every twenty men who

took out a licence to kill game wore the old-fashioned velveteen shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle attached to one of the buttonholes. Whether with justice, or simply from a natural preference to the customs of their youth, veteran sportsmen speak of this as the golden age of shooting.

Next to it came the phase of the percussion cap and of drilled turnips,—the first decidedly a change for the better, the second very decidedly a change for the worse; for the birds, who would lie well among turnips sown broadcast, declined to conduct themselves with the like humility when the drill had made paths for them to escape by. Up or down these paths they ran from the dog, greatly trying that animal's staunchness and his master's temper, the latter generally breaking down, not without noise, under the trial.

At about this period, also, may be noted the introduction of two other novelties.

First, the custom of mowing wheat instead of reaping it. As this came in, shooting in the stubbles, which had hitherto been a marked feature of a day's sport in September, went out; for when a man, looking over a hedge, could see (as where the scythe had superseded the reaping-hook he could) the different covies of partridges in a field, it was extremely probable that, as soon as he crossed the hedge, they would see him, and then good-bye to his chance of getting a shot at them.

Secondly, the retriever dog. Time was when it would have been thought an insult to any good pointer, or setter, that he should find the game and another should fetch it when shot. If worth anything, he was able to perform both these duties himself; and when, as was most usual, a pair of dogs were at work together, the crucial test of their training was that one should continue recumbent after the gun was fired, while the other, when the process of re-loading was completed, at his master's bidding, retrieved the bird; or, if it was a runner, the two together hunted up the fugitive.

From whatever cause or causes, this system passed away,—whether it was that the breed of pointers and setters degenerated from the carelessness of the rising generation, contemptuous according to its wont of the customs of its predecessors; or whether, which is the more probable solution, the great quantity of birds reared under the stricter and more artificial mode of game preserving, which came in with phase the second, made fetching and carrying more necessary than finding,—in what way soever it is to be accounted for, shortly after the custom of drilling turnips began, and the detonator came into fashion, more and more frequent became the appear-

ance of a black dog (hitherto, comparatively speaking, rarely seen in such company), who blundered about between the gamekeeper's legs, and, when the pointer had found the bird, and his master had shot it, usurped the honour of picking it up. This animal, the retriever, gradually in all counties where partridges abound monopolized the whole canine business of the shooting-field, till, in phase the third, inaugurated by the breech-loader, he reigns supreme. In grazing districts, unfavourable to the partridge, and in neighbourhoods where properties are small, the game only partially preserved, and persecuted by all who can afford to buy a licence, pointers and setters are still to be seen in tolerable abundance; but, as a rule, of inferior behaviour.

There are, however, no doubt here and there in all counties, some good ones still to be found; even in Norfolk, where retrievers are most commonly used, I remember one pointer of surpassing excellence within the last nine years, and desire to record his virtues. He belonged to a neighbour, into whose possession he came by accident. He was a spotted dog, white and a sort of dark blue, with the solemn face, "the glance of melancholy," as the poet calls it, which is supposed to betoken great genius. Nor did his conduct belie his appearance. At a very precocious age we took him into the field, having, during the month of August, given him a few preparatory lessons, which, however, he seemed hardly to require. Indeed, so great was his ability, that, if it were permitted to believe in a metempsychosis, I should certainly hold that the spirit of a gamekeeper had migrated into a dog's body, and that Pharaoh was the result. I call him Pharaoh, because, though Pero was his real name, the boy who had charge of him could never be induced to give it to him; but, from some strange confusion of ideas or of sounds, persisted in dignifying him with the title of the kings of Egypt. Poor Pharaoh! he was master of his craft. It came to him by intuition that in a game county like Norfolk, wide ranging in a good season, however exhilarating to himself, would not conduce to fill the bag; so he curbed his natural impetuosity, and twaddled about, slowly cantering between the guns, and about ten yards before them. He never passed a bird. I do not recollect his ever running one up. He was a marvel even among dogs; but all his ability could not preserve him to us. After two very long and consecutive days' work, under a hot sun, Pharaoh was reported ill. The next day he was worse. The next he was buried beneath an apple-tree by the boy, his guardian. The veterinary surgeon who attended him said that

he died of jaundice; but we did not believe it. It was mind that killed him: Pharaoh fell a victim to his own genius.

After recording the virtues of so great an artist, there is tameness even in the thought of the now prevalent mode of beating for partridges, where they are numerous and where the fields are large; but as in such districts it is a prominent feature of the present system, it deserves mention. The plan, then, is this: First of all, the birds are driven from the stubble into the turnips by a boy on a pony, or by some such agency, care being taken not to disturb them till after they have finished their breakfast, otherwise they are restless all day long, and constantly trying to get back to their feeding-ground. When this preliminary work has been duly completed, say by half-past ten o'clock, the shooting-party betakes itself to the ground selected for the day's sport. As neither pointers nor setters are used, it is not necessary to pay much regard to the direction of the wind; but, it being a great desideratum to divide the birds as much as possible so as to get them to rise singly, it is well, the gun-bearers being marshalled in line, with a beater and retriever between each pair, to make first of all the circuit of the field, taking such shots as are offered and keeping the two men nearest the hedge a little in advance, so as to drive the covies as they rise into the middle of the field. There they get intermixed with others near enough to the line of march to have been disturbed by, and to draw away from, the rustle of its advance; and thus, by the time the circuit is completed, numbers of young partridges separated from their brothers and sisters, deprived of the leadership of their parents, surrounded by strangers, nervous and inexperienced, lie scattered and crouching among the turnips. To the shooting-party, commencing a methodical beating up of the field backwards and forwards across the drills, these fall easy victims; for they seldom rise out of distance, and are not strong enough to display much alacrity in flight.

Whatever description of gun be used, this mode of beating the fields secures, in the early part of the season at least, the greatest quantity of dead game; with such an auxiliary as the breech-loader it is especially fatal. The detonator, or even the old-fashioned flint and steel, supposing the birds to rise not only singly but at such intervals that the work of re-loading could be completed before they claimed attention, would be equal to the occasion. But birds are so unreasonable as to violate the second of these conditions very frequently. The fall of one will scare another to immediate flight, or the noise of ramming

down the wadding will do it, or a fidgetty dog or beater; and when a muzzle-loader is only partly charged, it is not every one who can complete the charging of it in time to arrest the fugitive.

The case is very different with the breech-loader. It may be opened and the cartridge inserted even after the bird has risen, and in ample time to sing his death song to him, unless, of course, he has got up at a greater distance from the gun than is usual in September. It is right to add that the introduction of this weapon is not an unmixed good. No doubt it enables a good shot to kill a much greater quantity of game than he could do without it; but, at the same time, it diminishes the number of days on which, unless he be the owner of a very large extent of land, he can hope to go out with the prospect of a successful walk. The same partridges clearly cannot be killed twice. No consideration, however, of this kind is likely to influence for a moment the shooting man of this generation. Possession is his object; and herein lies after all the radical difference between the present and the past of partridge shooting. It is not simply its externals, its accessories, which are changed; it is its principle.

With our forefathers it was a sport; with us a large element of business has been infused into it. They liked to kill their birds "*secundum artem*." They broke in dogs to find them; they "*held up*;" they "*down-charged*;" they "*to-hoed*." There was a certain etiquette observed in all their relations with the game which they desired to kill. As the executioner shakes hands with the trembling wretch whom he is about to hang, or the duellist salutes the gentleman whom he is determined to slay if he can, so they would have everything pleasant and *en règle* between themselves and their victims; perhaps it is not too much to say that if they could not have shot them according to rule they would rather not have shot them at all. We have changed all this. We have got rid of all sentiment in the matter. Partridges are worth so much a brace in the nearest town; the carrier's cart goes there to-morrow, therefore we must shoot to-day. That turnip-field is full of birds, let us take the quickest mode of getting them on wing, consistent with the necessity of killing the greatest number. Shoot away, gentlemen! but do not "*injure*" your birds, or—they won't fetch their price. These are the thoughts in the mind of "*paterfamilias*" when he invites his young friends to a day's shooting. He may not boldly put them into words, but they are there. The game shot is to pay his keeper's

wages, or to balance his fish account; only an infinitesimal part of it is given away. His young friends will, of course, repudiate all sympathy with such views: they go out shooting for the sake of the sport. No doubt they do; that is to say, they like the excitement of much noise and firing, and they try their best to kill more than their neighbours; but as to sport, as their forefathers understood the word, not one of them in twenty understands anything about it.

Never mind: they please themselves, and that is their object. It is a fine thing to be able to enjoy thoroughly a six hours' walk. It is a fine thing to clear the cobwebs from the mind by healthy exercise. Partridge shooting is a very pleasant recreation, on whatever principle it is conducted; and I hope with all my heart that every one who engages in it this September will thoroughly enjoy himself.

EMERITUS.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER I.

MONTMAUR, the maligned epicure and sharp satirist, installed himself in the College of Boncourt, Rue Bordet, on the crown of the Montagne St. Geneviève. From this eminence he could select the chimney whence the fattest smoke issued. The cultivated parasite could have no finer position. Casting his window open, on spring mornings, he could sit dreaming and watching and speculating whither the fattest Bresse capon—the most succulent Rouen duck—would find its way from the Halles by Saint Eustache. To the east lay the sombre pile of Notre Dame by the cruel river's edge, and flanked with the house of suffering of the poor. The chimneys of the Sorbonne doctors were under his nose. He had only to glance to the west of the cathedral, to catch pleasant eddies of smoke, and mark the rich bulbs of vapour that blobbed from the prodigal's roof; while thin strings of almost colourless film rose from the home of the disgraced favourite.

Of this, Montmaur would say, "Not carbon enough below to roast an egg!"

And then his eye would gladden over the dark clouds that bellied from under the bishop's pots. "Monseigneur has not a mind to fasting to-day." And Montmaur would brighten the table of Monseigneur that evening.

A rare and ripe epicure was Montmaur—perfected by a cunning, fantastic, sharply-barbed wit. Learnedly, as his skilful knife clove through the first chicken of the season, did his swift tongue lay a *bêtise*.

Albeit Montmaur was of my flesh and blood—on my mother's side—and you know it is from Eve to Eve, the scholar says, the wit descends, I say these handsome things of him. Yea, he is my relative, and I admire him, and cap to his shade; and bear him reverently in mind whenever it is my fortune to taste a perfect Soubise sauce. An humble follower of him is the reader's servant, who presents these notes of travel round the world. My mother wedded with an Englishman, whose name—but no, my Christian name is enough. I was once acquainted with Rochefoucauld Clark, and I mind me of the wittings who dulled his life. I shall be, to the reader, Montmaur *tout court*.

I am not concerned in the industry of any nation. I never chaffer in the market; and yet I am not of the ethereal nature of our poet, who never entered a market-place, save to buy an apple or a rose. I make open confession of a grosser nature. I travel, not to stuff my head with legends; nor to collect travellers' tales; nor to discover a new butterfly; nor to risk my bones in the quest of a river's head. So that the river be of the quality that yields "jolly good ale, and old," it may flow from the bowels of the earth for me; or take its rise in an attorney's back garden. My eye twinkles upon the upland that is purple with the grape. You find me pensive under the oak, and surmise that I am digging into a hot brain for some truth I cannot seize. Over sagacious observer, you are wrong. I am pondering the mysterious story of truffles—of which I shall be led to speak in due time and proper place. But, for the moment, let it suffice that I seek not to know after the manner of the gardener.

It appears to me that the thing which is daintiest instinctively shelters itself under that which is strongest. Eve was prone to the arms of Adam.

I am returned home after long travel. I have been neither commissioner, nor delegate, nor secretary. I have no worldly dignity, save that from which neither king nor parliament can disgrace me. My happiness is not sand-based, as his is, who lives by delighting mankind with the eloquence of his lip. He must keep the cunning still to tickle the ears of the vulgar. My joy has a deeper root; it lies behind my tongue, and I tickle myself to my own humour.

When I learned that a new Universal Exhibition of the Industry of the World was to be held, I shrugged my shoulders and turned upon my heel. I have never mastered the simple mechanism of a farm boy's mouse-trap. To me a platinum wire and a brass farthing are the same metal as a *rouge liard*. The

economy of heat I understand when a bottle-jack is twisting before the fire. I am master of steam when it encompasses a potato. Since gas has been applied to cookery I have given it my anxious attention. I am an ardent student of dessication, and have watched with unmixed gratification the potting of lobsters on the coast of Labrador. I should be an ungrateful biped, unworthy of a single plover's egg, were I insensible to the services rendered to humanity by the illustrious inventors of the Dutch oven, the gridiron, and the toasting-fork. I wonder who was the hardy "salt" of the turbulent Baltic, whose eye first twinkled *en fin connaisseur*, over a sturgeon's roe. Bring me the portrait of the genius—for genius is of the palate as well as of the brain—who swallowed the first oyster, that I may worship it.

"That boy shall be a cook," my father is reported to have said, when he was brought to observe the edifying discrimination with which I selected from among the simple dishes of a nursery table. Indifferently prepared tops and bottoms, my mother fondly related, could not be palmed off upon me, even when I was puling upon my nurse's knees. As I grew, both nurse and mother, kissing and blessing me, said, "Dear child! he must have the best of everything." I will take leave to observe that, to use a phrase of the vulgar, he has his head screwed on in the right way who early develops among his *entourage* the firm belief that he must have the best of everything. There were little folk who grew up round about me, with no more observant palate than a hungry dog can boast. These witless young creatures allowed it to be said of them that they could eat anything.

"Give the liver-wing to Montmaur. Esmond and Reginald and Olympe don't care which part they have."

That peach upon which the loving sun had pressed his sweetest kiss was Montmaur's. Was there the least finger-mark on the bloom of a *reine-claude*, it was not worthy of the plate of a young Montmaur. And, so, as the shifting seasons bore me on, with ever ripening experience and taste, through the culinary seasons of the year, it was my happiness to deepen and enhance the esteem in which my friends held my discernment and correct taste.

Came the day—I remember it was that on which the first green almonds of the year appeared, when my father, as he lifted two of the delicate open shells, in which, said he, the sweet kernel lay, like pearls in exquisite green enamel—when my mother, toying with a bunch of grapes as she spoke, quietly observed:—

"*Mon ami*, what do you think of doing with Montmaur?"

"My life, you surprise me!" was the answer. "Do with Montmaur? The young fellow has a fine figure. Match me the young man who can dance like him! I will not say that he is a wit who will make the world talk of him; but he has enough to dally gently with his neighbour, through the dinner—and this is enough. The mind should be just kept cheerfully alive, while the knife and fork are in hand; just as the music at a banquet should be light and dreamy, and very far off, so as to be just perceptible in the pauses of what I call thistledown conversation. Make of Montmaur? He is made, at least as far as I intend to meddle with the manufacture."

My mother gently interposed that she, with becoming deference to the opinion of her lord, thought it would have been well to give me some profession.

"A profession!" exclaimed my father. "Is this the coffee, my love, Dundas brought us from Constantinople? Montmaur has the most arduous of professions. I have made him a man of taste."

I trust I have not been unmindful of the responsibilities my father has imposed upon me. But I have not the least idea of tempting the verdict of the world on my life. It has appeared to me, that just so much of it as includes my adventures and experiences on a journey round the world, from which I am just resting, might edify certain of the English reading public. It having become known to me that, for a time, the industry of the world had been belted with the kitchens of the world, I resolved to take up my knife and fork and spoon, and, embarrassed with no more luggage than a Napier carries with his sword, to circumnavigate the globe. I took an affecting leave of my aged parents. My father, laying his hand lovingly on my shoulder, said, "Oh, my son, keep thy palate cool, thy brain clear, thy wit within discreet limits! Let thy knife and fork approach with respect the dainties of the strange peoples among whom thou art about to cast thyself; and I charge thee, if it be possible, bring back a dish of fruit, or meat, that shall be a new savour in the nostrils of the parent who has reared thee." And so saying, he presented me with a tooth-pick of marvellous workmanship, whereof the chasing was as delicate as the veins in fairies.

My mother embraced me, charging me only to bring her back her son, with colour in his cheeks.

W. B. J.



EVENING-TIDE.

THE blossoms of the acacia tree,
 Like snow-flakes, came floating down,
 Till they covered the ground by you and me,
 And dotted your hair and gown.
 And all that fair afternoon, Nelly,
 As you sat by the new-mown hay,
 I looked in your tender face and thought
 How my holiday passed away.

The cushats were cooing in their dreams,
 And night kiss'd the day to sleep,
 And I sat then, dear, at your feet and told,
 The secret I could not keep;
 For the twilight opened my lips, Nelly,
 And when the clock tolled nine
 We had sealed our troth with kissea, Nelly,
 And your hand lay locked in mine. I. D. F.

MODERN BABYLON.

THE immense and rapid overgrowth of our huge metropolis has been a fertile theme for discussion for these many years past; but, in spite of all public and private remonstrances, London has increased and is increasing yearly, and we have every reason to believe will go on steadily increasing for many a long year to come.

It is well, then, occasionally to take a breath and pause, and look this ever growing monster fairly in the face, and to "take stock" of him before he has grown out of all proportion, and become as unamenable to the measurement of us pygmies of the every-day stamp as the great giants of Brobdingnag were to Gulliver.

We are tempted to make this remark by a perusal of the last annual report of the Registrar-General, who tells us plainly, and without reserve, that London is growing greater every day; and that within its present bounds, extending over 122 square miles of territory, the population amounted last year by computation to 3,037,991 souls. In its midst is the ancient city of London, inhabited at night by about 100,000 people; while around it, as far as a radius of fifteen miles stretches from Charing Cross, an ever-thickening ring of people extends within the area over which the metropolitan police watches, making the whole number on an area of 687 square miles round St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey 3,521,267 souls.

Three millions and a half of souls! Why, it is more than the population of half-a-dozen German principalities; more than half that of the kingdom of Ireland; and equal to that of all Scotland put together. Three millions and a half of souls within the Suburban Postal districts! within what used to be termed the Bills of Mortality. What a contrast does this present to the London, we will not say of Henry or Elizabeth, or even of Charles or of Anne, but of the early part of the reign of George III., the London of Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole.*

These remarks arise naturally from the simple fact that we have lying on our table a large and attractive volume, bound in

red, which has reached us from Messrs. Kelly's printing office—recently demolished to make room for the new Law Courts—and in which our readers will recognise an old and established acquaintance, the "Post-office London Directory" for the current year; while, on looking up to our shelves of choice and valuable books, which we have picked up at second-hand bookstalls at prices varying (let me plead guilty to the extravagance) from one penny to sixpence, we see a little dingy book of duo-decimo size in a dingy brown cover, and printed on dingy brown paper—a book, however, which is the lineal ancestor of the handsome huge octavo which we have already introduced, and which, on opening it at the title-page, we find entitled "The New and Complete Guide to all Persons who have any Trade or Concern with the City of London and the Parts adjacent." It proposes to be "The exactest piece of the kind hitherto published," and also to be "designed for the Use of Persons of All Degrees, as well Natives as Foreigners." It was, apparently, "published by 'the book-sellers;'" at all events, it bears the names of T. Longman, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, and of other houses, now no longer represented in Paternoster Row, or elsewhere; and it appears to have been sold at eightpence in "marble paper," and at two shillings half bound, with the plates, or one-and-eightpence without them.

Our copy is full-bound, and, fortunately, has the plates, of which the one is a ground-plan of the Royal Exchange, showing the several "walks for merchants, traders," &c.; and the other is "A correct Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark, including the Bills (*sic*) of Mortality." There is no date upon the title-page, but the date of the map is 1765; and as the latest date mentioned in the book is 1771, in all probability we have in this little book, for which we recently gave the price of two-pence sterling, the "Post-office London Directory for 1772," or, at all events, its equivalent.

This little book is quite a *multum in parvo* of City information. It has little or nothing of extraneous matter; no lists of His Majesty's Ministers, or of the Houses of Lords and Commons, or of the "Reigning Sovereigns" of Europe; no Almanac or Table of Eclipses; but it gives, or professes to give, the names of "all the streets, squares, &c. in the City, and within the Bills of Mortality; the names and situations of all the Companies' Halls; the new rates for carmen, as settled by the Lord Mayor, &c., on the 11th of July, 1757; the rates of watermen, hackney coachmen, chairmen and porters; the rates of the General

* It is well known that, in the eighteenth century, no census was taken of the population of Great Britain, and that the total of the then inhabitants of London must for ever remain a matter of inference. One means of help is to be found in the records of the totals of baptisms for each year within "the bills of mortality;" for the infants baptised may be considered to represent five-sixths of those born at a time when baptism was made a condition of admission to nearly every post and office, and when both Disenters and Papists were forced to bring their infants to the parish church. Now, it so happens that "Sylvanus Urban" gives the total of London christenings in 1767 at 15,980, which rise gradually to 17,916 in 1772, and five years later again to 18,300, though that number is not again even approximately attained until after 1787, when the total stands at 17,508.

and Penny Post-offices; an account of all the coasting vessels; an account of all the stage coaches, with the fares of passengers, carriers, &c.; where they 'inn,' and when they 'go out;' a whole chapter on the forms of procedure in entering goods at the Custom House, &c.; and lists of the names and places of abode of the most eminent merchants and traders in the City; of the Lord Mayor, and Court of Aldermen of the City, with their Wards; and, finally, of the Directors of the Bank of England, South Sea and India Companies, of the Royal Exchange Assurance, the Sun Fire Office, and London Assurance; the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, of the Excise and the Customs."

Each part of the book would afford the subject of a separate article; but it is clear that for our purposes the "map of London," and the "List of eminent merchants and traders," are likely to be the most useful and interesting portions.

The map ends westward near the present site of the Marble Arch; what is now Oxford Street is called "Tyburn Road," from Bond Street, westward, and Park Lane is "Tyburn Lane." Apsley House does not appear at all; and there is apparently an opening in a slanting direction from the lower end of "Tyburn Lane," behind what is now the Duke of Cambridge's residence, Hamilton Place, and the Duke of Wellington's, to Hyde Park Corner.* The site of Buckingham "Palace" is occupied by Buckingham "House," south of which, the road forks off, apparently among open fields, into two, the "Coach road for Ranelagh House," and the "Footway to Chelsea." The land around Tothill Fields and Horseferry Road was then really a field. Marylebone and Marylebone Gardens stood quite away from all houses, and Marylebone Lane appears to pass between hedgerows. What is now the British Museum was the site of Montagu House and Bedford House, both clear of surrounding buildings, and commanding a clear view northwards to Highgate. There were a few large mansions on either side of the southern end of Tottenham Court Road, parallel to which ran, across what now is Fitzroy Square, an inviting looking pathway marked as "The Green Lane." At the junction of the New Road and Tottenham Court Road, stood, not the giant establishment of Messrs. Moses, but "Tottenham Court," quite isolated, and in the midst of pleasant fields, which reached eastwards to Lamb's Conduit Fields, Black Mary Hole, and the New River Head. Hoxton appears on this map as a village quite by

itself; and across the water scarcely a house is standing round St. George's Fields and Lambeth Road. Eastwards, there is not the same difference perceptible, for the rows of streets extend beyond Whitechapel Church nearly to Mile End; and we all know that it is in an easterly direction that all large cities—and London among them—are slowest in making progress, by the operation of some law, the reason of which it is difficult to explain.

In the list of streets and squares there are, of course, great differences to be noted. Fleet Street is there, and the Strand, and Piccadilly, and Holborn, and Oxford Street,—at least, half of it; but Regent Street is not there, of course; Leicester "Square" is Leicester "Fields"; Farringdon Street is "Fleet Market"; Pimlico is one short row of houses near the Palace; between the two churches in the Strand stands "Butchers' Row"; Waterloo, and Southwark, and Hungerford Bridges are not; and though Whitefriars is to be found, there is no such a place as Bouverie Street marked either on the map or in the printed list of streets.

Again, the list of Merchants, Principal Tradesmen, &c., which answers to about 550 large pages in Kelly's "Post Office Directory," here occupies just 120 small pages, containing between fifty and sixty names in each, though in the "&c.," we find included not only merchants, but attorneys-at-law, notaries public, insurance offices, and men of other professions.

The well-known names of Longman, Rivington, and Dodsley, appear among the publishers: the bankers are represented by the names of Biddulph, Cocks, Child, Coutts, Dimsdale, Drummond, Glyn, Gosling, Grote, Hanbury, Hankey, Hoare, Ladbroke, Prescott, Smith, and Payne; while the Barings, Neaves, Goldsmids, Lubbocks, and Bosanquets, figure conspicuously among the merchants. The Rothschilds and the Gurneys, apparently, were not yet commercially born, but were only in the womb of time.

And now let us turn from the lesser to the larger object; and gazing on the Directory for 1867, let us lose ourselves in wonder at the enormous change which less than a century has worked upon the face of London. The little infant of 298 pages has expanded into a giant of 2,612 large pages, exclusive of nearly 300 more devoted to advertisements. As we look upon and handle its Herculean frame, the pages seem to be bursting into a standing protest against the cruelty of keeping so full-grown a body fast bound within two covers, and to demand leave to shift for itself and expand itself into two or three portable volumes. But at present, Messrs. Kelly have no idea of gratifying this desire, and as the City con-

* This piece of information may possibly be of use to those worthy individuals who have advocated of late the opening of a thoroughfare through Hamilton Place.

tinues to grow, so, we suppose, will the book which serves as the record of its growth and its life. What would not an antiquary give for a pocket-guide to Verulam, or Colchester, or Silchester, in the days when the Roman legions were quartered in this island, or even of Winchester in the old days of the Heptarchy! And we may be sure that if ever Macaulay's "New Zealander" should be found in reality contemplating the ruins of London from the piers of its shattered bridges, he will find no record more instructive or more useful than that which Messrs. Kelly can afford him of the state of London in the thirtieth year of Victoria. Nay, even if one should be neither an antiquary nor a New Zealander, what would he give to learn a hundred years hence, where Wellington, and Lord Palmerston, and Gladstone lived; in what street, and at what number Alfred Tennyson lodged when a bachelor; where the Grotes, and the Froudes, the Charles Dickenses, and Robert Brownings of this day most frequently did collect and congregate?

Nothing need be said about the value of such a book to business men. But it is also not without some general interest. If anybody is curious to know the relative importance of each trade in London, judged by the numbers of those who follow it, you can get this information without much difficulty from the "Trades Directory." The publicans appear to be far and away the most numerous. This volume contains the names of about 4,700, not including 300 hotels, taverns, or coffee-houses of a superior class, which are ranged by themselves, and 100 private hotels not licensed. Of beer-retailers there are not less than 1,700; of wine merchants an equal number. Even this estimate by no means exhausts the list of those whose business it is to supply London with stimulants more or less gentle. Some 150 brewers are in the list; and then the brewers' agents, the distillers and spirit merchants, the dealers in liqueurs, cider, and perry, have still to be reckoned. It is probably below the mark to say that 10,000 persons in this "Directory" are shown to be engaged, either wholly or partially, in what teetotallers call "the liquor traffic." Of course this does not include a whole army of brewers' men, draymen, waiters, barmen and barmaids, tapsters, cellarmen, potboys, and hangers-on of all sorts whose interests are also bound up in this traffic. We do not venture to estimate their numbers; but the Alliance may do so, and tremble.

After the publicans, the bootmakers take rank. Of these there are over 3,000,—all, we presume, keeping something like a shop—and 200 wholesale makers. The grocers and

tea-dealers are less numerous by a hundred or so. Next come the tailors—2,600; the bakers, 1,850; the butchers, 1,750; the tobacconists, 1,500; and the milliners, 1,400, as numerous a body as the greengrocers. The lodginghouse-keepers own to a strength of 1,350, but must really be a much more imposing body. With these the dairymen and the builders take the same rank. The linendrapers only muster some 1,100; but then the haberdashers 400, the hosiers 500, and the outfitters 250 strong, march in separate companies. The Squeers tribe is well represented: of private schools there are nearly 1,200.

These items show a vast increase upon the number of names entered in the little "Directory" of a hundred years ago; for there we find that the wine merchants comprise only about 200, and the brewers and distillers about 350 names—or, in other words, about a twentieth part of those which appear in the "Directory" of 1867. The grocers and tea-dealers might be put down at 600 strong, whilst no notice whatever is taken of the bakers, butchers, or greengrocers. The linendrapers have increased about four-fold, 500 names serving to denote the persons engaged in that branch of industry in the last century; whilst about another 500 figure as haberdashers and hosiers.

The familiar names of "Smith," "Brown," "Jones," and "Robinson," preponderated as much in 1767 as in 1867; for of the former we find 91 entries, and of the Browns we have 45, Joneses 28, and Robinsons 16. It is hardly necessary to say that the great family of Smith is still in 1867 represented in its due proportion. In the "Commercial Directory" of 1867, where the names are entered in alphabetical order, more than 1,500 Smiths are registered, and the curious may like to know that 130 answer to the Christian name of John. And be it remembered that these are all householders and heads of families. If we add the women and children, the lodgers and working men of the same clan all over London, whose names do not appear in Directories, we shall have a population of Smiths equal to that of many considerable towns which return their two members to Parliament. The Joneses are only half the number of the Smiths. Next to them come the Browns, who, however, fall short of 700; the Johnsons and the Williamsses muster some 500 each; while the hardly less familiar name of Robinson is borne by only about 250 persons.

There is much matter of antiquarian interest to be found even in the apparently dull and dry pages of the eight or ten alphabets which go to make up Messrs. Kelly's Direc-

tory. For instance, take the public-house signs, in which the curious reader can read so much of history both of manners, and opinions, and also of his country. As might naturally be expected among Englishmen, the emblems of loyalty or at least of royalty, are by far the most numerous of all. The "King's Arms" head the list; there are 87 such signs in London. The "Queen's Arms" number only 23. Delicacy seems to have suggested to mine host the choice of Her Majesty's Head, and accordingly there are 49 Queen's and 60 King's Heads. The Royal Oak stands for 26 signs; the Royal Standard for 12. The Crown gives a name to 73 houses, let alone 18 Crown and Anchors, 6 Crown and Cushions, 10 Crowns and Sceptres, 46 Rose and Crowns, and 17 houses where this emblem of royalty is found in more questionable society, such as the Crown and Anvil, the Crown and Apple-tree, the Crown and Barley-mow, and the Crown and Can. To Prince Albert, 23 public-houses are dedicated; to the Prince of Wales, 49; to the Princess of Wales, 8; to the Princess Royal, 8; to Prince Alfred, 10; to Prince Arthur, 3; the Princess Alice, 2; and the little Princess Beatrice 1. Among our national heroes, the Duke of Wellington has 26; Lord Nelson 22; next to whom in popularity comes the Marquis of Granby, with 16.

Strangely enough, after satisfying the demands of loyalty, the animal creation seems to stand next in order of popularity; but on reflection, the fact may be accounted for by remembering that most of these beasts are taken not from the Zoological Gardens, but from the fair and gentle science of heraldry. The King of Beasts, the British Lion, of one colour or another, is naturally the favourite with the British public.

Seventy-four signs bear the proud emblem of the Red Lion; there are 17 Golden Lions, and 26 White Lions, to say nothing of Blue Lions, and other varieties. Next in number comes the White Hart, of which we find 62. There are 50 Georges and 15 George and Dragons, 53 Coach and Horses, 48 Grapes, 40 White Horses, 13 White Bears, 36 Bulls and Bulls' Heads, 17 Black Bulls, 28 Black Horses, 30 White Swans, 31 Globes, 32 Bells, 21 Feathers, 15 Green Dragons, 25 Green Mans, 21 Swans, 13 Spread Eagles, 11 Turks' Heads, and 2 Saracens' ditto, 26 Two Brewers, 23 Three Compasses, 17 Blue Anchors, 13 Blue Posts, 4 Blue Lasts, 1 Blue Pump, (whatever they may mean), and 1 Blue-eyed Maid. Three seems to be reckoned a lucky number, for there are 23 Three Compasses, 19 Three Tuns, and 9 Three Crowns. The number is found joined with almost everything animate and inanimate—Castles, Cranes, Cupe, Kings,

Kingdoms, Mariners, Goats' Heads, Spies, Jolly Butchers, Sugar Loaves, Horseshoes, Loggerheads, and Red Herrings. As befits so great a port as London, the Ship serves for 70 signs, to say nothing of such odd additions as the Ship and Shears, the Ship and Blue Ball, the Ship and Shovel, and—a somewhat more classical sign—the Ship Argo. Naval heroes are greatly favoured, and Dutchmen may like to know that respect is paid to Van Tromp, if that sign, indeed, refers to the famous admiral, and not to the famous horse named after him. The Sun, whether rising, setting, or in mid-day splendour, shines from 41 signs; and he also has queer allies, or satellites, in the shape of Swords, Horseshoes, Lasts, Swiss Cantons, and Apple-trees.

The appearance of new trades, and the disappearance of old ones, in the Annual "Directory," is another feature on which it would be easy to moralise if space permitted us. Like the race of man, or of words, or, indeed, of everything human, is the succession of trades in London:—

*Ut folia auctumno pronos mutantur in annos
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.*

Our readers will be surprised to learn that in the volume for 1867 are some fifty new trades which had no place in the publication for the previous year. As a writer in the Times remarks, "The search after 'new things' never ends, and from year to year a Beckman might gather in these pages materials for a new history of invention. Sometimes it is science that gives birth to a trade, sometimes it is a passing caprice. In either case, the want brings the supply. London traders take care that no one shall long be able to say with a clear conscience that he cannot get all that money can procure. When the want has thus been met, it is for the Directory-maker to record the fact in his register of new trades." The list as it stands is a curiosity in itself. It includes aluminium agents, anti-friction powder manufacturers, artificial plant and bouquet makers, brimstone refiners, church vestment warehouses (Roman Catholic), dolls' boot and shoe makers, earth closet manufacturers, esparto merchants, gazogene manufacturers, graphotypers, paper-fastener makers, parkesine manufacturers, school and exhibition decorators, sodium and (patent) sodium amalgam manufacturers, and stay-fastening manufacturers. It is only reasonable to suppose that as new trades are born, old ones die out; but they pass away unnoticed and unsung.

So with the changes which each year sees among the people whose names, dwellings, and avocations such a book undertakes to chronicle. "An old inhabitant possessing the

requisite local knowledge can read no sadder volume than an old Directory. To him the register of his street or quarter must call up painful recollections of men who one by one have been struck down in the hard battle of life, and whose places are now filled by a new crowd of busy, struggling, successful, disappointed workers. But the book itself deals neither with success or failure, with ruin or death. If you answer to the yearly muster-roll, well; if not, your name is blotted out, your place knows you no more, and there, for the 'Post Office Directory' purposes, is an end of you."

Of course, no sooner is this annual publication complete and brought down to the date of its appearance, than the work of destruction, or at all events of imperfection, commences. It is not subject to *all* the changes which are incident to some publications—Burke's or Lodge's "Peerage," for example,—from births and marriages; but deaths and appointments and promotions in the several paths of professional life, are working a constant change in its contents. The attorney of 1866 has resolved to follow the higher branch of his profession, and is called to the Bar. The City alderman of 1866, who lived at Streatham or Clapham, now writes M.P. after his name, and lives in Tyburnia or Belgravia. That great firm of bankers, or railway contractors, has come to grief, or bankruptcy, or both, and has made way for a new Insurance Society, and the old house has been swept away possibly to make room for some new club or monster hotel.

But let no one imagine that even in this huge volume he sees before him the whole of even commercial London. Some thousands of London merchants live in and around Croydon, and Reigate, and Bromley, and Chislehurst, and Hampstead, and Hendon, and Highgate, to say nothing of Brentwood and Epping Forest, or of Brighton, which has come to be styled colloquially "London-super-Mare." If he wishes to know where the real wealth of London lives, and moves, and has its being, he must shut up this volume and consult two other publications of a like kind, compiled by Messrs. Kelly, and in their way scarcely less valuable and important,—we mean their "Suburban Directory," and their "Directory of the Six Home Counties," viz., Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Kent, Herts, and Sussex.

GEORGE ROMNEY.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

On the 7th of June, 1775, Romney arrived again in England: his return being celebrated by glowing strains from Cumberland's ready

muse. As Gibbon said of the poetic praises of the painter's friends—"If they did not contribute much to his professional prosperity, they might be justly called an elegant advertisement of his merit." Sitters of all ranks now crowded to his studio. If his absence from England had done nothing else for him it had wonderfully enhanced his reputation. But persons of taste and quality were of opinion that his visit to Italy had wrought marvels. They pretended to see a striking improvement, not merely in the mechanical, but also in the mental part of his work; his conceptive powers were found to be strengthened and enriched, and his method of painting benefited beyond measure by his Italian studies; he was no longer cold, and harsh, and heavy; all was now warmth and light, tenderness and beauty. It was at this time that Reynolds began to speak of Romney as "the man in Cavendish Square." He had established himself in the spacious mansion which the death of Cotes, the Royal Academician, had left vacant, and which, it may be noted, after the expiry of Romney's tenancy, was occupied by Sir Martin Archer Shee. Not without considerable anxiety, however, did Romney enter upon possession of his new abode. He was seized with an irrepressible misgiving that he was embarking upon a career of far greater expense than his success had warranted, or than the emoluments of his profession would enable him to maintain. "In his singular constitution," his biographer Hayley here finds occasion to observe, "there was so much nervous timidity united to great bodily strength and to enterprising and indefatigable ambition, that he used to tremble, when he walked every morning in his new habitation, with a painful apprehension of not finding business sufficient to support him. These fears were only early flutterings of that hypochondriacal disorder which preyed in secret on his comfort during many years, and which, though apparently subdued by the cheering exhortations of friendship and great professional prosperity, failed not to show itself more formidably when he was exhausted by labour in the decline of life." His trepidation was quite groundless, however. He had no lack of patrons of employment; the Duke of Richmond gave him generous encouragement and support, sat for his own picture, in profile, and commissioned portraits of Admiral Keppel, Mr. Burke, the Honourable Mrs. Damer, Lord John Cavendish, Lord George Lennox, and others. The painter's income soon sprung up to between three and four thousand a year, produced by portraits only. In 1776 he was seriously ill from a violent cold caught by standing in the rain, amongst the crowd out-

side Drury Lane Theatre, waiting to witness Garrick's farewell performance. He was cured, however, by Sir Richard Jebb, the eminent physician, who prescribed a bottle of Madeira to his patient, and attended him from that time forward in every illness, but generously declined to accept a fee for his services.

And the Mary Abbot whom George Romney had married years before and left behind at Kendal, with his son and daughter and thirty pounds, while he sought his fortune alone in London—the wife, his union with whom was to be as “a spur to his application”—was she to be denied the sight of her husband's success, a share in his prosperity, a place in his house in Cavendish Square? It is hard to understand the utter unmanliness and heartlessness of Romney's conduct in this respect. There is no word of accusation against her—no hint affecting her character, no question as to her being in any way unworthy of his love and trust, and of her rightful position by his side. His separation from her, in the first instance, was, under all the circumstances of the case, no doubt justifiable; and it is hardly possible to believe that his original withdrawal from Kendal was in pursuance of a plan of deliberate abandonment of his family; but for the protraction of this separation, after the first necessity for it had passed away, there would seem to be absolutely no excuse. His son, the Rev. John Romney, with a laudable desire to serve his father's memory, urges, as some faint apology for the painter's cruelty, that his affairs were at all times less prosperous than they seemed; that his brothers were a heavy burthen upon him and drained him of his savings; that his professional journeys to Paris and Rome consumed all the money he could raise; and that thus a “succession of untoward circumstances threw impediments in the way of good intent, till time and absence became impediments also.”

In truth, Romney appears to have been always curiously timid and reticent; to have suffered from excessive moral cowardice. On his first arrival in London and association with the young painters of the day, he began to feel some shame at his early imprudence, and some alarm lest it should present any hindrance to his professional advancement. He had given “hostages to fortune,” and dreaded the result. He was thus persistently silent on the subject; and, as time went on, it became more and more difficult for him to avow the marriage he had from the first made so much a matter of mystery. And then, too, the prosperous unions of other artists, his contemporaries, excited his jealousy and increased his apprehensions. He began to think it indispensable to the success of a painter

that he should marry well. Nathaniel Dance had been united to Mrs. Drummer, known as “the Yorkshire fortune,” with eighteen thousand a year. John Astley had secured the hand of Lady Dukinfield, with an income of almost equal value. Then, from his literary and poetic friends he was little likely to receive encouragement to act justly in such a matter. Laurence Sterne was no especially good exemplar of conjugal fidelity. Mr. Hayley and the rest indulged in extremely poetic views concerning the privileges and prerogatives of genius; were opposed to trammels and scruples of any kind in such respect; and poured round the painter dense showers of versified adulation, so infused with ideality and Platonism that the simple rules of right and wrong were quite washed away by the harmonious and transcendental torrent. Romney, weak, vain, selfish, suffered himself to be led down paths which, however flowery and pleasant, were yet mean and contemptible enough, and listening to the twanging of Hayley's lyre, turned a deaf ear to the pining of the poor woman fading away, alone and deserted, in the north—the Mary Abbot whom he had vowed in his youth until death should them part to love, honour, and cherish. For some thirty years the husband and wife never set eyes upon each other—were absolutely separated.

He had now as much work as he could possibly execute. He was often at his easel for thirteen hours a day, beginning at eight in the morning, lighting his lamp when the daylight had gone, and toiling on sometimes until midnight. He had five, and occasionally six, sitters a day. He generally completed a three-quarter portrait in three or four sittings, and could accomplish this easily, provided no hands were introduced into the picture. The sittings varied in duration from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a-half each. His only time now for ideal or historical art was in the interval between the departure and arrival of his sitters, or when they failed to keep their engagements with him; but he would regard such disappointments with pleasure, having always at hand a spare canvas upon which he could employ himself with some fancy subject. Of course, this close application was not without injurious effect upon him in the end. “My health,” he wrote, at a later period of his life, “is not at all constant. My nerves give way, and I have no time to go in quest of pleasure to prevent a decline of health. My hands are full, and I shall be forced to refuse new faces at last, to be enabled to finish the numbers I have in an unfinished state. I shall regret the necessity of forbearing to take new faces; there is

a delight in novelty greater than in the profit gained by sending them home finished. But it must be done." His annual retirement for a month's holiday to Hayley's house at Eartham was of little real service to his health. He was compelled the while to attitudinize incessantly as a genius. Hayley, in globose language, was always entreating his guest to moderate his intense spirit of application, conjuring him to rest from his excess of labour "in the name of those immortal powers the Beautiful and the Sublime," &c., while he was at the same time urging the painter to new and greater toils, teasing the jaded man with endless suggestions, bewildering him with a jabber of sham sentimentality and hazy æstheticism. "Whenever Romney was my guest," writes Hayley, "I was glad to put aside my own immediate occupation for the pleasure of searching for and presenting to him a copious choice of such subjects as might happily exercise his powers." Poor Romney was permitted no rest. Hayley was for ever in close attendance gratifying his own inordinate vanity at the painter's cost. He produced four representations of *Serena*, the heroine of Hayley's "*Triumphs of Temper*." He painted a scene from the "*Tempest*" for Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery, which project Romney always claimed to have originated, and Hayley was in the studio sitting for *Prospero*. At Hayley's house a small coterie of poetasters, male and female, assembled for purposes of mutual glorification in the most windbag sort of verse, and were glad to buy portraits and sketches from the painter with such small coin as sonnets and stanzas, and poetic epistles. Romney executes a likeness of Mrs. Hayley, and is rewarded with eighty-eight glowing lines by her husband, who calls to his aid *Eolus*, *Orion*, *Boreas*, *Auster*, *Zephyr*, *Eurus*, *Famine* and *Ceres* for the better decoration of his verse. He paints a portrait of Miss Seward, and the lady's gratitude gushes forth in eulogy of

... the pleasures of the Hayleyan board,

Where, as his penal, Romney's soul sublime

Glow with bold lines, original and strong, &c.

"Beloved and honoured Titiano!" she wrote, some years later; "how that name recalls the happy, happy hours I passed with you at Eartham; when by the title 'Muse' you summoned me to the morning walk!" Amongst the drossy twaddle which passed current as poetry at Eartham, a sonnet in Romney's honour by a true poet—William Cowper—may be counted as pure gold.

In the beginning of 1782 Emma Lyon, then known as Mrs. Hart, afterwards as Lady Hamilton, first sat to Mr. Romney. Painters and poets enough had already been busy cele-

brating her loveliness, the lady nothing loth. She took pleasure in the full display of her charms: holding probably that her beauty was not given her for herself alone, but that the whole world, if it listed, might at least look on it and adore. At one time indeed she was rumoured to have personated the Goddess of Health, when the "celestial" Doctor Graham was giving his strange and indecorous lectures in Pall Mall; but that scandal has been contradicted. Certain it is, however, that her witcheries effectually subjugated Romney and Hayley. The painter went fairly mad about her; could not see her often enough; was restless and miserable out of her presence; reduced the number of his sitters, and admitted no visitors until noon, that he might have time sufficient to devote to the beautiful Emma and her portraits. This infatuation endured for years. "At present," he wrote to Hayley, in 1791, "and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the *divine lady*. I cannot give her any other epithet; for I think her superior to all womankind." For a long time he seemed to be able only to paint Emma Lyon. His son enumerates some two dozen portraits, in which she appears as *Circe*, *Iphigenia*, *St. Cecilia*, *Sensibility*, a *Bacchante*, *Alopo*, the *Spinstress*, *Cassandra* (for the Shakspeare Gallery), *Calypso*, a *Pythoress*, *Joan of Arc*, a *Magdalen*, &c.; some of these were left unfinished. But at one time the form and features of his beautiful model appeared upon the painter's canvas, let him try to paint what he would. The fair Emma had absolutely enthralled him. Absent from the object of his adoration, he was reduced to despair. He writes to Hayley, complaining that he has discovered an alteration in his Emma's conduct: "a coldness and neglect seemed to have taken the place of her repeated declaration of regard." Hayley sends up some verses for the painter to copy and sign, beginning "*Gracious Cassandra*," and asking pitifully,

... what cruel clouds have darkly chilled

Thy favour that to me was vital fire?

Oh, let it shine again: or worse than killed

Thy soul-sunk artist feels his art expire!

The poet seems to have been not less love-stricken. "Her features," he writes, "like the language of Shakspeare, could exhibit all the feelings of nature and all the gradations of every passion with a most fascinating truth and felicity of expression." Presently the lady has given her hand to Sir William Hamilton and set sail for Naples. She makes peace with the painter, however, before her departure; calls upon him, resumes her former kindness of manner, is as cordial with him as

ever, and sits to him for a portrait he is to paint as a *present to her mother*. Poor Romney!

In 1794 there were symptoms of decay in the painter's constitution; his mental infirmities increased. He became the victim of a sort of intellectual superfetation. He was perpetually planning labours of a magnitude which, from the first, rendered them hopelessly impracticable. His brain was morbidly active, while his hand grew tremulous and uncertain, and his sight dimmed. His manner became irritable, and more than ever timid and suspicious. He wrote to his son: 'I have made many grand designs; I have formed a system of original subjects, moral and my own, and I think one of the grandest that has been thought of; but nobody knows it. Hence, it is my view to wrap myself in retirement and pursue these plans, as I begin to feel I cannot bear trouble of any kind.' He quits his house in Cavendish Square and becomes the purchaser of a retreat at Holly Bush Hill, Hampstead, after abandoning a project he at one time entertained for the purchase of four acres near the Edgware Road, and covering them with a group of fantastic buildings of his own design. To the house at Hampstead he made many whimsical additions, however, erecting a large picture and sculpture-gallery, a wooden arcade or covered ride, a dining-room close to the kitchen, with a buttery hatch opening into it, so that he and his guests might enjoy beefsteaks "hot and hot" upon the same plan as prevailed at the Beefsteak Club, then occupying a room in the Lyceum Theatre. The cost of these changes amounted to nearly three thousand pounds. With quite a childish eagerness he took possession of his new house before the walls were dry, and while the workmen were still completing the changes he had ordered. Still he had not room enough for his numberless art-treasures. His pictures were crammed and huddled away any and everywhere. Some were arranged along the wooden arcade where, exposed to the open air, and to the alternate action of moisture and frost, they were almost entirely destroyed in the course of the winter, while some were deliberately stolen. The painter could do little work now: he could begin, but was unable to finish or even to resume his undertaking. His appetite for art seemed to fail him; he ceased to have faith in himself; he was preyed on by nervous dejection; weighed down with dark alarms and vague forebodings. Soon his head is swimming and his right hand numb with incipient paralysis. Hayley visits him for the last time in April, 1799, and had "the grief of perceiving that his increasing weakness of body and mind afforded only a gloomy prospect for

the residue of his life." He lays down his brush for ever. Suddenly, without a word to any one of his intentions, he takes the northern coach and arrives at Kendal. Fainting and exhausted, he is received with the utmost tenderness and affection by his wife. No word of reproach for the neglect and solitude to which he had doomed her for so many years escapes her lips. With unremitting solicitude, with religious earnestness, this loving, forgiving woman tends the sick-bed of the sinking man. His mind expires before his body; for months he remains hopelessly imbecile, free from suffering, but wholly unconscious; breathing his last at Kendal on the 15th of November, 1802, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The inconsistency manifest between Romney's wanton cruelty in his domestic character, and his reputation among his intimates and contemporaries for great kindness of nature, generosity, and general worth, is remarkable enough. There are many men, however, who appear to the least advantage when seen by the light of their own fireside. Hayley says much of his friend's *extreme sensibility*: "his lips," writes the poet, "quivered with emotions of pity at the sight of distress or at the relation of a pathetic story." Cumberland mentions that the painter was, "by constitution, prone to tears." Yet his charity was not for home wear; the distress he did not see troubled him very little. It is vain to seek for any sufficient apology for Romney's shameful treatment of his wife and children. If it were possible to forget this deep stain upon his character he would seem, in all other relations of life, to be entitled to esteem and commendation. For the poor and needy he was ready, not merely with his sensibility, but with his purse. To his friends he was ever faithful and liberal. After attaining professional eminence he was almost indifferent to the emoluments of his art, prizing money much less for its own sake than for the recognition of his position and abilities that it demonstrated; while to all young artists he was especially kind and indulgent. He was the first to encourage Flaxman, and to appreciate and applaud his works; was ever the cordial and loving friend of the sculptor, as their correspondence amply testifies. "I always remember," says Flaxman, "Mr. Romney's notice of my boyish years and productions with gratitude; his original and striking conversation; his masterly, grand, and feeling compositions are continually before me; and I still feel the benefits of his acquaintance and recommendations."

Romney's historical pictures are very numerous; though comparatively few of them can

be considered as completely finished works. According to Allan Cunningham's estimate, for one really finished there are five half done, and for five half done there are at least a dozen merely sketched out on the canvas. The painter was all impulse; very eager and impatient at the beginning, but soon wearied, and only by painful efforts and extraordinary labour ever arriving at the conclusion of his undertakings. There was a want of concentrative power about him; he was ever frittering away his undeniable abilities upon a number of hastily adopted projects, crudely conceived, and remorselessly abandoned when the temperature of his enthusiasm lowered, or any unlooked-for difficulties appeared in his path. How the erratic and desultory nature of his mind was fostered and aggravated by Hayley's mischievous efforts has already been shown. That the glowing eulogium pronounced by Flaxman upon his friend's productions will be endorsed by modern critics is hardly to be expected. Indeed, the characteristics upon which Flaxman especially dwells as worthy of the highest praise will be rather accounted as defects in the present day. The severe imitation of the antique; the artificial simplicity of composition; the bare background; the bas-relief style of treatment; the pseudo-purity which rejected natural feeling and action in favour of a conventionally ideal expression—these were precious gifts in Flaxman's eyes; to modern artists they will appear rather errors of judgment pertaining to a past school of art: false fashions which the present generation of painters have happily outgrown and abandoned. At the same time, however, it should not be forgotten that the majority of Romney's works of this class will bear comparison with the best productions of his contemporaries, and that some of them evince in a remarkable degree his grace of manner, skill in expression, and loftiness of aim.

As a portrait painter Romney will be more prized and remembered, although it is not likely that any existing connoisseurs will be found to proclaim themselves with Lord Thurlow, of "the Romney faction," as opposed to the school of Reynolds. In contrasting the works of the rival painters, it is easy to see that however close a race for fame they seemed to be running in their own time, there exists in truth a wide distance between the president of the Academy and "the man in Cavendish Square." It is not only that Romney had not the variety of Reynolds; that he could not give to portrait painting the new life with which Reynolds had so happily invested it; he did not hit character nearly so well; he could not endow his sitters with

the air of repose, ease, and elegance peculiar to the Reynolds portraits; he failed to give interest to his backgrounds, generally too near and flat, and heavily painted; and he had not Sir Joshua's success in subduing the eccentricities of costume of the day, and bestowing a certain grace and beauty upon even the most exuberant capes, cuffs, ruffles, wigs, cravats, and frills, prevalent a century ago. There is an air of *fashion* about many of Romney's portraits as opposed to the look of *nobility*, which is the especial attribute of Reynolds's pictures. In contemplating a Sir Joshua there will be found a propriety, an integrity about the work which effectually prevents all thought of the parts played by the tailor or the milliner at the toilet of the sitter. This is not always the case with Romney's portraits; pattern, and cut, and vogue do not fail to assert themselves. In colour Romney is very unequal; in his own day it was notoriously inferior to Reynolds's, though in spite of some instances of chalkiness and thinness, generally rich, pure, and lustrous. But the President's recourse to meretricious methods of obtaining beauty of tint has ruined the majority of his works, rendering their glories fleeting as photographs. Romney prudently adhered to a safer manner. Many of his pictures can even now be hardly less fresh and glowing in colour than when they first left his easel. His carnations and flesh tints are often singularly fine. His small portraits possess dignity, with force and manliness, however, rather than absolute ease or refinement. But his chief success was in his female heads. In quick and distinct appreciation of beauty he was not behind Reynolds; while, occasionally, he attained a certain poetic height of expression it would be difficult to parallel among Sir Joshua's works.

The fluctuation in fame which Romney has suffered has, of course, fallen to the fate of many of his professional brethren. We read, for instance, that Sir Godfrey Kneller sometimes received in payment for a portrait a considerable sum in hard cash, with a couple of Rembrandt's thrown in by way of make-weight. Yet now a single specimen of Rembrandt exceeds in value a whole gallery of Knellers. And Rembrandt died insolvent, while Sir Godfrey amassed a fortune! No one will dispute the justice of the reversal of judgment which has taken place; the elevation of Rembrandt at the expense of Kneller. But it may be a question whether George Romney has not been unfairly abased, even though it may be agreed on all hands that Sir Joshua Reynolds has not been unduly exalted. Possibly, however, when a man rises or is lifted up to a high pitch of celebrity, it is in-

evitable that he should in some degree mount upon the prostrate and degraded reputations of his contemporaries. DUTTON COOK.

HINTS.

WHICH is the more obnoxious—the person who is always giving hints, or the person who will never take them? A social sufferer, who, if it were not for the alliteration, might also be termed sensitive, has for many years been making comparisons, which were more than proverbially odious, between the two classes; and finding himself really quite unable to decide which contributes most largely to the sum of misery in the world from his own limited experience, he feels impelled to put the question to the public.

Every man is worth hearing on one subject, and the social sufferer expects that this is his. Whether there is anything provocative of insinuated advice in his manners, his appearance, or his sentiments, he cannot tell; but a most undue proportion of his acquaintances, for he repudiates the friendship of the offenders, delight in directing him along the path of life by enigmatical half speeches and pantomimic gestures; while on the rare occasions when he himself finds it necessary for the prevention of a scene (of which he, in common with all decent people, has an utter horror) to warn off a trespasser upon some dangerous ground, he invariably finds that he has to deal with an obtuseness and obstinacy almost incredible.

But as honey is extracted from nettles, a brilliant dye from tar, port-wine from acid sloes, and fragrant tea from the cruel birch, so he, being a philosopher, has drawn amusement from his sufferings; and from his attention having been for so long a time perpetually and forcibly attracted to this one topic, he is pretty well "posted up" in hints, and has even attempted to classify them.

There is the physical hint, which is always rude and broad. When the commander of a ship of war wishes a weaker vessel to stop and be searched or spoken to, and finds her shy, wilful, evasive, as weaker vessels sometimes will be, he fires a shot across her bows; and if that does not bring her to, sends another whizzing amongst her masts and spars. That is a physical hint. Indeed, naval men are very fond of intimating their wishes in a rough way, which has the merit of being intelligible to the meanest capacity, and is particularly serviceable when the person hinted to speaks a foreign language and no interpreter is handy. Thus, when they are desirous of threading their way through the obstacles, natural and artificial, which bar the entrance to an enemy's harbour in war time, they delight in catching

a native pilot, placing him at the helm, and standing by him with the muzzle of a cocked pistol held within a foot of his ear. And on these occasions it is never found necessary to *speak* to the man at the wheel—the hint is all sufficient.

Soldiers, also, are much given to intimating their wishes in this graphic way, treating their guides as the sailors do their pilots. It is said that Picton, once, when the rations for his brigade were not forthcoming at the end of a long day's march in the Peninsula, listened to the excuses of the commissariat officer in silence, and then simply told him that bread or meat must be forthcoming in an hour, and ordered a rope to be attached to the bough of a neighbouring tree. The hint was quite enough, and the men got their suppers.

Nor is the physical hint unknown in civilian life. There are odious men still extant in this nineteenth century who tread on your corns, if they suspect that you are about to put your metaphorical foot in it, and seek to convey suspicion or draw attention by kicking you on the shins or digging their knuckles into your ribs. The practice, likewise, of conveying the fact of disagreement with the political opinions of a Parliamentary candidate at an election by throwing unsavoury eggs at him is not obsolete; though, surely all practical purposes would be answered by simply voting for his opponent. Unroofing a house, inhabited by a tenant who refuses either to pay his rent or leave may be classed in the present category, and a crowd of other examples will occur to you; as the Irish squire, who observed quietly, "Tim, fetch the blunderbuss," when a bailiff presented himself; the muscular gentleman who was too polite to tell a troublesome visitor that he bored him, and too hospitable to turn him from his door, so chucked him out of window as a hint not to come again, &c., &c.

There is the witty hint.

"I have been to hear Norma to-night," said the unwelcome intruder upon a snug supper party. "What delicious airs there are in that opera. That *Costa Diva*, for instance, always carries me away."

"Oh! can't some one whistle it?" cried Douglas Jerrold. You may have heard the anecdote, but it is so good that it is worth the risk,—too good to place any other example by the side of it. Let us pass on to the domestic hint, which few of us are unfamiliar with.

You have left off shaving, and meet with no direct remonstrance, but hear what a pity it is that Mr. Brown, who *was* a handsome man, has disfigured himself with that hideous beard. What a good husband and father is Mr. Jones, who has taken his family to Paris for a month. What a wretched match poor Miss

Smith has made with that Mr. Robinson, having to live in such a poky house! (about the size of yours) and unable to keep a carriage! (which is your case too). The younger branches of the family, too, are great at this sort of hint. Little Cissy remarks, innocently, that strawberries are in season; Tommy observes, incidentally, that he has broken his knife and is saving up his pennies to buy a new one (which he isn't); and Henry's letter from school consists principally of the one interesting fact that Halford, minor, takes back two sovereigns with him, receives a couple of shillings a week, and gets tipped at least three times in the half (Henry's personal allowance being about the moiety of his friend's).

Lovers' hints are numerous, ingenious, and highly interesting—to the persons concerned. There is the language of flowers, by the aid of which you may put any amount of admiration, adoration, hope, despair, or jealousy, into a bouquet. Only, the chances are that the lady will take as simple a view of her roses, camellias, &c., as Wordsworth's boy did of the primrose; they will be to her roses and camellias, and they will be nothing more. Or, on the other hand, the recipient of a flower may be the one up in the floral tongue, and consequently imagine amorous hints never meant by the giver. On the whole, therefore, it is better for young people who wish to correspond in this delicate way, and so defy possible future actions for breach of promise, to send a book explanatory of the meaning of each particular flower with the first nosegay. The worst of it is, that such a proceeding would make the hints so very broad, that a timid lover might almost as well speak out at once, for any aid they would give him in breaking the ground or gaining some insight into the state of his lady's feelings towards him without risking a rupture.

The amount of ingenuity displayed by the male lover in approaching the subject he has so much at heart is sometimes surprising; but his Object generally out-hints him if she wishes to do so, her natural tact and delicacy lending a subtlety to her remarks which few men can approach. And nature has so happily adjusted the masculine and feminine minds, that the ready self-possession of the latter rises in exact proportion to the sinking of that quality in the former. So that, if a lady does not bring a too bashful lover to the point, the chances are that she does not wish to do so.

A gentleman, whose modesty was too great for his happiness, was walking one summer's day through a wood with a lady, to whom he longed but feared to offer his hand and his heart. He had schemed and manœuvred enough for ten diplomatists to draw her away

alone from the pic-nic where they had met, and now he durst not speak out for the life of him. But the silence had become embarrassing, and at last he ventured on a hint.

"Hark!" he cried, suddenly stopping. "Do you hear that bird singing?"

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Do you catch what it says?"

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"Why, it says, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' as plainly as possible!"

"Dear me, how odd!" replied she; and they walked on again in silence for a little way.

Presently the lady, in her turn, stopped.

"How funny!" she said. "Do you hear what that other bird says?"

"No; what?" asked the man.

"Why, it seems to me to say, 'Show it, show it, show it, show it!'"

That landed him.

Then there is the sporting hint. This is mostly professional, and is communicated to the public at large through the medium of the sporting newspapers. It is given with various degrees of skill, the most ingenious specimens of the art hinting, darkly beforehand, plainly enough when the reader has the clue, at the probable success of each individual horse that starts in a race, the less skilful, including only the most probable competitors. But there are also private individuals who delight in taking their friends on one side, and uttering mysterious communications under vows of secrecy. They cannot speak plainly, because they are bound in honour not to divulge the confidence of the stable; but they do not mind just hinting—it does not matter what. The favoured recipient who takes the hint and acts upon it is sure to lose money, and serve him right.

The warning hint is the most annoying thing in the world, especially to a man of a timid or suspicious nature. And there are numbers of men and women in the world who seem to spend their lives at the mast-head, looking out for shoals and rocks; yet never seeing, or, at all events, never giving notice of real dangers, but perpetually insinuating the existence of imaginary ones.

You leave your house, blithe as a lark, and meet Croker, say. You are about to pass him with a nod, but he stops and seizes you by the arm, and looks anxiously in your face.

"You are the very man I wanted to see," says Croker. "Do you not bank with Bullion and Co.?"

"Yes," you reply.

"Much of a balance? Excuse the question."

"So so."

"More than you would like to lose?"

"Most decidedly!" you exclaim, turning pale.

"Oh! then, it is doubtless all right; you would know as soon as any man. What I heard was all nonsense."

"But what *did* you hear, Croker?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing. Good morning."

And the harpy hurries away, having spoiled your comfort and your appetite for the day.

A social sufferer can trace three white-washings, seven disruptions of friendship, four severe illnesses, one terminating fatally, five added matches, two separations, and one divorce, to warning hints in fifteen years' personal experience.

Not but what a hint is a valuable thing enough occasionally. When the poor scene-shifter at Drury Lane broke both his legs, Sheridan gave him a list of the shareholders who owned the theatre, and suggested a subscription. The poor fellow sent round and collected a handsome sum, applying last of all to Sheridan.

"I hope you will give me something, too, sir."

"I give you something! Why, you impudent rascal! did I not give you the hint?" replied Sheridan; and really there was something besides humour in the plea. If he had not contributed the hint, the man would never have got the rest of his subscriptions.

There is the exemplar hint, which consists in intimating to another how he ought to act by personal gesture or behaviour, setting him a copy, as it were; as the stingy old gentleman did when the bumpkin lad brought a brace of birds to his study, and threw them down with the explanation,—

"Game from squoire."

The stingy old gentleman was shocked, and gave the boy a lesson in manner and behaviour on the spot. "You should present the birds thus, my lad," he said, acting the part of bearer, "and say, 'My master, Squire Markham's compliments, and he has sent you a little game.'"

"My comblebends to your master," returned the rustic, seizing his cue, "and here be arfacroon for yerself."

That was an exemplar hint for the stingy old gentleman.

The social sufferer suffered much in early youth from a prim aunt, with whom he lived for a dreary while. Whenever he stooped, she drew herself up and proved what you would not have otherwise believed, that it was possible for her to be even straighter and more rigid than usual. When he put his arm on the table, she exaggerated the motion and

leaned forwards on her elbows. But she was the most trying in church. If the social sufferer, who was young and restless at that time, looked round, she asked him in a whisper if anything were the matter; if he closed his eyes during the long sermon, she pretended to think him ill, and was equally aggravating in a variety of petty ways. One Sunday a young man came into the pew and avenged the social sufferer. He was shortsighted; and though he followed, like other people, in a prayer-book, he did not use a hymn-book during the singing. This annoyed Aunt Sarah, who would not let him alone. At the first singing she offered him a book, which he accepted with a polite smile and bow, but laid before him unopened. On the second occasion she found the place for him, and thrust the book under his nose when he stood up. The young man—he looked like a cavalry officer—was evidently surprised, but saw the customer he had to deal with at a glance; and, with a yet more gracious smile and a lower bow than before, said, quite out loud,—“Thanks, madam; but I never care for the libretto,”—and nearly shocked Aunt Sarah into fits.

As for those fearful people, who cannot take a hint upon those exceptional occasions when it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to inuendo or telegraphy in order to prevent most calamitous consequences, you must have met with them. They *will* talk of halters before people whose fathers have been hung; and if you frown at them, ask you what is the matter? or why you make those ugly faces? out loud; so making matters worse by attracting increased attention.

But there is another and a totally different class of persons who will never take hints, and they belong rather to the order of men of whom the proverb says, “There are none so blind as those who won't see.”

The social sufferer dined last week with a friend who has some very excellent wine, which he has kept so long that now he can hardly bear to part with it. The social sufferer was so old a friend that he ventured on a hint after dinner.

“Brown, old fellow,” said he, slyly, “the bottle is empty.”

“Is it?” cried Brown, rising with alacrity. “Then perhaps you would like to join Mrs. Brown.”

Rogers, the poet, one of the most hospitable men that ever lived, once asked an Irish gentleman to come and stay with him. He came fast enough; but would not go. Weeks and months passed, and still, in spite of innumerable delicate hints, he remained a fixture. At last Rogers, in despair, was obliged to fill his house with invited company, appropriating

the Irishman's room; and then he said to him,—"My dear —, in spite of your probable arrangements for leaving sooner, I positively cannot part with you before next Saturday. Beyond that date I cannot ask you to remain, as my house will be quite full,"—which is the most courteous way in which one man ever ejected another on record.

To wind up with a generalization, it is really a very stupid thing to suppose that you can correct people's faults or foibles by throwing out hints before them, or talking at them. If they are stupid and don't take, your labour is lost; if they see your drift, they will be more offended than if you had spoken out openly.

But it strikes the social sufferer that he is beginning to prose, and that is a hint to wipe his pen.

LEWIS HOUGH.

NEPTUNE'S TREASURES.

"I WONDER if we shall get anything very curious to-day?" observed my friend, as we sat on the deck of a trim little yacht, the *Bonnie Lass* by name, and gazed with somewhat lazy admiration on the beautiful, undulating coast stretching away from that striking looking rock, The Ness, at the entrance of Teignmouth Harbour. "With this gentle breeze and smooth sea in our favour, we *ought* to dredge up something very wonderful—eh, Simmons?"

"Well, sir, may-be we shall, may-be we shan't," replied the sailor addressed; and the old man, whose chief peculiarity consisted in an apparently inveterate dislike to giving a decided opinion on any subject, "trimmed" the sails, and then resumed his occupation of mending a hole in our dredging net; "you see, sir, dredgin' is uncertain work—very."

"To be sure it is," acquiesced my friend, briskly. "How many miles do you intend going out before you put the net down?"

"How many miles, sir? Perhaps five—perhaps six; it *might* be best to stand on till we get Berry Head well outside the Orestone, and the top of the Thatcher over Bob's Nose; but it is all a chance, sir."

My friend looked somewhat bewildered by the old "salt's" reply; but, of course, it would never have done to confess or display his ignorance, so he nodded approvingly, murmured, "Indeed! Ah, yes, to be sure; quite right, Simmons," and immediately turned the conversation.

About half an hour passed; the repairs to the dredging net were completed, and old Simmons informed us he thought "it was about the right time to put down the dredge." We were quite willing to yield assent to this

unusually decided opinion, and in a few minutes a reef had been taken in the mainsail, the yacht's head was turned to windward, and the net was scraping along some ten or twelve fathoms below us. It was allowed to remain there for rather more than a quarter of an hour, and then old Simmons began to haul in the rope.

If any of my readers have had personal experience in the matter, I am sure they can easily imagine the feelings of eager anticipation with which we now watched the old sailor's proceedings, and our excitement as the contents of the net were emptied on the deck.

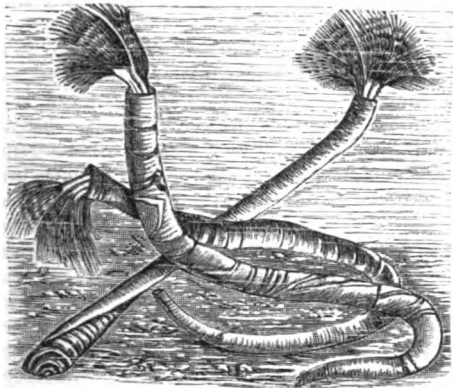
The dredge was unusually full: gorgeous starfish, crabs, serpulæ, bits of coral, seaweed, &c., &c., were heaped together in glorious confusion. Delightedly did we examine and separate them, and although the greater part of the mass was returned to its native element, as common and valueless, yet our cans and basins testified to our appreciation of many beautiful and curious objects.

Amongst them was a specimen of the webbed starfish; in colour it was a brilliant orange, deepening into a rich scarlet at the edge, and softening into white close to the rays; star-fish of this class are never cast up by the waves on the shore, as is often the case with the common kinds, but are only to be obtained by dredging. Unfortunately, this one was so much bruised in the net that it lived only two days; it was dead before I had quite finished drawing it, and its brilliant colours were fast disappearing. Star-fish possess the extraordinary power of breaking off and reproducing their rays; it is only with great care that a perfect specimen can be preserved, as when they are handled they snap off their rays one after the other, particularly when those members are very long and thin. The drawing I give of the webbed starfish is half the size of the original.

Various specimens of serpulæ and sabellæ were dredged up in the course of the day. Very beautiful are these denizens of the sea, with their twining tubes, and their feathery tufts so delicate in texture, and so exquisitely coloured. Careless observers, perhaps, would fail to perceive any particular distinction between serpulæ and sabellæ; but if they are examined and studied closely, very perceptible differences will be discovered.

Serpulæ are almost invariably found in groups adhering to shells, bits of rock, stones, or any other hard substances; their tubes are generally very much twisted and contorted, and but a small portion stands aloof from the shell or stone they have chosen as a resting-place. The feathery tufts which issue from

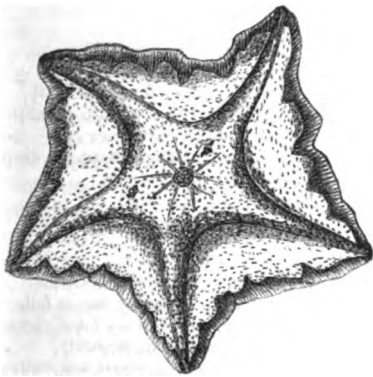
the mouth of the tube are the gills of the serpulæ; they vary very much in colour, some being crimson and white, some brown



Sabellæ.

edged with drab, some scarlet, some purple, grey, or dark green, and many other varieties too numerous to mention.

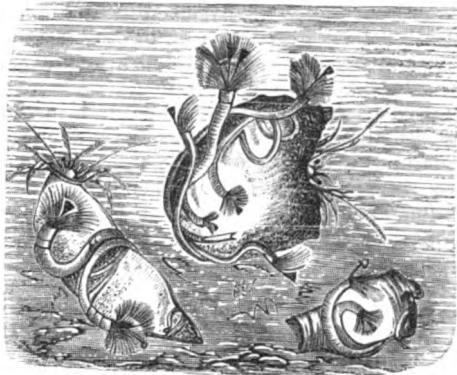
In speaking of serpulæ in his "Year at the Shore," that well-known naturalist, Mr. Gosse, states that every serpulæ is provided with two horns, or antennæ, of unequal proportions, one being "much lengthened, and at the end expanded into a broad trumpet-shaped club, the other being much shorter, and ter-



Webbed Starfish.

minating only in a small knob like the head of a pin," and that "when the gill filaments are rolled up and withdrawn, the conical club enters after all, and is found accurately to fit the trumpet-like orifice of the tube." Mr. Gosse also says that "if both of the antennæ were furnished with the terminal cone, one would interfere with the other in the performance of their closing, corking up function; they would jam in the doorway, and the tube would be left open."

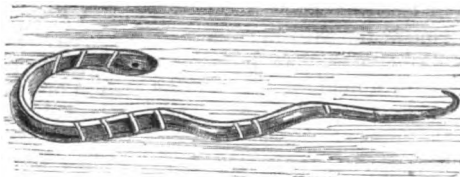
A little further on, Mr. Gosse says that a friend of his possessed a serpulæ with two equally proportioned antennæ, and remarks,—



Hermit Crabs and Serpulæ.

"I very much wish that the excellent observer had added a note, telling us to what extent the tube was closed, and how the work was performed without mutual interference."

The reason I have quoted so much of Mr. Gosse's article is, that amongst the serpulæ we dredged up on the day of which I am writing, were two groups adhering to shells wherein dwelt hermit crabs; and that as I was sketching them, I was surprised to see two horns of equal proportions, and each furnished with a "terminal cone," issue from the same serpulæ. I immediately congratulated myself upon having obtained a rarity, and



Magenta Worm.

very anxious was I to see what would become of the two stoppers when the gills were withdrawn. I accordingly gave the aquarium a tap, and attentively watched the serpulæ. In a moment the feathery tufts disappeared, followed by the two little horns, one the least bit behind the other. I then altered the position of the serpulæ, so as to be able to look down the tube with a magnifying glass; it appeared to me that only one of the horns was visible, and that it completely filled up the tube. I replaced the shell in its former position, remained perfectly quiet (for serpulæ are so excessively shy that the least movement or noise causes them to conceal themselves in their tubes), and watched for the re-issuing of

the antennæ and gills. In a few minutes I was gratified by seeing the two stoppers reappear in the same order in which they had disappeared, *viz.*, one slightly in advance of the other. As they issued from the tube (closely followed by the beautiful tufts), they gave a sort of jerk and righted themselves side by side. After examining this serpulæ and its movements for some time longer, I turned my attention to some others in a different aquarium, and, to my astonishment, discovered two more with double stoppers! I tried similar experiments with them, with similar results; in each case the antennæ were withdrawn one *slightly* behind the other, and reappeared in the same position; therefore, I am led to conclude that the two stoppers act as a sort of double door, rendering the inmate of the shell doubly secure.

Although serpulæ are, as I have already said, so extremely sensitive that the slightest movement of the aquarium causes them instantly to disappear within their tubes, yet, strange to say, those adhering to the shells inhabited by hermit crabs are not in the least alarmed at the creatures' movements, but spread their gills widely open as the crabs crawl about the aquarium.

In my sketch of hermit crabs and serpulæ, I have drawn a dead shell with serpulæ attached, one of which has a stopper totally different from the generality of those organs, being in shape and colour very much like a mushroom; I have several of this species in my possession; and being either sober drab or brown, they form a pleasing variety amongst their brilliant companions.

One of the chief differences between serpulæ and sabellæ is, that the latter are entirely destitute of antennæ; their feathery tufts are, if possible, still more delicate and fragile-looking than those of the serpulæ, and yet they are devoid of any protecting stopper when they retreat into their tubes. These tubes are, as a rule, larger and longer than the serpulæ; they are, I believe, never found in groups, and but seldom in pairs; and another of their characteristics is, that they attach themselves very partially to shells or stones; thus, the tube of a sabella of five or six inches in length will adhere to its resting-place for about an inch or an inch and a half, and then hold itself aloof in the most independent manner. I have three specimens which were dredged up without being fixed to any shells at all; but whether the shells were broken off in the dredge, or whether the sabellæ always maintained isolated positions, I cannot pretend to decide. The gills are longer than those of the serpulæ, and, as I have mentioned, their appearance is still more delicate and beautiful.

In colour they are a pale yellow, or yellowish green, with dots of the most brilliant scarlet, and, in my opinion, they are some of the most exquisite and beautiful of "Neptune's Treasures."

Another curious object we dredged up, was a bright magenta worm, with a band of white reaching from its head to its tail, and occasional cross-bands of white on its body. When first taken out of the sea, its hues were extremely vivid, but they gradually faded away, till at length the white bands were scarcely perceptible; it survived its captivity only twenty-four hours. The drawing upon the preceding page is the same size as was the worm itself.

Many other curiosities came up in our dredge that day, and ensuing days, but I must not describe them now; this paper is already longer than I intended it to be. Perhaps at some future time I will again take up pen and pencil, and devote them to the description and delineation of a few more of the wondrous creatures which lie hidden beneath the heaving breast of the restless ocean,—the works of the Almighty Hand of Him for "whose pleasure they are and were created."

A. C. WHEELLEY.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

[AFTER VICTOR HUGO.]

I.

FORGET? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;
The strange awaking from a dream of death,
The sudden thrill to find thee creeping near;
Our huts were desolate, but far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the day,
No one had seen thee pass,
Trembling I came, alas!
Can I forget?

II.

Once I was beautiful. My maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell,
Ah! weary traveller! Rest in my loving arms!
Let there be no regrets, and no farewell!
Here, of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,
Here, of thy fatherland, we whisper'd low,
Here music, praise, and prayer,
Fill'd the glad summer air,
Can I forget?

III.

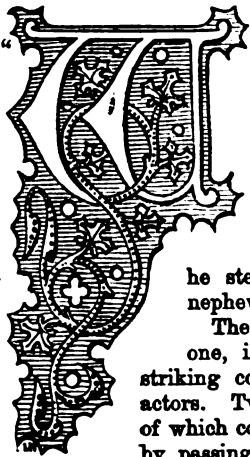
Forget? My dear old home must I forget?
And wander forth, and hear my people weep,
Far from these woods, where, when the sun has set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep;
Far from lush flow'rets, and the palm-trees moan,
I could not live. Here let me rest alone.
Go! I must follow nigh;
With thee I'm doom'd to die,
Never forget!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XIX. IN THE SANCTUM.



HAT is the meaning of this intrusion, sir?" inquired Mr. Crawford, as with his gaunt form in dressing-gown and slippers, and the hue of anger upon his withered cheek,

he sternly confronted his nephew.

The scene was a curious one, independently of the striking contrast between the actors. Two small rooms, one of which could only be reached by passing through the other, were used by the master of Greycrags as a sanctum, into which none but his body servant and Cubra, and at rare times, his daughter, were admitted. The rest of the household regarded these apartments, cut off as they were from all others, with a feeling akin to awe. In the dead of night slippered footsteps were often heard pacing to and fro, from bed-room to sitting-room, for hours at a time, albeit, in five of his accustomed strides the old man must have stepped from wall to wall. It was not the impatient tread, which the servants sometimes heard of late from Mr. Richard's room, ere that young gentleman cast himself upon his couch at night, as often as not, with his clothes on, and lay there thinking unutterable things, but one even-paced monotonous walk, such as a man might take who has not had enough of out-door exercise, during the day—a prisoner for instance; or one who is accustomed to think most deeply when in motion, with head depressed and hands folded behind the back. However late this went on, there was no stirring of coals, save in the depth of winter time, for although so old, and as he gave out, so ill, Mr. Crawford rarely allowed himself the luxury of a fire. This little sitting-room, wherein Richard had not set foot before, and which he was now regarding, notwithstanding his uncle's wrath, with most curious attention, was by no means like a boudoir; except for the absence of a bed, its bareness and unliveable look, would have better suited a mere sleeping room. The two

chairs it boasted were neither of them easy ones; the table was without a cloth; the book-shelf only contained a diary, (for the old gentleman was most methodical in his habits,) an almanac, and a county directory. The only article of furniture that had any pretensions to be considered ornamental, was a handsome old standing desk of polished oak, which stood against the window. Richard, from his post of espial on the hill, had often seen his uncle writing at this desk, and watched him, with angry heart, cast ever and anon, a well-pleased glance to where Agnes and Carlyon were sitting on the lawn below. There was no door between the two rooms, but only an archway with a curtain, which Mr. Crawford hastily drew across it on the young man's entrance, yet not so quickly but that Richard perceived it to be even more sparsely furnished than its twin-chamber, and in particular that it had no bed at all, but only a hammock.

"Do you know, young man, that I never permit *any* person" (this with an angry accent such as implied, "and far less *you*") "to enter my apartment unless I send for him? How *dare* you, sir?"

The eyes flashed fire from under those shaggy brows, and if the voice shook, like the spear in ancient Tarquin's hand, it was more through ire than age.

Upon the other hand, the young man, generally so hasty and impetuous, was very quiet and self-contained. There was a strange look of pity, too, upon his handsome features—although the other never noticed it, and it quickly passed away—and a tenderness, if not respect, in the firm tones of his reply.

"Do not be angry with me, sir," he said. "I would not have come thus unbidden, except that my business is somewhat pressing."

"It is not so immediate, I conclude, sir," answered the old man, still in wrath, "but that it can wait until I am dressed, and can go down to the library."

"In the library we may be overheard, uncle, and I have got that to say which, for your own sake, perhaps, had better be told where there is no chance of listeners."

"For *my* sake, sir? That is nonsense!" answered the old man, impatiently, but he drew back, nevertheless, and eyeing his nephew

askance as he closed the door, drew a chair towards himself with trembling fingers, and sat down.

"I have something to do this morning—letters, papers—and besides, I am worse than usual," muttered he; "I can give you very little time."

"I shall not detain you five minutes, uncle. That is, if you take the same view of the affair that brings me here, as I do."

"Well, and what *does* bring you here, sir?"

"My love for your daughter Agnes, uncle."

Richard had expected an outburst of wrath, but the old man only smiled grimly. He seemed to experience almost a sense of pleasure, and indeed he did so; such a feeling at least as one entertains when something befalls us which, though not welcome, is not nearly so unpleasant as was apprehended.

"Ah," said he, in the grating voice to which his nephew was so well accustomed. "Cousins should always love one another. But why interrupt my shaving to tell me this?"

"Don't sneer at me, uncle, or you will regret it." Again the quick sidelong look, and all the mockery of the ancient face giving place in a moment to suspicious fear.

"Yes, I repeat, you will be sorry for it—some day."

"Ah, I see, when you are away from home, and I begin to think over your virtues. Then I shall regret I snubbed you? Well, I am not a very sentimental person, Master Richard."

"No, uncle. You have some natural affection, however. You care for yourself and for your daughter. As for me, I know, you rather dislike me than otherwise. You have never hesitated to show it. You have been so tyrannical and overbearing to me, that I sometimes liken Greycrags to a ship, in which I am the cabin-boy and you the captain. That hammock in yonder room seems to complete the metaphor. I say, Uncle Crawford, that you have behaved so brutally towards me from my very childhood, that it astonishes myself that I venture to address you as I am doing, although I am well aware that you have a very excellent reason for keeping your temper. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Are you come here to insult me, you ungrateful boy?"

"No; although as to gratitude, I utterly deny the debt. You have given me a home, indeed, but you have treated me like a dog, and especially at times when you knew such treatment would gall the most. Do you remember when you beat me in your daughter's

presence, and she stopped you with her tears?"

"Why, that was six years ago!" exclaimed the old man, lifting up his long thin hands.

"Yes; dogs have good memories for those who beat them. Do you not remember six years ago, ay, and twenty-six? Come, sir, you are weak, you say, and very old, but you remember what took place six-and-twenty years ago, I am very sure. You shudder, uncle; you are cold. Permit me to close the window."

The old man would have sunk back in his chair had its nature permitted of it, but as it was, he sat propped up, but huddled together, with his eyes staring stonily before him upon the empty grate, like a man that has been hanged.

"For all that has come and gone yet, uncle, I wish, however, that you and I should be good friends. We are blood relations, and we are about to be also connected, I hope, by marriage."

The livid lips strove to speak and failed, but the bald white head shook, piteous to behold, in vehement protest.

"Well, I did not expect to get your consent at once. It is the point, indeed, on which I anticipated a discussion, but I have some tolerably convincing arguments too. If I had not, this interview would have ended long ago, you know—very probably, by your kicking me down-stairs."

The young man's eyes gleamed with malice; the recital of the personal indignity that had been put upon him years ago, had driven all pity from his heart; it seemed to please him to picture to himself insults even which had never occurred.

"Now, to show you, Uncle Crawford, that I am not ignorant of the nature of the ground on which I am about to proceed, let me ask you whether it is not the fact that a considerable portion of your income dies with you, notwithstanding that you seem to live on your means just as though you were a government official, or a clergyman, or, let us say, a military or naval officer. Just so. This circumstance, therefore, made you desirous to secure for Agnes a husband of independent property, such as Mr. Carlyon. You need not be ashamed of it, for it was very natural. However, that scheme has turned out a failure."

"No, Richard. He and Agnes love one another."

"Excuse me, uncle. It is an immense pleasure to me to hear you talk so tenderly, to find you so easily affected, when, as you have just said, you are not a sentimental

person; but let us, above all things, stick to facts; a very favourite phrase of yours, and justly so; since facts, and especially unpleasant ones, stick to us like burrs. The truth is then, Agnes does not love this man, and will never marry him. If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself, and she will corroborate what I say. The argument of a 'previous engagement'—which I foresaw your sagacity would use—is therefore out of the question. The affections of your daughter are free, and I, sir, am here this morning to propose myself as her suitor."

"I have heard you talk like this before, Richard," answered the old man, making a great effort to speak calmly, "and you have already had my answer. It cannot be."

"It *shall* be, Mr. Crawford, and it *must* be," returned the other, vehemently. "You will not surely force me to state that argument which you know lies in the back-ground, but which may remain there unstated for ever, if you only say 'Yes,' to what I ask."

"Look here, Richard," appealed the old man, slowly, "I do not want to offend you. I would spare your feelings if I could; I would indeed."

"Thank you, uncle. You are always very considerate in that respect—but I interrupt you."

"The truth is, Richard,—and when I have stated it, I am sure you will not press this matter further—that my daughter, although entertaining an affectionate regard for you as her cousin, has herself no wish to marry you. My consent, therefore, to your union, even if I gave it, would benefit you nothing. Agnes does not love you."

"I know it, uncle."

"What, then, is it possible you wish me to do violence to her inclinations?"

"Tush, tush. Like you, sir, I am not a sentimental person. If Mr. Carlyon were in my place, and your daughter only had an affectionate regard for *him*, you would strive to make it ripen into love, I think. You would exert a benign paternal influence. That is all I ask of you in my case."

"You are very young, Richard, and scarcely know what you ask," answered the other, persuasively. "When you have been this next voyage, and are more in a condition to know your own mind, then let us talk this matter over—"

"Yes, but in the mean time, let us by all means temporise, eh?" interrupted Richard, angrily. "If you are then bent upon holding your position, sir, it is necessary for me to bring up my reserve. I am afraid I shall inflict a story upon you. If I weary you beyond endurance, or if any portion of the

narrative be too painful to be brought to a conclusion, you have only to say 'Stop' or 'Enough,' I shall then understand that further recital is unnecessary—that I have gained my point."

"You are talking riddles," said the old man, feebly, shading his eyes with his hand.

"If so, uncle, I think you possess the key. It is not a riddle however, which I am about to narrate, but a biography."

CHAPTER XX. AN OLD MAN'S SECRET.

"ALTHOUGH I of course remember nothing of my infant life," began Richard Crawford; "I have been so fortunate as to meet with a person who is well acquainted with it. Through that means I learn that so soon as I arrived in England, another nurse was substituted for the one in whose charge I had come from India, and who would have been certain, as I grew up, to talk to me of my dead parents, and to inform me of certain facts which it was to somebody's interest that I should never know. All the possessions which came over with me, including even articles of garment, were destroyed by this person's direction. Nothing was left that might suggest to me in later years of whom I had sprung, except this locket."

"You are weaving a romance, Richard," observed the old man, casting a careless glance at what the other held in his hand. "I never to my knowledge beheld that trinket before."

"Perhaps not, uncle, yet you recognise this portrait." Richard turned back the little golden door, and showed the features of a handsome soldier-like man, very like those of Mr. Crawford himself, before years and sorrow and ill health had combined to sharpen them. "That's my father, is it not, sir, and your own brother?"

"It is very like him," said the old man, thoughtfully. "Yes," added he, after a moment's hesitation, "it is certainly he. It is curious enough that I should have been ignorant of the existence of such a portrait, but I am glad to see it, however it was obtained. Poor Arthur!"

"This likeness, uncle, was taken just after his marriage, and a few days before he sailed for India for the last time."

"Somewhere about that period, as I should reckon," answered the old man, gazing upon the face attentively. "This was how he looked when I saw him last, newly married, happy, and yet beneath the shadow of death. Yes, it must have been near that time."

"It was *exactly* at that time, uncle. At the back of the picture there is a date—and a name!"

"It is a lie!" ejaculated the old man, shutting the locket close.

"That is not the way to disprove it," replied his nephew, coldly. "If you care to do so, you can read the inscription for yourself. I was afraid that there would be portions of my story that must needs be painful to you. This is Chapter I. Shall we say 'Stop?' You are not yet convinced? It is necessary then to resume the narrative.

"I know that you never set a high value upon my intelligence, uncle, and I daresay you are very right; but all children who are not idiots, are observant, and I possessed my full share of sagacity so far. It is not love only which awakens interest; it is sometimes dislike. Where we cannot be contemptuous, but are compelled to hate, we keep a narrow watch upon our foes. I noticed several things concerning you in those early days, and all your cuffs did not put them out of my head. In the first place, instead of having a home like other people, we were always moving house. Wherever we went you feigned ill-health, (I never could see there was anything the matter with you,) and shunned society as much as possible. When a stranger called you shrank from him, as though he had come to bring you some woful news. I know now that what you feared was recognition.

"In the second place, you entertained a morbid hatred of the sea, and all belonging to it. The reason, as I believe, which caused you to choose this house, independently of its complete seclusion, was that through some whim of him who built it, no window looks to seaward. The least allusion to the naval calling, gave you extreme annoyance. You set yourself against my fancy for embracing it with a vehemence that was quite inexplicable. And, yet, notwithstanding all this, you exhibited, when off your guard, a surprising knowledge of nautical affairs. This of course I only understood lately, since I have myself become a sailor; but it struck me, even as a boy, how strange it was that you should sleep in a hammock, and chew tobacco, like old Benbow."

Here Richard paused, as though expecting either some indignant outbreak, or specious explanation, but the old man did not speak, only shifted uneasily upon his chair. "It was not until last year," resumed his nephew, "and when I was two thousand miles away from English land, that I came into full possession of your secret."

Mr. Crawford groaned.

"You are your own tormentor, uncle," expostulated the young man, parenthetically, "and compel me to turn the rack, though I have no wish to hurt you. It was on deck

at midnight in the tropic seas, that the revelation was made; the companion of my watch was a far older man than I, and had seen much sailor's service. He had been, it was understood, in the Royal Navy himself, but had had to leave it through some breach of discipline; yet, perhaps, through a desire to avert any suspicion of such a fact—just as some men take an opposite course and shun the subject—he was for ever talking of naval matters, and particularly of the incidents of that great war, which was finished long before I was born, but of which you, uncle, were a contemporary. Our talk turned upon that matter on the occasion of which I speak. Youngster like, I was boasting of our national prowess, and of the valour which had ever distinguished our naval commanders. I averred that in equal fight we have never been beaten, and that in no case had any British Commander disgraced his flag. I knew, indeed, that there was the affair of Admiral Byng—"

"A most unjust and cruel sentence," interposed the old man, vehemently; "a wicked act that has been long repented of by a mistaken country."

"Just so," observed the young man, drily; "but my companion spoke of other cases about which no such public stir was made. Three other British Admirals were brought before courts-martial during that long war, and all for cowardice. Of these three, one was acquitted; one reprimanded; and the third—whose case, although in some respects a hard one, was by far the worst, was 'relieved of his command,'—what, in the common soldier, is termed being 'drummed out.' He retained his pension, indeed, but without his rank; but, after a little time,—so at least my informant told me—he died, being of a very proud and haughty spirit, of a broken heart. I have reason to believe, however, that he is still alive, leading a secluded life, under a feigned name. His real title (for he had had a knighthood conferred upon him for past services) was—I have forgotten; but if you will press that locket, uncle—"

"No, no," gasped the old man, placing the trinket in his own breast pocket; "you have said enough."

"Just as you please, uncle; you have only yourself to thank that you have heard so much. I have said, 'I have forgotten,' I will add, that I solemnly promise never to remember, or, at all events, not to use the recollection, if only you, on your part, accede to my request. I do not ask you to bestow your daughter, for your secret's sake, on one who will not prize the gift at its true value. I love her with all my soul; I will work for

her, slave for her, serve any probation you may choose to appoint to prove myself worthy of her; but I must have her plighted word, that when that is over she shall be mine. I am not unreasonable, but I am well resolved. Mark that, old man; I will have no subterfuge. From her own lips—not yours—I must hear the promise. If you refuse to use your influence as I have desired, or if you play me false, I will not spare you. No one in Mellor but shall know what a great man is living among them. All your precautions of these five long years shall count for nothing; this place of peace, which you imagined you had found at last, remote from all that knew you, shall know you more than any other. These drones, your neighbours, shall become a nest of hornets; the very children in the village street shall point at you; and, wherever you may go, thinking to find repose, you shall meet scandal and clamour. For a few days you may think you have evaded me; but rumour, noising all around, shall soon let you feel that I have followed you, like fate."

As if goaded by the very bitterness of his own language, the young man's passion rose almost to madness; his dark face glowed with lurid fire, and he hissed his words out as though his tongue was very flame.

"But first of all," he went on, "your shame shall be made known to your own household. Your daughter, Agnes, she shall learn it first. Do you hear me, Admiral Sir Robert Vane?"

"Yes, yes; I hear you," answered the other, in hollow tones. "I am a very old man, and your own flesh and blood, sir; but you are not merciful. I cannot bear this talk much longer."

And, indeed, no more cadaverous and deathlike face was ever seen in living man, than that which Mr. Crawford now turned upon his nephew. It had hitherto been studiously averted from him, and the expression of it both shocked and appalled the young man.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," answered he, with abated vehemence; "and my passion must be my excuse if I have been unnecessarily harsh. I am only afraid that you may underrate my fixed determination—which, however, I assure you, nothing can shake; that when I leave you, you will endeavour to persuade yourself that there is some loophole by which you may escape my importunities; or even, perhaps, that I may not be in possession of the facts which I have pressed upon your attention. When I tell you, however, that I have read that newspaper slip which lies in the secret drawer of yonder desk—you

perceive at once, I see, how idle in that case must be such expectation. Well, sir, I will not press you for an answer to-day. I am passionate, but I can also be patient. I can easily understand that this interview has severely shaken you. I would rather receive your promise of assistance when you are more like yourself. Will you give me my answer to-morrow?"

The old man's chin sank slowly forward, either from weakness, or in token of assent.

Richard chose to conclude it was the latter.

"To-morrow, then, uncle, you will answer me 'yes,' or 'no.'"

The young man rose, cast one long steady glance upon his uncle, huddled together as before, and with his grey head still resting upon his breast, and softly left the room.

(To be continued.)

OUR THOROUGHBREDS AND THEIR VICTORIES.

DAUPHIN. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, "Wonder of Nature—". "King Henry V., Act III., Scene 7."

THE name of the Derby winner is—for the time, at least—an household word in our homes; of his pedigree, performances, and general appearance, every tongue can speak. The jockey colours of his owner are to be seen round the necks of fast youths, and on the hats and bonnets of their fair sisters. The high dignitaries of the church and the humble diggers of the soil, one and all take an interest in the annual competition for the much coveted blue ribbon of the turf. The love of horses and horse-racing seems to cling naturally to the sons, ay, and to the daughters, too, of our land. The scorching sun of India cannot burn it out of them, nor can the cold of Canada make them forget it. In the parched lands of Hindostan, and in the grassy flats of Australia, it has taken a deep root, and flourishes nobly. The Smithies of Malta, the Scorpions of Gibraltar, Kaffirs, and Chinamen, all get their annual gallantry at our national pastime, and very frequently take a prominent part in the equine contests. Indeed, in every land where the son of Britain hangs out, no telegram is more anxiously looked forward to by the voluntary or forced expatriate than that which tells him what has been the judges' decision at the great Epsom carnival.

When our great May festival comes round, the minister, for the time, forgets Downing Street and Blue Books; the Lords and Members of Parliament turn their backs on West-

minster; the authorities at the Horse Guards, for the nonce, grant unasked-for leave to their sporting subalterns, and all hurry by road and rail to Epsom, there to hold high festival, and enjoy the best of all sport, a good day's racing. This "horsey" taste that pervades every class, and the general and genial support that is given by every true Englishman to the sports of "Silk and Scarlet," is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that for many centuries this country has been famous for its breed of horses, which, for beauty, speed, and stoutness, have excelled those of all other nations. It is true that but little of the original English blood is to be found in our thoroughbred race horses of the present day, as they are only the descendants of Oriental sires, whom our climate, care, and treatment have greatly improved. It must not, however, be supposed that England dates her fame as a horse-producing country from the first introduction of these Arab steeds into the land,—which, according to the Stud-book, was in the reign of James I.;—for it is mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries, written 54, B.C., that "The Britons were possessed of numerous horses, which they used as cavalry:" indeed, so pleased was the Roman General with them that he took some of them back with him to Rome, wherewith to improve the breed in Italy.

Although the earliest edition of the Stud-book mentions an Arab, for which King James I. gave a Mr. Markham the sum of 500*l.*, as being the first of that breed which was ever seen in England, still further research proves this to have been a mistake, as the Mr. Jervis (or Gervase) Markham, referred to above, states in a book published by him at the end of the sixteenth century, that such was not the case, but that he had known both Arabs and Barbs in England at an earlier period than the time when he imported his one. Again, Blundeville, who wrote in 1558 on horsemanship, speaks of "The Turkie horse (doubtless the Arab) which he has seen come into Italy as into England." Indeed, it can scarce be supposed that all the knights and others who followed King Richard to Palestine could have returned without a few representatives of the steeds of the desert.

It has been already mentioned that the race-horses of the present day are almost without exception the descendants of Oriental sires. It must not, however, be supposed that the horses indigenous to England, the successors of those chargers which caused such dismay to Cæsar's legions, were slow, or any way inferior to the Arab in speed; doubtless, they were stronger and less graceful looking horses, but their gallant champion, Jervis Markham, in

the book above quoted, describes a horse bred of purely English parents as the quickest horse in the universe, and he plainly states that the best imported horse he had ever seen was not able to compete with even an inferior English one. Were other proof wanted of the natural superiority of the horses of Great Britain even before the introduction of Arab blood, it is to be found in Blundeville's book, where the Irish horse of his day (1558) is spoken of in the highest terms; indeed, his description of them would well do for the thoroughbreds of our own day. And as any introduction of Arabs and other foreign horses into England previous to his time could scarcely have benefited Ireland to any great extent, we must only conclude the horses of that country, which Blundeville so graphically describes, owed their good qualities to the genial climate under which they and their sires had been reared.

Since the first introduction of races, which were inaugurated at Chester in the reign of Henry VIII., the royal family of England has always supported the turf; indeed, history tells of instances where certain members of it did so, "not wisely, but too well." The example, however, thus set by these exalted ones has been aptly followed by a host of those whose positions have enabled them to do so; and to this fact is mainly due the great success which attends our chief race meetings at the present time; and honoured as the turf is by the support of the highest in the land, many of whom give up their whole time and attention to it, it is not likely to retrograde, but each year a step onward in the march of improvement is to be looked forward to.

A history of the turf from the earliest period to the present, would be an exceedingly interesting work; containing, as it would have to do, biographies and anecdotes of those men whose names, at different times, have been intimately mixed up with it, whether as heavy winners, or great losers, as betting-men, jockies, or trainers; for of all these of any note, some story could be told, or some adventure related, which would "either point a moral or adorn a tale." "The Druid," or some other wielder of the fluent pen, could not employ his time better than in handing down to future generations of turfites, the glorious doings—though frequently eccentric ones—of those who have long since been placed beneath that sod on which their favourite amusement still flourishes.

In these days of heavy turf speculations, when we hear of thousands of pounds changing hands with the same *sang froid* that tens did in former days, it cannot be wondered at that everything that refers to turf matters,

horse-breeding, or racing, should be anxiously sought after by all. Not only by those who take an interest in the noble animal and the turf for their own sakes, but, likewise, by the great army of bookmakers and "4 to 1 bar one" men, whose very business necessitates their keeping constantly before them—in fact, have at their fingers' ends—the pedigree, performance, and daily doings, of the different horses of the day, as on their ability to carry weight, to stay a distance, or on their good or bad condition and state of health, so much depends.

It is well known that certain breeds of horses can stay longer and do a distance better than others; they are, in common parlance, said to be of stouter blood. Again, some horses will perform better on one course than on another, a fact, likewise, attributed to their descent; as the conformation of the horses of certain lines suits better for up and down hill courses, while that of others gets them home better on the flat. Turf writers have always differed, and, apparently, will always differ, in their opinions as to which of our chief lines of blood produces the stoutest and best horses; for while one is found lauding to the skies the "stout staying blood of Black-lock," another styles that line "a cursed race," and stands up for the descendants of Gladiator against all others. Their endless discussions on these points add a certain zest to the writings of "The Beacon," and the "Seer of Carshalton," who are now the acknowledged leaders on the subjects of horse pedigrees, horse breeding, &c. And so enthusiastic are they on the subject, that they keep the readers of those journals to which they contribute, always well posted up in the different lines of blood which they consider nick best. And as they frequently differ, the success of almost any horse will enable one or other of them, to point to him or her as another striking proof of his theory.

Leaving then the subject of crosses, nicks, number of different strains of blood, and the like, to them and their readers, I purpose bringing to the notice of those who take an interest in the matter, the respective merits of our three great lines of horses, as represented by their descendants in the direct male line, which have won the Two Thousand Guineas, Oaks, Derby, and St. Leger, during the last thirty years.

It is a singular fact that these 119 races run since 1838, have all been won by the descendants of Eclipse, Herod, and Conductor, which three horses lived at about the same period, or nearly a hundred years ago. They, again, were severally the representatives of three Oriental sires, which were known as the

Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Barb, each of whose descendants have held sway in their day, and been for the time the fashion.

The admixture of the three strains has given us our best racers, and there are few horses now on the turf but can trace back in almost every line to one of this great trio.

The Darley Arabian was brought to England about the year 1700, by a Mr. Darley of Yorkshire, who, when following his profession as a merchant abroad, became a member of a hunt club, through which means he acquired this horse. He was not much used by breeders, except by his owner, who had not a large stud of thorough-bred mares. With his few chances, however, he got, among others, Flying or Devonshire Childers, said to be the quickest horse ever foaled, his own brother Bartlett's Childers, and Aleppo, from one of which half-brothers the celebrated racer Eclipse was descended. Bartlett's Childers was sire of Lord Portmore's Squirt, whose son Marake, bred by the Duke of Cumberland, was generally supposed to be the sire of Eclipse. Indeed, so esteemed did this horse (Marake) become as a sire, that for one season he was advertised at the enormous price of 300 guineas, although his selling price a few years before had only been fifteen pounds.

Mr. Meredith's Shakespeare, who disputes with Marake the high honour of having got Eclipse, was a son of Mr. Goodall's Hobgoblin, who was got by Aleppo, mentioned before. It is fortunate that these two horses trace back to the same original stock, as thereby much trouble is saved in classing the heroes of our Stud-book.

Eclipse was foaled on "All Fool's Day," in the year 1764. He was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and after being for a time in the possession of a Mr. Wildman, he was bought by an Irish gentleman named O'Kelly, who owned him during his racing and stud career. He it was who made and won the sensational bet, that he would place the horses in the second heat of a four mile race at Epsom. He named them thus, "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere," being, in fact, the very decision afterwards given by the judge, Eclipse having distanced the other horses. He was a bright chestnut, strongly marked with white, having a large blaze down his face, and white on his hind legs from his hocks downwards. His foals were mostly of the same colour, and, like him, were easily trained, though extremely hot and excitable. He ran unconquered until he was six years old. Neither short nor long distances seemed to make any difference to him, and, as he lived in the days before the introduction of handicapping, no

weight that he could be called on to carry as a penalty could make him lower his flag.

During his distinguished stud career of seventeen years, he got 242 thorough-bred foals, whose descendants are now extinct in the male line, excepting through four of his sons, viz., Pot8os, King Fergus, Mercury, and Joe Andrews, from which four horses most of our chief racers are now sprung. Pot8os was foaled by a mare directly descended from the Godolphin Barb, while Mercury's dam was by a grandson of the Byerley Turk. The dams of the other two sons of Eclipse were by grandsons of an imported sire known as Alcock's Arabian. Of the 119 Two Thousand Guineas, Oaks, Derby, and St. Leger races, run during the last thirty years, seventy-nine have been won by descendants of Eclipse; of these fifty-six are through those sprung from his son, Pot8os, and fifteen from King Fergus, his two other sons having but four each to their credit. If we trace these lines further, we will find that Pot8os's credit as a sire rests on the get of his famous son Waxy, whose three sons, Whalebone, Whisker, and Waxy Pope, have each been represented by a winner in one or more of these great encounters. Waxy Pope can only speak for one of the fifty-six winners which are credited to Pot8os, viz., Saucebox, by St. Lawrence, a son of Skylark by Waxy Pope, who won the St. Leger stakes in 1855. To Whisker three mares are credited as winners of the Oaks, viz., Governess, by Chatham, a son of The Colonel, by Whisker, in 1858, and Tormentor and Hippia, who have won it the last two years in succession, thereby bringing much kudos to the Baron's stud, where their sire, King Tom, by Harkaway, (by Economist, by Whisker,) stands. To Whalebone's descendants, then, fifty-two of these races have fallen, his son, Waverley, having got Don John, who won the St. Leger in 1838, and was sire of Lady Evelyn, who won the Oaks in 1849 for Lord Chesterfield. His son Defence is credited with four races, viz., the Oaks in 1839 by his daughter Deception, and the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, in 1865, when the redoubtable French horse, Gladiateur, (by Monarque, by the Emperor, by Defence) astonished all Europe by his splendid triumphs.

This, then, leaves forty-six winners to speak up for the credit of the Whalebone line, all of whom are descended from his two sons, Camel, and Sir Hercules, each being answerable for an equal number viz., twenty-three.

Camel was foaled in 1822, and was famous for his extraordinary appearance, which was not that of a beauty; indeed, so peculiarly shaped were his quarters, from an accident met with as a yearling, that he obtained his name

from the resemblance they gave him to the misshapen animal to which it belongs. His winners during the last thirty years of these great races, have, with two exceptions, viz., his son, Launcelot, who won the St. Leger in 1840, and his granddaughter, Rhedycina, by Wentonian, the winner of the Oaks in 1850, been the descendants of that prince of stallions, Touchstone, who was known in his day as "the premier sire of England," and who, as a successful sire, has never been equalled, except by our present emperor of the stud, his cousin Stockwell. Touchstone was foaled in 1831, and was the property of the Marquis of Westminster, for whom he won the St. Leger in 1834. He was not a tall horse, and throughout his turf career, although he would not permit any liberty to be taken with him from his rider's whip, still he proved himself a first class race-horse, and a good stayer. He remained at the stud until his thirtieth year, and died at Eaton, where he always stood, on the 29th January, 1861, leaving behind him a host of sires to perpetuate his fame, from whom, together with himself, twenty-one winners of these great races of which I am writing, have sprung. His sons, Cotherstone, Flatcatcher, Nunnykirk, and Lord of the Isles, won the Two Thousand Guineas, in 1843, 1848, 1849, and 1855, respectively. His sons, Cotherstone, Orlando, and Surplice, have won the blue ribbon of the turf for him in 1843, 1844, and 1848; his daughter, Mendicant, the Oaks, in 1846; and he has earned his fame as a sire of St. Leger winners through the victories achieved in that race by Blue-bonnet in 1842, Surplice in 1848, and by Newminster, his best son, in 1851. And that some of his numerous descendants have been able to hold their own at the stud as well as on the turf is proved by the many successes of their offspring. His grandsons have won the Two Thousand Guineas three times; viz., Fazzoletto, Fitzroland, and Diophantus, three sons of Orlando, who pulled off this race in 1856, 1858, and 1861. They won the Derby in 1851, 1859, and 1867, with Teddington, by Orlando, and Musjid, and Hermit, by Newminster; and the St. Leger, in 1857, with Imperieuse, by Orlando, and in 1863 with Lord Clifden, by Newminster. A granddaughter of Touchstone's has won the Oaks once; viz., Iris, by Ithuriel, 1851; and a great-granddaughter, Feu de Joie, by Longbow, by Ithuriel, won it in 1862. It will thus be seen that the Touchstone line, from Whalebone, through Camel, has won, in thirty years, the Two Thousand Guineas seven times, the Derby six times, the Oaks three times, and the St. Leger five times, thereby showing that either speed and not staying is

their forte, or that they will not stand continuous training, although they appear to ripen early; the largest number of winners got by Touchstone and his sons having been in the Two Thousand Guineas, which is the shortest and earliest of the four great races. Should, however, Newminster's son, Hermit, repeat his Epsom victory at Doncaster, next September, any decision on these points, about which a doubt may exist at present, will remain, if possible, a more open question, as his winning descendants will then be more evenly distributed between the short and long races. We now come to the twenty-three winners which represent the Sir Hercules branch of the Whalebone family. This horse was foaled in 1826, or four years later than his half-brother, Camel. His chief descendants at the present time are mostly descended from his son, Birdcatcher, more commonly known as Irish Birdcatcher, to distinguish him from another horse of the same name. He was bred in 1833 by Mr. George Knox, of Brownstown, in the county of Kildare, and, after a short turf career, he was put to the stud, where he earned for himself the highest possible reputation for getting racers whose speed and stoutness have never been excelled by the stock of any other sire. They were mostly chestnuts, and generally showed white hairs through their coats, a coat of arms inherited by them from their grandsire, Sir Hercules. Birdcatcher was a very long horse, but his stock, as a rule, have not followed him in this. They are, however, every inch gentlemen, and show a fair amount of quality, in which, however, they cannot come nigh the Sweetmeats, and Venisons, whose descendants are our handsomest horses.

Three of the twenty-three great three-year-old contests, which have been credited to the descendants of Sir Hercules, have been won by his sons; viz., the Two Thousand Guineas in 1839, by Corsair; the Derby, in 1841, by Coronation; and the St. Leger, in 1844, by Faugh-a-ballah; while to the offspring of Faugh-a-ballah's own brother, Irish Birdcatcher, five of these races have fallen; viz., the Derby, in 1852, to Daniel O'Rourke; the Oaks, in the same year, to Songstress; and the St. Leger, in 1845, 1854, and 1856, to the Baron, Knight of St. George, and Warlock. Faugh-a-ballah's name as a sire in this roll of fame rests on the doings of his daughter, Fille de l'Air, who won the Oaks in 1864. One Two Thousand Guineas stakes and two St. Legers, have been won by descendants of Birdcatcher in the second generation; viz., in 1852, when Stockwell, by the Baron, won both Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger; and in 1858, when

Sunbeam, by Chanticleer, won the latter race for Mr. Merry. The Baron's chief reputation as a sire is earned through the performances, both on the turf and at the stud, of his two great sons and own brothers, Stockwell and Rataplan, who were both out of the famous mare Pocahontas, by Glencoe. This mare was bought during the present year (1867) by the Marquis of Exeter, at the sale of his father's stud; and truly she is entitled to the best care during her last days, considering that of her numerous progeny no less than five sons are now standing at the enormous price, taking an average, of seventy-five guineas per mare, while for one of her grandson's services a larger sum is asked; and this is not to be wondered at when we find such extraordinary successes met with by their stock. To Stockwell's sons and daughters no less than ten of these great races have fallen; viz., the Oaks, in 1865, to Regalia; the Two Thousand Guineas, in 1862, and 1866, to the Marquis, and Lord Lyon; the Derby, in 1864, and 1866, to Blair Athol, and Lord Lyon; and the St. Leger, in 1860, 1861, 1862, 1864, and 1866, to St. Albans, Caller-Ou, the Marquis, Blair Athol, and Lord Lyon. A lot of winners that will bear comparison with those got by any other sire, and well justify the 200 guinea fee, at which price only his service is to be obtained.

Stockwell's own brother, Rataplan, though a good race-horse at all distances and under the heaviest weights, has not been so successful at the stud; for though he has got numerous winners, and many of them exceedingly good horses, still only one blue ribbon has fallen to his offspring, viz., the Derby, in 1861, to his son, Kettledrum, who to the great joy of the sporting men at the great cotton metropolis, who always follow Colonel Towneley's stable, proved himself on that occasion the best horse of his year. The descendants then of Sir Hercules that have been enumerated above may be classed as in the following table, where they have been placed in juxtaposition with those winners sprung from Camel, so that at a glance a comparison between them can be made:—

DESCENDANTS OF	2000 Ga. Winners.	Derby Winners.	Oaks Winners.	St Leger Winners.	Total Winners.
Camel	7	6	4	6	23
Sir Hercules	4	5	3	11	23
Whalebone	11	11	7	17	46

From this table it appears that while the descendants of both horses have won these

paces an equal number of times, still there is a striking difference between them; for while Camel's sons have won oftenest in the early contests and at short distances, those sprung from Sir Hercules have shone most in the autumn and over the longest course. This, as before suggested, may be accounted for by the ability of the former to run earlier; or, on the other hand it may show a want of stamina, wherewith to stay, and bear continuous training, inferior at all events to that possessed by the descendants of Sir Hercules; or again, the conformation of the Camel progeny may best suit the hilly Epsom course, while the Sir Hercules horses may shine best on the flat, and as Doncaster, where the St. Leger is run, is such a course, their numerous wins on it may be so accounted for. Each person who examines the above table will probably start a different reason, and no two agree in any one conclusion about this matter. It will, however, be observed with joy by those who stand well on either Achievement or Julius for the St. Leger of '67, and will be looked on by them as a good augury, and greatly increase their confidence in their pet.

Leaving the tribe of Eclipse as it comes to us through his son Pot8os, we now come to those Eclipse winners who have sprung from his son, King Fergus, and though this horse left two sons of note to perpetuate his name, still he has not one-fourth the same number of representatives on the turf at the present as come to us from his famous half-brother, Pot8os, whose descendants are all sprung from the loins of his son Waxy.

Beningborough (1791) and Hambletonian (1792) the two sons of King Fergus referred to, were both like Waxy (who was out of Maria by Herod), full of Herod blood, the former being out of a mare by Herod, and the latter out of a mare by Herod's son, Highflyer; while the granddams of both were by Matchem, the representative of the Godolphin line. Their fame as sires rests on the success at the stud of their two sons, Orville and Whitelock, and as Orville, by Beningborough, born in 1799, is the elder, we will first count his winners during the last thirty years. His son Muley, born in 1810, got one winner of the Derby, Little Wonder, who won it in 1840, and one Oaks fell to his great-granddaughter in 1860, when Butterfly by Turnus, a son of Taurus by Moresco, won it. The descendants of Orville's great son Emilinus (1820), himself a winner of the Derby, are credited with four races in the table now before me, viz., Industry, by Priam, who won the Oaks in 1838; the celebrated mare Crucifix, by the same horse, who won both it and the Two Thousand Guineas in 1840; and Poison,

by Plenipotentiary, who won the mares' race in 1843.

The Hambletonian line, from King Fergus, must now claim our attention, and as it has produced nine winners of these great races, against six obtained by the stock of his more than half-brother, Beningborough, he must be looked on as the chief in honour, if not in age, of the King Fergus line. These nine races that are credited to his descendants have all been won by the offspring of the Bishop Burton celebrity, the great black-brown Blacklock, by Whitelock, who was a son of Hambletonian. His descendants, Meteor, by Velocipede, in 1842, Vedette, by Voltigeur, in 1857, and Vauban, by Muscovite, this year, have severally won the Two Thousand Guineas. The Derby has fallen to Amato, by Velocipede, in 1838, to Cossack, by Hetman Platoff, in 1847, and to Voltigeur, by Voltaire, in 1850, while by three members of his family, the Doncaster St. Leger has been won, viz., by Charles XII., by Voltaire, in 1839, by Voltigeur, mentioned before as winner of the Derby, in 1850, and by Gamester, by Cossack, in 1859. No mare of this line has won the Oaks during the last thirty years, but it must not be supposed that the Blacklock colts are therefore, as a rule, superior to the fillies, for besides becoming famous as stud matrons, some of them have shown first-class form on the turf. Indeed, turf lore tells of few better performers than Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede, who won both Oaks and Leger in 1835, but which, however, is an anterior date to the first year from which our table is compiled.

We now come to the third of the four sires through which the blood of Eclipse is transmitted to us. Mercury, born in 1778, was sire of Gohanna, who was like his contemporary, Waxy (with whom he fought many a severe contest), out of a Herod mare, and his blood comes to us in the male line through Golumpus, whose son Catton (1809) was the sire of Royal Oak, to whose descendants—through his son, Slane,—three of these races have fallen, viz.: the Two Thousand Guineas, to Conyngham, in 1847; the Derby, to Merry Monarch, in 1845; and the Oaks, to the Princess, in 1844. Catton's other son, Mulatto, likewise got one winner in Bloomsbury, who won the Derby in 1839, to add glory to the house of Mercury.

Only four of the winners of these great races have sprung from Eclipse, through Joe Andrews and his son Dick Andrews, who was out of a Highflyer mare, and, therefore, of the—in those days—orthodox cross. His son Tramp was the sire of Liverpool, who got Idas, who won the Two Thousand Guineas for Lord Stradbroke in 1845, and likewise Lanercost

whose daughter Catherine Hayes won the Oaks in 1853. And his son Van Tromp, the St. Leger in 1847. The only Derby winner of this family has been Beadsman by Weatherbit, a great grandson of Tramp who won it in 1858. This, then, completes the tale of winners that have sprung from "the Darley Arab," the chief of our imported trio.

Having thus named all those winners that trace from the Darley Arabian, we now come to those descended from the Byerley Turk. This horse was said to have been imported into England about the year 1689, having, it is stated by old writers, been originally obtained at the siege of Vienna, and afterwards ridden by Captain Byerley in Ireland, during King William's wars. He was the sire of Jigg, who got Partner, (1718,) by whom Tartar, (1743,) the sire of Herod, was got. Herod was foaled in 1758, and was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, from whose possession he passed into that of Sir John Moore. He was a bay horse, standing about fifteen hands three inches high; and though he possessed great power, length, and lasting qualities, he had very weak fore legs, which prevented his remaining so long at the turf as was the fashion in those days. He did not excel so much on the turf as at the stud, as during a period of nineteen years, from their first appearance, his stock won over 200,000*l.*, an enormous sum for those days. Altogether he is credited in the stud-book with upwards of 300 foals. He died in 1780, aged twenty-two years; and of the many sons which survived him, we can only trace, now, back to two in the direct male line; while his daughter Maria, through her son Waxy, has caused his name to appear in the pedigree table of nearly every thorough-bred of the present day.

During the last thirty years twenty-three of the great races have fallen to his descendants, twelve of them being to representatives of his son Woodpecker (1773); and the remaining eleven to horses hailing from his other great son Highflyer (1774). Woodpecker's credit in this roll rests on the get of his two grandsons, Castrel and Selim, who were both by his son Buzzard. To the descendants of the former four of these great contests have fallen, his son Pantaloon having got Hernandez winner of the Two Thousand Guineas in 1851, Ghuznee, winner of the Oaks in 1841, and Satirist, winner of the St. Leger in the same year, while his grandson Thormanby by Windbound, another son of Pantaloon, won the Derby in 1860.

To the descendants of Sultan by Selim, one Two Thousand Guineas has fallen; viz., in 1854 to Hermit by Bay Middleton, who was Sultan's best son:—three Derbies; viz., in 1849 and 1854 to Flying Dutchman and Andover, both

by Bay Middleton; and in 1856 to Ellington a son of the winner in 1849:—one Oaks, in 1861, when Brown Duchess by the Dutchman won, and one St. Leger, which was taken by Flying Dutchman in addition to his other triumphs.

Two grandsons of Selim's son Laugar have won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby; viz., Pitsford by Epirus, who won the guineas in 1850; and Pyrrhus the First, who obtained the much coveted blue ribbon, in 1846. Highflyer's fame as a sire comes to us in the male line through the Knowsley Pet, his son Sir Peter, from three sons of whom, the ten winners we have seen Highflyer credited with, have sprung. To his son Haphazard we are indebted for the speedy Filho di Puta, whose grandson Attila, by Colwick, won the Derby in 1842; and from his son Sir Paul, we get Pantowitz, whose son Cain got Ion, the sire of Wild Dayrell, the winner of the Derby in 1855.

From Sir Peter's son Walton, through Partisan, come to us some of the best movers and the handsomest horses on the turf. Partisan himself a fair performer on the turf, left behind him four first class horses; viz., Venison, Gladiator, Glaucus, and Mameluke. The descendants of the first three only have succeeded in winning any of the four great three-year-old races during the last thirty years. The Oaks fell to Refraction by Glaucus, in 1845; to Miami by Venison, in 1847; and to Queen Bertha by Kingston, a son of Venison, in 1863. Ugly Buck by Venison, won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1844, and his grandson Caractacus by Kingston, won the Derby in 1862. Gladiator's handsome son Sweetmeat, who was full of Blacklock blood, his dam being by Voltaire, and his granddam by Blacklock, has got four winners credited to him in the list now before me; viz., the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby in 1863, to his son Maccaroni, and the Oaks in 1854 and 1856 to his daughters Mince-Meat and Mince-Pie.

The Highflyer and Woodpecker lines of Herod, have thus won these great races as in the following table:—

DESCENDANTS OF	2000 Ga. Winners.	Derby Winners.	Oaks Winners.	St. Leger Winners.	Total Winners.
Woodpecker	3	5	2	2	12
Highflyer	2	4	5	0	11
Herod	5	9	7	2	23

We now come to the few glorious names

which have been transmitted to us by descendants of the Godolphin Barb. This horse is described in the Stud-book as a brown bay, about fifteen hands high, with some white on his off hind heel. He died in 1753, supposed to be twenty-nine years of age.

Like his great compeers, the Darley Arab, and the Byerley Turk, Godolphin's name is

transmitted to us through a single line for some generations. His grandson, Matchem, by Cade, is generally taken by turf scribes as a starting point when writing of the horses of this line, in the same way as Herod and Eclipse are looked on as the great chiefs of the two other lines. He was, doubtless, a wonderfully successful horse, both on the turf and at the stud,

LINE OF BLOOD REPRESENTED.	No. in Order of Merit.	Name of Sire.	Year of Birth.	WINNERS OF				Total
				2000 Ga.	Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.	
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	1.2	Camel	1822	7	6	4	6	23
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse		Sir Hercules	1826	4	5	3	11	23
Gt.-Grandson of Conductor	3	Comus	1809	5	2	5	2	14
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	4.5	Blacklock	1814	3	3	0	3	9
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod		Partisan	1811	2	2	5	0	9
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod	6	Sultan	1816	1	3	1	1	6
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	7	Defence	1824	1	1	1	1	4
Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	8	Tramp	1810	1	1	1	1	4
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod	9	Pantaloen	1824	1	1	1	1	4
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	10	Cattou	1809	1	2	1	0	4
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	11	Emilius	1820	1	0	3	0	4
Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	12	Whisker	1812	0	0	3	0	3
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	13	Muley	1810	0	1	1	0	2
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod	14	Langar	1817	1	1	0	0	2
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Conductor	15	Jerry	1821	1	0	0	1	2
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	16	Waverley	1817	0	0	1	1	2
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Eclipse	17	Skylark	1826	0	0	0	1	1
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod	18	Filho di Puta	1812	0	1	0	0	1
Gt.-Gt.-Grandson of Herod	19	Paulowitz	1813	0	1	0	0	1
Gt.-Grandson of Conductor	20	Dr. Syntax	1811	1	0	0	0	1
				30	30	30	29	119

at the latter of which his services cleared for his owner the large sum of 17,000*l.*; while his sons and daughters, numbering about 350, won over 150,000*l.*, besides plates, cups, whips, &c. His son Conductor, being a contemporary at the stud of both Eclipse and Herod, I have taken as the starting-point of the family when comparing its successes with those of the two other lines of blood. He was bred by Mr. Westell in 1767 out of a Snap mare, and afterwards came into the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam, from whom he passed to Lord Clermont. He was a chestnut horse of great power and substance, qualities which he transmitted to his stock. They have, however, all died out in the male line, except through the descendants of his son Trumpator, who was bred by Lord Clermont in 1782. His dam Brunette, by Squirrel, had another strain of the Godolphin blood in her, through her sire, who was a great grandson of the Barb. Trumpator's fame rests on the stud successes of his sons Paynater and Sorcerer, and his daughter Penelope, who was the dam of a long list of W's, including among them the names (now familiar as household words) of Whalebone, Whisker, Webb, and Woful.

One of the great races that we are now examining fell to a descendant of Paynater, viz.,

the Two Thousand Guineas, in 1841, when Ralph, by his son Dr. Syntax, won it. To the progeny of Sorcerer, sixteen of them have fallen, two to the descendants of his son Smolensko, and fourteen to those sprung from his other son, Comus. Smolensko's great grandson, the Promised Land, by Jericho, a son of Jerry, won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1859; and Nutwith, (a grandson of Jerry,) by Tomboy, won the St. Leger in 1843. The Two Thousand Guineas in 1838 was won by Grey Momus, a son of Comus; in 1846 and 1853, by his great grandsons, Sir Tatton Sykes, and West Australian, both by Melbourne, who was a son of Humphrey Clinker by Comus; and in 1860 and 1864, by his descendants a generation younger, the Wizard, by West Australian, and General Peel, by Young Melbourne. The Derby has been won by Melbourne's get twice, viz., in 1853, when West Australian repeated his former victory, and in 1857, when that grand mare, Blink Bonny, won it. Three daughters of Melbourne have been successful in the Oaks, viz., Cymbe, in 1848, Marchioness, in 1855, and Blink Bonny, in 1857. His granddaughter, Summerside, by West Australian, won it in 1859, and Our Nell, by Bran, a son of Humphrey Clinker, in 1842. The St. Leger has been won by two scions of this line, Sir Tatton Sykes, in 1846,

and the triple conqueror, West Australian, in 1853, than which half-brothers, perhaps, no two better horses have ever appeared on the turf.

We have now accounted for the 119 winners of the four great annual races during the last thirty years, and each has in the foregoing paper been credited to that sire of the great trio which lived in the middle of the last century, from which he or she claims descent; but as, at this distant date, many branches of these families have become so separated as to form almost distinct houses, I have, for the benefit of the curious in such matters, taken the different sires of the three lines from whom winners have come, selecting those who were born in the first quarter of the century, and placed them in the accompanying table in order of merit, according to the number of their respective winners.

In the foregoing paper nothing has been said on the science of horse-breeding (for science it is); no old theory, such as "Blacklock on Waxy," or the like, has been urged, nor any new theory started, but plain facts have been laid before the curious in such matters, and sufficient said to cause all those who now take an interest in the forthcoming St. Leger and future contests from any other reason, to take an interest likewise in them, and the various competitors that may contest them, for the sake of the different lines of blood which they may represent. For example, the right to the first or most honourable place in the above table is at present in dispute between the descendants of two horses. Should the coming St. Leger be won by Hermit, the present first favourite, who represents the Camel line, or by Achievement, who does battle for Sir Hercules, the consequence will be that in the former case, the Camel line, and in the latter, the Sir Hercules line, will head the list. On the other hand, should Vauban win this race, the tie for first place will have to remain undecided until next year; while that which now exists for fourth place between the Blacklock and Partisan lines will be won by the former, as from it the Duke of Beaufort's colt springs.

"The glorious uncertainty of the turf," has become quite a proverb; indeed, the fickleness of fortune is nowhere more clearly seen than in the sudden and unexpected manner the tides of blood ebb and flow; for while one day a certain strain of blood is all the fashion, another day will find it neglected, and another in its room. The lucky advent of a good horse often saves from almost certain doom the name and reputation of a good stock. Where, may I ask, would the descendants of

Humphrey Clinker now be, if his grandson, Sir Tatton Sykes, had not passed the post first in the Doncaster St. Leger of 1846? Why, in the same list as the many other good horses whose descendants on the turf have long since died out, but whose memory lives with us still.

There is thus a rise and flow in the affairs of horses as with men, and the close observer of turf annals and statistics will not fail to find many things to interest him, and much to learn, that otherwise may have passed unheeded by. So that without making a book on the race, or without having a horse in it, the national instinct which makes an Englishman answer to the cry of "True and o' rect card," may be allowed its full swing; for we may always be quite sure that while the excitement of the contest will raise our spirits, the success of any marked line of blood will enlist our attention and command our interest.

J. P. T.

A FORGOTTEN BENEFACTOR.

THERE has lately passed away from among us a man whose services to humanity, rendered in a most extraordinary manner, ought not to be allowed to pass away out of memory unrecorded. We allude to the late Mr. George Augustus Robinson, the benefactor of the Australian aborigines.

In the year 1830, whilst he was still a young man, Mr. Robinson achieved a labour of most vital importance to the colony of Tasmania, which, so far from any other single man being capable of effecting, had baffled the united exertions of the governor and all the inhabitants. We find this fully narrated in Mr. William Howitt's "History of the Australian Discoveries," and so far as relates to this unexampled deed we need only make a concise transcript from that work:—"The blacks had become so exasperated by injuries and insults from the white settlers, that they kept up a constant state of warfare, and destroyed all the whites they could, besides plundering their property on every possible occasion. Sir George (then Colonel) Arthur, the governor of Tasmania, resolved to drive them into Tasman's Peninsula, and fortifying East-Bay Neck, to keep them there. They were to be allowed to hunt at their pleasure, but never again to set foot on the rest of the island.

"This notable scheme was to be effected by calling out all the able-bodied settlers, as well as the soldiers, to form a cordon across the island, and thus to drive the natives, like so many wild beasts, before them. The governor and suite took part in this enterprise, and

300 soldiers were mingled with the settlers on this occasion."

The enterprise was a total failure. The natives, who knew the woods and mountains much better than the whites, and whose dark colour favoured their escape at night, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of their proposed captors, so completely eluded their pursuers that, on the arrival of the governor and all his troops and people at Tasman's Peninsula, the natives were found to be all behind them, occupying their usual haunts, except two whom they had seized on the way. This remarkable expedition cost the colony 36,000*l.* in the direct expenses of the cordon, but the full cost to the colony was 70,000*l.*, or 35,000*l.* a-piece for the two wretched natives taken prisoners.

Now, wild as this expedition had appeared to all those who were familiar with this country of rugged mountains, vast woods, and deep defiles and jungles, an individual, residing in Hobart Town, as architect and builder, had, eight or nine months before, made a proposition to the governor which had appeared immensely wilder still. It was neither more nor less than to go out alone and single-handed, and bring all the aborigines in peaceably and voluntarily, on condition that they should be well treated, and allowed a safe and suitable tract of country to themselves, somewhere outside the island. The governor's scheme having totally failed, and there appearing no means of putting an end to the horrors mutually perpetrated by the natives and squatters, but by sending out soldiers and steadily extirpating the whole black population, this visionary enthusiast, as he was called, once more appeared at Government House, and repeated his offer. The governor smiled at the renewed proposal, and as he probably thought that there could be no great harm in gratifying the applicant's strange and impossible desire, he consented. This individual, whom both the governor and the public regarded as a monomaniac, was George Augustus Robinson. He set out, taking with him a few pack-horses, laden with a tent and provisions, and accompanied by two or three friendly natives. Scarcely a soul expected to see him return alive, considering the exasperated and ferocious temper of the whole black population. If any one did expect to see Mr. Robinson again, he was covered with the ridicule of a thoroughly abortive attempt. But, to the astonishment of the whole public, Mr. Robinson not only returned safe and sound, but leading with him whole tribes of the blacks. It proved that he had taken a more practical view of the matter than the governor and the rest of the influential classes.

He knew that everything had been done which violence and hostility could do; but he had a profound faith in the conquering power of kindness and good-will. The whole secret of Mr. Robinson's astonishing success lay in this persuasion. He knew the native language, and he had gone boldly amongst them without a single weapon of any sort, had told them that if they continued their present warfare with the whites they would certainly be exterminated to a man; for if they killed the whole white population ten times over, ten times more would come, for in their native country they existed by millions on millions. To save them he had come, authorised by the governor, to offer them an island entirely to themselves and allowances of food. He pledged himself for their safety and their good treatment, and he succeeded.

The winning over of the whole black population was not effected without much patience, many dangers, many arduous journeys into the wilderness, and sometimes with menaces of immediate death and prospects of utter failure. But at length this grand work was completely accomplished, and every native—man, woman, and child—brought in peaceably and conveyed to Flinder's Island, which was assigned exclusively to them. This achievement is unique in its kind; the persuasion by a private individual of a whole island's native population to abandon it, and be transferred to another; but it did not succeed eventually so well as Mr. Robinson had hoped. He was appointed the protector and instructor of these transplanted natives, and they were progressing favourably in civilisation and a knowledge of Christianity, when the change in their habits of life, the regular supply of government rations, instead of the necessity of hunting to live, began rapidly to decimate them. They died, in fact, of too much prosperity, and the small residue of them were permitted to return to Tasmania.

Mr. Robinson's signal services on this occasion procured him a moderate grant of land in Tasmania, and induced the government of Victoria to place him at the head of the protectors of the aborigines in that colony: this post he occupied with great credit for five years. After his return to England, Mr. Robinson chiefly resided at Bath, highly esteemed by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance for his great intelligence, his generous disposition, and truly Christian spirit; and there he died on the 18th of October last; another instance of a man whose energies, so useful and beneficial to mankind, have been allowed to pass by unnoticed and unrewarded by society at large.



FROM VICTOR HUGO.

(Fruilles d'Automne.)

"Beau, frais, souriant d'aise, à cette vie amère."

In dark recess, hard by the spot
 Whence mother's prayer arises night and day,
 Sheltered within his tiny cot
 A lovely infant sleeping lay;
 His eyelids, tinged with rosy light,
 Were closed—for all of earthly sight;
 But up in Heaven with things more bright
 His soul was far away.

He dreams of the most brilliant sights—
 Of sands that shine with sparkling gems,
 Of suns emitting flames and lights,
 Of ladies with bright diadems,
 Bearing on rounded snow-white arms
 Souls that are brimming full of charms,
 And all that most can meet his fond desires
 His fancy fires.

He dreams of sounds by all but him unheard.
 From out the clear and lucid brook
 Come notes of sweetest, softest tone;
 Nor did these pleasures stand alone.
 His sisters have a fonder look,
 His father, of affection full,
 Stands by his mother beautiful,
 Winged like a bird.

Many and many thousand more
 Of these delights—lilies and roses
 Fill all the rooms: and spacious corridors:
 Lakes, where the brilliant fish reposes,
 Where glides the wave,
 Hasting to lave
 The golden reeds that grow upon the shores.

Sleep on, my darling, sleep and dream;
 Rest thee, my lovely one.
 Thou art now on life's rapid stream,
 Like the dark, helpless weed upon
 The breast of ocean; hours and moments chime
 The passing march of Time.
 It matters not to thee how fast 'tis gone,
 Dreaming alone.

Unvexed by study dry, or carking care,
 Thou restest on thy soft and flow'ry way;
 Nor shall anxiety's remorseless hand
 Drive thy divine repose away,
 Nor carve with cold and sharpened nail of sorrow,
 On thy sweet, soft, unwrinkled brow "To-morrow,"
 Nor bring of worldly griefs a varied band
 Thy innocence to scare.

He sleeps in heavenly love secure:
 His bright angelic guards,
 Who doubtless know and understand
 What God to us awards,
 Beholding him alone, unarmed,
 Touchingly trustful, unalarmed,
 Tearfully kiss that tiny hand
 Blessedly pure.

Pressing his honeyed lips, the love
 That in their eyes doth dwell
 Will fall in tears, he sees them weep
 And murmurs "Gabriel!"
 The angel forward bends to move
 His cot, one finger placed upon his lip
 (A sign for him to silence keep)
 Another raised above.

The loving mother softly keeps her watch,
 And fancies that some startling, idle dream
 Disturbs her child; viewing him near and nearer,
 She listens, and she strives, perchance, to catch
 His softest sigh. (What could be dearer?)
 Printing upon his radiant brow a kiss,
 He wakes, and with a smile confirms her bliss.

C. R. B.

THE BREAM.

ALTHOUGH I have allowed the fish which form the subject of this paper to come so late in my series of articles on fresh-water angling, they are, nevertheless, by no means to be passed over, and especial favourites with "metropolitans" addicted to pond rather than river fishing.

The bream are found in all fresh waters, running or still; but, as hinted above, have a decided partiality for ponds and pieces of still muddy water. As an instance of this I may mention, that very fine bream are taken (or at least used to be) in the ornamental waters of our various parks, and notably in that piece of ornamental water, in Kensington Gardens, known as the "long water," which adjoins the Serpentine. No water could be stiller than this, and its dirtiness, at the time I speak of, I am sure, nobody who remembers it will be bold enough to question. The finest bream I ever saw taken in my life was taken here, and larger ones were abundant. I have seen one angler take in a morning from three to four dozen bream, under the arches which separate the "long water" from the Serpentine. Many of these weighed upwards of two pounds, and several over three pounds. This was, perhaps, ten years ago, and many persons who will read this short paper can bear me out in the assertion, that finer bream and carp than those then contained in the Serpentine, could not be found in any waters in the kingdom. It may specially be noticed, that carp as well as bream delight in muddy water, and, considering the thousands of men and boys who bathe morning and evening throughout the summer in the Serpentine, it is impossible that the water can ever be clear. No fish thrive there save bream, carp, and eels. The roach never exceed a few ounces, the gudgeons are but so-so, and two perch I once saw caught there would have weighed about equal to a penny, if put in the scale (one of the George III. pence I mean). So much for the Serpentine as a preserve for fish.

Bream are quiet and shy fish, and fond of deep still pools, such as those beneath old bridges, and near mill-ponds. They are not so plentiful in the Thames and our other rivers as in ponds, for they do not increase so fast in running water. I have taken bream occasionally, when roach fishing, at Teddington, Henley, Walton, and other fishing spots on the Thames, and have also taken them with a blood-worm, when gudgeon fishing; but they are comparatively few. In still waters they multiply amazingly, and grow exceedingly fat and lazy. They are slow and methodical feeders, and pull the float under water with a curiously deliberate and gradual motion, as if they took the bait because they saw it, but "didn't at all care for it." They have, also, a trick of pushing or shoving up the float till it lies flat on the surface of the water. Altogether, they are difficult fish to deal with, and require a fine hand and steady patience on the part of the angler. As bream have

very small mouths, a small hook is requisite. No. 11 or 12 is quite large enough; and the angler must use a hair-line and a slight quill float. The lighter the tackle the greater the sport in bream-fishing, and the same remark holds good of the roach. In still water, use a gentle, or a soft paste, made of the finest wheaten bread, (a small roll is excellent) mixed with honey, or a little sugar and water. The paste is decidedly preferable to any other bait in ponds, and is most killing. In running water, paste is of little use, as it will rarely stay on the hook; and, besides, the bream in rivers require a more stimulating food. I have no doubt whatever in my mind that running water excites a fish's appetite, precisely as a fresh breeze does that of a human being. We all know the effects of a gallop on Brighton Downs before luncheon. So, also, in the sea, it is a curious but undoubted fact, that at the ebb of the tide, when there is no current, the fish are apathetic and inactive. No sooner is the smallest flow of the tide perceptible than they begin to stir, and as soon as the flood grows strong every living thing in the sea is "on the feed." Fishermen are aware of this, and always select the flood-tide for cod-fishing. Therefore, in fishing for bream in running water (which has the same effect on fresh-water fish, as the flow of the tide has on those of the sea) use *animal* baits: that is to say, a red worm or gentle, the former perhaps the best. Some fish for bream with large lob-worms, as they would for barbel, and occasionally the plan is very successful; but it is not one I should follow from choice. On one occasion, when using a caterpillar for chub in the way called by anglers "dipping," I took two small bream, which rather surprised me, as I should have thought that if bream were to be caught in this fashion, it would have been the larger individuals. However, it was not so in this instance. Should any angler happen to be staying at any place by the river-side where there is a noted "bream-pitch," it is a very excellent plan to ground-bait the place over-night. This is done by making balls of clay and bran, (about the size of a small dumpling) with which is mixed some of the sort of bait to be used next day. These are cast into the place intended to be fished, and will gradually break up and give the bream a taste of the worms (or gentles), and that taste will cause them to wish for more, and, consequently, to linger about the spot. Some persons make clay balls very stiff, and allow only the heads of lob-worms to peep out. At these worms the poor tantalised bream suck, without being able to swallow them, and satisfy the appetite, and, therefore, are ready next morning, to

devour ravenously the worms on the angler's hook. In either way of ground-baiting, care must be taken not to use too many worms or gentles, as, of course, if the fish are satiated they will not bite next morning. Bream are caught in the summer months, and the angler cannot be at the river-side too early. He should ground-bait the place over-night, and commence fishing between three and four o'clock next morning. By thus doing, the bream will have time to collect, but none to disperse, as they will hover in shoals over the spot as long as a single ball of ground-bait is left. Following these rules, a skilful angler may, in a good bream-pitch, take some dozens of fine fish before breakfast. The fishing must then be left alone till after six o'clock in the evening, a few balls (very few this time) being left, as before, to collect the remaining fish. Then, from six until dusk, the angler will have the same sport as in the morning. This plan is adopted with much success for barbel and roach.

The weight of bream averages from half-a-pound to two pounds, though, as before said, they sometimes run over three pounds; and I have seen one of nearly five pounds, though it would not quite turn the scale. I have tried them dressed in carp fashion; that is, stewed in wine, but I cannot say much for their flavour. They are insipid, and, like the carp, of so muddy a taste that considerable skill in cookery is necessary to disguise it.

In certain waters bream may be taken in great quantities, and afford considerable amusement; but they are cowardly, lazy fish, and when hooked, just turn up and allow themselves to be landed. A bream of two pounds will not give as much play as a perch of three-quarters of a pound; still, owing to the fine tackle used in bream-fishing, a great deal of skill is required to land them safely. They are very delicate, and bear less handling than almost any other fish. Bream breed in April and May—generally the former month—and they are amongst the earliest fresh-water breeders. They are fond of haunting the edges of flowering weeds in the summer, during the warmth of the day; but are to be found, early and late, in the deep, cool nooks of the arches of bridges. I have now, I believe, said sufficient of this little known, but most interesting fish.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE RUSSIANS IN BOKHARA.

THE dictum of the satirist, "Nothing succeeds in this world like success," is perpetually receiving fresh confirmation. Recent events

in Germany and Mexico have reminded us of the *fact* (which we had somehow forgotten) that the Emperor of the French is not, as we supposed, our sincere ally, and the true friend of his people, but a scheming tyrant, stained with innocent blood. Again, when Retiarus Grant enveloped in his surest meshes the Confederate Secutor, those of us who had talked loudest of "almighty liberty against the almighty dollar," and sneered at "the Union-splitting rail-splitter," suddenly discovered that "the shackles of the slave were broken, and that every true English heart ought to throb in sympathy with the gallant men who had done the deed." And now that Poland is finally obliterated, we begin to leave off apostrophising the shade of Kosciusko and quoting Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and to settle down into comfortable meditation on the advantages of removing petty nationalities, and the gradual "consolidation of the map of Europe."

But in the present state of affairs in Bokhara, with which party should our sympathies go? A great nation against a small one, a foreign invader against a native defender, a mighty mass of barbarism against a single well-ordered community—such are the stereotyped heads of a discourse on Russian invasion, to which the parenthetical "loud cheering" attaches itself quite naturally. Unluckily, there are cases where the smaller nation is the aggressor—where the defender of his own home has been the bugbear of everyone else's, and where the "mighty mass of barbarism," instead of obliterating civilisation, merely devours another mass of barbarism more odious than itself. That the civilisation of Russia is in the rear rather than the van of humanity, we all know; that she is a dangerous neighbour, we have often been told; but whether her present successes in the East are therefore to be regretted, is a question for those who remember the fate of Conolly and Stoddart, the scenes witnessed by Dr. Wolff, the long series of outrages committed on passing caravans (Russian and other), and the almost incredible though, unfortunately, well-authenticated cruelties perpetrated on the prisoners thus captured. It is possible (as many quidnuncs have taken pains to assure us) that a Russian army on the northern frontier of India might prove a troublesome neighbour; but that somewhat remote contingency need hardly awaken our regrets over the impending expulsion of the horde of ruffians who block the commercial highways of West Tartary. When a man sweeps the snow from your door-step, you do not usually ask whether he did so in order to clear his way for breaking into your

house; and this principle may be fairly applied to the case in question.

But whether we rejoice or repine at the progress of Russia, it is undeniable that she *has* progressed in a tolerably conclusive manner. Stormed earthworks, victories of forces "as one to five," fortresses carried "with heavy loss to the enemy," are pretty substantial mile-stones on the path of invasion. It is true that these accounts are derived exclusively from Russian sources, and should, therefore, be taken, perhaps, *cum grano salis*; but a glance at the map will bear out any such statements in the gross, even should the minutest details be incorrect.

It is urged by various outsiders (who, in this case do *not* see more of the game than those who play, that a purely nomadic nation is unsubduable, from the impossibility of forcing it into open battle. Some colour is given to this theory by the impunity of the Bedouins in the Holy Land; but the difference between the disconnected efforts of a few Turkish carabinieri, and the continuous movement of a well-appointed Russian army, is considerable enough to make the case of the Bokharians appear less hopeful than that of their Bedouin brethren. And, moreover, the subjects of the Ameer are *not* a purely nomadic nation. Their temperament, indeed, is as strongly tinged with the Arab as that of the generality of professional robbers; but their towns and villages are as unremovable as those of any other nation, and quite as assailable. But further still, even their nomadic life itself exposes them to attack in a very singular way, respecting which I was lately furnished with some extremely interesting information by a general officer of high rank, who had seen several campaigns in Bokhara.

"During the winter," said he, "the natives shelter themselves and their herds among the gigantic reeds on the shores of the sea of Aral; and thus protected, they stand out the colder months as best they may, upon such provisions as they are able to carry with them. On the approach of spring, they move southwards, in quest of fresh forage for their beasts, and fresh food for themselves. Accordingly, we used to send squadrons of Cossacks, and small divisions of light infantry, to beset the likeliest pasture grounds, and cut them off as they approached; or, if this failed, we beset the water-courses, and forced them into fighting to save themselves from the extremity of thirst."

On another occasion, he observed:—"Our best plan would be to furnish each of the chief khans with a few thousands of roubles, and two or three hundred Cossacks;

the result would be an internecine warfare, which would rapidly exhaust the resources of the country, and in five years' time we might march an army from Khiva to Herat, without firing a shot by the way."

Nor are these the only advantages accruing to a regular force engaged in such warfare; every step taken is permanent—a tide that flows, not like the ocean, to ebb again, but like the bursting of the Zuyder Zee, to cover once and for all time. By establishing a chain of military posts—here a link, and there a link—Russia is slowly but surely throttling her nimble opponent. Already the Imperial outposts are almost within reach of Samarcand, and a fresh effort must fix them, beyond all power of expulsion, in the very heart of the country. But the advantages resulting from the occupation of this central position, and the possible consequences of the impending conquest of the entire Bokharian territory, form too wide a subject to be lightly entered upon.

DAVID KEE.

STARCH.

WHEN Hamlet tells his friend in reference to ghosts—

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,

his words apply equally well to the commonest objects of daily life. What a world of wonders lies in the coal we burn, the chemical composition of the beer we drink, the least drop of water from the nearest muddy ditch! Let us take that well-known requisite of every laundry—starch—and see what stores of curious learning are involved in it. We will for the present discard our ordinary idea of it as a light white powder, and separating it from the soap-suds and washing bills, with which we mentally associate it, take a lesson respecting it from vegetable physiology. Now cellular tissue is a large constituent of plants. Its cells are formed of cellulose, and contain a variety of substances, such as cellulose, sugar, gum, oils, colouring matter, and starch. This latter substance is universally present in greater or less quantities in the vegetable kingdom, save in the fungi, where, however, kindred principles supply its place. The above-mentioned materials are absorbed and assimilated by the cells, owing to the force of the plant's vital power, and that is derived mainly from its sap. Starch is found laid up in these cells for the purposes of the plant's nutrition, in the form of minute granules, varying in diameter from the 4000th to the 240th of an inch. When starch is resolved into its simplest elements, it is found to be made up of twenty-

four parts of carbon to twenty respectively of hydrogen and oxygen, different starches varying slightly in these proportions. It is almost identical in composition with cellulose, (indeed heat or sulphuric acid changes cellulose into starch,) but a solution of iodine turns the former yellow, whereas the great test of starch is that it turns deep blue on the application of iodine. Cellulose too is soluble in cold water, whereas starch is only diffusible. As for sugar, though starch, as we shall see, easily passes into it, it differs from it in being incapable of fermentation.

Thus starch is the result of the chemical affinity exerted by plants at certain stages of their growth. It is found in the greatest abundance in the earlier periods of cell-growth, specially in the roots and stems; seeds, too, often contain it in great quantities; owing, however, to its wonderful metamorphic powers, it becomes rapidly transformed into sugar, cellulose, or some of the unassimilable secretions of vegetation, chlorophyll, the alkaloids, &c. Starch granules are either isolated, as in the tubers, seeds, and colourless parts of plants, or grouped into masses. In the actively vegetating parts of plants their starch granules are generally found in the green globules of colouring matter, called chlorophyll. This is especially the case in the cells of the *Hepaticæ*, and prothallia of ferns. It used to be a question with physiologists whether starch ever existed in animals; it has been found by Virchow in the human blood and brain, and together with cellulose in a large number of animals. Microscopists may be glad to know that it has been detected in desmids, but not in diatoms. This is a remarkable fact, if we believe that both these genera of minute organisms (which is now the received view) belong to the vegetable kingdom, but, as Bacon would say, nature has not yet been sufficiently questioned to enable us to perceive its exact significance.

Nothing is easier to one who possesses a microscope than the observation of starch granules. Cut a thin slice off a potato, and the starch granules will be seen, some large, some small; packed in each separate cell through which the section passes. This starch may be isolated, should it be desired, by scraping the potato, or indeed, any vegetable tissue over a glass of water, removing the cellulose, which sinks, and suffering the starch, which is diffused like a milky solution through the water, to settle. The water must now be poured off and the powder gently dried, when pure potato starch is the result. If starch is to be procured from grain, the meal must be mixed with water to a paste, and passed through a sieve, when a white sticky substance

termed *gluten* remains, and the starch passes through as before. Of course more expeditious means have to be employed by the aid of chemical agents, when starch is manufactured in large quantities. The residuum in the form of white powder on being submitted to the microscope is found to be made up of many little circular transparent bodies, striped with parallel rings, "the boundaries of superimposed layers of its substance;" these are concentric to a spot (called technically the *hilum*) in each grain. Under polarised light, with a plate of selenite, the granules exhibit wonderful colouring, and the characteristic "black-cross," marking the point of intersection, viz., the *hilum*. The granules of the potato, and the *tous les mois* (a species of canna) are amongst the largest starch granules known; those which are obtained from rice and the cereals generally are much smaller. Indeed, some starch grains are too minute to be measured at all.

A long controversy has raged amongst physiologists as to the structure of the starch granule. Most authors assert that the granules grow by the addition of layers from within outwards, consequently that the outermost layers are the youngest. Others compare the granule to a cell, and assert that its folds or layers are formed internally, the older ones gradually expanding to make room for the new ones. "There can be no doubt," say the accomplished authors of the "Micrographic Dictionary," "that the first view is correct." The granules progressively develop themselves and grow within the protoplasm, or primordial substance of each cell, and while the *hilum* remains fixed, the other or free end increases to its normal size.

Leaving these technical details, it is worth while noticing that although the granules of the starches are generally circular and similar, with the peculiar concentric rugosities of the type, it is for the most part easy after a little practice to discern one kind from another. Thus starch from the albumen of maize is polygonal, owing to the crowded state of the granules within their cells. In the oat the granules are angular and compound, until pressure is applied. True West Indian arrow-root has much similarity to potato starch, but its grains are not quite so large. Like most compounds of carbon, starch is very protean in its qualities;—

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.

When treated with diluted sulphuric acid, or heated to 300 degrees, it passes into gum. In this state it is known in commerce as dextrin or British gum, and forms a cheap substitute for gum-arabic, being applicable to

almost all the purposes for which the latter article is employed. This curious substance is soluble in water, but not in pure alcohol, and is not coloured (like starch) by iodine. It may be distinguished from gum-arabic by several chemical tests, but especially by one property from which it derives its name of dextrin. It reflects a ray of polarised light to the *right* hand, whereas gum-arabic diverts it to precisely the opposite direction. The sap of almost all plants contains dextrin, and nature uses it in conjunction with sugar to build up their cellular or woody tissues.

When ebullition with diluted sulphuric acid is continued for some time, the dextrin undergoes a further change, becoming glucose or grape-sugar. This, like starch, is a principle very generally diffused through the vegetable kingdom, and is much less sweet than cane-sugar, into which, however, when digested with sulphuric acid, it may be converted. Nature effects the transformation of dextrin into glucose in her germinating seeds and young buds by another method. Under the influence of warmth and damp, the albuminous element of seeds is changed into a peculiar azotised substance known as *diastase*, which possesses the same property of converting the starch of the plant into dextrin, and ultimately into sugar. Upon the formation of this curious substance, *diastase*, we are dependent for our beer. Malt is the production of sugar from the starch of barley, by inducing artificial germination. Thus we may conclude that plants transform the starch they contain into sugar, cellulose, or gum (to say nothing of their unassimilable secretions), as is most needful for the different functions of their vital powers; and so gutta-percha and caoutchouc, it has been discovered by pursuing this line of inquiry, can be artificially manufactured from starch. When potatoes are frostbitten, the kindly favour of nature has changed their starch into sugar, and diseased potatoes have been utilised by extracting sugar from them by the aid of diluted sulphuric acid.

Although generally associated with stiff collars and cravats, starch is of vital importance to us as an alimentary substance. It is largely taken into the system in the common culinary vegetables, in fruit, and specially in bread. In these, however, it is compounded with other nutritive principles; in arrow-root, tapioca, and sago, it is taken in its purity. Strictly speaking, pure starch is not a nutritious substance; together with sugar and butter it belongs to the carbonaceous group of alimentary substances, which mainly serves to keep up the animal heat of the body. After

swallowing any of the members of this group, the blood assimilates them, and is in the lungs brought into contact with the oxygen taken in at every inspiration. Thus the carbon and hydrogen the starches so largely contain, unite with the oxygen; internal combustion, so to speak, attended with animal heat, ensues, and the carbonic acid gas which is evolved, is given off at each expiration. Carbonaceous food then is the fuel by which the body maintains its animal heat; it has need of nitrogenous substances, such as butcher's meat, to form the tissues. In the process of eating, a principle called *ptyalin* is secreted, which operates in the transformation above mentioned, speedily changing the starch into sugar.

Following our subject into its domestic forms, arrow-root, tapioca, and sago, we need only remind readers that the former is procured in the East and West Indies, from the root-stocks of several plants belonging to the *Marantaceæ* family. It is sold of many qualities, ranging from three-pence to two-shillings per pound, according to its quality and purity, and is frequently adulterated with cheaper forms of starch, such as potato and sago. Potato starch being easily procured and sold at four-pence per pound, is a common ingredient of arrow-root. It may easily be distinguished from that substance, however, without having recourse to the microscope, by remembering that potato starch is not soluble in cold water, whereas arrow-root can always be so dissolved.

Sago is composed of large and somewhat flattish granules, and is the pith of various species of palms; the true sago-palm is a native of the Indian Archipelago. Tapioca, another starch with the granules often united into compound grains, is prepared from a poisonous plant, called the *Janipha Manihot*. The juice of this is used by the Indians for poisoning their arrows; hence the word arrow-root. The noxious principle is driven off from the starch by maceration, in the same way that the acidity of our *Arum maculatum* (the common hedge-weed called by children "Jack-in-the-pulpit.") is banished when the starch of its root is extracted. This is the substance known as "Portland arrow-root," the Isle of Portland abounding in the *arum*, and being the main seat of its manufacture into starch. One more common British starch may be mentioned, inasmuch as it was formerly much used in this country, before the introduction of tea and coffee, as an agreeable article of diet, viz. *calépe*. This substance is the starch of the tubers of the common meadow orchis. These forms of starch have precisely the same action on the human sys-

tem, varying only in the difference of their flavours.

At Oswego, starch is now made on a large scale from maize. 200,000 bushels of maize yield 40,000 pounds of starch. An ingenious Frenchman has laid the *Fritillaria imperialis* (or Crown Imperial) under contribution in the same way; calculating that 5000 pounds of starch may thus be procured from an acre of land. At Nanterre, a factory has been established to manufacture starch from horse chestnuts. Besides its domestic use, starch is largely employed in the manufacture of cotton. A kind called Glenfield starch is extensively used in starching fine goods.

Not only is an expensive sort of starch, arrow-root for example, often largely adulterated with an inferior and cheaper kind, such as potato starch, but starch itself is much employed to adulterate other substances. Thus Dr. Hassall mentions his having found samples of coffee and sugar, honey, milk, butter, opium, lard, scammony, liquorice, and many kinds of confectionery, adulterated with starch. It is generally easy to detect the presence of starch in such articles, by the iodine test, and by remembering that it is insoluble in cold water; but it requires experience in the use of the microscope; to determine what particular kind of starch forms the adulteration.

The question has often been mooted, when starch was first employed for the homely but ornamental purpose of stiffening linen. Queen Elizabeth used it for the portentous ruffs she loved to wear, and in which painters have made her portrait so familiar to us. Gerard, who was gardener to Cecil Lord Burleigh, speaks of starch; and tells us that "the most pure and white starch is made of the roots of cuckoo-pints, but is most hurtful to the hands of the laundresse, that hath the handling of it, for it choppeth, blistereth, and maketh the hands rough and rugged, and withal smarting."

A writer in "Notes and Queries" opines that starch was introduced at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when the wearing of lawn and cambric ruffs came into fashion; these becoming articles of attire having previously been made of fine holland, and, therefore, required no compound to stiffen them. It is recorded that when the queen "had ruffs made thereof (lawn and cambric) for her own princely wearing, there was none in England who could tell how to starch them; but the queen made special means for some women that could starch;" and a Mrs. Guilham, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starcher.

In the year 1564, we read, Frow Van den

Plasse condescended to leave her native marshes in Flanders, and settling in London, gave lessons in the gentle art of clear-starching, at the moderate price of five pounds per lesson, with the additional fee of twenty-shillings for instruction in the mystery of converting the "wheat-flour bran and sometimes roots," into "that liquid matter they call starch." Most likely five pounds means Flemish money, as English church livings at that period were not unfrequently worth but ten pounds a year of our money.

Starch was made of all hues; in the reign of James I. yellow was the fashionable colour. Our ancestors were indebted to the notorious Mrs. Turner, said to have been the widow of a physician, the willing tool of that infamous clique who poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, for the introduction from France of that graceful tincture: and she was at once alpha and omega of the custom, for on its becoming known to the world of fashion that she was executed in "a yellow starched tiffing ruff and cuff," that absolute monarch decreed that his subjects should no more be clad in so infamous a hue, and "yellow starch and wheeled fardingales, were crid down."

What would not the gentlemen of to-day give, were a murderess to appear on the scaffold in crinoline! It does not seem likely that even an edict of the Empress of the French could exterminate it; but with the remembrance of the above-mentioned Mrs. Turner, and still more of our own time of Mrs. Manning (who was executed in a black satin dress, and made that colour and material hateful to ladies for years afterwards), it is most probable that such an occurrence would finally explode it.

With reference to its moral significance starch is not to be looked on with a favourable eye. Naturally it has become the symbol of haughty exclusiveness. University dons are proverbially as stiff as their neck-cloths, to undergraduates. Old maids are rendered the grimmer by starch. Pride, riches, and the *novus homo* are esteemed the special victims of starch. "He was somewhat stiff to me," speaking of a martinet, is only another metaphor taken from our subject.

One more story in conclusion. Beau Brummell was the first to introduce the enormous shirt-collars, and stiff neckerchiefs, which were so much in vogue during the Regent's time. The getting of them up was a matter of profound secrecy. It was never explained until the beau fled the country to escape the bailiffs, when he left a memorandum on his dressing-table to the following effect—"Starch does the trick!"

M. G. WATKINS.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XIV. CARRIAGE FOLKS.

How happy some people seem to be! Do you know what my idea of happiness is now? It is to have plenty of money in your pocket, to have good clothes upon your back, to loll about by day in easy chairs and padded carriages, to have as good a dinner as a French cook can get you, and as good wine as Bordeaux and Maçon can provide, to have servants and houses and clubs—to be, in fact, rich and prosperous like any of the people whose carriages splash us daily as they roll by our gang on their way to and from the park. Of course, you will tell me that fine clothes and good living do not make happiness. Nobody who has ever tried them, as I have, supposed they did; I have been as miserable when I had horses and carriages and money, as any man well could be, except one who had the same cause for trouble, and had not the same alleviations as I had. That, you see, Mr. Nomad, is the plain truth. Riches and luxuries don't make happiness, but they do make misery much more endurable, and anybody who says they don't, has no notion what he is talking about. I know life a great deal too well to suppose that the wealth of all the Rothschilds would ever drive away from me the memory of faces that haunt me night and day—that will haunt me till my eyes close for ever on a world wherein I have lived too long—but a very small portion of their wealth would make my life very much less unbearable. If I had good dinners to eat, I should not be so often depressed with loathing of the food on which I have to support myself; if I had good beds to sleep on, I should not lie so often awake at night counting the weary crawling hours; if I had money in my pocket I could find means to distract my thoughts from dwelling on a past which can never return again. Depend upon it, whatever your trouble may be, ill health, or vain regret, or dread of coming evil, or remorse for what cannot be undone, poverty doubles your sufferings, and wealth lessens them. We all of us probably have a skeleton in our closet; but it makes a great difference, I can tell you, whether the skeleton be bare or daintily wrapped up; whether the closet-door be of broken planks, or of rose-wood fringed with velvet. It always sickens me when I read the stuff people write about the law of compensation. What possible compensation, I wonder, is there for being cold and ragged and hungry and houseless? I am told in good books that rich and poor have each their own burden. So they have; but the poor, in addition to their own peck of

private troubles, have well-nigh the worst trouble of all—that of being poor.

Well, all this moralising—immoralising, perhaps, some people would call it—comes from the fact that, for the last week, our beat of the afternoon has been up and down Piccadilly. I would give you a hundred guesses before you could discover the reason. The class of people who drive to the park in their own carriages are not the persons to go to the Regina because they happen to see the name Amphitryon placarded on Walking Posters; and I should say, for our line of business, the Strand or Oxford Street were infinitely better thoroughfares. But Piccadilly is our line now, because our spirited proprietor has set up a mail phaëton in which he drives daily from a sporting tavern behind Regent Street, where he takes his sherry and bitters regular, down to Hyde Park Corner, and so into the Row. To look at him as he leans back, with the scarlet flower in his button-hole, and the reins grasped tightly—catch him holding anything, or anybody, loosely—in his lavender kid covered hands, you would think that the thought of business could never enter his head. And, indeed, I honestly believe the whole powers of his mind are exerted in trying to look like a sporting swell; but yet, with all that, he has still an eye to the main chance. He likes to see for himself how his Posters are doing their work; and so one gang after another are ordered to take the Piccadilly beat about the time he is doing the grand himself. In consequence, I have seen more of carriage folk this week than I have for years. A, I see clearly, does not like it. I fancy he is afraid of being seen by the Mrs. Fitz-Maurice I have told you about before; but, somehow, since the night at Philomela Lodge, I have not seen her or her carriage about. Some day soon, I must tell our captain about the little game of cards I witnessed at her house; but he has looked of late so worn and fierce and haggard, that I think it better to leave well alone.

On the other hand, I have seen something of another lady, of whom I have told you before—the lady with the fair pale face and the soft sad smile, whom I saw first alone on Epsom Downs, and whom I met again at the pawnbroker's in Carruthers Court. Every afternoon I see her driving by in her little pony phaëton, pretty and graceful and sad as ever. Oddly enough, perhaps you may think, it is about her I remarked how happy some people seem to be. She has sorrows enough, I can well fancy, for one so young, and she is still a great deal too young to be able to appreciate the consolation of not being poor. But, if she only knew! If she could only tell how much more heartbreaking it is to pine in rags than

in satin, to sob your heart out on a pallet than on a sofa, she would know that her plight might well be a worse one than it is.

I have got to take an interest in the girl; chiefly, I think, because she is very beautiful, partly, because she looks kind and good. In my life, one is apt to think the worst of everybody; and, when I first met her on Epsom Downs, I believe I wronged her by my suspicions. The jewels that I helped her to pledge, the pug dog in her arms, the brougham in which she drives, the cottage in which she lives, are not, as I thought, gifts of the kind which a modest woman blushes to receive, but her own property and belongings. I have found out all about her now. She is Lily Vernon, of the Regina Theatre, and she lives by her profession, which is a great deal more than can be said for most of the ladies—"Poor actresses," as they are called at charitable theatrical dinners, with unconscious sarcasm—who grace the boards of that renowned establishment. My mate, who was once a mute, and is now employed at odd times, as occasional super at the Regina, picks up a good deal of theatrical gossip, and has told me what he knows about this Miss Vernon. I suppose I need hardly tell you her connection with the family, whose motto is *Ver non semper vires*, is about as vague as your own descent from Nimrod, who, I suppose, was the head of all the Nomad race. According to the parish registers, her name was Lucy Brown, and her parent was a respectable cheesemonger in the Borough, of the dissenting persuasion, who was supposed to be a man of money, and dying not worth a sixpence, left a widow and one little girl, to fight on as best they could for themselves. At the time of her father's death, the child, then growing up to be a girl, was pupil at a Clapham boarding school, whose mistress happened to be a woman of ingenuity. In order to attract attention to her school, it was her custom to give dramatic entertainments, the repertoire consisting of Mrs. Hannah More's sacred dramas, and of Bowdler's Shakspeare, carefully revised and re-expurgated. I don't suppose the performances were of the liveliest character, but Clapham is not a lively locality; and the worthy tradesmen, who sent their daughters to Helicon House, liked to come to these entertainments; and, in fact, the Heliconian drama drew. Well, the chief star and attraction of the Clapham stage was little Lucy. She had beautiful blue eyes and golden hair, and a sweet musical voice, and a certain instinct of dramatic art which, if not great in itself, seemed wonderful by the side of the awkward, thick-headed girls who acted with her. Well, when her father died, the

elderly spinsters who presided over the destinies of Helicon House saw that to lose Lucy would be to lose the chief charm of the entertainments, which kept up the repute of their institution. So they allowed the poor child to stop on as half-pupil, half-nursery-governess, half-servant's drudge. If she got her board and lodging and clothing gratis, she was never permitted to forget the fact, and care was taken that she paid for it in hard service. The only bright days in her life were those of the dramatic performances, when, like Cinderella, she was taken from her drudgery and dressed in fine clothes, and allowed for hours, which seemed all too short and few, to be petted and admired and praised and cheered. The love for acting grew till what had been a mere taste became a passion. To go upon the stage was the one dream and ambition of her life; and at last, on the occasion of some exceptional piece of tyranny on the part of her employers, she ran away from school; and is, I believe, cited to the present hour at Helicon House as a sad instance of the innate depravity of human nature, and a gratifying example of how neglect of duty is sometimes followed by immediate punishment. Creeds, like climates, differ according to latitude. At Clapham, poor Lucy Brown is regarded as a monster of iniquity, a child of perdition, given over to the devil and all his works. In theatrical circles she is regarded as a model of perfection, and is supposed to err, if she errs at all, by excess of virtue. Somehow, she fared better than it fares with most girls who are thrown upon the world with no capital except their good looks. It was just the pantomime season, luckily for her, when she ran away from school; and, thanks to the help of an old broken-down drawing-master, who used to be scenic artist at Helicon House, and had a sort of boozing acquaintance with the frequenters of theatrical houses of call, she got an engagement in a fairy extravaganza at one of the suburban theatres. Very young, very friendless, and very pretty, she would, I dare say, have gone the way of most girls in her position if it had not been for an accident, which happens to only one actress in a hundred. One night, towards the close of the season, just as the curtain was about to rise, the fairy queen, who was the star of the house, sprained her ankle, so badly, that it was impossible for her to appear. Unfortunately for the manager, she was still well enough amidst her suffering to declare that she would break her engagement at once if any one of her sister actresses was allowed to take the part; and insisted that if it was played at all it should be played by one of the girls in the ballet. As the prettiest in the company, Lucy

was picked out as a forlorn hope. Oddly enough, she made a hit with the public, and before the night was over she had signed an engagement with the lessee for a term of years. Happily, the lessee failed and bolted by the time the girl's reputation had begun to spread beyond the suburbs, and her next engagement was made at star prices. Lucy Brown developed into Lily Vernon. Her spirited proprietor spread abroad a romantic story about her being the daughter of a nobleman by a secret marriage; and though she never absolutely confirmed the story herself, yet I suspect she did not altogether discourage it. The defunct cheesemonger was hardly a parent to be proud of; and the element of romance is always sufficiently developed amidst the heroines of the drama to make them look leniently on the errors of noble blood.

I got passed the other night into the upper gallery—price sixpence, half-price threepence—of the Regina, on purpose to see the girl act. It is a long time since I have been inside a theatre, but still in former days I was enough behind as well as before the scenes, to know pretty well what good acting is. Well, my lady, if I am not mistaken, is not a great, or even a good actress, though I am told the critics on the press rave about her talent. But she sings charmingly, with a clear ringing voice, and she speaks her words sweetly and softly, and has a pleasant laugh; and, above all, she is so pretty and gentle-looking, you long to put your arms round her; and if she has no more notion how to express passion truly than she has how to solve the binomial theorem, that is not her fault, but partly of her want of training, still more of the public who applaud her when she rants, and cheer her when she screams. But I don't suppose you want to know my views about acting and the drama. What is odd about the girl is, not that she is an indifferent actress, who has had a great success because she is pretty, but that, being what she is, not elevated by the power of genius, she has remained, honest, and kind, and good. If the hangers-on about a theatre speak well of a stage girl's character, you may be sure there is not much to be said against it. Old Lord Tremaine, who has the *entrée* to every theatre in town, and has done as little good to any of the world he has associated with as any man well could do in threescore years and ten, said, so I was told, about Lily Vernon, that there were two things fatally against her good name—the first, that she was a woman, the second that she was an actress; but that beyond these two facts he knew of absolutely nothing. At any rate, whatever may be the truth, if all could be known,

Miss Vernon lives by her own labour, supports herself and her mother, who must spend a fortune on gin alone, owes nobody anything, and is always ready to give freely to her comrades in distress. She has had offers too, which most women would not be ashamed to accept. They say that she might, if she liked, have become the Countess of Tremaine, and there are scores of young, well-born ladies, whose parents' principles would not allow them to enter a playhouse, who would jump at the chance of becoming the wife of that disreputable old *roué*. Diana used to be her nickname at the Regina, but stage scandal whispers that she is in love with a young fellow who is always in the stalls, and whose name is Charley Vivian. If that is so, I can understand her sadness. There is good, perhaps, left about that wild, reckless, handsome scape-grace, the old Major's pupil; but it is good of that half kind which breaks more women's hearts than wilful badness. Poor girl! I dare say she thinks herself miserable enough; but, as I said before, her misery is not half what it would be if she were poor and hungry and penniless—like me.

UP THE MOSELLE.

NO. VII. LIVERDUN, TOUL, JOUY, METZ.

IN these prosaic times, and within the railway-netted area of the earth's surface, it requires almost as strong an interest at Court to get an adventure, as to get hanged. I had passed many years of life, and visited as many men and cities as Ulysses, without seeing the ghost of one, till one fine day in the middle of May, 1867. It came at last, not in the deserts of Syria, or in the Mountains of the Moon, but on one of the most travelled thoroughfares of Europe, the railway between Paris and Strasbourg.

There is one very pretty tract of country, which succeeds to the dulllest imaginable repetition of uplands like the Cotswold hills, where the Eastern line crosses at various points the rivers Meuse, Moselle and Meurthe; a region of lush meadows, and gentle hills covered with vineyards; and old villages on heights, which in the middle of spring is truly lovely. One of the most striking points in this region is where the Moselle winds round the end of a cliff on which stands the old village or town of Liverdun. Liverdun was the scene of my adventure. A railway accident it was not, and indeed a railway accident is not the least of an adventure, but something quite different, as disgustingly vulgar as it is terrible and disagreeable. An adventure must have a spice of romance in it, though it need not of necessity have the pity

and terror supposed to be attributes of tragedy. My adventure simply made me rub my eyes to see if I was waking or sleeping, and then was productive of great amusement to myself and friends.

Having finished a sketch of the town and an old mill, with washerwomen and ducks in the foreground, I was reposing after a homely meal in the "auberge," when the landlord came in with a very long countenance to announce to me that I was to be honoured by a visit from the mayor on serious business. That functionary shortly appeared, a lank, middle-aged man, with a queer wizened face; attended by a stout henchman in a blouse, called his *adjoint*; and sitting down at the table, asked, "If I was the person who had come to Liverdun without a passport, and who had taken a sketch of the town." On my admitting as much, he then gave me to understand that I must consider myself under arrest, with all the polite expressions usual to well-bred officials when making disagreeable communications; as I had come without papers, and was engaged in taking maps of the country. The whole terrible truth then flashed upon me at once. I was taken for a Prussian spy, a minion in the pay of Count Bismarck. Could this polite but firm village authority in the brown checked trousers order me out to execution at once, or would there be an appeal to some higher tribunal? I suggested a telegraphic despatch to a place where I was well known, which was at once assented to by the local magistrate, who accompanied me to the station; taking care to keep me between himself and his *adjoint*. Liverdun was not a telegraphing station, but the station-master informed the mayor that British subjects did not require passports, and I could not be a Prussian, as I had a strong English accent; besides I was evidently only a harmless sketcher. This was all very agreeable, with the exception of the "English accent," which I had taken unusual trouble to get rid of; but I was nevertheless walked back to the Mairie, that an order might be made out for my arrest in the auberge. A most imposing looking brigadier of gendarmes was sitting there, who might have looked considerably more awful had he been in uniform. As it was, there was a huge red face with a very jolly nose, protruding from a blue blouse. After observing with solemn sententiousness that it was a terrible offence to travel without what he called "justificative pieces," he had the grace to say that I had not the air of a malefactor; on which the mayor tore up the order he was writing, and said that instead of putting me under the surveillance of a gendarme in my inn, he

should request me to quit the place by the earliest available train; but that I must give up my sketch to his keeping until such time as he was officially advised that I was not dangerous, and also promise him not to sketch any more.

Walking home with the landlord after this narrow escape from incarceration, I heard some of the inhabitants mutter "*Voilà le Prussien*;" and no doubt they are still under the impression that the vigilance of their patriotic mayor has saved the town from surprise, and will decree him a civic crown. Why not? The Capitol of Rome was once saved by the vigilance of a gander.

Though a conspicuous object from a much frequented line, Liverdun does not appear to have attracted tourists; and from my little adventure, as well as from the fact that there was no conveyance at the station, and even no boy hanging about to carry a bag, it would seem that strangers seldom stop there. Yet the view from the terrace is extremely beautiful.

The Moselle forms a great loop below the town, and in one part is very broad, and divides into several streams, which include thickly wooded islands, crowned with poplars and alders. There was no way of getting across these arms of the river, but by wading or swimming, as the only boat to be seen was sunk a certain distance below the surface of the water. Remnants of walls still remain, and towers and a gateway or two, but they have lost their picturesque character by being stuccoed over. There is a rather remarkable gateway in an open space before the church, superficially carved in arabesque figures; but its antiquity does not appear to be very high; it belongs to the old palatial building belonging to the see of Toul, which is now in its restored state inhabited by the doctor. Near the main entrance to the church is a fine linden-tree. In the market-place there is an old house with arcades beneath it, which served apparently as a merchant's hall. The steep hills which surround the banks of the Moselle in front of the town are thickly wooded, and in one pretty nook, a gentleman has laid out pleasure-grounds, and built a villa, half screened by a pine plantation. The view from the height extends into the escarpments of the oolitic region on the west, but in other directions is more limited. A canal passes through a tunnel which penetrates the rock on which the town stands. It must have been a strong place before the invention of artillery, but to the north it is commanded by a height which is now crowned by an old cross, and four limes; but formerly in that direction a deep short trench, of which vestiges remain,

must have cut off access to the main gateway. The site of Liverdun then was manifestly a Roman stronghold, and its ancient name was *Liberum Dunum*, or *Liberdunum*. Its importance is testified by a record as ancient as 894 A.D., in which King Dagobert grants the Bishop of Toul a charter, in which it is forbidden to build any fortress within four leagues of Toul to the prejudice of Liverdun, considered as the fort of refuge of the episcopal city, and a sanctuary dedicated to the Martyr and Saint Eucarius; by whose assistance it was supposed to have successfully resisted a siege of the Vandals. The castle was destroyed in the reign of Louis XI., the Bishop Antoine of Neufchâtel having placed there a Burgundian garrison, whose raids brought on it the vengeance of the Duke of Lorraine. But the garrison of four hundred men defended it successfully for six weeks.

After reparation, the fortress was again ruined in the fourteenth century, by Isabella of Austria, regent of Lorraine, for a similar reason. In 1587 the Protestant army, animated partly by iconoclastic zeal, and partly by the sight of the silver plates on the cover, burnt the chest containing the relics of St. Eucarius in the church of St. Pierre. In 1632 Liverdun was honoured by a visit from Louis XIII. who was on his way to attack Nancy, the capital of Charles IV., Duke of Lorraine, and had advanced to this point with a view of crossing the Moselle when the Duke made his submission. Excepting an assembly of the nobles of Lorraine, which took place in 1659, for the re-establishment of their ancient privileges, the place does not seem to have been distinguished in more recent times, by having been the scene of any very important event. Its antiquarian interest is far surpassed by that of the episcopal mother-city a few miles higher up the river.

Toul was anciently called *Tullum*, and was the *Leucorum Civitas*, or capital of the Leuci, a tribe of the Belgæ. These Leuci are mentioned in the Commentaries of Cæsar, and their address with the bow or javelin is praised by Lucan. The Gallo-Roman city must have been of considerable extent, as in the middle ages the builders always found a solid foundation without digging, on the sites of previous buildings; and when the old walls were destroyed, coins and medals were dug up in such quantities that they were sold by weight, and the children used to play pitch-and-toss with them in the streets. It was not till comparatively late times that any attention was given to their conservation. In the year 1700, when the construction of the new fortifications was begun, a great number of in-

interesting relics were found and forwarded to Paris, amongst others, figures of Pagan deities. A canon of the cathedral mentions, amongst others, a statue of the child Bacchus, with his usual attributes, naturally worshipped where vineyards abounded; and among the foundations of the ancient walls, the remains of an inscription were observed—

D. JACCHO. V.P.C.L.

An inscription was also found in honour of Mercury, who was a favourite god with the Belgæ; the pedestal of a statue of Mars, signed

MARTIS ICON,

and an entire effigy of the double-faced Janus, two feet high, placed on the flowered capital of a pillar, at the base of which was engraven,

D.O.M. IANO.

At Blenod, in the neighbourhood, where was a castle belonging to the Bishop of Toul, a statue of Apollo is recorded to have been found, with columns, and the remains of a temple. The name of the place is probably derived from the Gallic name of Apollo, *Belenus*, and was anciently *Belenodium*. In digging among the foundations of the Convent of St. Aper, situated in a village which forms a sort of suburb, a female figure, in relief, of good-workmanship, was discovered. It was placed in a kind of niche, clad in tunic and mantle, with a sickle in the left hand, and a spade in the right. A male figure was found near it holding in the right hand a purse, and in the left hand a hoe. These were probably garden divinities. In the same abbey there was formerly kept a beautiful agate, which was supposed in the Middle Ages to have come from the East, and to represent St. John the Evangelist carried off by an eagle and crowned. Louis XIV. having heard of its existence, sent for it to Paris, and it was then pronounced to be a Pagan relic, representing the apotheosis of Augustus or Germanicus. There are two remarkable flat-topped hills on the north side of Toul, one at a short distance from the town. They have a somewhat volcanic appearance; but appear to be outliers of the colite left by denudation. From the nearest, that of St. Michel, on which is a ruined chapel, half-way up, there is a most striking view of the town, the windings of the Moselle beyond it, and the undulating country up to the first eminences of the Vosges. The town has somewhat the appearance in shape of a *vol-au-vent* without its cover, the surrounding crust being represented by the green ramparts. But such a culinary comparison is quite inadequate to express the beautiful contrast of

the dark-grey, dull-red, and white buildings of the town, with the emerald ring of verdure in which it is set. The most conspicuous objects are, the cathedral with its double tower, and the church of St. Gengould, the former situated on the outskirts by the river and bridge, the latter nearer the centre of the town. The cathedral is a more pleasing object in the distance than that of Strasbourg, as the towers correspond. Strasbourg, with its two shoulders and single spire, inevitably suggests a French lieutenant with his one epaulette. The towers of Toul cathedral, however, are without spires altogether. If two spires were added to the towers of Toul, of the same model as the pinnacles at the angles of the tower above the roof, it would be indeed a gem. Its first origin was extremely ancient. Saint Mansuy, or Mansuetus, the first bishop of Toul, and apostle of the Leuci, is said to have lived about 340, A.D. He built near the town, on the site of the abbey called after him, an oratory, dedicated to St. Stephen. Afterwards the episcopal residence was transferred to the town itself. Before the restoration of Bishop Frottaire, in 840, the edifice had already been burnt two or three times. The fine airy nave, with windows in an early and somewhat severe style, was built and dedicated by St. Gérard. Two low towers were added to the sides of the choir by Bishop Pibon, and in 1149 the whole received a new dedication from Pope Eugene III. But it was not till the fifteenth century, when Decorated Gothic had attained its fullest perfection, and was already declining to the flamboyant style, which answers to the English perpendicular, that the chapter set a famous architect, Jacquemin de Commercy, to work on the two main towers at each side of the portal, which were finished in 1496. Each of these is 219 feet high, without reckoning the parapets of open stone-work which are eight feet in height, forming coronets to the towers. The most distinguishing features of this very handsome façade are the screen spierced with quatrefoils, which pass athwart each story of the towers, and the elegant portal, whose finial, however, stands in front of the large rose-window, interfering with its effect. The tracery of the windows shows, as might be expected from the date, a flamboyant tendency.

The church of St. Gengould dates from the tenth century, and the architecture is in general remarkably chaste; but of still greater interest than the church itself is the beautiful Cloister of the flamboyant period attached to it. Each side of the quadrangle, as seen from the interior, presents three large arches, each of which includes two smaller open ones,

the intervals between them, as well as the angles, being filled with clusters of pillars, which spring upwards into fan-vaulting, connected by bosses with similar structures springing from the interior boundary walls. The whole is enlivened by a flower-garden in the central area. This church was originally connected with a convent of nuns, but owing to the temptations of its situation, near one of the town gates, the misconduct of the holy ladies led to their being superseded by friars.

Besides these principal buildings, the remains of several religious houses are scattered about the town, and every now and then a window with a Gothic head is seen in private houses. In different points of the town pretty fountains of later date are observed, one of the most remarkable representing a boy wrestling with a swan, from whose mouth the water proceeds. The old church of the abbey of St. Mansuetus, near the town, was destroyed in 1552, to prevent the Emperor Charles V., from using it as a position to batter the town. In digging about the foundations, remains of dead bodies were found, and with them a large and beautiful mortuary urn containing cinders. It was pointed at the end like an amphora. Besides this there were found a number of dishes with bones of chicken, sucking-pig, &c., upon them, and vases of earthenware and glass, the latter, of which fragments only were found, having figures of men and animals engraved upon them. These vessels may have been placed there in accordance with a superstitious usage which buried food and drink with the dead, and the glass vases may have contained perfumes. But as the meats appear to have been consumed, M. Calmet, the author of "*Notice sur la Lorraine*," published in 1836, who possessed many of these relics, thought that the early Christians in continuing the heathen custom gave repasts to the poor on the tombs of the dead, in imitation of Tobias, who ordered his son to put his bread and wine on the sepulchre of the just. St. Augustine appears to have protested against this custom as superstitious. The ancient Gauls at any rate believed that the dead could eat and drink, and on the bas-reliefs of their tombs they are often represented with a bottle in one hand and a basket in the other, as provisions for their journey to the underworld. Sometimes they also held a roll of parchment, which indicated their title-deeds, or the accounts of their property. Perhaps the fumigating with incense and sprinkling with holy water of the bier, still observed in France, is the last vestige of these pious observances. From its exposed situation between France and Germany, the town of

Toul had to suffer much from the vicissitudes of war. The Romans were masters of Trèves, Metz, Toul, and Verdun, until the Franks came and possessed themselves of the country, and the three latter towns were subject to the kings of Austrasia, under the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties. In the time of Louis d'Outremer they became subject to the Emperor Otho I. and his successors, A.D. 936. In the year 1552, the sees to which they belonged passed from the German princes to the protection of Henry II. of France. The temporal authority of the bishops was administered by a series of counts. But the citizens, who were free under the empire, were constantly appealing to the protection of their sovereign against their spiritual masters; and the Dukes of Lorraine appear to have exacted tribute from them until Charles IV. was obliged to retire from his states in 1670. All such complicated claims to sovereignty and independence were set aside by Louis XIV., who levelled the ancient fortifications and built new ones in 1700, and absorbed Toul into his own centralised monarchy. It is now a fortress of the second order.

Many years ago, it happened that I wished to see the Roman aqueduct at Jouy-aux-Arches on the Moselle; so I took a place by the diligence from Paris to Metz, and was detained at Metz three days before I was able to get on to Strasbourg, because the diligence always arrived full from Paris for the whole journey, and the only alternative was posting. It seemed to give the ruins an additional value at that time. The extreme ease with which nearly every point of interest is reached by railroad now, seems to deduct from the interest itself. The aqueduct at Jouy, which is about five miles up the river, from Metz, is now represented by two series of broken arches, one on each side of the river, and by fragmentary remains in the meadows and the bed of the river itself. The fragment on the side of Jouy itself contains seventeen arches, the highest of which are about sixty feet high with a breadth of twelve feet. Those which are nearest the river have been restored, to prevent the loose stones tumbling on the heads of persons passing along the road to Pont-à-Mousson. This restoration is fatal to the antique look of this part of the monument, and gives it the appearance of a railway viaduct, but the end nearest the hill is still in its old dilapidated condition. The arches in the village have houses built between them, the expense of building two of the walls having been thus saved. At the upper extremity the Roman conduit has been now laid open, and is preserved from marauders by a fence. Two channels are seen to issue

from the well to carry the water across the valley, but the stream no longer runs in them : but below the aqueduct is a small brook to the

Moselle. Gaudiacum was the Roman name of the village which stood by the springs, which are now called the sources of Gorze.



The Cloister, St. Gengould.

The seven arches with a pier, which stand in three masses, in a vineyard on the opposite hill, are far more picturesque, because nothing has been done in the way of mending them. Their colour is softened by weathering, and they are gloriously clad with ivy and wild-flowers.

Ars-sur-Moselle, near which they stand, is a very grimy village, full of iron-foundries. A whirlwind which swept through it on Sunday, May 12, 1867, filled the air with black dust so as to produce an artificial night for some minutes. The whole aqueduct must have been a stupendous fabric in the Roman times, as the valley it spans is more than a mile across, and the central arches in the river must have been far higher than any now left standing. Some attribute its origin to the reign of Augustus, others suppose it to have been built by Drusus, the son of Germanicus, to carry water to the Naumachia of Divodurum ; but the old chronicles of Metz, determined not to be outdone in the ascription of antiquity, record that these arches were built by a grandson of Noah. They appear

to have been ruined in the tenth century, and then a mediæval legend was invented to account for their existence, and they were christened the "Pont du Diable." A young knight who lived on one side of the valley was frequently heard to express his vexation at having to ford the Moselle when he wished to visit on the other side a lady who was very dear to him, and his language on such occasions was sometimes very profane. One evening the usual affable individual in black called on him, and offered to build him in one night a bridge on which he might cross the valley on a level, and without wetting his horse's legs or his own, on the consideration that he would allow him to educate the first child born of the intended marriage. The would-be tutor looked so thoroughly clerical that the young knight readily assented, but only thought it odd that his visitor should have required him to sign his name to the agreement with a drop of blood from the tip of his little finger, and as soon as he was gone mentioned the fact to his director, who stood aghast, and explained that he had sold him-

self and his first-born to the devil. The case looked hopeless, but the clergyman's ready wit suggested a remedy. He first made him swear that he would give up swearing for the future. He then observed, that as all the devil's work must be done before cock-crowing, it was only a question of making the cock crow before the dawn. This was easily managed by illuminating the hen-roost. The arches that are seen now are the only part of the bridge that the devil had time to build before the cock crew. It seems extraordinary that the Romans should have taken the trouble to build this vast aqueduct across the valley, when they might have brought the water down the side of the hills immediately to Metz, or that they should have cared to bring it at all, when they might have had a supply from the Moselle and the Seille. Their motive was probably merely to find occupation for an idle army in raising a monument that would perpetuate the fame of their conquests.

On taking a ticket to Metz I found a down train densely crowded by the manufacturing population who were returning from a fair held on its very pretty promenade. The town of Metz itself has been abundantly described, and is well known. Though inferior to Nancy in the disposition of its streets and squares, it is more lively, and its situation on the bank of the Moselle is most charming. The museum of the Library is particularly rich in Roman relics, some of them of exquisite workmanship. These are votive altars, inscriptions, amphoræ, figures of the gods, &c.,—amongst others, a very leonine head of Jupiter. These remains were principally found on the site of Divodurum, the chief Roman town of the Mediomatrici, which is close to the present Metz. An old story ascribes the modern name to a general of Caesar, by name Metius, who took Divodurum and settled there. But a corruption of Mediomatricorum Civitas will easily account for it. In the Frank times it was the capital of Thierry, the son of Clovis. It became an imperial city of Germany about the same time as Toul, having been an archiepiscopal see from the earliest Christian times, about A.D. 340. It possessed a great number of churches and religious establishments; the most remarkable now extant is the cathedral. On the site of an oratory, which had existed in very ancient times, Theodoric II., Bishop of Metz, founded the present nave, which was not finished till 1480. The small choir and transept appear to be more ancient. The splendour of the stained windows in the latter, and the multitude of lancet lights is what attracts most in the interior. Though the details of the ex-

terior building are highly beautiful, especially the tracery of the transept windows—the great rose window over the portal and the flying buttresses—the whole effect of the cathedral in the distance is not so imposing, the nave being of a size out of proportion to the other parts, and the flanking towers insignificant, and one of them entirely without a spire, while that which crowns the other is not much more than a pinnacle. There is a flagrant instance of the carelessness of the middle ages about the conservation of their finest monuments in the fact of unsightly houses having been built against the side of the cathedral towards the market-place, one of which now serves as a popular café. Metz is considered one of the first-class frontier fortresses of the north of France, yet it appears to be very much exposed to bombardment from the heights on the other side of the Moselle. On one of these the Emperor Charles V. is said to have placed a battery to play upon the town, before he was obliged to raise the siege. It seems difficult to conceive how the clumsy artillery of those days could have been formidable at so great a distance, apparently about two miles, but the case would be very different now. Should the stream of German invasion again ascend the Moselle to pass into Gaul, it is not likely to be stopped by such dams as Thionville or Metz for any length of time, but they are doubtless sufficient to resist any sudden attack, and would give the French government time to mass troops on the frontier, which is the main point in these days. When war with Prussia was canvassed before the recent settlement of the Luxemburg question, it was confidently said that in two days, by means of the Eastern of France and the lines running into it, 100,000 men could easily have been massed within and about the walls of Metz. If this be true, fortifications need not be absolutely impregnable to be of great value, when a campaign of a few days may decide the fate of an empire.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

A POET'S LOVE.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

I HATE thee not, though death should be my fate;
Thou ever loved and lost, I cannot hate.
Though on thee bright the flashing diamonds shine,
Their rays reach not that darkened heart of thine,—
I know it well.

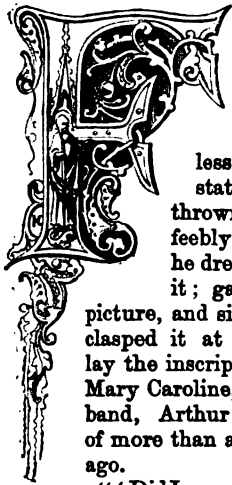
Thou cam'st in dreams before me;
I knew that utter night had gathered o'er thee,
I knew the serpent gnawing at thy heart,
I saw my love all wretched, as thou art—
I cannot hate.

JULIA GODDARD.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. TO-MORROW.



FOR more than an hour after his nephew left him, Robert Crawford sat silent, and motionless, helpless and prone, like a statue that has been thrown from its base. Then, feebly feeling for the locket, he drew it forth, and opened it; gazing once more at the picture, and sighing wearily, he unclasped it at the back, and there lay the inscription before him. "To Mary Caroline, from her loving husband, Arthur Vane;" and a date of more than a quarter of a century ago.

"Did I remember twenty-six years back?" said he, murmured the old man. "He knows it all. Unnatural, cruel boy. Who could have given him this? His nurse, Cuba, doubtless. They are in league together, and have undone me. She has access to my room, and has told him of what lies in yonder desk. I was a madman to keep it there—to keep that at all, the sight of which pierced my heart. Has he stolen it, I wonder, this traitor to his own flesh and blood?" Very slowly, and supporting himself by table and chair, he made his way to the standing desk. Clearing away a mass of papers within it, he touched a secret spring, and out darted a little drawer. In it was a printed slip—apparently an extract from some newspaper—and a small colourless globule. He took out the paper, and sat with it awhile before him, like one who waits for breath. Then he unfolded it and began to read. It was headed in large letters, "*Trial of Admiral Sir Robert Vane*," and contained the usual dry bald details of a naval court-martial, beginning with the statute under which the accused was charged. "Every person in the Fleet, who, through cowardice, negligence, or dissatisfaction, shall in time of action withdraw, keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage, and to assist all and every of His Majesty's ships, or those of his allies, which it

shall be his duty to assist or relieve, every person so offending, and being convicted thereof by the sentence of a court-martial, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as the offence may deserve."

The witnesses were admirals and captains, who had acted under the accused person in a certain engagement; and the point at issue was, "Did or did not Admiral Sir Robert Vane do his best to renew the battle which had already gone in his favour?" The witnesses for the prosecution affirmed he did not; the witnesses for the accused averred that a renewal of the fight was beyond his power.

At the conclusion of the evidence, the admiral read his defence, which began by stating that he had served his country seven-and-thirty years, during which he had been honoured more than once with marks of approbation from his sovereign. The sentence was as follows: "The court is of opinion that the charge of not having done his utmost to renew the said engagement, and to take or destroy every ship of the enemy, has been proved against the said Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Vane, and the court doth, therefore, adjudge him to be dismissed the service."

Party spirit ran very high at the time of this trial, which was, of course, instituted by the Government, and the newspaper in question, being a Government one, bore very hardly upon the accused. It mentioned the cases of Byng, and Sir Robert Calder, and insisted upon it that the present was one far less deserving of indulgence; it hinted, that but for the last line of the statute (which was printed in italics) having been added in more merciful times, the accused would certainly have suffered death. Every imputation that malignity could suggest was heaped together against the unfortunate accused; but the charge of cowardice—as being likely to wound most deeply—was reiterated again and again. This part of the newspaper, viz., its comments on the trial, bore evidence of having been much oftener handled than the account of the trial itself. It was over these that the old man lingered now, as alive to every stab as when they were first rained upon him, when he stood broken and disgraced before the world, a quarter of a century ago. *Littera scripta manet*; but, how infinitely more terrible is the permanency of that which is printed, since it

stops not here nor there, but is promulgated everywhere, and at the same time. All England knew his shame upon the same day, and while he read, the old man felt that all England would be as full of it to-morrow as it was in that far-back time. The perusal of those hateful words (probably long forgotten by him who had written them) always set those wounds bleeding afresh which Time had stanchied; but now, with the menace of his nephew ringing in his ears, the torture was intolerable. Probably if the unfortunate admiral had sought in the Opposition journals only for *their* version of the affair, he would have found commiseration, if not comfort, instead of these venomous stings; but he nourished the serpent in his bosom, as a proud man will, and it bit very deep. If physical pain is held to be some excuse for harshness of manner or ill-temper, how much more should have been this mental agony, the existence of which was not unknown to Richard!

"A cruel boy, a cruel, cruel boy," murmured the old man, again and again, as he sat gazing on the cruel words. "He would tell Agnes, too. He would not even spare the girl that he pretends to love. He called me coward, too, like this man here. And if I gave my daughter to him—if I persuaded her to give herself—they would speak truth. He shall never hold her in his power as he now holds me. No! No!"

This resolution seemed to give him strength. He rang his bell and bade the servant bring his meals up thither, since he did not feel well enough to leave his room. He busied himself throughout the day in arranging certain papers in his desk. In the evening, "Tell Miss Agnes I will see her," said he; for even his daughter never ventured to seek his room unsummoned.

"You are ill, dear papa," said she, with anxious tenderness, directly she caught sight of his weary face.

"No, love; much the same as usual. I have been arranging my affairs, and that has tired me. You know what a sad hand I am at business."

"But why not send for me to help you, then?"

"You could not help me in this matter, Agnes. No. You could not. Where is Richard?"

Like yourself, he is not well. He was not at dinner; he has one of his bad head-aches. I am afraid you are angry with him, dear papa; and, indeed, it was very wrong of him to come up here. But he is really scarce himself at times, poor fellow."

"You pity him, then?"

"Of course, papa. I fear he feels the effects of that sunstroke still. He is so very odd at times."

"But you do not love him? You still have no affection towards him deeper than a cousin's? You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"That is well, dear child." He took her little hand within his own, and stroked it tenderly. "You must promise me that when I am dead and gone you will never marry Richard."

"Certainly I never shall, papa; but why do you ask such a thing? I wish you would let me send for Mr. Carstairs."

"No, dear; no; I am as well now as I shall ever be. But life to me is worse than uncertain, and nothing should be put off."

They sat together side by side, without speaking, and upon the other side of the old man, unseen by her, sat Death.

"Is it true that Mr. Carlyon has left Mellor, Agnes?"

"Yes, papa."

"Left it 'for good,'—I mean. Is it certain that nothing would bring him back?"

The young girl blushed and hesitated.

"You may trust in me, love; tell me all. Does he not love you?"

"I cannot tell; I am not sure, papa."

"Do you love him?"

"I can never marry him," answered she, steadfastly.

"It is a matter of religion, then, that separates you?"

"I cannot say that, papa. But perhaps, if we thought alike respecting religious matters,—but I do not know, indeed."

"Don't weep, my child, don't weep. You have, doubtless, acted rightly. There is something—what is it—in the Bible about 'choosing the better part.' I do not blame you, if I ever did. It is well to give up all for God. Yes, yes," here he paused for a little, sighing heavily; then resumed: "You will not be penniless when I am gone, Agnes; there will be more than you thought—that is," added he, observing her pained look, "more than others have imagined. I know you never think about such matters. You are a good girl; and God will never forsake you. Kiss me, darling. You must go now, for I am getting tired. No; I shall want nothing more till morning. Nothing more." There was a pathos in those last words which might have moved Richard himself could he have heard them.

"God bless you, dear papa," said Agnes, kneeling down and looking yearningly into his wan face.

"That is right, darling. Perhaps He will,

since it is you who ask it. Good night, good night."

Mr. Crawford was once more alone, except for that grim attendant whom he had himself summoned, before he sent for his daughter, lest she should persuade him from his purpose to her own hurt. He once more sought his desk and opened the secret drawer; the little globule was no longer there, but only the newspaper slip. This he tore into a hundred minute shreds and threw them on the hearth. Then he took out his watch.

"A few hours hence, and there will be no more apprehensions, no more disgrace," said he. "To-morrow he will have his answer—to-morrow! To-morrow! What will to-morrow be for me?"

In the morning, when the servant came to call the old man, he was lying in his hammock, very white and quiet, as usual, but with a ghastlier look upon his face than even it had ever worn before. The sentence of the court-martial had not been so humane as the report had stated. It was death, although the execution had been so long deferred. Those thin stern lips had spoken their last words, but to one of those who, summoned by the servants' terrified clamour, surrounded that strange death-bed, they still gave their dumb reply:—

"No, would-be traitor, no!"

CHAPTER XXII. AT RICHMOND.

It is autumn, and deep in autumn; still all "the quality" have not yet fled from town. They have abode within its scorching walls through June and July, amid the dust of the roaring streets. They have borne the burthen and heat of the bustling day, when it lay in their power to enjoy the summer coolness of their woods and streams. And now, though the trees are putting off their green, and enclosing themselves in their most glorious garment of all—their Joseph's coat of many colours—they still delay, as their fathers did, who "preferred the smell of a link-boy's torch to all the scents of garden or field." It is to be stated, *per contra*, however, that these worshippers at Fashion's shrine have not withdrawn their patronage from the country altogether. Once a week, or even, during its palmy time, bi-weekly, these idolaters have emerged from the interior of their grilling brazen bull, and sought the glades of Windsor, the banks of Greenwich, or the wooded heights of Richmond. And now, as the latest period of their final departure draws nigh, those who have not already fled congregate like migrating birds, and take these swallow flights into the country more than ever.

There is a party of such birds of fashion, the

females full-feathered, and magnificently hued, the men not so gorgeous, yet with a certain nicety of apparel quite as striking, gathered together now at one of those Richmond palaces, where you sit and eat of the best that art can provide, while nature ministers of her fairest to the eye. The popping of champagne corks, the chink of glasses, the murmur of pleasant talk, the laughter of fair women, flow forth from the open windows like streams of music into the sea of harmony without, where wood and water are vying with one another in the great Even song. The birds are caroling from park and meadow, whence uproarious mirth and robust ditties come mellowed by distance; and with the cool breezes from the river, are upborne the even pulses of the oar and all the cheery sounds of that crowded highway. Presently, their feast concluded, the revellers come forth into the terraced garden, and there is not a dame so churlish as to forbid her cavalier to light the grateful weed. In twos and threes they promenade upon the sloping lawn, or on the broad gravelled walks, or lounge upon the garden seats, or lean upon the balustrades and watch the glorious picture that is spread beneath them; the river winding slow, as though over-burthened with its freight of home-bound pleasure-seekers; the wooded banks, and path-pierced meadows; and the blue hills that close the scene.

Two of these loungers are remarkable; the one is a lady of great beauty, tall as Minerva, imperious as Juno, but very well knowing how to be tender, too, as you may see by the soft glances which she casts ever and anon at her companion, and by the soft tones in which she addresses him; the other is a man near half a foot higher than the others of his sex about him, and very powerfully made.

"Yes, indeed, I should be most ungrateful if I was *not* pleased, Mr. Carlyon," replied she, in answer to some question; "so are we all, I'm sure. I never enjoyed a day at Richmond more."

"That's well. I am very glad."

"You don't *look* glad," returned she, in a tone of playful discontent; "but then you are always melancholy."

"Am I?"

"Yes." Her voice sank very low; each had had a hand upon the balustrade a little apart; but now they were touching. "If I did not know you *so* well, Mr. Carlyon,—you smile, but you are more easily read than you imagine—I should say that it was the day's closing scene, the influence of the evening—"

"That's you," interrupted Carlyon, smiling.

"Tush, nonsense," continued she, pressing his hand reprovingly; "if I had any power over you, I should make you cheerful, happy."

I don't like to see my friends—persons I have a genuine regard for—so hipped and serious. You are worse than ever to-night. One would think you were frightened by that foolish Captain Plasher's remark about our being thirteen at dinner, and how that one of us would die within the year."

"Yes; but your mother put him right, you know; she said that the proverb ran 'would die or else would marry.' Marriage is better than death, is it not, Edith?"

"Well, really, that depends. What a disagreeable man that is to haunt us in that manner."

Carlyon turned sharply round, only in time to see a young man sauntering slowly away with a cigar in his mouth.

"Never mind," continued she; "he is gone now: oh! pray don't meddle with him; I do hate a scene."

"He is indebted to you for a whole skin," rejoined Carlyon, quietly. "If I have a prejudice it is against eaves-dropping. At the same time, the poor wretch is not without an excuse. Where Edith Treherne is, there is always a temptation to draw nigh."

"Now you talk nonsense; what a wayward will you have, to be so serious when others are enjoying themselves, and to jest, when you ought to—be—that is—but here's mamma."

A stately dame bore down upon them at this critical juncture.

"Dearest Edith, it is getting late, and I have ordered the carriage. My dear Mr. Carlyon, we have a seat to offer you."

"But not to offer Red Berild, I conclude," returned he, smiling; "thank you very much, but I ride home. Must you go so soon, Mrs. Treherne? When you and yours leave us the party is broken up indeed."

"You are engaged, however, to dine with us to-morrow, remember, Mr. Carlyon; although it will be a bathos after your charming treat of to-day I'm sure. In five minutes we shall start, Edith; indeed, directly I have found Julia. I can't think where that little puss has got to."

Mrs. Treherne could make a very tolerable guess however, for she had a sharp eye for both daughters' movements; if a glance of that organ ever expressed "make the most of your time," it did so, when she parted with her eldest hope in professed pursuit of her second-born.

"Then you won't come home with us?" murmured the beauty, plaintively. "I do think you like that horse of yours better than —," she hesitated, then concluded her sentence with "mamma."

"Well really, my dear Miss Treherne, I

never should have ventured upon comparing their relative merits," answered Carlyon, smiling. "But you must allow that Red Berild is more devoted to me than your lady mother is. That goes for a great deal you know."

"People don't always know how much they are esteemed, Mr. Carlyon."

"Do you think so?" returned the other, musing. "That is not the case with love, however, is it? If a woman sincerely loves a man he always sees it, does he not?"

"I think so; that is, unless he is wilfully blind."

"You are right, Miss Treherne, as usual."

"What makes you sigh, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Ah, that is a long story, and our time is short. Ask me any question but that and I will answer you."

"Good," returned the girl, fixing her fine eyes upon his own, "what is it then that you always carry in your breast pocket? We have often laughed—at least, spoken of it, at home; it is too large for a note-book, or a miniature; what is it?"

"I did not give you credit for so much curiosity about me, Miss Treherne. Here is the subject of your wonder: a plain book in a plain binding."

"Why, it is the New Testament!" ejaculated the young lady.

"Ought it then to have been the old one?" returned Carlyon, coldly.

"No, of course not. But, excuse me, I was a little surprised at your carrying about with you such a book at all. Cousin Archibald, whom you met at the club, told us—at least, we had the impression——"

"That I was an infidel," interposed Carlyon, quietly. "Well, so I am."

"How shocking!" returned the beauty. "How very naughty of you." And she tapped him lightly on the arm with her lace-fringed parasol. "You must have been in very bad hands, sir, when you were young. That is, I mean when you were a boy. I will ask my uncle the Dean to give you a talking to."

"Your uncle the Dean!" Carlyon burst into such laughter as quite astonished some neighbouring knots of well-bred folk.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you laugh, although it need not have been quite so loud," said she, smiling. "Now—for I am still curious—let me have the book to hold. Will you?"

Carlyon hesitated for a moment, then put the volume into her dainty hand.

"Why, there's nothing in it!" said she; "absolutely nothing."

"That is not your uncle's view, Miss Edith."

"I don't mean that. I mean that there is no name, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, gravely; "the title-page is blank. Who gave it to you?"

"I did not promise to tell you all my secrets, Miss Treherne. But why do you ask? Does it look like a *gage d'amour*—this book?"

"Well, no," answered she, doubtfully; "though some girls give very funny things for keepsakes. But there, I dare say you have quite a collection of such."

"Not I, indeed, Miss Treherne. No girl cares for me: and for the matter of that, no human creature—only Berild."

"Don't say that, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, softly. "I am sure that I—that is, mamma and I—care for you very, very much. She is beckoning to us yonder. Won't you take our vacant seat? *won't* you?"

"Not this evening, Edith"—he drew her fingers on to his arm and led her away—"how your hand trembles! The air is getting chill; I shall never forgive myself if you have caught cold."

"I am not chilly, thank you, dear Mr. Carlyon," murmured she, tenderly. "We shall see you to-morrow." Then, in her usual cold and cynical tone she added, "Mr. Carlyon will not go home with us, mamma. He prefers his horse, as usual, to our company, or that of anyone else."

A few minutes more of handshakings and conventional expressions of goodwill, and all Carlyon's guests, in roomy chariots and snug broughams, had rolled away. It was felt that it was a bathos to remain after lovely Edith Treherne and her scarcely less beautiful sister had departed.

Carlyon had known Edith three years before as the belle of the London season; her place had been usurped by others, younger, if not lovelier than herself, and perhaps her mother looked upon an untitled country gentleman with some two thousand a year in land with more favourable eyes than heretofore. At all events, Mrs. Treherne, having satisfied herself that his melancholy did not proceed from pecuniary losses, had welcomed him to town with unexpected kindness and hospitality. He knew but few families in London, and in those few weeks had grown proportionably intimate with this good lady and her daughters, and those who were introduced to him through their means.

His guests to-day had been almost all friends of the Trehernes; and it was understood among them that a match between Edith and himself was by no means an improbable event. Still, the cautious mother had dropped no word of it to any of them; on the contrary, had expressed her opinion that

Mr. Carlyon was so strange a person—so very "peculiar in his views," too, that it was hardly likely that any girl should take a fancy to him. Her friends, of course, translated this to mean that Carlyon was a difficult fish to hook; but she did not mind that one pin. She couldn't help people "talking," but she would not permit of the existence of a peg, upon which they might hang the scandal that her Edith had been jilted. She loved her daughter—this practical, worldly old lady—after her own fashion, very dearly; but she had no intention that she should be the bride of Heaven until, at least, all hope was over of earthly suitors.

Although, as we have said, knowing but few families in town, Carlyon had a pretty large male acquaintance, chiefly men from his own county. These men were not school or college friends; his mother's love had precluded his going to a public school; she could not bear to part for any length of time with the only being to whom she could cling, and so he had been sent to a small seminary in the neighbourhood of home. His father's selfishness had refused the expenses of a university education. These men were, therefore, mainly acquaintances of the hunting field. They all liked him, and were glad to see him in town; their prejudices upon the score of his opinions were not valid there; London society is very charitable, and "the clubs" have open arms for every one who doesn't cheat at cards. The conversation that sometimes—once in a year, perhaps,—turns upon spiritual matters in the "smoking room," (generally late at night,) exhibits religious liberty upon its broadest ground. If an honest country parson could only be smuggled in quietly to listen to it, how it would open his eyes; not so much in horror, but in astonishment. Between him and the man of the world there is a great gulf fixed, not of fire, but of ice; each makes believe that it will bear—that communication is, in fact, established; but neither ventures to cross. It is not to be expected that the latter will budge a step; if they are ever to meet, it is the business of the Royal (and Ecclesiastical) Humane Society's man to make the attempt.

Well, Carlyon's club was glad to see its country member; the sporting set (with whom he was best acquainted) introduced him to the fast set. He saw a good deal of what unphilosophic persons call "Life," in a little time. He had seen it before, of course. All Englishmen of good means do see it, sooner or later. Really moral men, whether philosophers or otherwise, are as rare as respectable folks are plentiful. The Josephs are few, the Joseph Surfaces many. Some say the former are not

to be found at all, which seems to have been the view of some very wise and good teachers, such as Jeremy Taylor. But it is only the heartless, the sinners in cold blood, who pursue dissipation for any great length of time; passionless vice is the longest lived of all. Carlyon had never been a debauchee in his youth, and licence had no greater charms for him in his middle age. Still, he wished to escape from himself, and was in no wise particular about the means. He never gambled, however. There was very high play among some of the men he knew, and there is nothing that offers so strong a temptation to one that would forget both the past and the future as high play; but he never touched dice or cards. If he lost, would he not be robbing her to whom he had left all he had?

Thus time went on with John Carlyon, among his new friends—for almost all were new, except Red Berild, who was stabled near to his own lodgings in the Albany—much as it goes on with many a man who has a month's holiday to spend in London; only Carlyon had already spent two months there, and (so it seemed to him) had ten months yet to spend. He scarcely noted time, save by its loss. Another week gone, or a day, such as he would never see again, was his occasional reflection. Without hope or fear as to the future, the material approximation to his life's end made itself felt within him. By nature a very unselfish man—as men go—his mind, like a bent sapling, still obstinately reverted to himself, notwithstanding that he strove to bind it to other things. We may, and often do, love others better than ourselves (as Carlyon certainly did); we may even merge ourselves in them, and lose our very identity therein for a season; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a poor human creature so unintermittingly and for such long continuance as his own self. Carlyon often caught himself musing, not, indeed, exactly upon his own fate, as upon what would happen in the world in relation to him, after he was gone. He smiled bitterly to think what sister Meg would have to say about him when the contents of his will were made known, and how Jedediah would run through that paltry five hundred pounds, and never fill a glass to his uncle's memory. If these relatives had really stood in need of his money, he would certainly not have disposed of it as he had done. As it was, how good a use would Agnes make of it! There was no fear, too, of wealth spoiling her. And yet it would give her pleasure, since it would afford her larger opportunities of doing good.

He could not, however, strive to please her in that which he knew would have made her

happiest. Her own apprehensions with regard to that parting gift of hers had been fulfilled; he regarded the little volume she had sent him, so reverently, for her sake, that he almost always carried it about with him; but he would have preferred it to have been any other book. On its own account it was unwelcome and even repulsive, for he saw in it the material bar which had kept him and her asunder. It was terrible to him to think of that. Hopeless as his love for her was, the thought of death was hideous, inasmuch as it must needs separate them for ever. In other respects, the contemplation of it was more curious than painful. The notices of matters to take place at a far-distant date, when he should no longer be above the earth but under it, affected him sharply; even a friend's casual mention of some plans for the ensuing summer would overcast his brow. That he had never felt himself stronger, or in more excellent health, only intensified the strangeness of all this. Such feelings, although frequent, were, however, evanescent enough. His life, as has been said, went on much like any other idle man's. He lounged, and rode, and read, in his usual desultory way; he feasted, nay, he flirted willingly, though aimlessly enough, with the beautiful Edith. Hers was a heart not easily to be broken, and there was scarcely anybody but himself now left in town for the poor girl to practise upon. Why should not she be gratified with the idea that he was being enthralled? She certainly did not love him; and when he was dead, if the rumour of their having been any *tendresse* between them should get abroad, it would only make her the more interesting. He would take care that matters should never go so far as to compel her to put on mourning, which she had confided to him did not become her. She enjoyed those little dinners at Richmond immensely, and so did he, did he not? Well, asking himself this question, as he strode up and down the broad gravelled terrace after his guests were gone, he could scarcely answer, "Yes." Through most of his life he had been accustomed to be alone, but he had never felt so solitary, so friendless, so desolate, as now, with the congratulations and compliments of those fair-weather friends ringing in his ears, and the soft breathings of that lovely girl still warm upon his cheek.

Why had she insisted upon bringing forth the skeleton of his closet, demanding, like some foolish princess in a fairy tale, the keys of his secret chamber, when he had only wished to give her the best of what he had. Why had he let her take that precious book within her hand; she—with her "How shocking!" and "What a naughty man to be

an Infidel!"—was it not a sacrilege to let her do it? And, on the other hand, who was *he*, to play fast and loose with this poor girl, as though his fellow-creatures were his puppets? Was his life, just because it was fated to be a short one, to swallow up all others while it lasted, and make them of no consequence? Was not his morbid mind compelling him to selfish and unworthy acts, which threatened to leave behind him an evil memory? It was surely worth while to look to that if to nothing else!

Thus perturbed in mind, the doomed man strode up and down the hotel garden, amid the thinning groups of pleasure-seekers, each with their hidden care, but none with one so heavy as his own, or, at least, which sat so heavily. Their light talk and easily moved mirth jarred upon his ear, and he descended to a lower terrace, from whence could still be seen the winding river, now silent and pale in the moonlight, and the sleeping fields curtained with silver mist; and after him, like his shadow, moved the man that had aroused Edith's wrath awhile ago, by hovering near them.

(To be continued.)

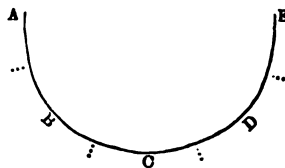
PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

PART II.

WE have already described* the phases through which partridge shooting has passed during the last fifty years, and the method of it most approved by the modern Englishman during the early part of the season; say, when the weather is fine, and the cover good, up to the end of the second week of October.

From that date the simple tactics of beating up the turnip fields by the sportsmen and their retainers, ranged in a straight line, may be abandoned as inadequate. For, besides that the strength of the birds is then fully matured, and that they are very proud of displaying it, there are few of them who have not been taught by experience to connect the idea of danger with the appearance in their neighbourhood of men in shooting-coats. Most probably all of them have learnt the perils of trustfulness from witnessing the death of near relations, even if they have not suffered in their own person and appearance from the villanous saltpetre. Added to this, the drawing of turnips, and the folding of sheep, with the accompanying noises of men, boys, dogs, carts and horses, combine to increase their restlessness. It is, therefore, by no means a promising speculation to attempt an approach to them on the plan adopted in September. Some modification of it is neces-

sary, and that most to be recommended consists of the substitution of what may be called the semicircular for the horizontal line of advance. The better to describe the merits of this plan, a diagram is annexed, the letters of which represent the gunbearers, the points their retinue, with



the inevitable retrievers. On entering the field, all should at once take their proper positions, and advance as quietly as possible, the distances between them being regulated by the nature of the cover. The birds are, we will suppose, between A and E, but nearest to A. Hearing his approach, they will probably (unless very close to him, in which case they will rise at once, and give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself), draw away either up the field, or towards E. If they adopt the former course, they are only deferring the moment of their appearance, for the hedge in front will at last bring them up; if the latter, they will come upon the advance of E, who, should they then think fit to rise, will attend to them. If both these alternatives be rejected, a third course is still open to them; they can run back towards B, C, and D, one or more of whom will honour them with a shot salute.

This mode of beating the ground is very baffling to partridges. It puzzles the most patriarchal and experienced of them, insures much shooting, and if the sportsman be quick of eye and hand, much game for the larder or shop. But it is obvious that great care must be exercised in selecting the members of the party, for the facilities offered by it for grievously injuring friends and neighbours are very great; so great indeed, that none save the most careful should be allowed to walk in this formation.

Of other precautions to be observed with a view to a successful day's work, the first is that every person in the field should maintain the strictest silence. The ideas entertained about the meaning of the word are so very comparative, that is necessary to be precise and positive in defining it. There are those who think a man silent, who does not talk much, or who talks in a low tone, or at the very rarest intervals; and there is a whispering muttering way of being, what is called silent, which is as trying to nervous persons, as the yell of the Indian war-whoop, would be, or the clattering rush of a charge of cavalry. Now, none of these interpretations of the word satisfy the requirements of the

* See page 250.

shooting [field]. To be silent there, means to say nothing of any sort, good, bad, or indifferent, to man, dog, or self. It is difficult to attain to this excellence, but it is necessary to do so if good sport be desired.

The human voice is not much admired by birds and beasts in a wild state, and partridges have no exceptional liking for it. It is true that in the month of September, when the sun is hot, and they lie basking and busking among the turnips, they are not so sensitive. They hear the words of the advancing foe then as in a dream, far far away. But as the season grows older, they are much more attentive to what goes on about them, and much more apprehensive of ill. Except on those rare occasions, when summer seems to have come back again for a few hours, there is no basking for them in the later months of the year, no pleasant gossiping one with another. The ground is too cold for such indulgence. They are then always moving, or about to move. Their heads are always up, and their ears attentive to every sound. When in this hypercritical mood, only positive abstinence from the use of the tongue makes a near approach to them possible. A single word will sometimes insure the immediate flight of half the birds in a field, for the noise made by the departure of terrified covey 1, startles covey 2, which promptly takes wing also, bequeathing a legacy of alarm to covey 3, and so on. Unfortunately, however, it is much easier to advocate silence, than to secure it. For, though the lord of the soil and his friends will, by an effort—and, in the case of the young and eager, a very great effort—practise this valuable art, it has been hitherto found almost impossible to keep the tongues of the keeper and his subordinates under proper control. On other occasions taciturn enough, it would seem as if in the field these worthies could not repress speech, even when the game is most nervous and excitable. No matter how forcibly they are commanded to be quiet, as soon as ever a bird rises, and at whatever distance, whether within shot or no, some one or other of them will cry out "Mark"—or as the word is in such cases usually emphasised, "Ma-ark"—sometimes in a high key, sometimes in a low one, but always in that sustained monotone, which whether highly pitched or not, is audible far and wide. Of course the hint is taken immediately, and in ones, twos, and threes, the partridges decamp. Occasionally, instead of the single monosyllable, some member of the fraternity more floridly eloquent than the rest, utters in a sufficiently alarming tone, "There they go." The effect is of course precisely the same. There they do go, one after another,

with a vengeance. It is not at all improbable that the master will at this crisis lose his temper, and reprove the offender with some warmth, thereby increasing the disturbance, till, when at length silence is restored, there remain in the field only a few birds of lymphatic temperament to compensate the sportsmen for their patient plodding over many acres of land. This habit of talking is the more provoking, because, absolutely, and in all cases, unnecessary. The partridge is not a bird of silent flight. His rising is always audible. He announces himself to all whom it may concern, by a most unmistakable whirring, as he leaves his shelter, and he gives no pretext to anyone to act the part of herald. Will somebody devise a cure for this abuse of the powers of speech? Whosoever shall do so, will deserve well of his country.

A second hint is offered to the uninitiated, who propose to follow the partridge in the maturity of his vigour and intellect. If you have discharged one barrel of your gun, do not stand still to reload it, but walk on fast, for by so doing, you will probably meet with a claimant for the second barrel, who would otherwise have risen out of range.

This advice is founded on the experience that, when one bird shows himself, another is not far off. Of course the second bird may rise with, or immediately after, the first, in which case, he may be disposed of at once. But if not, it should by no means be taken for granted that he is not there. In all probability he is there, a few yards further on, crouching for his spring into the air, and to be surely lost to the bag if a little activity be not displayed. In these days of breech-loaders, when it is just as easy to replenish an empty barrel walking as standing still, there is no excuse for neglect of this simple rule.

Hint three—it is a great mistake to interrupt the whole business of the field for the sake of a long hunt for wounded birds—"runners," as they are called. A beater can be easily taught to find a fallen partridge if dead, or for that matter, two of them, should both barrels be successful. Let him carefully mark the exact place where each falls, distinguishing it by some extra-faded, or largely-developed leaf, or other such object, and walk up to it as the line advances. If the bird be not apparent and picked up at once, he should plant his stick in the spot so as to register it. If in agony of death, the wretch have fluttered on a few yards, he can probably find it for himself. If he fail to do so, let a retriever be brought up in a string, and allowed to hunt about, so controlled, in a narrow circle round the stick. If the dog be as unsuccessful as the man, it may be taken for granted that

the bird is a runner, and that further search of that kind is useless. Let the same plan be followed with the victim of the second barrel. If it can readily be found, well and good, if not, in spite of the annoyance of two consecutive losses, let it be given up for the time; in all probability both birds will be recovered before the field is beaten out. It is very certain that they will have betaken themselves to the hedges, or to the unbeaten turnips. If to the hedges, the top and bottom ones can be hunted bit by bit, at each turn of the shooting party, while of the two on the flanks, one can be searched by a beater and retriever, at any time that may be judged most convenient, before the field be left; the other will come into the last beat of the turnips, where, also, the fugitives, if they have preferred to keep before the guns on the open ground, will be compelled to show themselves, jumping up, poor creatures, in vain attempts to fly.

The advantages of this quiet mode of bagging runners will be acknowledged by all who are familiar with the alternative ceremonial of the retriever dog. A partridge, we will suppose, is shot. It falls as if dead, being struck in the wing close to the body, but when sought, is not to be found. Then, says somebody, "let the dog go." Now the dog—the retriever, that is—is of two kinds. There is "master's dog," and there is the keeper's dog. And master's dog, again, is of two sorts. There is the dog who is a very particular friend of the family, who plays with the children, and is at home in the house. He is clever and good-tempered. His intelligence is kept constantly alive, if by no one else, at all events by his young human companions, who talk to him, and civilise him as much as they do his master, and others with whom they come in contact. If this be the retriever who is sent to find the bird, he will probably do it, and with *éclat*, showing much genius and care, and withal, great gentleness. He is an excellent creature, and when he returns with his prey in his mouth, every hair on his face expressive of sagacity, looking proud and amiable, he deserves all the praise that can be given him. Alas! retrievers of this kind are very rare. "Master's dog," is not always brought up in so good a school. In many cases, he passes the greater part of his time in a stuffy kennel, from which he is led in a string to the field of action. Is it to be wondered at that as soon as he finds himself at liberty, his spirits get the better of him, and he rushes to his work with more zeal than discretion? I see him now; he has marked the place where the bird fell, but he overruns it. Dashing about, he catches the scent for a moment, and in a moment loses it again. He rushes

madly backwards and forwards, round and round. He is thinking more of the delights of freedom, than of his duty. Finally, he comes across the trail of some unwounded partridge, whom he incontinently gallops up, and many others, its companions; or he starts a hare, and amuses himself by a lively chase of the same, till after much earnest reproof, and many cries of "Hector!" "Bounce!" or whatever his name may be, he comes back, having thoroughly disturbed the field, and put everyone out of temper, to be soundly thrashed.

The keeper's dog is of a different type from either of the two above described. He resembles them neither in habits nor in temperament. He lives for the most part at large, being the constant companion of that active functionary, his master. For him, in the summer evenings, he drives the hares out of the standing corn, that a leveret may be shot for the house. With him he visits the traps, officiously helping to kill the unhappy occupants. He is clever enough in his way, but his way is a very rough one. He has a standing feud with all the shepherd dogs on the estate, and fights them in rotation, thereby not promoting a very friendly feeling between their master and his. Above all, he is a brilliant destroyer of cats, doing his work so quickly and effectually, that (it is said of him with pardonable pride), if pussy's owner were but twenty yards off, and did not happen to notice the execution, she would never, for any noise that accompanied it, guess that it had taken place. This dog, very estimable in his peculiar walk, is not of much use in the shooting-field. It is not his vocation to retrieve partridges. Confused, rather than instructed by the various scents that he meets with in the course of a day, his nose is very indifferent. He blunders about and makes much disturbance. He rarely finds the runner, and, if he does, as a consequence of his vermin-killing propensities, he mangles it horribly, at the first faint struggle that it makes in his mouth. It is hard to say so many severe things of a no-doubt well-meaning though generally incompetent class of dog, but the truth must be spoken. *Amicus Hector, Amicus Bounce, sed magis amica veritas.*

The method of beating for partridges called "driving,"—only adapted by the way, to shooting grounds of large extent—remains to be described. It comes into operation generally towards the close of the season, but, on account of the excitement which it offers, is adopted by some enthusiastic persons at a much earlier date. There is not much manoeuvring required to carry it out; nor need the law of silence on the part of the beaters, be so very

rigidly enforced, though even in this phase of the sport, a talkative man is a great evil. The mode of operation is simple enough, and can be easily described. The direction of the drive is the first point to be settled. It is determined mainly by that of the wind; indeed, entirely so, if it be blowing strongly, otherwise, such considerations as the position of the birds' most favourite haunts, &c., must be taken into account as well. As soon as this preliminary has been arranged, the beaters enter at one end of the field selected for the commencement of the day's proceedings, and the sportsmen are stationed behind the opposite and other hedges, to intercept the flight of the birds, which are thus driven over their heads. To the inexperienced this is a difficult kind of shooting, for the partridges' flight is very swift, and only fitfully seen through the interval of the hedge, behind which the watcher is, if it be a low one, crouching in a most uncomfortable attitude. The first notice of game being on the wing is probably the irrepressible cry of "mark!" from the beaters, and of its near approach the whir of wings. When that is heard, it will be understood, that there is not much time for deliberation. It is evident, too, that the stooping attitude of the gunner is unfavourable to accuracy of aim. When, therefore, the height of the hedge or a fall of the ground behind it, allows of his standing upright, his chance is better, and may be still further improved, if he take up a position some fifteen or twenty yards back, so as to insure a clear view for that distance; but whether this advantage can be secured or not, it is only the resolute shot who is successful in a "drive." By a resolute shot is meant a man who knows when he means to shoot, and does it. This resolution is in all modes of shooting, and at all kinds of game, necessary to success. A pottering, undecided kind of person, who sweeps the horizon with his gun as with a telescope, feeling about with it, and uncertain when to fire, under no circumstances does much execution; in a "drive," he is simply useless. The uninitiated will not object to be told that the best time to shoot at the driven bird is when he is still on the approach. The difficulty of the shot lies in the fact that, as the gun must be fired in advance of him, it will, if he be coming directly in front, hide, at the most critical moment, the line of his flight. This is best obviated by presenting it first at the fugitive's tail, and then carrying it swiftly past him in the direction of his flight, which will thus be correctly taken, for about half a yard, and pulling the trigger without checking the forward movement. This rarely fails.

Such are the most approved systems of

beating for wild partridges when in company with others. Of course, when alone, the sportsman can do as he likes, and the probability is, that he will then pursue his amusement on no very fixed principle, with one dog and a couple of beaters, not only because he can thus get on wing as many birds at one time as he can attend to, but also because he will dislike the fuss and trouble of a large following. It shall be left to himself to say whether he enjoys the day's shooting so followed, as much as when he had with him three or four companions. That he will have both sport and exercise, there is no doubt whatever, if he be strong and in earnest. There will be that very bright still day when, his friends having disappointed him, he went out by himself and found the birds to lay like stones, making an extraordinary bag; and there will be the day of snow which he devoted to the persecution of French partridges, then most easily destroyed because they have no snow-shoes in which to run. His diary will tell you also how on another such occasion, he killed two woodcocks, in an exhausted clay-pit, which had been planted with gorse, and how, following out the hint, he found that such were generally the refuges of game in wild and snowy weather. And so at last he will see, we hope, the thirty-first of January. If he do, let him cease to persecute the partridges at sunset of that day. The end of the month forms a proper termination to the shooting season, and to spare the birds on the first of February, is a graceful compliment due to them for the four months sport which they and theirs have supplied.

EMERITUS.

HEIDELBERG, AUGUST, 1867.

(En Memoriam.)

[At the close of the summer term it is customary for the students of Heidelberg to indulge in various acts of rejoicing. A favourite one appears to be going in procession to Neckarsteinach, and returning from thence in the evening in a barge decorated with lamps or lights of different kinds. From this barge, or from a smaller boat accompanying it, rockets and other fireworks are let off, producing a very beautiful effect as the boat comes slowly down in the darkness. Sometimes the bridge is illuminated with Bengal fire, and occasionally, as in the present instance, the castle is also lighted up. On the occasion alluded to in the verses, the "Vandalen" corps, its numbers being increased by the "Vandalen" from all parts of Germany, delighted the Heidelberg population with a spectacle of great beauty. From a house on the Nenenhain side of the river, close by the bridge and immediately opposite the "Corpskneipe" of the Vandalen, which was at one time brilliantly illuminated, I probably witnessed one of the loveliest sights I shall ever behold. The house commanded a view of the whole line of proceedings. From the mountain behind it, the torch procession started to meet the boat coming down the river, and, then marching parallel with it, crossed the bridge just as the boat reached it. Opposite to me, the castle towered over the light-dotted town; whilst at my feet flowed the dark river, with streams of light flashing across its waters; and the

moon, when she looked out from behind the clouds, turning into silver its lines of ripples. The effect of the various lights as the castle rose out of the darkness is beyond description.]

A day of smiles and tears, half cloud, half sunshine,
And then the heavens cast away their frown,
And, in their rarest garb of dazzling beauty,
On Heidelberg looked down.

The setting sun bathed in a flood of amber
Each tower and buttress of the castle old,
And loving rays tinged carven scrolls and tracery
With ruddy tints of gold.

And in the sapphire sky a rainbow, glowing
With fairest colours, softly died away
As twilight, wrapped in misty robe, descended
To chase the fading day.

And twilight mellowed down the clear cut edges
That fringing tree-tops traced against the sky,
And through white rifts of clouds the moon was
beaming,—
Faint stars peeped forth on high.

And lights along the river bank were glancing
In yellow gleams athwart fair Neckar's tide,
And underneath the bridge's shadowy arches
The rippled waters sighed.

The chiming bells rang with the murmuring waters
A tune, as though some spirit hand had dashed
Deep sounding chords from rare Æolian harp-strings,
Or silver cymbals clashed.

The signal gun, from hill to hill resounding,
Is heard. And ever darker grows the night—
And o'er the mountain path flame out the torches,
Tracking the way in light.

March on, march on; the fiery boat advances,
Ablaze with golden spray and glittering star,
And brilliant streams across the clear night heavens
The rockets shoot afar.

And midst the shower of fire the student chorus,
"Frei ist der Bursch," doth o'er the waters float,
Then changing—to the old field-marshal's glory—
Bursts forth the warlike note.*

And o'er the bridge the student band moves onward,
With waving torches and with banners gay,
Whilst slow the student barge, through fire-lit arches,
Glides on its glittering way.

But hark! a startling peal like crashing thunder,
And in an instant, from the shades of night,
Like gorgeous fairy scene in magic beauty,
The castle sprang to light.

Wrapped its old towers and walls in flames of crimson,
Whilst at its foot a cloud of emerald rolled,
And bright shone out each pinnacle and turret,
All tipped with burnished gold;

As if some elfin troop in wayward humour
Had turned the crumbling stone to gems full rare,
Or caught some falling star midway from heaven
And held it shining there.

The rosy rays upon the waters glancing
Lit like to ruby wine the waves below,
And the cold brow and cheek of stately Pallas
Flushed with a deeper glow,

As calmly watching o'er her favoured city
She on her students' joy-time gazed with pride,
Whilst clearer rang the song, and brighter flashing
Flowed Neckar's crimson tide.

Hail, Heidelberger students! In your springtide
Of golden student life, so fresh, so free;
A summer dream, bright with a long past sunshine,
In graver years to be.

Yet for that future, brave true hearts up-raising,
All honour then to caps of every hue;
Hail to the "Schwaben" with their gleaming yellow,
Hail to the green! the blue!

Hail to the "Preussen" with their death-earned
colours,
In freedom's cause may they march proudly on,
And bear to victory unstained, unsullied,
The flag their fathers won.

All hail to the "Vandalen's" brighter banner!
Long may it float above the castled Rhine!
O'er hearts that in their country's wreath of glory
Fresh laurels shall entwine.

O lovely Heidelberg! O town enchanted!
How many a memory fondly to thee clings!
How many a poet-hand hath struck in rapture
For thee the silver strings.

Fain would I fling thee one fair flower at parting
If but the power to cull that flower were mine,
And to thy welcome drain the "*Abchied*" goblet,
Brimming with sparkling wine.

Farewell! Bright dreams bring sorrowful awaking,
And every present joy its sad farewell;
Yet a fair picture on my heart engraven
Wilt thou for ever dwell.

Farewell, Vandalen! If it be for ever,
Still, as I float adown Time's rapid tide,
Oft issuing forth from memory's shadowy portal
Shall your gay pageant glide. JULIA GODDARD.

THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUS VON HEINRICH,

The fflan who was all Shadow.

CHAPTER I.

WHOEVER you may be who read these pages, ponder them well and learn the moral that I wish to teach you. Take warning by my experience, and know that idle wishes are unprofitable. Though I have no "mortal coil" to "shuffle off," life is a burden to me. Doubtless this may seem a paradox, but after-revelations will explain it. I have not, properly speaking, a life, and yet I have one; and how to get rid of it is an ever-recurring problem. I am a miserable man, and yet that I am a man is a wretched delusion. Talk of Peter Schlemihl! His sufferings were nothing to mine. Ah! how gladly would I part with the whole of my shadow for a little of his substance! He understood not what it was to have too much of a good thing.

Alas! why do not people arrive at the knowledge that they are well off until it is

* "*Was bliesen die Trompeten*," in honour of Blücher.

too late to be of benefit to them. Why must dissatisfaction with the blessings they possess rob them of the happiness that content would give them. When I look back upon the past I would weep, if weep I could. But though my white handkerchief may apparently perform its duty, the tears I weep are but seeming ones. But I must not indulge in lucubrations. To the point—to the point.

I was once a robust youth (here grief again overpowers me)—a stout youth, a fat youth. Why was I not satisfied to remain so? Why did I fear lest Amalia, Mathilde, or Clemenza, should say I thrived on disappointments. Was it not enough for me to be conscious that my heart withered under their scorn, though my flesh did not diminish; and was the verdict of others needed to assure me that I had as much constancy in my nature as those of more slender figure?

I was early left an orphan, and at the age of nineteen found myself master of an ancient castle, a tolerably fair estate, and a sufficient income to place me above the minor cares of life. Therefore it might naturally be supposed that I had nothing to complain of. Perhaps not. But I have found that mankind to a great extent divides itself into two classes, the one, consisting of those who, being by nature provided with troubles, are trying to get rid of them; the other, of those who, not having been supplied with troubles by nature, are industriously employed in making them for themselves.

I belonged to this latter class. Here was I, the owner of a good property, master of my own actions, and without a care in the world. I roamed through the old rooms of my ancestral castle and traced the family likeness from old Heinrich Schwarzbart, of the earliest date at which portraits were attainable down to my grandfather, to my father, and to myself, as I was accustomed to see the reflection of myself in the largest mirror that the castle boasted.

In all I could observe the same tendency to portliness of figure, and yet they were not of an apoplectic nature. How was it?

I could account for it in a certain degree as regarded my father and my grandfather, whom I knew as men of gentle placid dispositions, loving rather to sit over their pipes or stroll lazily about their thriving territory than to exert themselves in any way that might approach activity of life. So they rusted out quietly, and retained their ample proportions to the last.

But old Schwarzbart puzzled me. There was fire in his eye and a determined expression about his mouth, and tradition told that he had been a sturdy warrior, whose sword

was never in its sheath for long at a time. Fighting must certainly have agreed with his constitution, for he was decidedly stout.

There was another portrait, too, that of Hildebrand von Heinrich, who at a later date had figured in the political world.

Yet who would imagine that fat, apathetic-looking personage to have been an energetic politician. Nevertheless, he was—history speaks of him as an acute and cunning genius, never to be caught napping, but wide awake at every moment of the day, and some assert of the night also, seeing through every one, and yet impenetrable himself. Perhaps his size may have been of advantage in this respect, for truly appearances are deceitful.

From an inspection of these ancestral worthies, I would retire to my dressing-room, and there, in front of the mirror, mourn over the family trait that had descended to me.

Rotund as my grandfather, with cheeks plump and ruddy as those of the politician, with eyes dark and piercing as those of the warrior, and with a figure unsymmetrical as his. Such a size! and only three-and-twenty! Despair seized upon me. If despair could have wasted me to a shadow it would have done so. But despair seemed to thrive with me, or rather I thrived upon despair, for I grew stouter and ruddier every day.

At times I would mount my horse, ride like a madman for hours, and return only to dismount and walk for miles, as if I were training for a foot-race. Up steep hill-sides, down craggy precipices, scrambling, climbing, running, leaping, wading, swimming, anything to reduce myself to a more slender figure. But all was useless.

I was the very soul of romance, but what use was there in being sentimental with such an unromantic presence as I possessed?

The lovely Ermengarde von Silberhorst smiled when I assured her that I had not slept for six nights through thinking of her, and when I added that I had scarcely tasted food for a fortnight, she fairly burst out laughing, and said:—

“Count von Heinrich, he who truly loves speaks nothing but truth.”

And was not I speaking the truth? and was it not that dreadful exuberance of flesh that belied me? Far wider away from the truth were her words than mine, for as a general rule I do not think that the veracity of lovers is to be relied upon. Their exaggerations are fearful. Perhaps if I had been less sincere I might have met with a better fate. And, as things have turned out, the lovely Ermengarde might have been happier as the Countess von Heinrich than as the Baroness von Snuffingen.

Perhaps you will say that this is all sour grapes; but if it be it is some consolation to know that the grapes in the Snufinsingen vineyards are sourer still.

However, my rejection by the fair Ermenгарde von Silberhorst was a crisis in my existence. In the first outburst of disappointment I was inclined to blame her, but reason and my own too-faithful mirror pleaded for her, and not in vain.

Was I like a victim of despairing love?

Was I wasting to a shadow under the withering effects of the fair one's scorn?

Not in the least. There I stood in my unloveable amplitude, ruddier than ever. If size were available, there was plenty of room in my ample visage for expression; but who could resolve those plump features into anything expressive of melancholy? What use to bedew those huge rosy cheeks with tears? The effect would be incongruous.

A thought struck me. Great are the discomforts of travelling. People are often almost harassed to death with fatigue and annoyances of one kind and another and return home mere skeletons; and a man ought to travel before he settles down quietly to enjoy his paternal estates. Nothing could be better; and the panorama of Europe stretched itself out before me.

There the mind's eye saw me in full career as a matador in Spain, winning the applause of multitudes by my dexterity, and grown slight and graceful with the labours that I had cheerfully undertaken. Again I beheld myself worn to a spectre in the Pontine marshes, or backing myself as a pedestrian against the fleetest runner in the world. Or again I was toiling up mountains hitherto deemed inaccessible, dragging up the exhausted guides after me and establishing my reputation as a mountaineer. My mind's eye saw me gradually growing less and less, as well I might after so much active exertion. Distance might have something to do with the effect, but it was a distance that I determined should be brought nearer; in fact, I decided to reverse the laws of perspective, and bring my vanishing point prominently into the foreground.

No time like the present; not a moment would I delay; so I left the castle and my affairs in the charge of my faithful foster-brother Matthias, and started off on my travels.

A traveller's diary is ordinarily a very dreary thing to read, so I will only trouble my readers with one extract from mine. For the rest I may say that my impressions were on the whole similar to those of other travellers, and that I reduced to realities most of the foreshadowings of my mind's eye, with the

single exception of the one I was most bent upon, that of reducing my overgrown figure to slender and symmetrical proportions. Until—but here I copy from my journal the only passage important as bearing on my confessions. The date is two years after my rejection by the lovely Ermenгарde.

July 27th.—A most sultry day. Thermometer risen so high that it can rise no higher, so it has burst and come down again. Surely a few days such as this must have an effect. I cannot eat. I cannot sleep; the heat is fearful, and yet I exert myself with never-tiring zeal.

July 28th.—I must recount the wonderful adventures of yesterday. After a fatiguing day I found myself on the borders of a vast forest. Its shady recesses wore a grateful aspect to my scorched eyes and wearied limbs, and inclination prompted me to enter it. But stern resolve rebelled against any concession to tired nature, and I was turning aside when an irresistible impulse, stronger than either duty or inclination, decided for me, and almost unconsciously I sought its delicious shade.

Through its tangled paths I strolled, fanned by the gentle breeze that crept sighing among the trees, pitying me, so I fancied, and in its compassionate murmurs bidding me take courage. So on I went until I came to the margin of a wide lake, blue as the sky above and clear as a crystal sea. On its shores groups of fantastically dressed bathers were disporting. One after another they plunged into the transparent waters, and gracefully displayed their agility therein. I am a dexterous swimmer myself, but some of their evolutions surprised me. What would I not give were my form as slender and lithe as theirs, so that I might emulate their movements. But of what use to try?

"Try," answered a voice.

I looked around, but there was no one near me, and only the last word of my musings had been spoken aloud.

I continued watching the active bathers with an ever-increasing admiration of their light and pliant figures, and surveying with more intense disgust than ever my own elephantine form as reflected in the lake. Envy took possession of my soul; I longed to be like them, but of what avail were my longings? Had I not tried everything to reduce myself, and was not all in vain?

Again I finished my musings aloud, and again were my last words repeated as if in answer:—

"Not all in vain."

I started, but the speaker was invisible.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?"

My words were repeated with startling distinctness.

"Pshaw!" said I, "it is only an echo." And despite my vexation, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter, which in a moment was imitated with the utmost precision.

However, I looked upon it as a good omen.

"I will try," I said. "There may be something beneficial in the waters." And without a second thought, I made a dive head-foremost from the bank whereon I was lying.

I can scarcely describe the sensation that shot through me as I touched the waves—sharp, exhilarating, pungent as though I had plunged into a bath composed of seltzer-water, aromatic vinegar, aerated ferruginous compounds, the most effervescing of acid draughts, and a strong solution of alum, crowned by a dash of rosy champagne and a flavour of sparkling Moselle. At least, these ingredients come the nearest to my idea of what would be necessary to produce the extraordinary thrill that pervaded my frame.

A shrivelling, prickling, parched feeling, as though a thousand galvanic batteries had been brought to bear upon me. Painful, and yet reviving, refreshing, ecstatic; and I lifted my head from the transparent flood with a sense of buoyancy I had never before possessed.

I floated, dived, swam, performed evolutions that astonished me; my elasticity was surprising; and, strange to say, my movements were not encumbered by my garments, which seemed no heavier than aerial draperies. I waved my arms, I closed my eyes, I seemed to dream upon the waters. The sun shone golden bright upon the waves, and I was drifting in a sea of gold spread over with great pearly water-lilies. In my exuberant delight I gathered them to twine into a garland to crown my brows.

Was it some illusive fancy? or had my hand shrunk to half its former size?

Those well-developed knuckles, those taper fingers, those shapely wrists, could they be mine? Was there——?

But action was swifter, far swifter, than thought in this case. My brain stood still. I did not dare to think. I loosed the lilies and the golden waves bore them as pearls in a costly setting, glittering away into the distance. I turned towards the shore; I swam, my heart almost sinking beneath the hopes and fears which alternated in it. I sprang ashore, and stood upon the bank and cast my eyes upon the liquid mirror that lay outstretched below me.

I started; looked again and again. Was I awake?—was that image mine? The dark luxuriant hair, the well-cut nose, the piercing eyes, the short moustache that shaded the

upper lip; all these I recognised, but no longer were my features unduly distorted; they were of ordinary size; and my countenance was such as I had in my day-dreams imagined it might be, if it were idealised, etherialised. For, without vanity, I may say that, in spite of my disfiguring size, I had the elements of a handsome man.

"O, blessed lake," I ejaculated, as I hung entranced over my own image; "to what property, chalybeate or otherwise, I owe this change I am unaware; but on your banks will I, in gratitude, raise a memorial pillar, inscribed with an account of the miracle that has happened to Claus von Heinrich, for the benefit of stout posterity."

And fascinated, I continued to gaze upon the reflection of myself. My bulky garments hung like flowing robes upon my slender figure—slender as those of the pliant bathers (who, by the way, had all disappeared). My heart was joyful; I had realised the beau-ideal of which I had dreamed so long.

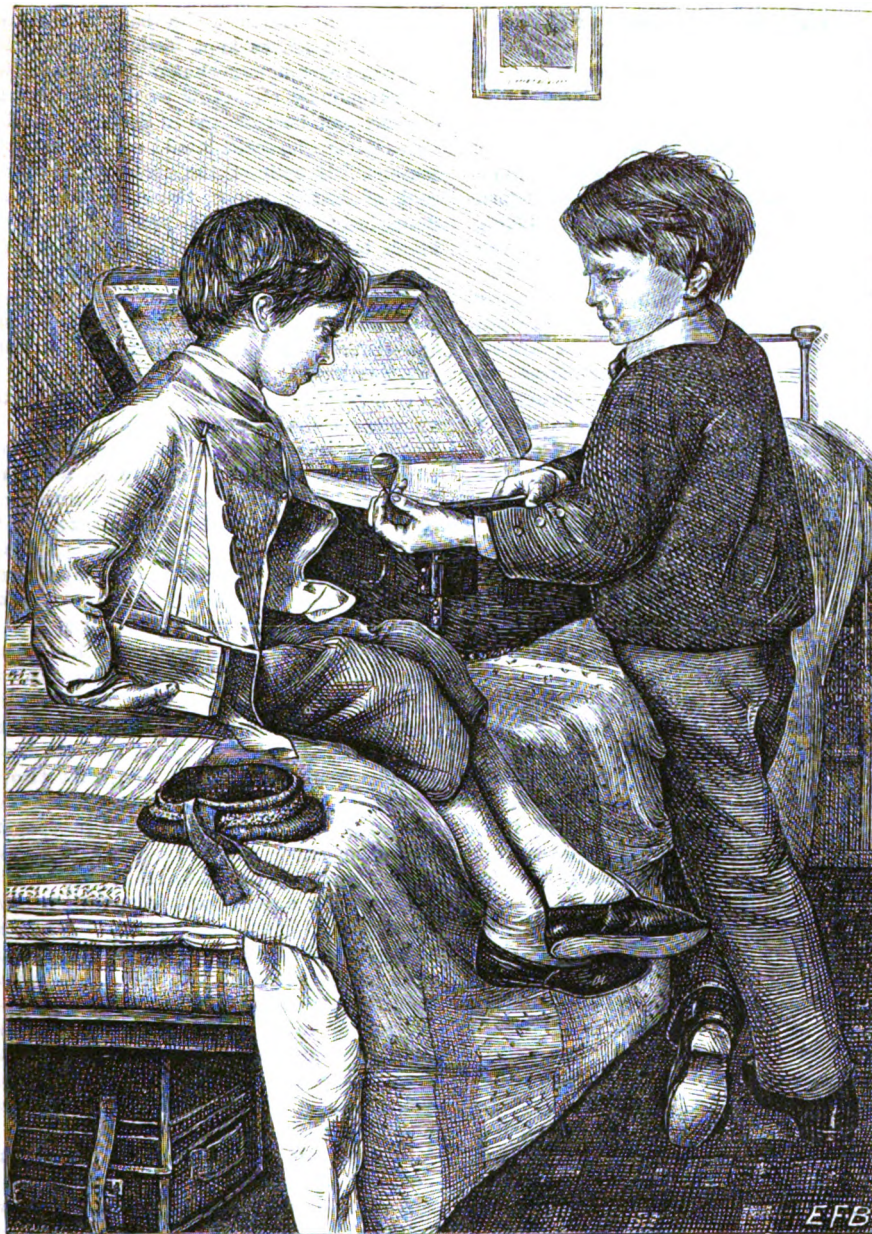
Scarcely could I tear myself away. Another look—another! Yes, it was true; I was an altered man at last.

An altered man! I clasped my hands that is, I should have clasped them, but, to my consternation, I discovered that there was no substance in them. I was etherial, indeed; I had lost my substance in truth, and in losing it I had become a shadow. Materialism had given way to immaterialism. It might be the victory of the spiritual over the temporal, of the soul over the body, but I felt no triumph now. I had offered myself up, like a fatted calf, on the shrine of vanity, and now I was slender and beautiful as heart could desire; but I was all shadow. I had, as it were, a life and no life—an existence henceforth to be as burdensome to me as my superabundance of flesh had been hitherto.

In my despair I felt that I must flee to some desert, and there in solitariness expiate my discontent and unthankfulness, and mourn over its just punishment.

But I was seized with a sudden longing to see my home once more; besides, I wished to make arrangements with Matthias for the disposition of my property, previous to retiring from the world and becoming an anchorite. So I turned my face homeward.

My clothes did not partake of my immaterialism. By some strange law of cohesion, which I have never been able to elucidate, they still kept in their places, though, instead of being tight fitting as formerly, they hung upon me in graceful folds. I had in one sense accomplished my object, and if my mirror could afford me any consolation, truly consolation was within my grasp.



"CHANGING TOYS."

I HEARD Dick say, as I passed his room,
 "Now, Harry, if you will swop,
 For that rough old ship you've rigged to-day
 I'll give you my new peg top."

"But my ship is so big," pleaded Harry, quick;
 Said Dick, "That's nothing at all:
 Reggy has given his chest of tools
 For a batter'd cricket ball."

It is the way of the world, I thought,
 As I listened to the boys;
 For how oft had I seen far older men
 As eagerly changing toys.

Even so, when tired of work or play,
 They'll change—be it love or ball—
 Even so, the selfish and supple-tongued
 Will send the weak to the wall.

I. D. F.

SILK-CULTURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WE have all heard of the disease among the silkworms, and may have speculated in an idle way as to what would be the consequence, supposing the silkworms were all to die. How are we to provide silk gowns, not only for feminine, but also for professional, adornment? It is a serious question, involving, not only an article of luxury, but the livelihood of many thousand industrious workers. There is some consolation, therefore, in learning that, as yet, the silkworm of the mulberry tree—a victim probably to over care and too great civilization—is the only sufferer; the wilder kinds of worms, the aborigines of many lands, still retain their original vigour, and among these I should like to point out two species peculiarly worthy of British attention, both being hardy and capable of bearing great variation of climate, the “*Bombyx Cynthia*,” or *Ailanthus* worm, so called from the tree it feeds on; and the “*Bombyx*, or *Antheraea Yama-mai*,” the oak silkworm. There is also a humble companion who merits a passing word, the “*Nephila Plumipes*,” a spider brought to our notice from America, who spins bright glossy silk of a marvellous strength of texture. Surely, many parts of Great Britain might be tenanted by these industrious little animals, who would more than pay their keep.* It is said, that the wild silkworms in the mountainous districts of China are so plentiful that if their cocoons could be collected they would furnish many thousand bales of silk annually. Those who visited the Horticultural Exhibition at Kensington, last year, will remember the specimens of *Ailanthus* tree sent by Lady Dorothy Nevill—a tree with leaves resembling a common ash or a sumach. Like the latter, it is propagated by shoots from the root, and any one wishing to devote himself to *Ailanthiculture* must first provide a plantation of these trees. To Lady Dorothy Nevill is due, I believe, the credit of importing the eggs of *Bombyx Cynthia* from China, and of first successfully cultivating them in this country. This worm is indigenous to North China, Thibet, Java, and many parts of Northern India. In England Lady Dorothy Nevill has perfected two broods in a year; in Paris M. Méneville has succeeded in getting four, but this was the result of a very high temperature. In England, the acclimatization of this silkworm may be considered as a *fait accompli*. Dr. Wallace, of Colchester, is the largest cultivator; he has large plantations of the trees (some along the sloping banks of the Great Eastern Railway), where the worms feed without any protection from

the weather. The eggs, laid in July, take a fortnight to hatch. The baby worms are first fed on leaves kept fresh in water, then hung in paper hammocks on trees, where they eat ravenously and grow so rapidly, that the cocoons can be collected in September. Two broods can be calculated on in ordinary seasons. In spite of the constant damp and cold of last summer, the *Ailanthus* worms flourished; during this present year even, much better results may be looked for, and the *Ailanthus* cultivators are sanguine of success.

From birds the worms have little to fear; the sparrows have either not yet learned to eat *Bombyx Cynthia*, or else find they are not good food, as they are seen picking aphides off the branches and not touching the worms. Their chief enemies are wasps, ants, and parasitic diptera. The worm, with great forethought, when it begins to spin its cocoon on a leaf, attaches it by a silken thread to the bough, so as to provide against all danger from the fall of the leaf. It is also economical in leaving a hole for its own exit at one end of the cocoon, thus obviating the necessity of drowning the chrysalis in order to wind off the silk, as is done with the mulberry cocoons. This is a great saving to the breeder, as so many more moths are left to lay eggs. It was at one time thought, as the cocoons were open at the end, that the silk would be useless, except for carding; but some French patents are already in operation for surmounting this difficulty. The Tussock moth, one of the largest and strongest of its race, yields a silk possessing the enviable faculty of becoming more glossy every time it is washed; but the worm fastens up its cocoon with an indissoluble gum, which has hitherto baffled all the means that chemical science can suggest for melting it, so the silk is obliged to be carded instead of being wound, a process that spoils its lustre and deteriorates its value.* The *Ailanthus* cocoon is pale-grey, about an inch and three-quarters long. As all the work of attending on the worms can be done by women and boys, the expenses are not great, and Dr. Wallace computes a profit of 12*l.* an acre for waste lands and railway banks used for the plantations.† The fabric woven from this silk is so strong as to be almost everlasting. It is wanting in gloss, but that difficulty might be overcome by mixing with other silk; for instance, with that of the *Yama-mai*. In France, the cultivation

* The patient Hindoo, however, seems to have discovered a method of hand-winding the cocoons. Specimens of the silk and winders can be seen at the Indian Museum.

† For a more detailed account, see “*Leisure Hour*” for August, 1866; also, “*Transactions of the Ethnological Society*,” third series, part 4, 1867.

of this splendid silkworm has already become a pecuniary success; the culture can be carried out at so small an expense that the sale, as faggots, of the boughs the worms have been reared on, covers it. The Yama-mai is so handsome in all stages of its life, and, compared to the mulberry silkworm, is so hardy, and requires so little attention, that it is sure to become a great favourite. It has been introduced to us from Japan, where its silk is so highly prized that it is reserved, some say, for the exclusive use of the Imperial family; also, according to others, to make the white parts in the rare and beautiful Japanese crapes. It was death to export the eggs, and with that touch of romance which seems to surround everything brought from that mysterious land, we find the first really successful effort to introduce Yama-mai eggs into Europe was effected in 1863 by M. Van Meredervoort, director of the medical school of Nangasaki, who, after many futile attempts, succeeded, through the devotion of a pupil, who risked his life to obtain them, in bringing home a number of these much-prized eggs. Since then they have been cultivated successfully in France and Switzerland. Their favourite food is very inexpensive, being, a hitherto valueless article, the leaves of any common oak (not the evergreen one) so that, in time, not only hearts and limbs of oak, but leaves also, will become dear to British households. The young worms come out about the 20th May, and often make their first meal on their own egg-shells. They are sometimes very restless, and literally walk themselves to death. The "soothing syrup," which seems most suitable for calming down their excitable natures, is a slight sprinkling of moisture. This fondness for moisture continues through their lives. The oak-boughs they are fed on are stuck into bottles of water to keep them fresh; but unless very carefully tied up, the baby-worms will insist on drowning themselves in their search for liquid. In sultry weather they love to be refreshed by the sprinkling of a fine rose or syringe, and they drink up the drops with avidity. This delight in moisture would seem to suggest Ireland as a favourable locality for cultivating them. Who knows that perhaps this humble little worker may, after all, prove the real panacea for Ireland's wrongs?

Many spots on the south and west coasts of England and Scotland, (especially Argyleshire,) would seem peculiarly suited to the constitution of the Yama-mai; while the warmer and drier countries are more favourable for Ailanthiculture. The caterpillar goes through four moults before it begins to spin; these moults are the dangerous times in its life; which

averages sixty-four days in length, from its hatching to beginning the cocoon. The cocoons are light green outside, silver-white inside, and contain from 800 to 1000 yards of silk; nearly as fine as the mulberry-silk, and dyeing light tints more easily. The moth is very handsome, a golden yellow or olive colour, with a variegated spot and a band on each wing, and measuring six inches across. Eggs can be procured from M. Guérin Méneville, at the Imperial farm, Vincennes.* The eggs should not travel after March, as the temperature is high for them; they should be always kept at about 40° Fahrenheit, till within a few days of hatching, when the temperature may be raised to 55° Fahrenheit; worms prematurely hatched are always weakly. The great difficulty is to retard the hatching of the eggs till the oaks come into leaf; it will be worth while to force young oaks to be ready for the little worms, who, fortunately, eat very sparingly, and can be fed, if necessary, on quince, white-thorn, Neapolitan medlar, and the red flowers of the *Pyrus Japonica*. The Yama-mai is evidently the most valuable moth to acclimatize, and all valuable things are naturally most difficult to obtain; but then the reward is greater. They have never yet really succeeded in England; and this is probably because it may be necessary to feed the worms on growing trees, and not on sprigs put into water, which possibly gives them weak constitutions. Accustomed to open-air life, they require free ventilation; the skin being very porous, they inhale a great deal of air; † even evening dew seems beneficial to them. Dr. Chavennes of Lausanne, who has successfully cultivated Yama-mai, speaks strongly in favour of rearing the worms after their first moult, on growing trees, to ensure them a healthy old age. He believes that worms fed on cut twigs will not last more than three generations. M. Bonnard of Marseilles cured his worms of a kind of black epidemic by dipping them for some seconds in water; placing them on fresh watered foliage, and leaving them out all night. From the usual variations of climate the worms have nothing to fear; but high winds may damage them, and dust or dirt eaten with their food will hurt them. It would pay well to have plantations of small oak-trees and rear the worms in the open air. Rain does them no harm.

Everything seems to point to Ireland or the south-western coasts of Great Britain, as

* Practical hints may be found in "The Yama-mai," a compilation from M. Guérin Méneville, by J. O. Ward. Baillière, Regent Street.

† The very egg-shells are covered with minute holes, which are doubtless pores; and as the young worm is perfectly formed in its shell a month after its deposition, and lies there till the spring calls it to life, perhaps it also requires fresh air.

favourable feeding-grounds for Yama-mai. The worm must never be touched by the hand; a badger's hair brush can be used to move them. Cotton wool soaked in tar-water, and placed round the trunks of the trees, will prevent ants from ascending.

M. Personnet of Laval had worms exposed all night to two or three degrees of frost; in the morning they were frozen quite stiff, and supposed to be dead; but, under the influence of the sun, they gradually thawed, and soon after were eating away as if to make up for lost time. This gentleman, in 1865, had 20,000 oak silk-worms, brought up partly under shelter, partly in the open air; but 1866 being a most unfavourable year for insect life, both he and M. Chavennes lost nearly all their worms, and met with a complete check; but their former success proves the perfect acclimatization of these valuable worms, and what has been done in France,* may surely be done in England.

M. Personnet calculates the return from an acre of oak trees to be from nineteen to twenty-four pounds. There ought to be nets provided for the trees, which are expensive, but would last ten years. Then there is the profit from the cut wood to be counted also. There are numerous French publications on this worm, but English readers would do well to consult the exhaustive essay of Dr. Wallace on the subject.† It was supposed that the Yama-mai was peculiar to Japan, but some specimens strongly resembling Yama-mai were found at Matheran, Bombay Presidency, in October 1863 and 1864, just after the rains, by Mr. E. Robertson, B.C.S., who collected and kept many kinds of silkworms; they fed on the leaves of the "Aloo," a kind of small jungle tree which grows in the Concan. These worms span their cocoons, developed into moths, and laid their eggs, and fulfilled all these conditions of life precisely as figured by Guérin Méneville; but, unfortunately, the baby-worms when hatched refused to eat "Aloo" leaves, and though every available leaf in the neighbourhood was offered to them, persisted in starving themselves to death in a few days; but, no doubt, a little more investigation would overcome this difficulty. It is possible, especially from some difference in the colour of the cocoon (light brown instead of green), that this insect may prove not to be the Yama-mai proper, but a new moth which has been named *Antheraea Helferi*, by Mr. Moore; a dried specimen only has reached England from Sikkim, Himalaya. Of its

antecedents nothing is known, so the point must be cleared up by further research. There is little doubt some silk-spinning moth, very like Yama-mai, must be found in India, as reports of its discovery have come from various localities.

Another oak-feeding silkworm, *A. Pernyi*, from North China, is now being experimented on in France and England, but its silk is not so valuable as that of its handsome rival.

I have left little space to speak of the *Nephila Plumipes*.* This spider was discovered by an officer, during the American War, on an uninhabited island near Charleston. He accidentally found that he could wind off glossy silk from this creature without waiting for it to be spun; and, with the true spirit of a naturalist, went through such difficulties and hardships to procure a further supply of spiders, as to draw from an old boatman the remark,—“No wonder the Yankees whipped the Rebels, if they will do such things for to catch spiders.” Having at last obtained sixty of the insects, he proceeded to experiment upon them. They fed willingly on bits of chicken liver, crushed flies, &c.; but many died before it was discovered that, like the Yama-mai, they delight in damp, and require water. This spider never spins a geometrical web, but always places its centre near the top, and in every way abhors precedent. They are economical animals also, and every few days stuff their webs into their mouths and masticate them for hours, swallowing the silk and repudiating the dust and other matters. From one spider was wound off 833 yards of silk in three days; she seemed unable to evolve any more, but on killing and opening her, plenty of gum was found secreted inside. One spider, when tired of having her silk wound off, snapped the line with a hind leg. We are told that this silk seems stronger and more glossy than mulberry silk, and as it took a weight of fifty-four grains suspended from a single thread of silk to break it—a solid bar of spider's silk, one inch in diameter, would sustain a weight of seventy tons! A similar bar of iron would only sustain twenty-eight tons. The officer then discovered that his spiders possessed three pair of spinners; all giving different coloured silks; from the same animal at the same moment he could wind off separately deep golden silk and silver-white; the third pair of spinners give threads of a pale blue very fine silk, used to envelope the prey when caught. Threads of spider's silk were woven as woof to a warp of common black silk, and made into a riband, two inches wide, proving it is real silk, and can be treated as such.

* The Yama-mai exposed under nets in the garden of the French Exhibition have progressed successfully, so far as to spin themselves into magnificent emerald green cocoons.
† *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, third series, part 5, March 1867.

* See "Atlantic Journal," August 1866. Ticknor and Field, Boston.

The male spiders are small insignificant animals, weighing only thirty-two parts of a grain, while the females are large and handsome, weighing three or four grains; they have black shining bodies covered with white hairs. The male does nothing for himself, leaving her to spin the web, provide the food, and even carry him on her back when removal is necessary. The mother makes a cocoon of yellow silk, and lays in it from four to five hundred eggs; the little spiders are hatched in a month, but remain for some days in the cocoon preying on each other! the stronger eating up the weaker. In six months the young spiders laid eggs themselves, so it is easy to imagine what quantities might be obtained; they are perfectly hardy, and are fed easily and cheaply, and doubtless other spiders of the same genus might be found productive of silk as well as this species. Should the domestication of the Yama-mai be found more difficult than is at present expected, it is possible that this spider silk could be obtained in sufficient quantities to mix with the Ailanthus, and give it that brilliance it now wants, and such a fabric would be so durable as to be almost everlasting.

Enough has been done to prove that British silk producers are not myths, and that a new source of industry and profit is opening before us for the employment of the weaker members of our population, which we can only hope may prove as beneficial as it now looks alluring. M. A. W. D.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

WHILST the gracious love music of "Romeo e Giuletta" is still fresh in the public mind, the readers of ONCE A WEEK may welcome a sketch of the life of its composer—a musician by whom celebrity has been achieved in the face of many discouragements, and who, in his treatment of the conceptions of Shakspeare, has been no less happy than in dealing with the masterpiece of Goethe. Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. He studied counterpoint at the Conservatoire, under Halévy, the talented author of "La Juive," and received instruction in practical composition, first from Lesueur, and afterwards from Paër. In 1837 he carried off a second prize at the "concours" of the Institute; and in 1839 obtained the first premium for his cantata "Fernand." Being chosen, in consequence of his success, government exhibitor, he proceeded to Rome and devoted himself to a careful study of ecclesiastical music. In 1843 Gounod visited Vienna, and had performed, in the church of St. Charles, a mass in the style of Palestrina, for

voices alone. Returning to Paris, he was appointed musical director at the church of the Missions Etrangères, adopted the monastic garb, and, until 1851, remained in comparative obscurity, it having been announced that he had taken holy orders. But presently there appeared in the *Athenæum* a paper, which was then attributed to M. Viardot, the author of some esteemed works on art subjects, containing a notice of a concert given at St. Martin's Hall, and the production of four compositions by an obscure author named Gounod. The writer stated that the music reminded him of no other composer, ancient or modern, either by its form, its melody, or its harmony; that it was not new, if by such a term was meant eccentric or strange, and not old in the sense of dry and stiff; but that it was the work of an accomplished artist, and the poetry of a new poet. He then proceeded to remark that an evident and real impression had been produced upon the audience; but that it was from the music itself, and not from the reception accorded to it, that he felt justified in predicting for its author a far from common career. The paper from which the above is quoted was inserted in the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*, January 26, 1851, and aroused the more curiosity as M. Gounod's "Sappho," his first attempt at dramatic composition, was then in rehearsal, and soon to be produced at the Opéra. On April 16 of the same year it was performed for the first time; but its success was not equal to that anticipated for it by the composer's friends, since, in addition to a faulty libretto, it laboured under an incoherence of ideas, an excess of recitative, a persistent avoidance of conventional forms, an inexperience of stage effect, and a want of periodicity of phrases in the score. In plain language, "Sappho" was a failure; but the poetic spirit pervading nearly the entire work, and at times asserting itself in brilliant flashes, convinced competent critics that M. Gounod might safely reckon upon ultimate success. In 1852, some choruses, written for "Ulysses," a tragedy by M. Ponsard, were represented at the Théâtre Français. They were also performed in London about a year ago for the benefit of the University College Hospital. The composer aimed at catching the antique character, either by means of the rhythm or by unusual modulations; but the music, though talented, was monotonous; and the chorus, "*Servantes infidèles*," was the only one by which any decided impression was made either in London or Paris.

In "La Nonne Sanglante," a grand opera produced for the first time on 18th October, 1854, it was apparent that M. Gounod had made steady advances as a dramatic composer,

especially in respect to arrangement of ideas and instrumental colouring. But the music was unequal, and in parts decidedly weak. The features of interest comprised a duet in the first act, nearly the whole of the second act, and an air and duet in the third act. "La Nonne Sanglante," still performed at rare intervals, was succeeded by an attempt at comic music in a setting of Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1858, and in 1864 at Covent Garden. The score contains an ingeniously constructed tenor air at the commencement of the first act, an effective chorus of woodcutters, an original and genuinely humorous song for the "Nurse," some highly meritorious concerted passages, and a not wholly satisfactory overture. The instrumentation is charming throughout; but the finales are weakly constructed, and an affectation of antiquated forms impedes the flow of genial and expressive melody. More than once do we meet a foreshadowing of the love music in "Faust," and were the comedy more amenable to operatic treatment, "Le Médecin malgré lui," termed in England "The Mock Doctor," might have achieved a greater measure of success than it enjoyed.

On the 19th March, 1859, "Faust" was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, but by no means with the success to which its merits entitled it. The French public seems slow to appreciate art in its higher phases, and the verdict of Germany was required before M. Gounod's masterpiece could be accorded a genuine welcome.

"Philémon et Baucis," a three-act opera, performed for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique on the 18th February, 1860, comprises a delicious overture; a chorus of Bacchantes, frequently performed at the late Mr. Alfred Mellon's promenade concerts, and a few other agreeable *morceaux* less generally known; but the subject of the drama is unsatisfactory, and real inspiration is less apparent in this work than in most others from the same pen.

"La Reine de Saba," a grand opera with a hopeless libretto, has never succeeded anywhere. It contains many salient features of interest, and, as regards pure musical merit, it is by some deemed superior to "Faust." It has occasionally been presented in a modified form at the Crystal Palace, but without scenery or costumes, and under the title of "Irene." It includes a magnificent march and *cortège*, some ingeniously instrumented ballet music, and one or two effective choruses. As a whole, however, it is deficient in variety, a fault chiefly referable to the character of the drama.

In 1864, "Mirella," an Italian version of

the French "Mireille," elaborated by M. Michel Carré from the pastoral "Miréio," was produced with partial success at Her Majesty's Theatre. The music, though admired by the critics, never became popular; and the libretto, which was in five straggling acts, and more of an idyll than a play, proved insufferably tedious. In Paris, "Mireille" was afterwards compressed, and brought out with some success in a three-act form; but it has been a stranger to London since the season of its first performance.

M. Gounod, as we have already stated, originally gave his attention to church music, a style of composition that he has turned to account largely in "Romeo e Giuletta" and "Faust," and more sparingly in "Mirella." He is the author of masses, psalms, and motets for a single or double chorus, for voices alone, or combined with the orchestra. The grand mass of St. Cecilia has established its claims as a favourite both in London and the provinces, selections with organ and harp accompaniment being given periodically at one of the fashionable west-end churches. "Tobias," a "sacred drama," a setting of the psalm "By the waters of Babylon," and some minor pieces, were performed for the first time in England a little less than a year ago, but without creating any very favourable impression.

In his dramatic compositions, the author of "Faust" exhibits considerable variety, rich and luminous orchestration, novel and refined harmonies, powerful choral effects, and a remarkable spirit of poetry. His recitative is usually expressive; but he fails as regards breadth, force, and dramatic intensity. His melody is abundant, but seldom strikingly original; conventional forms are to a certain extent disregarded; and there is an evident distaste for the elaborate finales affected by writers of the Rossinian school. In "Romeo e Giuletta" appears the adoption of a theory indicated in "Faust" and "La Reine de Saba," and exhibited with no very pleasing results in the "Lohengrin" and "Tristan und Isolde" of Richard Wagner. The ideal of the drama of the future is the subordination of music and the other arts to poetry, a doctrine ably illustrated in the second and fifth acts of M. Gounod's latest opera.

It may be added, in conclusion, that the subject of our sketch married one of the daughters of the late M. Zimmerman. In 1852 he became manager of the "Orpheon," a choral *réunion* of the Communal Musical Schools in Paris; but in 1860 he resigned his post to devote himself exclusively to composition. A new comic opera, promised by him a year or two ago, has not yet been completed;

and it is a matter as much of regret as of satisfaction to learn that M. Gounod should now be expending his energies on a musical drama constructed on so unpromising a theme as that of "Francesca di Rimini."

ARTHUR OGILVY.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

I.

SIDE by side we hear at twilight voices clear and laughter sweet,
Little scholars home returning as they bound along the street;
And I pray, whilst gazing, humbled, in my husband's face of stone,
"Oh! for a little child to come and join our hearts in one!"

II.

Did we love? I cheated conscience on a day ten years ago;
But we grow too good for cheating when the price of truth is low.
Sick at heart I seek some healing, and am doomed to strive in vain,
With the torture of self-shriving, and the bitter cup of pain.

III.

God! to live a life so lonely! Is the beggar at my door
Worse than widowed, childless, loveless, poor in heart as I am poor?
What is wealth without contentment? What are homes, however fair,
When affection, woman's sunshine, is but mocked and mimicked there?

IV.

Is it life to tread on roses when the thorns lie underneath?
To breathe perfumes that are poison with the life of ev'ry breath?
Am I false or falsehood's victim? Am I tyrant most or slave?
Was my husband base in taking? Was I baser still who gave?

V.

Woman's sin is far the greater, since she's born to be a wife,
Whilst the man at will may fashion every share of love and life.
If my husband never loved me, can I call it hard that he
Gives the world his noble nature, keeping all the clay for me?

VI.

He is proud and true and manly. Oh! my God! that I should know
All his virtues when they hurt me more than any vice could do.
Were he false or mean or brutal, I could nurse my wounded pride,
Feeling saintly, being martyred, standing lofty, by his side.

VII.

But my woman's crown is fallen, fallen, fallen in the mire,
Only those who love and cherish can have courage to aspire;

And I take the courteous nothings of his smile, his voice, his eyes;
Ever wondering, like a vassal, what behind such coldness lies.

VIII.

But the happy, happy children! He whose word is ice to me
Melts to laughing lucent gladness when a child is on his knee;
All his deep, reproachful calmness seems departed for awhile,
And his lips are swords to stab me with their sweet carousing smile.

IX.

Doubly widowed, doubly childless, can I bear existence so?
Never once the joys of wife-hood or of mother-hood to know;
Never once with little voices to make merry in the springs,
Never once to shrink from dying for the parting that death brings.

X.

Fain I'd have a little daughter—dove-eyed, delicate, and fair,
With her father's brow and bearing—and perhaps her mother's hair.
Would he love me less for likeness to the one he never loved?
Would his heart yearn gently to one newly, strongly, sweetly moved?

XI.

Oh! my child of dreams unspoken! Prophet sweet to saddest heart,
Unseen always, and yet bearing in my life the loveliest part;
Never yet could living darling to a happy mother be
What the daughter of my dreamings and desertion is to me!

XII.

Oh! the vision sometimes cometh with a throbbing glad unrest,
With a sense of care delicious for the baby at my breast;
Like to one who in his slumber some vague strain of music hears,
That sweet trill of baby laughter falls upon my raptured ears.

XIII.

But supremely, as a maiden, doth my dreamèd daughter rise,
Blissful, knitting with her sweetness all our severed sympathies;
Tender, sparkling, loving, all things with alternate smile and tear,
Bringing every grace abundant of a happy guileless sphere.

XIV.

I could shriek for desolation—I could wring my hands and die!
For the heaviness remaining, for the sweet dream passing by.
God is pure—I cannot ask him for the care of such dear life,
I, who lied in maiden whispers, who am perjured as a wife.

xv.

I was gently born and gracious; in your eyes a fitting
bride;
Oh! my husband, once my lover, was it you so proud
who lied?
Lighter were it for us loveless to begin a late love
now,
Than the sorrowful forgetting of a perjured life and
vow.

xvi.

What is life? 'Tis hard to hate it when the gold
shines in my hair;
What is love? 'Tis hard to hunger with a feast spread
everywhere.
Can I find some hidden comfort? Will my might of
silent tears
Melt at last the ice of feeling that has gathered with
the years?

M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

THE best of us cannot resist the influence of habit, and the majority certainly do not care to do so. The thief never is troubled with the idea that he is doing wrong, and the tradesman that believes himself to be thoroughly honest, who would denounce the slightest deviation from truth and honesty in another, will with the lightest conscience, commit frauds in his own way of business if he has only been brought up to do so.

"Sam, have you dusted the pepper, and sanded the sugar?" "Yes, master." "Then, we will go to prayers." In this well known joke we find the expression of an eternal truth: custom will inure us to wickedness all the while that we believe ourselves to be saints.*

This little preliminary disquisition will be forgiven us when we tell our readers that our object is to open their eyes to some of the very cunningly-contrived frauds they are subjected to by their tradesmen. It is needless to say that these frauds, as a rule, depend upon the character of the neighbourhoods in which they are perpetrated. There is a vastly larger amount of adulteration taking place in the East End of London, for instance, than in the West; but it does not always follow that even in the best shops you can obtain what you want unsophisticated. As the grocer has always had a bad name for the clever manner in which he manipulates his wares, we shall not be going far wrong if we lead him out first. Whenever any powder is sold, or some compounded matter, then the adulterator finds the path open to him to play his tricks. For instance, pepper, when ground, presents a dust which may admit of much mixing without being discovered; and as a

* The classical scholar will not forget Horace (l. Ep. xvi. 60, 61),
*Labra movet metuens audiri: Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri.*

consequence, pepper is almost universally adulterated with flour. There used to be an article sold in the trade by the wholesale grocers for this nefarious purpose, which went by the name of "P. D.": it was sold by the cask; and although Wm. Budgett, "the successful merchant," who denounced the fraud, is now dead, we believe "P. D." still flourishes. It is simply the sweepings of the floors of the pepper warehouses, and we may imagine, therefore, its cleanliness. Ground rice, linseed meal, and ground mustard seed, are also used—that article, in fact, which can be procured at the lowest price always being selected. Cayenne pepper is fraudulently mixed with deal saw-dust, brick-dust, and salt, and the colour is "brought up" with—what does our readers think?—red lead, a substance, that in any quantity is absolutely poisonous. Of late years the means of discovering these frauds have become very large by means of the microscope, which gives the texture of the different ingredients with unerring certainty. Dr. Hassall, some years ago, was the first to direct this powerful eye upon the unseen world, in which of old so much villany was being carried on with the utmost security. This searching aid to vision is always at hand when doubtful matters have to be investigated; and we hope it will be the means of keeping the most daring adulterators in some check. Tea, especially green, is made up in the most audacious manner; but this is done, especially with green tea, far away in China. Ordinary black teas are painted with a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum. It is thrown into the pan during the process of roasting. No doubt many of the sleepless nights that arise, after partaking of this spurious, so called green tea, is to be ascribed to this abominable fraud. The Chinese never touch such coloured teas themselves, preferring to revenge themselves by its means upon the outward barbarians. Some teas are simply re-dried old used-up tea leaves, curled afresh and roasted. These specimens are sold principally in the lowest neighbourhoods; but there is a fancy tea which is sold largely at the West End, which is a still greater fraud upon the purchaser. "Scented Caper" sounds like a great delicacy; but it is in reality wholly a manufactured article—that is, scarcely any real tea enters into its composition. It is composed principally of lye tea, which, according to Dr. Hassall, is made of broken-down portions of leaves, tea-dust, sand, and dirt, mixed with gum into the form of nodules. There is fully forty-five per cent. of earthy matter in this choice compound for the tea-pot. The lowest priced teas, like the cheapest wines, are the only ones free from adultera-

tions. This is lucky, for the working classes at all events; but we fear they pay for it only too dearly in other matters. It is gratifying to know that the cheap rate at which teas have been imported since the opening of the China trade has, in a great measure, destroyed the manufacture of spurious teas which was carried on to such an extent in the last century: no less than four million of pounds, says the Report of 1783, were annually made in England out of sloe and ash leaves. It is a pleasure to find that all the villany is not modern.

Coffee is adulterated with mahogany sawdust, ground acorns, roasted carrots, dogs' biscuits, and, what is still more repulsive, baked horses' and bullocks' livers. There are men known as liver-bakers, who prepare powders from these animal sources, which are sold to give body to the coffee. A few years since chicory was the common ingredient with which it was mixed. It used to be lawful to sophisticate in this manner; and the consequence was, that in many of the samples, especially canister samples, Dr. Hassall found that chicory formed the chief ingredient in the article. Now, chicory must be sold separately; but we apprehend that it is often used to adulterate the superior article in the low neighbourhoods. There are certain inspectors appointed to examine such matters, but their inspections are few and far between. If a few of these useful officers were to determine to do their duty, like Haroun al Raschid, the poor would receive an immense advantage; for, as it is, they are victimized shamefully.

Milk is too tempting a fluid to hope to escape; the iron-tailed cow is the principal adulterator. Sometimes water is mixed to the extent of fifty per cent., and at the same time the cream is extracted to be sold at the West End. Cream is, indeed, but too often a manufacture; flour is mixed with the skim-milk to thicken it, and a ball of annatto is swung round in the can to give it a rich colour. Butter is adulterated with salt to thirty per. cent., and lard is used to mix with it; and the bread we use with it is shamefully falsified. The baker has always been known as a rogue from the earliest time. The London specimen of the craft has not fallen off from his old ways. He mixes with his flour, when it is dear, alum, white clay, bone-dust, and, most largely of all, potatoes, and flour made from damaged wheat. The alum that is required to bring up damaged flour to the required whiteness, is very great, sometimes as much as a hundred grains in a four-pound loaf. There is also a stuff made by the druggists called "hards," a preparation used to correct the sour taste of the damaged flour. The adulteration of alum is not only fraudu-

lent but deleterious to the health, inasmuch as it is a violent astringent. Some people use marmalade instead of butter upon their bread; but they will not escape adulteration by this arrangement. Marmalade, excepting that which is purchased in the best shops, is falsified to a very large extent with sliced carrots, turnips, and apples; but Dr. Hassall found that there was a more dire adulteration, in the form of copper, to bring up the colour, which he often found in dangerous quantities. Copper is largely used again in the manufacture of pickles. That vivid green, which makes the pickle of the pickle merchant look so much more attractive than those made at home, owes its colour to copper. House-keepers of old used to throw a halfpenny into their pickles with the same purpose. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, who are aware of the poisonous nature of copper, guarantee that none is to be found in any of their preparations. We fear they stand alone in this avoidance of the metal. Many of the preserved fruits, with which tarts are made in the winter, such as gooseberries, rhubarb, greengages, contain acetate of copper, or verdegris, in large quantities, especially those prepared by the French. When any of our little ones fall ill, after an indulgence in such enticing pastries, we may guess what is the cause. It seems hard that the most attractive sweets should be subjected to adulterations more deleterious than are to be found in any other articles of food. It must have been a diabolical person who first perpetrated the sin of mixing poisonous pigments with the lozenges and sweets the little ones receive as especial treats. What we have to say, however, will be a caution to parents. They never should give their little ones sweets that are coloured in imitation of nature. Sometimes we see fruits imitated with their leaves; in order to do this, tints are employed that are highly injurious. Thus, the reds are done with red lead, the yellows with chromate of lead. How many a sweet in the shape of an orange have we seen thus coloured with death? The green leaves are coloured with arsenite of copper, and carrots are represented by chromate of lead and Brunswick green, any one of which is a virulent poison. At the best shops only vegetable colours are used; indeed, in most of the continental states it is not lawful to use any of the dangerous metallic pigments.

The white sugar itself but too often in the cheap shops—around which the little ones congregate like flies round a honey-pot—is adulterated with plaster of paris. Such dainties call for the doctor, but the spirit of falsification often renders his efforts abortive. Many of the drugs of the pharmacopœia are

rendered almost inert by the admixture of other matters. Rhubarb is falsified with turmeric and gamboge, and cantharides with black pepper. The cod-liver oil, on which so often the last hope for the poor invalid rests, is rendered worthless by the addition of common oils. Opium, again, which is the most useful drug the physician uses, is vilely adulterated. Honey is adulterated with flour, starch, and sugar; starch and arrowroot with potato-flour and sago-meal. Thus the cheating goes on all round, and the tradesman who does these wicked things suffers as much as anyone from his fellow craftsmen. If every one was honest, we should make just as much as by cheating each other. If the thief finds that, whilst he has his hand in his neighbour's pocket his neighbour is picking his own, there is only a waste of labour in the process. It often happens, however, that the adulterator is unconsciously making his art cumulative, and without intending it, he becomes a veritable homicide. Accum, who published a famous book on the subject of adulterating, at the beginning of the present century, gives one instance of this. He says that a gentleman who was accustomed to take toasted cheese for his supper, perceived that when eating a certain cheese he always suffered from colic, that even the cat was sick. He had it analysed and found that lead was present in the cheese in large quantities. On inquiring further, he found that the maker of the cheese mixed vermilion with the annatto to give it a deeper colour; and in trying still further back, he found that the druggist who sold the vermilion had mixed with it red lead, supposing that the mixture was only required for house paint. In this manner, although neither person in the chain, which helped to produce the poisonous cheese, wilfully did his part, yet the result proved the danger of departing from the path of honesty.

If our eatables are falsified in this disgraceful manner, our liquids are yet more fraudulently concocted. The beer we drink is dressed up, not for the purpose of quenching the thirst, but in order that the more we drink, the more we may. Salt is a very common addition, and sometimes tobacco; but the art of mixing beer has become a matter of commerce. There are persons who do a large stroke of business as "Brewers' Druggists"—the name is suggestive of everything that is nasty—they provide quassia to give a bitter, and salts of steel to give it a head; when colour is wanted, burnt sugar and molasses are added. These are not random guesses, but the published statements of the Excise, who often have to seize these deleterious compounds in the stores of the publicans. The large brewers are

guiltless, we are informed, of these tricks; nevertheless, we scarcely believe that malt and hops are answerable for the odd tastes we find in some of the London stouts. It is more than probable that these adulterations, however, take place after they have passed into the hands of the publicans.

We scarcely dare enter into the question of wines and spirits, the field is so wide, and the adulterations are so great. London gin is adulterated with water to full sixty per cent., and then, to bring up its pungent taste, it is dosed with capsicums, and in some low neighbourhoods, vitriol. Wine, again, is fraudulently adulterated the other way. To make the port and sherry of the shops, the cheapest red and white wine to be procured are purchased, and then, to give them "body," as much as forty per cent of alcohol is added. The colour and crust, even to the staining of the cork is added artificially. Whatever you do, good reader, beware of the "fine old port," and the "celebrated sherry," you meet with in the grocers' shops. There is scarcely a drop of the juice of the grape in it, and that of the poorest quality. Indeed, for the matter of that, all ports and sherries are adulterated with from thirty to forty degrees per cent. of spirit to suit the taste for strong liquors said to be demanded by Englishmen, but which we believe to be an invention of the wine merchant. One thing is clear, that, since Gladstone has taken the heavy duty off light wines, they have increased full seventy per cent., whilst the old drugged port has gradually been declining, and is now as little drunk by the upper classes as Madeira or other old-fashioned wines. Falsification in food and drink, we trust, has reached its limits, and it depends upon the public if they are to be longer defrauded; chemical analysis, and the microscope, are always at our call to detect such frauds, and the exposure of a few tradesmen serves to instil a wholesome fear into those who would cheat if they were not afraid of being found out. A. W.

"ACCORDING TO COCKER."

WHO was Cocker, and whence this saying? These are two questions we propose to ourselves for solution; but, unfortunately, the materials for reply are, especially to the first, very scanty indeed; and, as to the second, it may be that we shall have to conclude that the dictum should not refer to Cocker at all.

Edward Cocker, as it appears from a portrait prefacing one of his works, to be presently alluded to, was born about the year 1631. Of the place of his birth, his parentage, his education and early life, nothing is

known: all that is recorded of him refers to the period of his after years, when he practised as an engraver and as a teacher of writing and arithmetic. He was probably the first writing-master who produced engraved copies of specimens of penmanship; it is said that he published fourteen books of such exercises, some of which were printed from plates engraved on silver. We have seen several of these. One of them, entitled "Daniel's Copy Book," is quaint, both in subject and execution, for many of the specimens consist of short descriptions of hell fire, &c., with the flourishes worked up into designs of fiends, or something very like them. Then there is "The Pen's Triumph," and "The Pen's Gallantry," similar in class, though not of the same fiendish character, but comprising alphabets of all kinds and short sentences, surrounded by most elaborate marginal flourishes, wonderfully twisted into portraits and figures, human and mythical. These works all prove that Cocker was a most dexterous penman and a no less expert engraver. Mr. Samuel Pepys gives us a favourable certificate of his skill in the latter art. That worthy records in his diary, under date August 10, 1664, "Abroad to find one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker, the famous writing-master, to do it, and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not with my best skill read one word or letter of it; but it is use." It would seem too that he gained Mr. Pepys' good opinion on other points than dexterity with the burin, for saith the latter, "I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenious: and among other things, a great admirer of and well read in the English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently." The next day he sets down, "Comes Cocker, with my rule, which he hath engraved to admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: it cost me 14s. the doing." About two months after this Cocker called upon Pepys, and the diarist got to discoursing with the engraver about his writing and ability of sight. "I discoursed with him how I shall do to get some glass or other to help my eyes by candlelight; and he tells me he will bring me the helps he hath within a day or two, and show me what to do." This was on the 5th of October. On the 7th, "Come Mr. Cocker, and brought me a globe of glass and a frame of oyled paper, as I desired, to show me the manner of his

gaining light to grave by, and to lessen the glaringness of it at pleasure by an oyled paper. This I bought of him, giving him a crowne for it; and so, well satisfied, he went away."

Besides the fantastic specimens of caligraphy above alluded to, we find mention of "Cocker's Urania, or the Scholar's Delight," and "Cocker's Morals, or the Muses' Spring Garden." But the work that has made his name a household word upon our lips is the famous "Arithmetick," which all have heard of but very few have seen, and the first edition of which was published in the year 1677, three or four years after the death of the reputed author. This book reached about sixty editions, and yet it is now very scarce, for many of our foremost libraries do not contain a copy of any edition. The British Museum is, however, fortunate enough to possess copies of nearly twenty editions, the last being the fifty-sixth. We have before us a copy of the forty-fifth edition; it is of duodecimo size, and, judging from its condition, does not appear to have done much duty, for it is neither dogs-eared nor dirty. It has a coarse woodcut, intended for a portrait of Cocker, as a frontispiece, but the face has just about as much character and expression and semblance of likeness as have the effigies with which English playing-card makers are wont to adorn their wares. Some excellently engraved portraits of the author, from metal plates, adorn some of Cocker's works on penmanship, and from any one of these a better likeness might have been procured than the meaningless caricature that now embellishes the book. Beneath the said portrait is the following laudatory verse:—

Ingenious *Cocker*, now to Rest thou'rt gone,
No *Art* can show thee fully, but thine own.
Thy rare *Arithmetick*, alone can show,
Th' vast *Sums of Thanks*, we for thy *Labours* owe.

The title is as follows:—

"COCKER'S *Arithmetick*: being a plain and familiar Method, suitable to the meanest Capacity, for the full Understanding of that incomparable Art, as it is now taught by the ablest Schoolmasters in City and country. Composed by EDWARD COCKER, late practitioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetic, and Engraving: Being that so long promised to the World. Perused and published by JOHN HAWKINS, Writing-Master, near St. George's Church in Southwark, by the Author's correct copy, and commended to the world by many eminent Mathematicians and Writing-Masters in and near London. The Forty-fifth Edition, carefully Corrected and Amended by GEORGE FISHER, Accompt. Licensed Sept. 3, 1677. *Roger L'Estrange*. London, Printed

for EDWARD MIDWINTER, at the *Three Crowns* and *Looking Glass* in *St. Paul's Church Yard*." The George Fisher whose name occurs here must have been a versatile genius indeed, for at the back of the frontispiece above mentioned there is an advertisement of a book "just published," called "*The Instructor, or Young Man's best Companion*," which, if it was true to its promises, must have been a very cyclopædia of information. Besides teaching the three R's "in an easier way than any yet published," it was to perfect its possessor in account, shop, and book-keeping; to show him how and at what price to undertake carpenters', joiners', sawyers', bricklayers', plasterers', plumbers', masons', glaziers', and painters' work: to instruct him in the arts of dialling, dyeing, colouring, and gardening, linen-marking, pickling, preserving, wine-making, plaster-preparing and medicine concocting; and, in short, tell him all about everything, and all for half-a-crown. Cheap bookmakers, beat this if you can!

There is no need for us to describe "*Cocker's Arithmetick*" at length. Its merit and the secret of its extensive circulation lay in the fact that it was the first book which excluded demonstrations and reasoning, and confined itself to practical purposes only; teaching arithmetic by means of commercial questions, of which the book is full. We have only to look at a "*Child's Tutor*" of the present day to see a reproduction of Cocker; for, in fact, from the success of his method all subsequent school treatises have been based upon his model. The rules and examples given in such books since his time have all been "according to Cocker." The book seems to have retained a high reputation for a long time after its first appearance; the number of editions it reached is ample testimony of this, but we have yet another item of evidence of its popularity. In Murphy's farce, "*The Apprentice*," first produced in 1756, there are constant allusions to it. When the "heavy father," *Wingate*, an old merchant who looks upon figures as the only passport to success in the world, is rating his stage-struck son for turning actor and spouting plays, he says,

"You read Shakespeare! get Cocker's *Arithmetick*. You may buy it for a shilling at any stall; best book that ever was wrote."

The name *Wingate* is that of a celebrated writer on Arithmetic, second only to Cocker in the number of his editions; Professor de Morgan suggests that Murphy had evidently been looking up the names of arithmeticians when he wrote this farce, and he further hints at the possibility of Cocker owing his now famous position to the allusions in the play. We are told in the preface to the

farce, in "*Cawthorne's British Theatre*," that inasmuch as it had for its moral the reproof of idling and stage-stricken apprentices, it was always played with success; but there does not appear to be anything in the text that would justify us in ascribing to it the origin of the phrase that stands as our title. It would seem more probable that the book itself and its rules and methods gave rise to the expression; although these rules were, as Professor De Morgan has shown by direct comparison, in nothing superior to those of many writers who had preceded Cocker.

But another question arises. Is the so-called "*Cocker's Arithmetick*" Cocker's at all? It is pretty certain that it was not published during Cocker's life, and that when it first appeared it bore the name of John Hawkins on the title-page. Cocker did, during his lifetime, produce a book that might be styled a book on arithmetic; it was called the "*Tutor to Writing and Arithmetick*," and doubtless consisted, like his other books, of writing copies and arithmetical examples. As soon as Cocker died this John Hawkins reproduced this "*Tutor*," with a preface signed with his own initials, and it would appear constituted himself editor and continuer of Cocker's works, real or fictitious. Since the "*incomparable Arithmetic*" was not published during the lifetime of the latter, it seems at least probable that it was not his work at all. Professor De Morgan says, in his "*Descriptive Catalogue of Arithmetical Books*," that "he is perfectly satisfied that Cocker's arithmetic is a forgery of Hawkins, with some assistance, it may be, from Cocker's papers; that is to say, there has been more or less of forgery, without any evidence being left as to whether it was more or less;" and he further adds that he could easily believe all was forged. The judgment of such a critic is sufficient, without entering at length into the evidence on which it is based; let it suffice to say that the opinion is founded upon a careful comparison of the wording of the respective prefaces signed by Hawkins and by Cocker, which appear side by side in the work, and strengthened by various other correlative items of testimony. That Hawkins forged, or dishonestly published another book purporting to be Cocker's, is tolerably clear. Twelve or fourteen years after Cocker's death he put forth "*Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick* . . . also his *Algebraical Arithmetick* . . . according to the method used by Mr. John Kersey . . . composed by Edw. Cocker, &c." Now, since Kersey's work was published either after, or in the year of Cocker's death, this looks suspicious of forgery; and the suspicion is materially strengthened by Hawkins' preface to

the work, which ends with a letter *in cipher* to a friend, that signifies nothing less than that he was the author. By-and-by came forth "Cocker's English Dictionary, by John Hawkins," and doubtless, says Professor De Morgan, had this energetic writer lived, he would have favoured the world with "Cocker's Complete Dancing Master," and perhaps "Cocker's Cookery Book." So far as the celebrated Arithmetick is concerned our critic expresses his firm belief that there is no dependence to be placed on the famous Cocker being anybody but Hawkins. And, if this be true, and, having gone over the evidence "Cocker" in hand, we can add our testimony to its probability, the familiar aphorism, "according to Cocker," ought henceforth to be altered to "according to Hawkins."

It may be worth mentioning that the editor of the "Slang Dictionary" states that when travelling through Canada, he was surprised to hear the people appeal to another authority, more worthy to be called such than either Cocker or Hawkins. The phrase in Trans-Atlantic use is "according to Gunter." This latter worthy brought out his celebrated rule, known as "*Gunter's Line*," about the time of the Puritan exodus to America. J. C.

MEMORIES OF KENILWORTH.

PART I.

To treat of Kenilworth seems to amount to presumption in the face of Sir Walter Scott's beautifully woven web of truth and fiction, of which Kenilworth is at once the scene and the name. But he spoke of but one short, though brilliant, epoch in its eventful story; and closely as that grand old castle is associated in the minds of the lovers of history and romance, with the haughty Earl of Leicester, and his stately queen and guest, there is many another tale besides, and many another royal name connected with it; and many a doughtier deed of arms has roused the echoes of the stronghold, than the jousts and tournaments of the tilt-yard, which formed part of the "princely pleasures of Kenilworth," in the times of Robert Dudley.

Few who now visit the ruins of the castle can help asking themselves what those noble walls have seen, what they have enclosed, and what they have resisted: and many are the secrets which they have kept but too well; for there have been mysteries which shall never be disclosed, and the beginning of many a story has found there an end, known but to very few besides the victim himself!

But, setting aside that which tradition darkly hints at, the broad page of authentic

history unfolds much of the deepest interest to those who gaze on those massive walls; and while the solid masonry of Cæsar's tower invokes a feeling of reverence, the lighter grace of Lancaster's building—whose endurance proves its strength—forms a midway step between the sternness of the earlier period and the now perishing and crumbling structure of the Earl of Leicester—though the latest built, yet doomed to earliest decay.

There is a wonderful majesty about the most ancient part of the castle—that called Cæsar's tower—and the perfect plainness and rigidity of the architecture would almost authorize the belief, which some entertain, that it dates from the time of the Romans. It is built of the rich red-coloured stone of the country, and the lines of the stone-work are now almost as sharp and clear as if newly hewn; the depth of the windows shows the thickness of the walls, which cannot be otherwise examined, as there is now no means of getting into the interior of this part, though it appears to be more than a shell; and imagination is free to people its deep dungeons with forgotten skeletons, and rust-worn fetters. This lies to the north, and, facing the west, rises the most beautiful part of all—Lancaster's buildings—of which much remains; though far less grand and gloomy than Cæsar's tower, it speaks of strength, for its walls have stood the storms of five hundred years, and yet the tall windows of the banqueting-hall remain standing out against the western sky, while parts of their original graceful tracery form dark lines against the sunset. This hall was eighty-six feet long and forty-five wide. On the south, are more picturesque walls, of the same red stone, worn in places to a rich yellow, and supported on the outside with graceful buttresses, and decorated with some carved stone-work. In the inner side of this range of the building, is a ruined oratory, probably circular when in its perfect state, and now clothed inside and out with the thickest ivy, whose stem is so large that at first sight it might be taken for a pillar of the building. On the south-east, lie Leicester's buildings, plain in style, and, in the stone mullions of its windows, which are unfortunately fast giving way and crumbling to ruin, adhering to the picturesque taste of the Elizabethan age in which they were erected. To the north, stands the gate-house, constructed at the same time by the Earl of Leicester, and forming the principal, if not the only entrance, through the castle walls, which surrounded a space of about six acres, and were guarded at intervals by towers, two of which were also built by Leicester, at the end of the tilt-yard, and were called the Battery tower, and Mortimer's

tower. Beyond them, southwards, stretched the tilt-yard, the scene of many brilliant tournaments; and, in the Battery tower, sat the ladies to see them, "all clad in silken mantles." On the west of this tilt-yard, and south of the castle, lay "the pool," or lake; while on the northern side, but within the walls lay the Pleasaunce, which we will describe further on.

It is from the time of Henry the First, seven centuries ago, that the first accounts of Kenilworth date, for it was then given by the king to Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, of no great family, but probably of great parts, for he was raised from the dust by the king, and advanced to be Lord Chancellor and Treasurer, and afterwards Justice of England. Dugdale says that he took great delight in the place, in respect of the spacious woods, and the large and pleasant lake; and he it was who first built that great and strong castle, which was the glory of those parts. Near it he also founded in A.D. 1122, a monastery of Black Canons, of the order of St. Austin. It was at first a priory, but was made an abbey before the Dissolution, at which time its possessions were valued at 643*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* The castle cannot have continued in his undisturbed possession for very long, for it appears that in 1156 the sheriff accounted for the profit of the park; and in the year 1173, it was possessed and garrisoned by the king, Henry II., who, besides storing it with plenty of bread, corn, and barley, laid in also a hundred hogs, forty cows, and a hundred and twenty cheeses. This was at the time that his kingdom was troubled by the rebellion incited by his own eldest son, Prince Henry, whom he had crowned at the age of fifteen, and who, patience not allowing him to wait for the possession of the reality of the royal dignity which was thus shadowed forth to him, engaged in open war against his father, strongly supported by France and Scotland; and ruthlessly did he destroy that father's peace, till a rapid fever seized him, and carried him to the grave, a miserable penitent. During the commotion consequent on this insurrection, Geoffrey de Clinton, son to the founder, made one fierce and valiant effort to recover his father's possessions, but without success, and they remained in the hands of the king.

In the beginning of King John's reign, Henry de Clinton, grandson to the original possessor, formally resigned to the crown all his rights to the manor, the woods, and pools. History does not tell his motive; whether loyalty, a sum of money, or compulsion, led to it, we know not; but, considering King John's usual system of business, we may safely conclude it was the last. William de

Cantilupe was then made governor, and, amongst other expenses, he laid out 102*l.* for making a new chamber and a wardrobe. And in 1219, we find an entry 150*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* for rebuilding a tower, which had fallen down the previous Christmas. In 1244, Henry III. made Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, governor of the castle, and five years after he granted the custody of it to Alianore his sister, wife of Simon, to hold during her life, at which time the woods belonging to it, lying near the road between Coventry and Warwick, were very thick, wherefore the constable thereof had commands to cut down six acres in breadth, of the underwood, for the security of passengers. In 1254, Henry passed another grant, giving it to Alianore and her husband jointly for their lives; and great cause he had to repent of this, for four years after, Simon de Montfort was the chief ring-leader in the great rebellion of the barons. And now in good earnest was Kenilworth the scene of warlike preparations, for Leicester was determined that that parchment deed which gave him the castle for his own and his wife's, should not be restored to the giver except by force of arms, and even then that which had lightly come should not lightly go. He sent John Giffard there as governor, with orders never to yield it. He garrisoned and provisioned it fully, and fortified it wonderfully, storing it with many kinds of warlike engines never seen or heard of in England before. John Giffard seems to have behaved with the decision and resolution his master expected of him; for he had no sooner established himself in Kenilworth, than suspecting the Earl of Warwick to be favourable to the king, he marched thither, surprised Warwick Castle most deceitfully, and carried the earl and his wife and family prisoners to his own fortress, demolishing great part of their castle, lest it should aid the royal party.

Simon de Montfort himself was meantime pursuing the advantage he had gained at the battle of Lewes, where he had taken prisoner two kings, Henry III. and his brother Richard, the nominal King of the Romans, and Prince Edward, also. This success by no means relaxed his energy, for his next step was to send his younger son and namesake to the north to attack the barons of that part who refused to acknowledge his authority. His son, who worthily bore his father's name, returned triumphantly to Kenilworth with more than twenty captured banners waving on the breeze. Here awhile he rested, and the De Montforts were at the height of their haughty power. But as ever, where the lights are brightest the shadows are darkest, so was their downfall at hand. Prince Edward, by the fleetness of

his horse, had escaped from Hereford, and all the loyal barons having flocked to him, and surrounded him with a numerous army, he

was on the watch for the moment when a bold stroke should turn the fortune of the day. Young Simon had made a sudden



Kenilworth Castle.

attack on the city of Winchester, and having plundered and despoiled it, was returning in all haste to Kenilworth, where his father was also advancing to meet him. All this was known to the prince by the means of Ralph de Ardern, who employed a woman called Margoth as a spy, who cunningly travelled in man's attire; and he resolved to turn it to account. In order to lull suspicion, he gave out that he was on the march for Salisbury, and even sent on an advanced guard of foot bearing with them accoutrements for horse, to strengthen the assertion; but when opposite to Kenilworth, he changed his route, and coming cautiously by night, under cover of those glorious Warwickshire trees, into a wooded valley, he armed his men in the deepest silence. Suddenly a distant rumble was heard, which coming gradually nearer, proved to be a company from the castle on a foraging expedition, but lightly escorted with guards, so in a few moments they were captured; and, his men being ready, a gallant attack surprised the town, which, with the monastery, was shortly in the hands of the prince; fifteen banners also graced his

victory, with which he retired to Worcester to watch like a spider, till the unfortunate fly should be entrapped in the web. Meantime Leicester marched proudly down to his glorious home of Kenilworth, little thinking that he was doomed never again to cross its threshold, but dreaming lightly of the joyous meeting that would ensue between himself and his son; weaving high schemes of power and self-aggrandizement, and thinking, doubtless, how fair a royal dwelling his own castle afforded. Even now the spears of his son's victorious army are gleaming on the brow of the distant horizon, and as they wind over the undulating country before him, the heart of Leicester swells as he thinks how noble and unconquerable a force it will be when both armies are joined under his supreme command. Yet stay, what is that stir amongst the riders who surround him, and who is the figure galloping from the vanguard? But in a moment De Montfort smiles as he recognises a favourite of his own—one of his immediate retainers.

At that moment, too, a large flag unrolls its heavy folds in the centre of the army before him, and the pale favourite need scarcely

have brought his news, for Simon recognises but too clearly the Royal Standard of England.

"Now, by heaven," said he, "let us commit our souls to God, for our bodies are Prince Edward's."

The result of the battle of Evesham is well known. The cold stars that bright summer night glittered on the corselet of the proud Simon de Montfort, who lay dead on the plain; near him lay Hugh, his eldest son, a corpse; while it was only by the determined bravery of a few devoted followers that Guy, youngest of all, was borne away on their shields, wounded almost to death, but breathing yet. Such was the ghastly end of Simon de Montfort—a traitor to his king.

His surviving son, Simon, held the castle like a freebooter, and by his oppression and tyranny caused the name of Kenilworth to be the dread of the country round. To crush this last and worst of the rebellious race, Henry fitted out an army, advanced to Kenilworth, and summoned it. Henry de Hastings, governor in Simon's absence, who had gone to seek help from France, slighted the message, and abused the messenger. Henry sat down before the castle and commenced the siege in form; while there, he made the memorable decree called the "Dictum de Kenilworth," in which he allowed the rebels to redeem their confiscated lands by a fine under certain conditions. Simon, now on the Isle of Ely, refused submission, and the king proceeded to storm the castle. On the 20th of November, the plague broke out in the garrison, and they endured the greatest suffering and privation till the middle of January, when they surrendered. Simon having effected his escape beyond the sea, was no more heard of; but it was long ere the neighbourhood recovered from the effect of the six months' siege; and much injury was done to the canons of Kenilworth; for although they had allowed the king three hundred quarters of corn, and many other things, that the rest of their goods might be protected, yet the soldiers had oppressed them heavily; so that to relieve their wants, the king by his letters patent required the neighbourhood "to contribute as they would expect God to bless them, and himself to give them thanks." Even the monks of the neighbouring abbey of Stoneleigh were not exempt from this leaguer, and all the recompense they got was that the king confirmed their charters.

Soon after this, the king bestowed the castle and lands on his younger son Edmund, the titular King of the Romans, reserving to himself the advowsons of the priory of Kenilworth and abbey of Stoneleigh. On the 29th of October, 1265, this Prince Edmund was created Earl of Leicester and Lancaster, and he made his

castle the resort of all the gay and lovely of the land. In imitation of King Arthur, he instituted a Round table, consisting of a hundred knights and as many ladies, and "many came from foreign parts for tilting and tournaments, and the ladies for dancing." Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was the chief leader in the dance and revels.

KING AUTUMN.

Come not with sudden rage,

With flying leaves from straining woodlands hurled,
No windy conflicts wage;

Rather with clouds in fleecy phalanx curled

Come, deeply-musing, sage,

To reign, rich Autumn, o'er a peaceful world!

Come like the friend we love,

Like sleep—like evening from the unknown west;

Our eyes are raised above,

Far off we see thy skirts in splendour drest;

Watch where thy footsteps rove,

What forest depths or glades will please thee best.

Lo! deep in yonder wood

A throne of gold th' umbrageous linden shines;

And, drenched in Summer's blood,

The chestnut blazes next the tall dark pines;

This first thy onset stood:

So won its crimson stains its gorgeous lines.

Adown this vale thy breath

Flushes my cheek, I hear thy soft faint sigh:

Is it for Summer's death

Thy sorrow dove-like thus would make its cry?

Or that thy purple heath

Ere long itself 'neath winter's snows must lie?

The wheat-fields shake their spears

Where uplands redden in the sunset glow:

The valley far below

Red as a mighty battle-field appears,

Where thick the poppies blow;

Glitter o'er yellow furze some joyful tears.

What stream of amber light

Pierces my dreams and leads the reapers home?

'Tis harvest moon to-night!

The starry host rides high in heaven's blue dome,—

Earth kindles at the sight,

Now know I, Autumn, and its joys are come!

King of a peaceful land,

We linger charmed where thy corn-crops wave,

Or by the brooklet stand

And hail thee scatt'ring o'er the year's ripe grave

Fruits with a lavish hand,

The last red rose thy loving care could save.

Past hours return once more,

Old voices haunt us by the forest's side,

And from th' Eternal Shore

Dear forms and faces to remembrance glide;

We love these days of yore:

Best dost thou to their buried treasures guide.

Ask, then, 'neath Autumn's spell,

What fruits our lives bear as the years grow old?

Else harvest rings our knell,

Base metal we when all around is gold:

Yon dead leaf, as it fell,

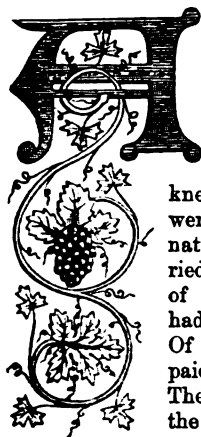
Warned us how soon our working days are told!

M. G. WATKINS.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTY.



ALTHOUGH poor Mr. Crawford had been found in his hammock cold as a stone in a sling, Mr. Carstairs had at once been sent for; and notwithstanding that he knew his professional services were not needed, the good-natured little man had hurried to Greycrage, for the sake of her whom the dead man had left alone in the world. Of course, his first visit was paid to the chamber of death. The servants, weeping from the sudden strangeness of the event rather than from sorrow, unless, perhaps, some of them were touched for their young mistress's sake, were directed to retire—except Cubra, who had been so long the old man's confidential attendant—and the doctor stood by the dead man's side alone. There lay the fellow creature who had been his host but lately, and his patient for some trifling ailment only two days before. He had been an old man, it was true; but he had had no immediate warning of this fate; the gaunt form was wan and thin enough, but so it had always been since Mr. Carstairs had known him. There was nothing to account for so sudden a failure of the vital powers.

"Poor old man!" That was the only piece of sentiment in which the little doctor, accustomed to see death claim the aged, permitted himself to indulge. He was musing upon what he should say to the unhappy girl that was awaiting him below; what scheme he should propose to her for her future life, for he felt that he was the only counsellor she had, when something about the lips of the corpse attracted his attention.

"Draw the curtain still more back, Cubra," said he, hastily. "Give me all the light you can."

He bent over the dead man's face—already like the work of a sculptor's chisel—and then drew back, with something like horror depicted on his own.

Any one who had been looking in at that bedroom window would also have shrunk

aghast from another face—that of Cubra herself, who was staring forth upon the lawn without, with cheeks of leaden hue, and eyes rolling in their sockets.

"Do you hear me, Cubra? more light," reiterated the doctor.

"Yes, Massa Carstairs;" she obeyed his mandate, yet did not turn her gaze towards him; but her ears were strained to catch his every word and movement.

"How strange!" he murmured. Then, passing to the mantel-piece, whereon stood a couple of bottles, he took out their corks and smelt at their contents. They were both from his own dispensary.

"Cubra," said he, carelessly, "did your poor master take any other medicines than those I used to send him?"

"Never, Massa Carstairs, never. Poor massa never liked medicine."

"Now, look at me, Cubra; you knew your master's ways better than anybody. Are you quite sure that he did not keep by him, in his desk, or in a drawer, anything to stop pain—he suffered from toothache, you know, for instance—now, try and recollect; was there no box or bottle from which he used to take something to relieve it?"

Cubra shook her head. "No; she was 'certain sure' such was not the case. Massa did not mind pain, like other folks."

Mr. Carstairs knew that this was true; for the old man, although it was his whim to be considered more of an invalid than he really was, had been a very stoic with respect to physical pain.

Mr. Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., had his weak professional side—a tendency not uncommon among the faculty to assign all ailments to one particular disease, and to exaggerate the effects thereof—but he was both a sagacious and a scientific man. Affecting to be convinced by Cubra's replies, he determined to ask a question or two elsewhere respecting the matter which had so much moved him. It was impossible to get any information out of this black domestic. She was faithful, no doubt, and it was to be hoped to a greater degree than any white woman, for she was certainly far stupider. If the late Mr. Crawford had really kept secreted about him any such thing as he (the doctor) suspected, it was in the highest degree unlikely

that Cubra should have been made his confidante. Mr. Carstairs descended to the drawing-room, where he found poor Agnes alone. She was very sad and pale; but her tears were not falling now. She had been praying to One who wipes tears away from all eyes, and had found present comfort. Good people, as a rule (with the exception of utterly heartless folks), weep least when Heaven takes away those nearest to them. She could not trust herself to speak much; but she had ears to hear all that was necessary to be said.

The little doctor took her hand in his with fatherly tenderness, and addressed to her a few unconventional words of sympathy. "Can I see your cousin, dear Miss Agnes?" inquired he; "for it must rest with him, of course, to arrange—"

"No," replied she, shaking her head. "Richard is quite unable for such a task. I never saw him so utterly unnerved as when—" Here she broke down a little; then resumed, "No, my dear Mr. Carstairs, I must trust wholly to your kindness in this matter."

"I am sorry," mused the doctor; "not," added he, hastily, "that I grudge either time or trouble in such a service, my dear young lady, but because I had certain questions to ask of him—mere matters of form it is true—but which must be more or less distressing to a daughter, respecting your poor father's death."

She bowed her head, in sign of her willingness to hear him.

"Did Mr. Crawford suffer, to your knowledge, from any chronic, or other pain, such as might have induced him to take opiates—or even stronger palliatives?"

"Certainly not. I should say that my poor dear father—considering his great age—was signally free from such maladies. He never had even so much as an attack of rheumatism."

"He suffered, however, much at times, did he not, from depression of spirits?"

"Yes."

"Was that depression hypochondriacal, or resulting from some sufficient cause; I do not of course seek to pry into the nature of it, but was there a cause?"

"There was."

"Was that cause likely to have increased with years, or to have diminished?"

"To have diminished."

At this Mr. Carstairs looked sharply up into the grave young face; but nothing save truth was to be read therein.

"There was no immediate apprehension, then, hanging over your father, such as, combined with this depression, or independent of it, might have affected his reason?"

"Oh, sir, he spoke to me last night—as wisely, kindly—" here she hesitated; "we had a long talk together, and little did I imagine that it was to be the last between us."

"Forgive me the pain I see I am inflicting, dear Miss Agnes, but, during that conversation did he mention nothing of importance which was also novel, and such as dwelling upon a mind already enfeebled, might go far even to overthrow it."

"We spoke of an important matter, but it was one on which we had talked before. There were no secrets—none—between myself and him."

"Did you agree on that in which you talked, or was there a difference of opinion?"

"We agreed."

"Nothing then has taken place, to your knowledge, since I saw your father last, to give him any sudden mental shock?"

"No."

"Nothing to disturb or distress him?"

"Richard had an interview with him yesterday morning; I suppose, about my cousin's going to sea. They were not on such good terms with one another as I could have wished—as I wish now more than ever. But my father was never put out by any disagreement with Richard, and he did not even mention that there had been such when I talked with him in the evening."

"And is Mr. Richard absolutely too ill to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. Carstairs. I am very anxious about my cousin. At times—and particularly of late—I have almost thought that he has not entirely recovered from that sunstroke which he received when upon the coast of Africa. I am not alarmed, except for himself, you will understand," added she, hastily, perceiving the doctor's grave looks, "but I do think his position precarious."

"What you have told me, my dear Miss Agnes, is only one more reason added to those which have already occurred to me, why you should not remain at Greycrags."

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs; could I leave him!" cried she, with a piteous glance in the direction of her father's room.

"You can be of no use to him more, dear girl. You will, of course, attend the funeral if you feel it well to do so; but, in the mean time, you should not be here. I have already secured your rooms at widow Marcon's, at the Brae Cottage, if you will consent to remove thither. She is a good motherly person, and has herself experienced a recent sorrow that will make her sympathise with yours. With your cousin in such a state as you describe—independently of other very valid reasons—

it is only right, nay, necessary, that you should move thither at once. You will have nothing to reproach yourself with, I hope, in leaving all matters here in my hands. Cubra will of course accompany you. Come, will you give me your promise, like a good girl?"

"I will do what you will, Mr. Carstairs, upon one condition. Tell me what has killed my poor dear father."

"Killed him, my child!—for I must be your father now—how ever can you use such words? He died of that commonest disease of all, old age. But, since it was so very sudden, it was my duty to ask those questions. Richard, if he had been himself, would have understood the necessity of them at once, although they seem so strange to you."

For serious, systematic, kindly lying, there is nobody that approaches your honest medical man. He will assure the husband (with the best intentions, and for his physical good, mind you), lying upon the bed, which his science tells him he will never leave with life, of returning strength; he will bid the wife, worn out with watching by his side, and to whom one refreshing sleep is priceless, to be of good cheer, for that there is healthiest hope. And, used to these pious frauds, Mr. Carstairs let fall his words as though he were dropping drops from the phial of the very quintessence of truth, and Agnes Crawford believed them.

"When we poor mortals have struggled on to eighty years," continued the doctor, "death can scarcely be said to come upon us unawares. If its approach be sudden, so much the better—that is, if we are only prepared for it in a spiritual sense: with the young and the unprepared, alas! it is very different."

Cunning Mr. Carstairs walked to the window as though he did not wish his countenance to be perused. His object was to interest his hearer in something else—no matter if it was itself distressing—than that with which her mind was oppressed; to lift, if but for a few minutes, the dull weight of that desolation which sits upon the mourner's soul and crushes the life-springs. His attempt succeeded. Agnes, always solicitous for others, inquired of whom he spoke.

"Of John Carlyon."

"What of him?" cried Agnes, starting to her feet. "He is not ill, I trust; not dying—oh, no, surely, sir, he is not dying?"

The doctor had overshot his mark. With clasped hands, and suddenly tearful eyes, the young girl stood before him, the very picture of despair. In closing one channel of grief he had opened the flood-gates of a deeper woe.

"Mr. Carlyon is not in any immediate danger, that I know of, my dear young lady. But his is not a good life. I mean, he has a disease—heart complaint—which may carry him off at any moment, and with which it is not to be expected that he can live long."

"How long have you known this, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Not long. Only since that day when he saved your life upon the sands."

"Oh, would to heaven that I had known it, too," cried Agnes, passionately. "I might have tried more earnestly to move him than I did. He is not fit to die, doctor."

"Few of us are, my dear young lady. Yet he has a noble soul, and a kind heart."

"He has, I know it. That such a one should be lost is only the more terrible."—Here she paused a moment. "Does Mrs. Newman—does his sister know of his sad state? I mean, as to health."

"Yes; I thought it my duty to acquaint her with it, in order that some reconciliation might be effected. But she would not move in the matter. She said that she had washed her hands of him. She is a hard woman. Carlyon once remarked that she had made a religion for herself out of the worst parts of Christianity, and certainly she is one of those who makes its profession repulsive. He has gone to London, and will not return to Woodlees any more. They will never meet again in this world, those two—be calm, my dear young lady; be like yourself, and bear with patience what God Himself permits to be. I cannot, I dare not, leave you in this state. You will come to the Brae, like a good girl. I have a close carriage at the door."

He spoke to her as though she were a child, and, like a child, she listened, and obeyed him.

"I suppose you are right, doctor," returned she, feebly; "as I am sure you are kind. Yes, I will go with you. But first let me take leave of him for the last time."

"No, my dear young lady," replied the doctor, firmly; "that must not be. It may seem cruel, but I am only doing what he would wish could those cold lips speak. Think of him as you saw him last."

"I understand, sir. Alas, alas!"

"A good girl, a wise and dutiful girl. I will ring for Cubra, and she will get ready such things as you may require. Mrs. Marcon quite expects you both."

"You will see Richard, sir, before you go."

"True, I had forgotten him; I will look to him at once."

"Tell him, please, with my kindest love, Mr. Carstairs—his cousin's love—that I do not

feel equal to wishing him good-bye to-day. In a day or two—after the——”

“Yes, yes, I will manage all that,” returned the doctor. “Of course you cannot see him. Here is Cubra—that’s well.”

The black woman put a key into his hand, and whispered a few words, unobserved by her young mistress, who lay back on the sofa with closed eyes, conscious of nothing save her bereavement.

“I will ring for them when they are to come up,” resumed he, in the same low voice. Get together what your mistress will require for the next few days. You must go with her to Widow Marcon’s at once. The sooner she gets from this house the better. Where is Mr. Richard?”

“He is gone out, sir.”

“Gone out? Where has he gone?”

“God A’mighty knows. Gone for a long walk, he said; his head was bad. He take poor massa’s death to heart so much.”

Mr. Carstairs nodded, and left the room.

“That’s strange,” muttered he. “He was in the house when I came, for I saw him at his bed-room window. I wonder why he doesn’t wish to see me.” Once more, the doctor sought the chamber of death; once more bent over the dead man—and, as he did so, his countenance grew graver than ever. “This is horrible,” murmured he. “It would kill her to think that he killed himself, and would benefit nobody. But if there has been foul play—yet that is impossible.” He rang the bell, and summoned the man-servant, while he set his seal upon the desk, wherein he knew lay the dead man’s will. For Mr. Crawford had been more communicative to the doctor of late than to any other person. Then the chamber was again given up to those who minister the last rites to poor humanity.

Mr. Carstairs saw the carriage depart containing the unhappy Agnes and her attendant; then followed close behind it on his pony.

“At all risks, I will spare her if I can,” murmured he. “It will be time enough to make a stir when the will is read, and if anybody but herself is found to derive benefit from the old man’s death. I wonder why Richard would not see me.”

(To be continued.)

QUAINT CLOCKS AND CURIOUS WATCHES.

EVER since man first began to contrive machines to answer the momentous question, “What’s o’clock?” he seems to have delighted in taxing his ingenuity to make the poor instruments complicate the answer. Not content with having the hour indicated on a dial,

or sounded by a bell, he must needs have it manifested to his vision by dancing dolls, or announced to his ear by trumpet-blowing cherubim or gong-sounding monsters. Two thousand years ago, when the only known means of measuring time was by the trickling of water from one vessel to another, the clepsydra maker indulged his fancy and made his simple wares elaborate by the employment of fantastic contrivances for showing the time through the agency of automaton figures. The clepsydra of Ctesibius, for instance, consisted, outwardly, of a lachrymose mannikin whose falling tears supplied the water that impelled the instrument, while his jubilant brother, buoyed up on a floating pedestal, boldly pointed with a wand to the hours marked on an adjacent column. Coming to times a little less remote, we find the Persian King Haroun-al-Raschid sending the Emperor Charlemagne a water-clock, whereof Giffard, in his “History of France,” gives this description:—“The dial was composed of twelve small doors, which represented the division of the hours; each door opened at the hour it was intended to represent, and out of it came the same number of little balls, which fell one by one, at equal distances of time, on a brass drum. It might be told by the eye what hour it was by the number of doors that were open; and by the ear, by the number of balls that fell. When it was twelve o’clock, twelve horsemen in miniature issued forth at the same time, and marching round the dial shut all the doors.” Old St. Paul’s was not without a curiosity of this character; for, according to Dugdale’s history of the cathedral, there was a dial ordered in the reign of the third Edward, “to be made with all splendour imaginable. Which was accordingly done; having the image of an angel pointing to the hour both of the day and night.” The bell, too, of this clock, or of its successor, was struck by the wooden ancestors of the monstrosities that are at present to be seen in front of Mr. Bennett’s shop in Cheap-side; they were a more numerous family in those days than they are now, for it seems to have been a common thing for churches and market-houses to have their “Jacks o’ th’ clock,” as the automaton bell-strikers were termed. Decker, who wrote his “Gull’s Hornbook” in 1609, calls the St. Paul’s figures “Paul’s Jacks;” he says, “the great dial is your last monument; where, bestow some half of the three-score minutes, to observe the sauciness of the Jacks that are above the man in the moon there; the strangeness of their motion will quit your labour.” He further adds, “But howsoever if Paul’s Jacks be once up with their elbows and quarrelling

to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery contain you any longer."

Clocks, or mechanical contrivances, somewhat resembling orreries, and intended to show the movements of the heavenly bodies, the phases of the moon, &c., have been made by scores during the last five centuries; indeed, the word *horologium* so frequently found in early literature would seem to refer to such machines rather than to proper clocks or time-keepers. There is one of these preserved in the north tower of Exeter Cathedral, which is believed to have been there since 1480 at least, and probably from a much earlier time; in it the earth is represented by a central globe, and the sun by a fleur-de-lis, which, as it daily revolves round the earth, points out the hours; while a ball painted black and white represents the moon's phases by turning on its axis. Richard Wallingford, the ingenious son of a St. Alban's blacksmith, who attained such proficiency in science that he was made Abbot of St. Albans, and to whom the credit of making the first wheel-clock is sometimes allotted, made another of these instruments, which was a miracle of art; it showed the course of the sun and moon, the risings and settings of the planets and fixed stars, and even the ebb and flow of the tide. Before he died he wrote a book of instructions for keeping the mechanism in order, so that it might not be deranged by meddling monks in after times. Then there was the celebrated Dondi, an astronomer of the fourteenth century, who gained the title of *Maitre Jehan des Orloges*, whose moving sphere, or celestial clock was the wonder of his age; for by it the different points of space occupied by the heavenly bodies could be, so it is said, distinguished at any hour of the day or night. But perhaps the culminating machine of this class is the famous Strasbourg clock, of which we have all heard, and of which descriptions are so common that we need not reproduce one here. The existing clock is not, however, the original one, for it is asserted that it was preceded by another of similar extraordinary workmanship, that was placed in the town in 1370, and of which one portion only is embodied in the present machine, namely, the cock, which upon the hourly chiming of the bells used to flap its wings, stretch its neck, and crow several times. Doubtless this appendage took its origin from the ancient division of the night-watch defined by "cock-crow." The modern curiosity was made about two centuries after the old one; as a matter of course, following from its complicated construction, it has

always been getting out of order. It took four years, from 1838 to 1842, to set it going last time; it was thoroughly renovated, and some new parts were added; and it was just completed in readiness for exhibition to the scientific congress held in the town in 1843, on which occasion its new start in life was solemnly inaugurated, and a nocturnal *fête* was given in honour of the artist who performed the work. An engraving of the clock appeared in the "Illustrated London News" in 1843; and Mr. Wood, the author of an exhaustive compendium of horological curiosities, to which we are indebted for much of the information that this article embodies, as well as for the illustration on page 339, gives a very good external view of it, as a frontispiece. The picture shops of Strasburg abound in descriptions and views suited to all pockets; we have before us a little octavo, which is called an *abridged* description; as it comprises seventy pages of print, we may form some notion of what an *unabridged* account must be like. On the cover of this brochure is an advertisement of lithographs, plain and coloured, which may be bought at prices ranging from two francs to twenty centimes. Some twenty years ago a model of a clock which was said to resemble the Strasbourg one very closely, was exhibited in London, first at a meeting of the Royal Society, and then publicly, and it afterwards went into the possession of Mr. O. Morgan.

Other cathedrals besides Strasbourg have marionette clocks of less complicated structure, but still very curious as displays of ingenuity. There is one at Lyons which has, like its Strasbourg prototype and many others, a crowing cock that flaps his wings and thrice sounds his shrill clarion every three hours. In a gallery beneath him a door opens on one side and out comes the Virgin Mary, and from an opposite door the angel Gabriel, who meets and salutes her. A dove descends upon the Virgin's head; and after these puppets have retired a reverend father comes forth and pantomimically gives the spectators a blessing. The days of the week are represented by seven figures, each of which takes its place in a niche on the morning of the day it symbolises, and remains there till midnight. Then there is the clock at Venice, which has a similar puppet-show; and doubtless scores of them are scattered about the continent; some that, like that at Lyons, have received attention, and are in some sort of going order, and others buried in the dust and lumber of disused cloisters and towers.

Germany, the country of toymakers, seems always to have excelled in the manufacture of these mechanical drolleries. Augsburg

* "Clocks and Watches," by E. J. Wood. Bentley, 1866.

was especially famous for them, as, indeed, it was for the more simple and exclusively useful forms of clocks. Most of the figure-moving timekeepers were constructed there; and it is said that they were chiefly made and used for presents from ambassadors of Christian countries to Oriental princes and barbarians. The South Kensington Museum contains some half-dozen Augsburg clocks: but these have no automata; and doubtless many others are to be found in the art collections of our country. A clock of unique design, conjectured to be of German make, and of date about the commencement of the seventeenth century, was exhibited at a meeting of the Archæological Institute in 1855. It was in the form of a griffin bearing an escutcheon, on which was the dial. The animal rolled its eyes constantly whilst the clockwork was in movement; opened its mouth when the quarters struck, and flapped its wings at the striking of the hour.

Nicholas Grollier de Serviere, an old soldier who had served in the Italian army, and who died in 1689, devoted his latter days to the invention and construction of a variety of whimsical clocks, some of which he made for the sole purpose of delighting and surprising his visitors. A figure of a tortoise, dropped into a plate of water having the hours marked on the rim, would float round and stop at the proper hour, telling what it was o'clock like a learned pig. A lizard ascended a pillar on which the hours were marked, and pointed to the time as it advanced. A mouse did the same thing by creeping along an hour-marked cornice.

During the last century music was added to automaton clocks to increase the charms and accompany the diversions of the figures. According to an old advertisement, there was one exhibited at the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet Street, which, "besides divers curious motions, performed—1. A concert of Italian and English music, to the number of thirty-two different tunes, including sets of airs, minuets, jiggs, bores, sarabands, courants, &c., on organs, trumpets, flutes, and flagellots, very true and melodious. It shifted a fresh tune of itself, and repeated at pleasure. 2. In the course of this harmony, the seven liberal sciences, viz., musick, optik, physick, architecture, painting, mathematicks, and eloquence, appeared, each with some proper instrument to denote his profession. 3. Apollo broke through a cloud with his harp in his hand. 4. A cuckoo called, and seventeen small birds warbled their proper notes as natural as if living." Although this is called in the advertisement a "musical clock," there is no mention of any horological

part, and we strongly suspect that it was merely a sort of musical-box with automata, of course moved by wheels, or "clock-work"—as all wheel mechanisms to this day are popularly called—driven by a spring and governed by a fly, as old clocks were and modern musical-boxes are. But if this was not a genuine musical-clock, that one was which was exhibited at the Royal Exchange in 1740; for in addition to performing the functions of an orrery, and "solving many curious problems in astronomy," it delighted those who paid half-a-crown to see and hear it with moving figures and shifting scenery, which rolled away to musical accompaniment, in true modern "transformation" style. The musical part embraced "four sets of keys," so that those who did not like the mechanical playing could have their better tastes gratified by the music of living performers. The Rev. J. Wesley tells in his journal of a clock which he saw at Lurgan, in Ireland, in 1762, which was not merely musical but vocal. A figure of an old man, in a case with a curtain drawn before it, stood over against a clock. Every time the clock struck he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "past one," or two, or three, as the case might be. The maker, a Mr. Miller, wanted to sell the wonder; but, although so many came to see it that he was in danger of being ruined by his loss of time in showing it, no one seemed inclined to purchase it, or even reward his ingenuity—so he wisely took the whole thing to pieces. Christopher Pinchbeck who gave his name to the famous alloy of which our forefathers were content to have their watch-cases made, was a noted constructor of musical time-keepers; he called his house by the sign of the "Astronomico-Musical-Clock." We may infer that the clock mentioned above as having been exhibited at the Royal Exchange was one of his construction; for the detailed advertisement of it answers exactly to an advertisement of the clocks made by him, which appeared in a weekly journal in the year 1721, nineteen years before the exhibition, and a few years after Pinchbeck's death. There was another eminent mechanical genius who made wonderful clocks in the last century; his name was James Cox, and he was not merely a mechanic, but had some ideas of the importance of art in beautifying mechanisms, for he employed Nollekens, the sculptor, and Zoffany, the painter, to make designs for his works. He made a host of curious and costly toys with the hope of selling them to Indian princes, but the Indian war frustrated

his designs, and he was obliged to turn his curiosities to account by exhibiting them. This expedient failed, and at last he obtained a private Act of Parliament empowering him to dispose of his museum by lottery. The collection must have included some really wonderful specimens of ingenuity and exquisite workmanship; precious stones and metals were the chief materials employed in their manufacture: but the most curious of them hardly come within the limits of our subject, and we are here obliged to pass them by without description. Mason, a contemporary poet, said, in allusion to the display:—

Great Cox, at his mechanical,
Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall;
Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in.
Yet, when we peep behind the scene,
One master wheel directs the whole machine;
The self-same pearls, in nice gradation, all
Around one common centre rise and fall.

After all, a musical-clock resolves itself into little more than a musical-box, set going at certain times by a timekeeper, just as an alarm is let off. The connection between the clock and the music is not more intimate than was the music and steam which constituted an exhibition entitled "Music by Steam," offered to the curiosity-mongers in London a few years ago, and the realisation of which consisted in a barrel-organ turned by a little steam-engine!

The mention of alarms leads us to notice one or two of these useful clock-accessories that come within range of the curious. A very active member of this family of mechanical watchmen was erected in the nursery of Dublin workhouse a century ago, the inscription on which sufficiently describes it. "For the benefit of infants protected by this hospital, Lady Arabella Denny presents this clock, to mark, that as children reared by the spoon must have but a small quantity of food at a time, it must be offered frequently; for which purpose this clock strikes every twenty minutes, at which notice all the infants not asleep must be discreetly fed." Alarm-clocks have been made that, besides rousing the sleeper, would ignite a match and light a candle for him to get up by; and we lately saw one that, in addition to these functions, boiled a cup of coffee for the early riser's breakfast. The wonderful couch shown at the 1851 Exhibition, which tilted its occupant out at any desired hour, is probably in the memory of many a reader of these remarks; but perhaps the prettiest and most agreeable of these contrivances was the bed made by a Bohemian mechanic in 1858, which set off with one of Auber's gentle airs when it was pressed by

a tired body, and thundered forth a clashing march at the time the sleeper desired to be awakened.

Who does not envy the man who was in himself a timekeeper, and instinctively marked time whatever he might be doing, as correctly as any horometrical machine? An account of this human clock is given in the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," and also in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1825. His name was Chevally, and he was a native of Switzerland. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and the vibrations of pendulums; and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations or sounds produced. Being on board a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, on July 14, 1823, he engaged to indicate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter-minutes or half-minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired by imitation, labour, and patience, a movement, which neither thoughts, nor labour, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually." If this man's wonderful faculty could but be disseminated throughout mankind, what a punctual world we should have; and if, as moralists assert, those days are doubled which are economically spent, what a means of lengthening our lives would such a gift afford us! In any case, would not the acquisition of this time-reckoning instinct be worth trying for?

So much for clocks. Now let us see what curious tricks have been played upon the construction of watches. Within the limited space that is bounded by a watch-case, it is hardly possible to work any of the wonders that we have seen were achieved within the unlimited dimensions of a clock. Yet there is an instance of a watch having been made by a Russian peasant that both played music and moved figures, although it was no larger than an egg. It was a repeater, too; and had a representation of the tomb of Christ with the Roman sentinels on the watch. On pressing

a spring the stone would be rolled away from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the holy women enter the sepulchre, and a chant would be played. This little marvel is preserved in the Museum of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. An instrument of somewhat more cumbersome size, but still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries a few years back; it had an alarum, and showed whether the hour was A.M. or P.M. by allegorical figures representing morning, noon, evening, and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times; other figures told the day of the week and month, the name of the month, the phases of the moon, &c.; but the figures in this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs. Lady Fellowes has a watch very similar to this. George III. had an almanack-watch, or mechanical calendar, which told the day, month, and varying duration of the day throughout the year; it was not larger than the watches then in ordinary use. The same monarch was the fortunate recipient of one of the tiniest watches ever made. Arnold, the famous chronometer maker, was the maker and giver. Its size did not exceed that of a silver twopenny-piece, and it was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and weighed just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each; the fly-wheel and pinion actually weighing the seventeenth part of a grain! Of course, ordinary tools were useless for such microscopic work, and Arnold had first to make a special set of implements for it. The king was so pleased with the wonder that he rewarded the skilful donor with five hundred guineas. The Emperor of Russia wanted a watch like it, and offered Arnold a thousand guineas for its counterpart; but in order that his gift to the king might not be depreciated, and at the same time to preserve its unique character, Arnold refused the offer. This was not, however, the first of Lilliputian watches; Charles V. had one, also in a ring; and Queen Elizabeth, who had clocks and watches enough to stock a jeweller's establishment, received from Leicester, as a new year's gift, 1571-72, "one armlet or shackell of gold, all fairely garnished with rubyes and dyamondes, having in the closing thereof a clocke." They were set in the heads of walking-sticks, and used to enhance the value of all kinds of jewellery; but we fancy that the one which Arnold made must have been, from his eminence and skill, a very *chef-d'œuvre* of tiny workmanship, far surpassing any previous productions of the same character.

But wonderful as such a diminutive working

instrument was, we venture to say that it has been eclipsed by at all events one specimen of modern minute handicraft. We allude to a perfect model of the stupendous engines of H.M. iron-clad steamer "Warrior," which stands upon an area no larger than that of a silver threepenny piece, weighs about as much as a sixpence, and which actually works when its tiny steam-pipe is blown into by the breath. This little marvel, before which the smallest watch ever made must hide its comparatively broddingnagian face, is in the possession of Mr. John Penn, the celebrated maker of the marine monsters of which it is the infinitely diminished representative.

Passing from small to great, we may mention that the largest watch we ever saw is the chronometer-watch which John Harrison, the Yorkshire carpenter, made to secure the reward of 20,000*l.*, offered for the timekeeper which would determine the longitude to within half a degree, or thirty geographical miles. This truly ingenious mechanic, who has not unworthily been styled "the parent of modern chronometry," made four timekeepers to this end; the first three were cumbersome machines, but the fourth, which, by the way, performed within the prescribed limits, and gained its maker the coveted prize, was in the form of a pocket watch, and measured six inches in diameter by two and a half at the thickest part—rather too large a size for any ordinary pocket, but no doubt it was far too valuable and highly prized an instrument to be ever trusted within such an unstable receptacle.

Various fanciful shapes have been given to the external cases of watches; some of them reasonable and pretty; but it is difficult to account for the morbid taste which prevailed two or three centuries back for watches in the forms of skulls and coffins. We believe such were first designed out of compliment to Diana of Poitiers, the widow-mistress of Henry II., of France, the court of her day having generally adopted ghastly designs for their personal nicknackery. A *memento mori* may be all very well in its way, and in the form of a decent motto may be an appropriate appendage to a time-keeper; but we doubt the propriety, certainly the taste, of making deaths'-heads and cross-bones articles of ornament or luxury. One of these skull-watches is in the possession of Sir Thomas Lauder; it formerly belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed by her to her maid-of-honour, Mary Setoun. It is of silver gilt; and on the forehead of the skull is the figure of death, with scythe and sand-glass, standing between a palace and a cottage, with one foot on the threshold of each; around the figure runs Horace's passage: "*Pallida Mors*

æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres."

On the posterior part is a representation of Time, also with a scythe, and near him the emblem of eternity, a serpent with its tail in its mouth. This tableau is surrounded by the motto, "*Tempus edax rerum.*" On one side of the skull there are figures of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and on the other, a representation of the crucifixion, each set off with an appropriate legend. The inside of the skull is as elaborately wrought. The watch part is entire, and performs well; and it has a silver bell of musical sound upon which the hours are struck. A chain is fixed to

the relic, but it is much too heavy to be worn; it was doubtless intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie-dieu*, or private altar. The elder Mr. Roskell, the eminent Liverpool goldsmith, had another of these quaint articles amongst his collection of antique timekeepers; it was of silver, with a ring for suspension to a girdle, and the dial was inspected by opening the lower jaw. Lady Fellowes has a similar one. Mary, Queen of Scots, had also a coffin-shaped watch, made of transparent crystal, which is now in possession of Sir Patrick Threipland.

Watches seem to have been very frequently made in bygone, as well as in more recent times, with cases of crystal or some other transparent material, and some portions of the works have also been made of a like substance. This was the case in a watch presented to the French Academy of Sciences in 1839, the works of which were all visible, and in which the toothed wheels carrying the hands were of rock crystal, the other wheels being of metal. All the screws were fixed in crystal, and each pivot turned on rubies. The escapement was of sapphire, the balance-wheel of rock crystal, and the springs of gold. This watch kept excellent time, in consequence, as its maker supposed, of the small influence of temperature on the material of the balance-wheel. But these curiosities belong rather to the decorative department of watch-making, a department we must forbear to trench upon; for if we begin to describe the artistic elabo-

rations of watch adornment we should not know where to leave off. So we must refer those who are interested in this special subject to Mr. Wood's compendious work, or else to the show-cases of some of our many famous jewellers, for we doubt whether any ancient specimens of watch ornamentation could com-

pete with the beautiful productions of modern artists.

Touch-watches—watches by which the time can be felt instead of seen—have been frequently made for the use of the blind. The hour-marks on such are generally raised studs or pins, which can easily be recognised by passing the finger over the dial; their position with respect to the pendant being quite

sufficient to indicate the hour they represent to digits as sensitive as those of blind people generally are. They are of use not only to blind persons, but to all who want to know the time at night; we presume it was for this purpose that the Duke of Wellington used a watch of this class which was presented to him by the King of Spain. Any one who is tolerably light-fingered may feel the time on an ordinary strong-handed watch, and without danger if they use proper care and caution, as I know by experience, having been in the habit of feeling "what's o'clock" on a good English lever for many years past. The "dodge" is, first to bring the finger tip perpendicularly down upon the central pivot which carries the hands, and then gently to feel round it for the direction in which the hands lie, when they may be followed to their points, and the time guessed within five minutes. The first difficulty will be to settle the hour without marks, but this will be got over by a little practice, or by little notches filed or cut in any convenient place around the dial or case. All the touching must be perpendicular to the face, for a horizontal movement of the finger would probably move the hands before their position could be determined.

A watch made for a blind man is, however, not half so great a curiosity as one made by a blind man. Yet there have been blind watchmakers. The "*Illustrated News*," in 1851, told of one then living at Holbeach, in



Skull Watch of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Lincolnshire. His name was Rippin, and although completely blind, he could take to pieces and put together watches of most delicate construction with surprising ease. He was robbed once of some of the tiny belongings of his trade, such as wheels, hair-springs, &c.; the thief was traced, and Rippin identified and swore to his property by the touch. At Barnstaple, too, in the early part of the present century, there was another such prodigy. His name was William Huntly; he was born blind, and was brought up by his father, who was a clock and watchmaker, to that business. The inhabitants had great faith in him, and he had plenty of employment; musical clocks and watches even were repaired by him without difficulty; and it is said that in some cases where other tradesmen had failed to discover a defect, he detected the fault, and set it right. To our mind this is the greatest "curiosity" we have had to chronicle; and as we cannot play a higher card we will throw up our hand. J. C.

THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUS VON HEINRICH,

The Man who was all Shadow.

CHAPTER II.

MATTHIAS is an honest fellow, a true friend, a loving foster-brother. I have gone into the matter with him, and unburdened my heart,—that is my shadow of a heart—to him.

He deeply sympathises. He does not, under the guise of consolation, say all those netting things that one's friends so often do in similar cases. He does not improve the occasion to me, and put a sharp plaister on my wound to stimulate it to healthy action. He knows better; in fact, he loves me as he loves himself, and that is a kind of love not often to be met with.

Matthias will, I foresee, be valuable to me; he is of an inventive genius.

"Matthias," said I, "I must have some new clothes at once; but how is the tailor to take my measure?"

"You must be ill for a few days," replied Matthias; "overfatigued with your journey—worn to a skeleton."

"To a shadow," I interrupted, mournfully.

"To a shadow, then," continued Matthias; "and as I am about your size at the present time, I can be measured for you."

"Good, Matthias; very good; but I must not be ill long. I want to settle my affairs, and place everything in your hands, and then I must depart to some distant country, there amidst savage solitudes to bury for ever from human eye the sorrows of Claus von Heinrich."

"That you never shall," interposed Matthias, warmly. "Wherever you go, I go; it's not my duty to leave you to yourself now you are in this plight."

"And what of Gretchen?" I asked.

"Gretchen and I always think alike—that is, on matters of importance," added Matthias, correctly, for he saw by the expression of my face that I was somewhat incredulous.

"That is well," I answered; "but in this instance I think Gretchen will differ from you, and will prefer your remaining at Kirschenbrücken to going into exile with a master who is nothing but shadow."

"As long as I have even the shadow of a master, I will stick to him," returned my foster-brother, doggedly.

And so it was determined that Matthias should bear me company for a year, and at the end of that time, if matters had not improved, that he should return home, marry Gretchen, and settle as steward in my ancestral castle, invested by me with power to manage my affairs, until such time as I should return, a man of shadow, shall I say, or of substance, to the home of my fathers.

After Matthias left me, I strode up and down the apartment, and now and then paused before the mirror, there to gaze in admiration and horror upon the change that had taken place in me. The dark eyes of the warrior flashed back from the glass, and my slender figure was graceful as that of Adonis. But it was the beauty of immaterialism—I was spiritualised; I had become my own ideal, but in the process I had lost my materialism. I had lost the heritage of earth; dust was I no longer, the corporeal had vanished, and I was left a spirit—a shadow walking the earth.

Again, Peter Schlemihl occurred to me. I was standing in the broad sunlight; furtively I cast a glance to where my shadow ought to fall, to see if I were a shadowless shadow. No—the shadow of a tall and graceful man, stretched out in due proportion. There was a slight degree of comfort in that—it would prevent suspicion, and my faithful Matthias has promised to secure me from notice, if I will only attend to his advice.

I threw myself on a couch—my feelings overpowered me.

Matthias entered with a cup of coffee. But shadows require no food. He drank it off, observing:—

"This we must keep secret also."

"You believe in me, Matthias," I said; "you believe in my unhappy fate—that I am still the veritable Count von Heinrich, deprived of substance, yet I myself?"

"That I do," replied the trustworthy fellow; "and my business is to see what can be done to restore you to your former self."

Here I gave a half shudder, and an involuntary exclamation rose to my lips, as I thought of my former porpoise-like form.

"If it could be modified," I murmured.

"Never fear," answered Matthias. "There are learned doctors and professors enough in Germany to make the trial."

"Ah!" thought I, "if Dr. Faustus were only living one might stand a chance; and yet the cure perchance might prove more terrible than the disease. The temptation might be too strong. Who knows what compact I might enter into."

So the days slipped by, and Matthias was measured for the suit of clothes, it being given out that the Count was unable to be measured himself—shrunk to a shadow through incautious bathing; which being literally the truth, was as a matter of course not generally believed in.

I was all curiosity to behold myself in my new attire, and in my anxiety could scarcely be persuaded to get well gradually.

However, Matthias's better sense prevailed, and after another two days I rose, and, clad in my well-fitting garments, made my appearance at dinner. No one was allowed to wait upon me but Matthias; he, good fellow, being blessed with an enormous appetite, was enabled to consume my share of the victuals as well as his own after-repast.

I was pleased with the evident admiration which my appearance created at home, and was well satisfied at hearing from my foster-brother that the domestics remarked that "the master had travelled to some purpose." I was still more gratified when, accompanied by my foster-brother, to whom I clung as a child to its parent, I strolled beyond the precincts of the castle. I was gazed upon with marked approbation, and we had not proceeded far before Matthias retiring to a respectful distance behind me, whispered: "The Baron and Baroness von Snufnifgen." With an emotion of pleasure, that I fear I cannot truthfully ascribe to any amiable feeling, I perceived that the baron had grown frightfully stout, and that the baroness had not an over-placid expression of countenance. I could see, moreover, as she raised her eyes in acknowledging my salute that she gave quite a palpable start.

I was at that moment avenged; Ermen-garde doubted in that one glance the wisdom of the Von Snufnifgen alliance; and my spirits rose.

"Matthias," said I, "there is something to be said in favour of the immaterial."

But Matthias did not understand me—he dealt with facts, and not with shadows.

As he drew off my coat that evening, I noticed that he carefully felt my arm, or rather the sleeve that appeared to contain it. It collapsed at his touch, as though the sleeve were filled with air, which gave way on the application of pressure.

He shook his head. "This will never do," said he; "I must set my wits to work." And the next day he brought a curious framework of fine wire, which he fitted into the sleeves of my coat.

"What is that for, Matthias?" I asked.

"The Count must go into society," returned my foster-brother. "He must offer his arm to the Frau mamma, and he must waltz with the young daughter; and how is that to be accomplished?"

"I will not go into society," I said impetuously, as a full sense of my misfortune flashed over me; "I will not dance—I will not plunge into the gaieties of life, they will be mockeries, delusions. I will flee to the desert."

"There will be none in the desert to admire the Herr Count," replied Matthias, quietly looking towards the mirror.

My eyes turned in the same direction, and I beheld the reflection of myself. I smiled.

"You think me handsome, Matthias?"

"Can there be any doubt of it?"

There was none: it was not vanity that told me so; the mirror was truthful, and I believed in it.

"The Herr Count may regain his substance," suggested my foster-brother.

"Never," said I, emphatically. "No, Matthias, better to glide through life a shadow than to be the substantial and superabundant reality that I have been. You must guard me, watch over me, and ward off all suspicion; you must be ever near me."

"That I will."

"But only for a year," I answered, for my enthusiasm had died out, and the bright picture Matthias's words had conjured up had faded away. The reality of my situation forced itself upon me, though I was but a shadow.

CHAPTER III.

MATTHIAS sticks to me like a leech. Indeed, it has given rise to some pleasantries among my new acquaintances. They call him my shadow. Shadow, forsooth! How little they suspect? It is well that men are, as a general rule, unimaginative, or my secret might be discovered.

Six months have I passed in the vortex of the gay world, and so far have succeeded

beyond my expectations. Still, I occasionally ask myself: "Am I an impostor—a deceiver? If so, Lenora, thy bright eyes have helped to make me one. I had not had courage or determination to pursue the course marked out by Matthias; nor, despite his ingenious expedients and devices to have kept up this miserable sham so long, had it not been that I had no power to withdraw myself from thy fascinations. Thy voice seemed to bid me stay; thine eyes attracted me to look upon thee, as the sun compels the flowers to turn their gaze towards him. Thy soul was gifted with some marvellous influence that drew me nearer and nearer to thee.

"Yet how shall I whisper the truth even to thee? for the truth must be told at last. Thy father already frowns, and thy mother grows less civil. Lenora! Lenora! how wilt thou receive the knowledge that thou hast to learn from me? And yet how great the love that I bear to thee!"

Yes, my heart was as susceptible as ever; another image filled the niche left vacant by the scornful Ermengarde; and now I had the delight of finding my love reciprocated.

Yet, had I fled to the desert, this pain and pleasure might have been spared to thee and me, O Lenora!

Then, frantically, I dwelt upon the misery in store for me; for could I hope that Lenora would accept a phantom-lover?

"Matthias," said I, "I must see her once more; and then, away for ever from Rosenbaden."

"And will the Herr Count consult no learned doctor?"

"None," I replied; "physicians are unavailing; mine is a case beyond all human skill."

"There are those wiser in these matters than physicians," returned Matthias.

"Tempt me not," I answered, "I am willing to bear my penance."

And I sought Lenora once more.

The saloon at the Baron von Hagedorn's was lighted up and decked with flowers. There was to be a grand ball, and Lenora would be fairest of the fair, so I thought, and thinking so myself, I believed that all others would think so too. Such are the delusions we are subject to in love. We feel that each is looking at the beloved object with the eyes that we possess; and whilst we are unnecessarily torturing ourselves, we forget that each has his own cynosure.

I found Lenora in an ante-room, awaiting the guests. The Herr Papa was also there, and he greeted me but coldly; the Frau Mamma was there too, and hoped that the

Count von Heinrich had not been indisposed, it was so long since she had seen him. My reception was so dispiriting that had it not been that Lenora's more cordial greeting reassured me, I should have retired in confusion. But she soon began chatting with me in a lively manner, and by the time the company had assembled I found myself engaged to Lenora for the opening dance.

I was considered a skilful dancer. I glided through the mazes of the waltz without ever coming into collision with other couples, though they little knew wherefore. At the most, my coat brushed against them as I whirled past with my partner, who, thanks to the ingenious mechanism of Matthias, discovered not that the handsome Count was an unreal presence.

I became wound up, wrought up to the utmost pitch of excitement; I was almost beside myself—love, hope, despair, rage, madness, melancholy, took possession of me.

Though never had I seemed gayer, or in more pleasant mood, and the Frau Mamma's manner towards me thawed perceptibly.

Nevertheless, gay as I seemed, my conversation took a somewhat wild and morbid turn. I talked to Lenora of phantoms, spectres, spirits, and playfully demanded how she would deal with a spectre bridegroom. But Lenora shuddered, and seemed to think it no jesting subject. Neither did I; it was a jest too near the truth, yet I continued it.

"How do we know," said I, "that half the world we see around us are aught but unrealities? Amongst the many faces that we behold may not some be those of spirits who are looking once more upon terrestrial pleasures? Perchance, the musician, lured by his own never-dying music, listens in the spirit to his much loved compositions, or the painter lingers fondly over the masterpiece that won him world renown, though he has long since passed away: and the casual stranger we see hurrying along may be some ghostly shade in search of some loved haunt, some worshipped spot on earth."

"Count von Heinrich," murmured Lenora, turning pale, "speak not lightly of the dead."

"I am not speaking of the dead, but of the immortally living—of the indestructible spirit—the essence that knows not death—the mightier power that makes humanity its lodging."

"Hush! hush!" said Lenora; "it is a fearful theme."

But, insensate that I was, I went on.

"Often and often in the crowded theatre have I fancied that there might be phantoms present, seen only by those who had affinity with the spirit world; that perchance

the seats that I saw filled might seem to others but vacant places, my eye might possess a power that others possessed not. Lenora!" in my excitement I called her by her name, "Lenora! should you have no sympathy for these sad ghosts? Would not your heart go forth in pity to these sorrowful ones; yea, even to loving one of these mournful shadows? Lenora, could you love a phantom lover?"

I was pleading my cause so earnestly that I noticed not how that Lenora grew paler and paler; and then I felt her leaning more heavily upon my arm, or rather upon the apparatus that Matthias had ingeniously constructed to give the semblance of solidity. But the framework, though well contrived and worthy of all praise, was inadequate to support the fainting Lenora, and I was powerless to assist my beloved. She sank; no, she fell to the ground.

There was a rush to the spot, where I knelt beside her, wildly imploring her to open her eyes. And then my folly and its further consequences rose up before me. I was undone. I had betrayed myself. Rosenbaden was no longer the place for me. I must flee. And so we fled, Matthias and I, and no one followed us.

Wherefore should they? Had we not left behind us a supernatural reputation? and there are few amongst simple mortals who care to uplift the dark veil that hangs between us and the mysteries of the spirit world.

JULIA GODDARD.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER II. AMERICA.

My last experiences of England were not diverting. I have not much taste for food diagrams, posters about sugar, maize, and coffee. Pheasants stuffed with straw are not stuffed to my liking. I have been presented with many tables and learned treatises on gelatine and fibrin; very good penny information for the people, no doubt, and for doctors, both social, medical, and philanthropic. I am not a medical man. I never read a paper to a number of gentlemen in white cravats, and ladies in spectacles, in a provincial law court, during the long vacation. It was all in vain that our family doctor who would see me off, talked to me on the platform about the elements in the human body weighing 154 pounds. It is not my business to know the relative quantities of water, gelatin, or fat, &c., which my neighbour or my neighbour's wife contains. I don't care to mar the subject of my culinary dreams.

America was a mighty relief. I reached there on a broiling day. A land of plenty is this, with the mighty West lying behind, ready to hospitably entertain the increasing generations of these adventurous, energetic, and active Anglo-Saxon cousins. I am in the region of cocktails, and smashes, and egg-noggs, and coblers; of lager beer, of ice-cream saloons (some on wheels); of terrapin soup, fried oysters, canvas-backed ducks, clams, fish-balls, candies, pound-cake, and pumpkin-pie; the land of the whortle-berry or huckle-berry, the blue-berry and the black-berry. It is concentrated under my eyes by the energy of Dows and Guild. The chattering, laughing negro waiters are everywhere; familiar, but not offensive, and, above all, perfect in their business. Behind, lie pyramids of the golden maize, stores of corn from the great granaries to which we are looking anxiously; the American epicure's oyster, and a store of the generous Catawba which Longfellow has sung. These are only promises of the generous American soil. Every year the vineyard grows, the corn-fields press into the wilderness, and the maize is ripening in the untrodden solitude of last year. There was pleasant dreaming amid the many vintages of American grape, which hospitable hands held sparkling at the level of my eye. Only a few years have passed since wine-growing was begun in Cincinnati; only a few years, and yet what a cellar of American grown wines can the Yankee already lay down! I respect Jonathan for his energy in this as in other things. He began by importing the most celebrated varieties of European vines. But they sickened in the new soil, and repaid the vine cultivator only with a mildewed grape.

Mr. Longworth—for this was the name of the American citizen who planted the first American vineyard—was foiled, but not beaten. He plucked up the native vine, and put it in a grateful soil, and tended it with loving care, and tenfold was his labour speedily repaid; for it was given to him to press into his vats the grape-juice that is the Moet of America—the fine-flavoured sparkling or still Catawba. Of this wine that grows by "the beautiful river" it has been my fortune—it was my mission—to taste the varieties which the loving grower commends to the lip of the connoisseur. It is a pure grape "dulcet, delicious, and dreamy;" but I wholly refuse to put it beyond and before the gifts of all the vines that grow by the "haunted Rhine." It has a rich heady bouquet. It tingles in the blood. It has this noble quality, that it is "pure as a spring." It has not yet passed through the hands of European doctors to be softened or strengthened into fine old Catawba,

or degraded into a "good dinner wine." The fame of Catawba soon spread over the land. Five or six hundred miles away from its birth-place, in Missouri, vineyards were laid, and they thrive. Amazing varieties hath my American host in his keeping! American ports and Burgundies, and that most delightful and gracious of modern American wines, sparkling Isabella! The names court the epicure. Pride of Sandusky; Clinton, from Pleasant Valley Vineyards; and Pearl of Lake Erie! The example of holy men purpled American hill-sides with the wine-giving grape. Have they not the mission-grape in California, planted by the Spanish missionaries a long time ago? From this mission-grape, nurtured by the monks, comes the rich stream of Californian wines which are enjoyed in the present day. Of late years, the ambitious Californian growers, have successfully added European varieties to the original vine. The European grape flourishes in California as it has flourished in Australia, giving, however, wines of very different qualities; a fact on which my American friend held much solemn discourse.

The tender varieties of grape—the Catawba among the number—demand a long summer for their ripening. They flourish along the borders of sweet lakes, to the west of the State of New York—lakes that not even the sharpest winter will freeze. These waters are destined to bathe the great vineyards of the West. Along the southern shores of lake Erie, also, vines are being spread under the genial sun. Said my host in his enthusiasm,—

"Full soon the capital employed in the culture of the grape in the United States will exceed that of cotton, cereal, or any other agricultural produce. Vineyards are planting in Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and several of the South-western States."

"For our market?" quoth I, warming with my friend, and dipping mentally forward to the time when I might be permitted to lay sparkling Isabella in the sweetest of sawdust, by the side of Moët and Johannisberg. Loth to dull my dream, yet resolute that the truth should be spoken, my good friend Candy, using his gentlest tones, said,—

"I cannot honestly hold out the least hope to be realised in your time or mine. I am working for the future—for a happiness the little ones who will toddle over my grave to get a flower at the headstone, will enjoy to the full. We are pressing on to queer times," he added, pointing to some scores of beer-bottles.

"Bass or Allsopp; or Philadelphia, Albany or Lager?" I asked.

"You're posted in ales. No: Smith, New York," was his answer.

And I will observe that Smith's porter or ale, with a porter-house steak, is good cheer, and leaves no room for regret that the Atlantic is tumbling between you and Barclay and Perkins, or Meux, or the high mightinesses of Burton-on-Trent.

The Yankees have brought their inventive genius to bear on their kitchens. I am not prone to admire patents in a kitchen. I like to see the artist with simple materials and old-fashioned means. A pinch of charcoal, a copper pan, and a spoon, and my cook shall command the reverence of any *redoutable fourchette* on the western or eastern shores of the Atlantic. A patent range from Boston, Massachusetts, with its steam-table, hot closets, and double-jacket kettles, has great economical advantages and conveniences, when the business is cooking for the many-headed. I call for an ice-cream, and learn that it was whipped by the patent freezer of J. R. Champlin, Laconia, having been first crushed by the patent ice-crusher of one Richardson, of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Had I been an unprovided ordinary traveller, I should have eaten with knife, spoon, and fork, from Meridan, Connecticut. The Yankee kitchen completely expresses the character of the nation for whom it is set in operation. This is a people who have set up travelling ice-cream saloons. They are vehement in all things. Ice-creams are everywhere and at all seasons. They have strange tastes, moreover. It is not easy to forget the flavour of their effervescing sarsaparilla drink. They are a people who pad themselves with pound-cake, and wile away the lagging hours with candies. The inhabitant of Massachusetts eats pie morning, noon, and night. Bacon and beans have entered the heart of New England. Taking an extremely long pause over a dish of bacon and beans, as something too heavy for a man who is not given to habitual violent exercise, I asked the negro free citizen, who was good enough to hand me the dish, whether it was a favourite one among them.

"A man, sir, doesn't think he's breakfasted unless he's had baked beans on Sundays. Yes, sir, pork and beans; that's a reg'lar New England dish, and so is roast beef and mashed potatoes."

I had discussed the famous oyster-soup. It has a delicate and pleasant flavour, unlike any English oyster-soup. I had experienced a novel American combination of salmon and peas. I had eaten fish-balls, with slices of cold butter. The baked beans were followed up with a chicken, flanked by green corn, asparagus, tomatoes, and green peas. Each vegetable was good, and admirably served;



CASSANDRA.—BY S. L. FILDES.

"Cassandra, erst Apollo's dearest rose,
The daughter of a king, now sings alone
To woods, and waves, and passing winds her song."

but I protest that no art was here. There was no delicate appeal to the palate, but rather something to sicken and deaden it for a considerable number of hours. It is observed in "A Fable for Critics;"—

Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly, perfect may be;
But clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

Perfect peas, and corn, and tomatoes, and asparagus, may be placed on the board, and yet be barbarisms. I am not in love with fish-balls; but the green corn in which our cousins delight, is of exquisite flavour. I mind me of an arrangement of short-cake and strawberries, of which I shall not permit my cook to lose sight—not a cloying sweet short-cake, I would observe, for the benefit of that educated portion of mankind which knows how to eat—but of neutral taste, and light and crisp in substance, heightening the flavour of the strawberry.

Shall I dwell on the savour of the Tenderloin? I will say that it is a crafty cut; which the Yankee *chef* knows how to flavour with the fire. There are some things, and important ones, which are not good. American chickens are wretched birds; the tea and coffee are bad; but, again, the milk and eggs (two corner-stones of the kitchen) are exquisite. In doubt, take eggs boiled, fried, dropped, or scrambled. These, with the delightful Indian corn flour, called Maizena, make a dainty dish; but of this in France! Our cousins are great in biscuits, breads, corn-cakes, buckwheat-cakes; in pastry and pie—the word must be written—coarse. They have fallen on a good champagne, however. Heidescock makes a very harmonious marriage with a fair American dinner. There is great delicacy in some of the drinks. A Bourbon whiskey cock-tail cannot be manufactured to please the educated tippler, by a tyro. A light hand and a scholarly eye must preside over the production of a perfect cock-tail. I shall not enter into the mysteries of the rattle-snake, and the rum sour; nor enlarge upon "hard shells," nor even dwell on the relative quantities of flavours and stimulants that go to make a commendable "eye-opener;" yet, I cannot forbear from pointing the contrast that intrudes itself upon my mind; albeit, it is to the disadvantage of my countrymen. Happening to be strolling in the stable-yard of the Star and Garter at Richmond, having escaped from the ladies, after dinner, for a cigarette, I overheard a violent discussion between an ostler and a coachman, on the usual morning refreshment of their fraternity. The London man was explaining the nature and names of the "eye-openers" of the London stable-yards. Said he: "A ha'porth of beer and pen'north of gin

is a puppy. Bless you, we have it always in the morning. We call it a nerve-strengthener. Now, dog's-nose, as everyone is aware of, is a pint of beer, and a half-quartern. At the White Horse, all the fellows turn in at about six. No dog's-nose there; we are all pups."

At this primitive stage in the art of "eye-opening," is, I very much fear, the mass of my fellow-countrymen.

The soda-drinks, dispersed at the cool and pleasant bars, with fountains bubbling ever over the tumblers; with the silver taps shining in the sunlight, and nothing more noxious in them than delicate fruit flavours, or ginger for those of slack stomach, make a pretty picture. The cream, frothed with the sparkling soda, and flavoured with the pine, is grateful to the daintiest lips; and a brandy-smash is, at least, a more delicate strong drink than the steaming brandy-and-water of London, Manchester, or Sheffield.

It is whispered that these soda-drinks are to be set up in every populous corner of Europe. They will be welcome to the sober Spaniard, to the Italian, and to the Frenchman who is not in the fiery grip of the monster Absinthe. Thrice welcome should they be in England—where there are few men who know how to eat, as the Montmaurs understand eating, with head and heart as well as knife and fork and teeth, because so many have deadened their taste with strong drinks. If Dows will take Clarke by the arm, and insist upon Vanwinkle's company; and if the valiant three will land at Liverpool, bent on beating down drams, not with prosy pamphlets (the very dullness of which, it is my belief, drives many men to the bottle), but with their creaming tumblers, I will make bold to promise them a hearty welcome. W. B. J.

CASSANDRA.

ALONE, she wanders over Atë's hills
Crowned with a thousand herds, the prophetess
Cassandra, the pale violet of Troy,
Fairest of Priam's daughters; slow, sweet, songs
Of siren's music, mournful melodies,
Her white lips covered with the laurel foam,
Singing alone: no more on maiden joy
Intent, or maiden pain; her smiles are gone—
All gone, or ripple faintly on her face,
As water in the moonlight on a stone.

Before her, on the ocean's moaning verge,
The misty shadows of the future rise;
She sees, while ever for her undersong
She hears the roaring of the sea, sad shapes
Of zoneless women, plaining to the night,
Of gleaming harvests of embattled steel,
Of voices other far than gay, of graves
Wherein her fathers' fathers have long slept
On the still grass-grown Ida, full of flame,
Of flying children, whom wild waving hands
Of fond maternal love in vain recall.

Such woe she cries, but none will stay to hear.
 Cassandra, erst Apollo's dearest rose,
 The daughter of a king, now sings alone
 To woods, and waves, and passing winds her song—
 Her unavailing song, while to her eyes
 Come forms of things to be, light bodiless
 Creations of the soul from spirit-land
 Crowd on her fancy, telling tales by her
 Alone believed, of all who should confess
 In coming time too late those tales were true—
 Foreworn hearts! which ever and anon
 Shall cry for death to come, till life's last wave
 Comes creeping up, and still shall wish to die.

"Woe, woe is me! the waving weeds which grow
 By silver Simois, or the golden sands
 Of old Scamander, grate with jarring sound
 Of war, which once whispered love, only love.
 The primrose flags upon its mossy bed;
 The nightingale is dumb; the river's bank
 Is full of beauty and of song no more;
 Black horror holds its sobbing waters,—all
 Is winter now. Again the evening
 Sinks in deep ruby light beyond the hills—
 The distant hills of many-peopled Troy.
 Again to me, unwilling, comes that wail—
 That self-same wail from those tall cedars, when
 I dream with dew-sprayed eyes of those young days
 When every hour was bright, and set apart
 For hope, or memory of some utter joy;
 When happy fancy had fulfilment fair.

Oh, weary wail of ever-varied woes
 For my unwished-for suit, when Ajax wooed
 With most ungentle wooing; far away
 He bore me, but fair Pallas in her fane
 Thus violated, raised her angry eyes,
 And many an empty tomb shall be in Greece,
 And body on the mountain, for his crime.
 Beneath the sunshine on a desert shore
 Shall he lie cold, till Thetis cover him,
 In woman's pity, with the floating weed—
 A poor nepenthe for his own dear home,
 Which opens not for him its doors; but there
 The spider's web floats ever on the wind.

But I shall fall, as falls some noble tree
 Beneath the woodman's axe, in the green wold,
 Guiltless, a slave, calling in vain to him
 Who cannot hear, my master, and my lord.
 I cry to waves that answer not, and woods,
 And silent stones—Echo alone replies,
 And Echo grows full weary of my cry;
 For angry Phœbus makes me seem to all
 A liar, and my words as empty air.
 Yet some time shall all say, too late, with tears—
 The swallow's lonely song was all too true."

J. MEW.

THE STROKE OF A PEN.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

A FATHER and son stood together in the bow-window of a lodging-house at Hythe. The tall, soldierly figure of the father leant against the sloping panels, and he was looking out over the sea with an expression that seemed partly grief, partly embarrassment. An old Indian veteran, Captain Seton's face was bronzed by exposure to climate, but his blue eyes were still both bright and soft, and

his hair, though grey, was thick and glossy. His son closely resembled him, but his expression was perhaps a thought less pleasant than his father's, and the mouth a trifle weaker, while his face lacked the dignity conferred by Captain Seton's thick grey beard. The son was speaking.

"You saw Dr. Malcolm this morning, father? What did he say?"

"Oh, he was afraid to commit himself, of course. I fancy the truth is it may last for days yet. I wish I could stay, but it is quite impossible. Not that I suppose he will be conscious again, but one would have liked to be with him to the end. Poor fellow!" and tears stood in the bright blue eyes.

There was silence for a minute or two, and then Captain Seton spoke again.

"What a sweet girl Helen is. How she has nursed him. I believe she has hardly had an hour's sleep since he was taken ill."

"Mary ought to have come to her," said the son.

"I think so," rejoined Captain Seton; "but since her mother's death I have never understood Mary. I sometimes think she is so strong herself that she has lost all sympathy with weakness, and I do believe she thinks all grief is weakness. However, she is prepared to receive Helen, and you must do the best you can for her when he is gone. I'm afraid all the business matters will come upon you, too, till I can get back."

"The whole of the property comes to you, does it not?" inquired the son.

"Yes, the whole; and from the way in which my poor brother lived, I should doubt his having saved much. But, of course, I should provide for Helen."

"How came it all to be settled upon you?"

"Why, it was a queer will. You see, my uncle was fond of us both, and as we were twins and so on, he had never thought of either as the elder, and yet he could not make up his mind to divide the property. He was old when he died, and crotchety. That's the only way I can account for the will. The property was to go first to my brother, and then to me, and afterwards to the heir of the survivor. Henry!"

"Yes, father."

"I don't mind telling you now something which I ought, perhaps, to have told you sooner. This property will relieve me from a weight of anxiety you little dream of. The bank of Shauregah, in Bengal, has broken, as you know; but I had more money invested in it than I ever told you; in fact, almost my whole fortune. But for—for what is going to happen, I believe I should have been a ruined man. Heaven forgive me! I can't help

feeling the relief, though I am sorry enough for my poor brother. It's not for my own sake, God knows; but it would have been hard to have felt that I had ruined you and Mary."

Henry Seton was silent; he had grown very grave. It was startling to have been unconsciously so near the brink of ruin. The idea crossed his mind, suppose his uncle should yet recover! Such things had been. But that thought passed. He knew the case was entirely hopeless—or, for him, fearless—and that it was merely a question of time. He breathed freely again. He, too, had a communication which he longed and yet dreaded to make to his father, and the conversation had rendered it easier to speak.

Captain Seton had turned again to the window, and was gazing absently from it, and his son had just summoned up courage to make a clean breast to his father of his love for the fair young cousin so soon to be left fatherless, when the door of the room opened, and she came in.

She was dressed in quaker-like, unrustling cashmere, that fell in soft folds round her very slight figure, drooping now from the exhaustion and anxiety of the last few days. At first sight there seemed to be no special beauty about Helen Seton's pale face or braided hair; but to those who knew her well, an indescribable charm lingered in the meek brown eyes,—dimmed now by weeping,—in the ever-varying play of the mouth, and in the set of the little head upon the slender white throat. Henry Seton had long found out this charm, and confessed to himself that he loved her; but as yet Helen had given him no encouragement, and rather seemed to shrink from a look or tone more tender than cousinly. Yet, Henry did not despair. He loved her passionately, but he was not a humble man, and it was not in his nature to fear failure in what depended upon his personal efforts. He told himself that he would wait and win her, and to his mind the turn which affairs had now taken had almost changed the hope into a certainty; not, in justice to him, it must be said, from any conscious thought of this fortune which would belong to his father and to him, while Helen would be left penniless, but because when Captain Seton should be Helen's nearest protector, Henry thought that she would naturally turn in her grief to the arms that were ready to welcome her, and the love that was waiting to shelter her from trouble. Henry Seton was not impatient, but he thought that it would be well to give her some hint of his affection, which, though she might not be ready to accept it, would prepare her mind to receive the idea when, in the natural course of

events, she should be installed under his father's roof. He had not yet found an opportunity of doing so. Meantime she came in. Very light her step was as she advanced towards her uncle, very sorrowful and gentle her look.

"Dear uncle, I thought you would be going soon. I came down to say good-bye."

"Indeed, yes; I must start at once," said Captain Seton, pulling out his watch. "I suppose there is no change?"

"No; none," Helen's voice quivered a little as she gave the answer.

"Good-bye, my child; I'm grieved to have to leave you. I shall be back the moment I can get affairs at Vienna settled. God bless you!" Captain Seton kissed Helen affectionately, shook hands with his son, and was gone.

When the sound of wheels had died away, Henry Seton turned to his cousin; she was preparing to leave the room.

"Don't go, Helen," he pleaded; "can't you spare me one minute? I have something to say to you, and you are not wanted upstairs."

"Yes, I must go; don't keep me," said Helen, nervously; but when her cousin quietly detained her and placed her on the sofa, she was too gentle, or perhaps too subdued by grief, to resist.

Henry took his place beside her, and spoke in a low, tender voice.

"I only wanted to ask you to let me help you as much as I can, now my father is gone. Nothing in this world could give me such pleasure as to be of use to you."

"Thank you," began Helen, feebly, "there is nothing,"—but he interrupted her.

"Helen, I cannot bear that you should treat me as a stranger; you must not. This is not the time to tell you how I love you, and yet—no, Helen," detaining her as she would have risen, "don't be afraid; I will not go on. Don't try to answer me. I only said it that you might know what happiness it is to me to be allowed to do anything for you."

But Helen drew her hand away and stood before him, the drooping figure erect, the clear eyes looking steadily into his.

"Henry," she said, and her voice did not tremble now, "you must never speak to me again as you have just spoken. I was afraid you were thinking of—of something of the sort, and it has made me seem ungrateful for all your kindness. But now you will let me treat you as a dear cousin and brother, and remember that I have asked you with all my heart to forget what you have said, and never, never to think of such a thing again."

How earnestly she spoke, and with what

gentle kindness she held out her hand to him at the conclusion of her speech! And yet Henry fancied it was only maidenly coyness that prompted her words.

"Dear Helen, dearest cousin," he said, holding her hand in his, "I have been too abrupt; but I have not asked you for any answer yet, and I will not take one. Let me be to you now in a brother's place, but," and he attempted to draw her nearer, "nothing but the knowledge that you cared for some one else would make me give up the hope of being some day nearer to you than a brother."

Poor Helen! The allusion swept away her hardly maintained composure, and her head went down in a burst of tears. There was some one whom she did love, and who dearly loved her, and he was far away. That was not all. Helen had long known that her father was living up to the very verge of his income; but she had supposed that the bulk of his property was settled upon herself, and it was only within the last few days that she had become aware that her father's self-indulgence would leave his daughter without provision for the future. She knew it now, and with it came the knowledge that weary years of waiting were before her, and before that other person, if, indeed, poverty did not separate them for ever. It was torturing to have her grief for her father embittered by such a prospect—torturing to be unable to help reproaching him in her thoughts even in his dying hours. And now Henry had sharpened the pain. Helen would fain have hidden her love from all the world, but his last words forbade it.

"I do care for some one else."

The words came out with effort, and a burning, painful blush. Henry slowly and unwillingly released her hand, and she drew herself away, and silently quitted the room.

When he was left alone, Henry rose and walked up and down with hasty strides. What a fool he had been to be so premature! Why had he not ascertained beforehand the existence of this rival? Yet, in spite of his words, he did not relinquish hope. Probably, after all, there was only some foolish, girlish fancy in the way, that would, that must fade before his own earnest love. He felt he could not give her up. No, he would win her yet; he would, he could, she should yet be his.

So, notwithstanding what had passed, Henry Seton went to bed that night if not a satisfied, at least a determined and by no means a desponding man.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY SETON sat alone in the little room at Hythe which had been given up to his use.

His face was grave, but not sad. On the table by his side lay a few business papers; but he was not reading them. He was resting, leaning back in his chair, and thinking of the future. Helen was now an orphan. Her father had died four days previously, and with his death the necessity for self-command on her part had departed. The exertion had been prolonged, and the reaction was severe. Helen passed her days in bitter fits of weeping, and though she did not refuse to see her cousin, she shunned all allusions from him to her loss, or her present position. Once she had sent for him to her room, and given him a clear statement of her father's affairs so far as she knew them; but she had asked no questions in return. He was glad of this silence, for he shrank from telling her that she was dependent on his father; but he would have liked to be allowed to comfort her with tender words. He could not venture to make the attempt; there was a certain dignity about the quiet, delicate girl, even in her grief, which held him in a kind of awe. He thought of her and of her forlorn position very tenderly as he leant back in his arm-chair. He thought how her presence would brighten the house that would be his father's—Helen's old home; how it might be her home in a truer sense some day, if only she would allow it. On the whole, his reflections were not unhappy. A postman's knock interrupted them. Henry Seton had heard once from his father since he left England. He had written from Vienna, whither urgent legal business, undertaken for a friend in India, had taken him. Matters had been arranged, and he had promised to write again to fix the exact day of his return. But the letter that was brought in, though it bore the post-mark of a German town, was not in Captain Seton's hand, nor in any writing which Henry knew. It was directed in an irregular foreign scrawl, and on breaking the seal two letters dropped from the cover, one in English, the other in German. Henry took up the English letter first. It was dated from an obscure village in Germany, and ran as follows:—

"SIR,—I grieve to have very bad tidings to communicate to you. Last Monday, when the diligence in which I was travelling stopped at this place to change horses, I was appealed to by the priest, who entreated me to receive the last words of an Englishman unable to make himself understood in German, who was lying dangerously ill of a fever in the inn. On alighting, I found that the gentleman's name was Captain Seton; he was conscious when I saw him, and seemed relieved at hearing an English voice; but he was in the last

stage of exhaustion, and sunk rapidly. He gave me your address, and sent his last love to Mary and Helen. I am sure you will forgive me for using these familiar names, as I do not know to whom Captain Seton referred. He gave no other directions, and, indeed, was scarcely able to articulate. He appeared to me to have been suffering from acute fever. The priest tells me that when the diligence arrived the day before, Captain Seton was unable to stand, and had to be lifted out. I presume he intended to have gone on to B—. Of course I remained here. Unfortunately, this village is so remote that no really good medical advice could be obtained till many hours too late. Captain Seton expired on Tuesday, the 15th October, at two o'clock A.M. Allow me to express my sincere sympathy on this melancholy occasion. I have directed that all Captain Seton's effects should be packed up; and if you will be good enough to communicate with the priest (here followed his name and address) he will take care that your instructions are attended to. It was advisable that the funeral should take place immediately.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"EDWARD WILSON."

The letter was read, and Henry Seton mechanically stretched out his hand for the other. He felt dizzy and sick; but the blow was not realised as yet. The second letter was from the priest, a half-educated German Catholic. He wrote, however, with sincere feeling, and with deep contrition for having, when driven to extremity, pressed Mr. Wilson to visit Captain Seton's dying-bed. The Englishman had not known the extent to which fever, of an acute typhoid kind, was raging in the villages around. Immediately after finishing his letter, he had been seized with sudden faintness; he had been carried to bed, and in twenty-four hours more he had paid for his act of charity with his life. The priest entreated Henry Seton to break the news to Mr. Wilson's relatives, and lamented again and again over the two deaths, the last of which he laid at his own door.

These were the letters.

For full five minutes after he had laid down the last, Henry Seton sat like a man stunned by a blow. Then a sudden impulse came upon him; he seized his hat, passed quickly through the passage, and let himself out at the front door. Once fairly upon the beach, he stood still; the glare of light seemed to dazzle him. It was the first time he had left the house since his uncle's death, and within, the closed blinds had made a kind of shadowy twilight; without, the autumn sunbeams

danced merrily upon the blue waters, and the waves came rippling to the shore with a delicious murmur. The beach was almost deserted, but upon the terrace were one or two officers from the School of Musketry conning their books. Henry Seton turned away and walked rapidly and unsteadily up the avenue that leads from the beach to Hythe proper. He never raised his eyes towards the soft green hills, nor the grey church round which the houses clustered. On, past the withered stems of the trees which the sea had destroyed—past those on which the changing autumn tints glowed—through the high street, where one or two persons turned round to look after him, he never knew or thought where he went till he found himself opposite the barracks. Then he paused, gazed round him for an instant, and turned again towards the shore. He walked now with a still quicker step, like that of a man who has a definite object in view. Soon he turned into the dreary road that leads towards Romney Marsh. Past the targets, at which groups of soldiers were aiming—past the long range of beach used as a drilling-ground—past the scattered cottages that lay here and there along the shore; faster and faster he walked, the hot sun beating down upon his head, and glaring up from the stones under his feet, the perspiration standing in great drops upon his forehead, until he reached a solitary pool, some miles from Hythe. No human being was in sight; nothing living, except one or two carrion crows hovering over the stagnant pool, and a few sheep in the distance; nothing to be seen but a stretch of long coarse grass, a wall of shingles shutting out the sea, the sky above, and the melancholy black pool. Here Henry Seton paused. He wiped his forehead, threw himself at full length on the grass by the brink, covered his eyes with his hand, and tried at last to look his position in the face like a man.

He was ruined. Even grief for his father's loss was swallowed up in that thought. The imprudent investment, easily forgiven when another fortune seemed ready to replace that which had been lost, now stood like a wall of ice between him and his father's memory. Not yet could he mourn for him as a son, and the consciousness of this added bitterness to his anguish. And in losing his fortune he lost—what? He lost his position in life, his home, his chance of rising in the world, his love. Yes, Helen would never be his. She would be an heiress, independent of him; doubtless she would scorn him, if he, penniless and friendless, should presume again to address her. Yet who could love her as he loved her? He twisted upon the ground as if in bodily

pain. Presently he took up the fatal letter and read it once more. "Two o'clock, A.M.!" He had no need to look again at the hour. And his uncle had died at eleven on the same morning. What a difference it would have made could his father have lived only twelve hours longer; Two o'clock, P.M.—how the change in that one letter would have altered the colour of his son's life! The change of a letter! He clutched the paper convulsively in his grasp, and buried his face in the grass to overcome the thought that had flashed into his mind. But it would not be subdued; it came again and again, even though he loathed himself for it. How easily that one letter could be altered! The stroke of a pen-knife, the stroke of a pen, and it would be done, and detection would be impossible. No Englishman had been near his father's death-bed, save the one who had so speedily followed him to the grave; no one but himself would visit that obscure German village to inquire particulars; the priest would soon forget the exact hour at which the stranger died. Yes, it might be done; only if it were, he, Henry Seton, who had always looked down from his pinnacle of self-esteem with condemnation for the erring, and contempt for the weak, he would know himself to be a villain. Yet who would be the loser? Not Helen; for he believed that but for her possession of this accursed fortune he could win her love. His devotion would secure her happiness, and the riches would all be hers. And if not Helen, who? There was no one else; no other relations near or remote would suffer; but——. Again and again he wrestled with the suggestion that had come to him, tearing up tufts of grass, and biting them, in the bitter struggle; again and again he rose, as if to return home, and end the temptation, again and again he sank down beside the pool to gaze once more at the fatal "A.M." After each struggle the temptation seemed to grow stronger, the power of resistance weaker. Alas! he was yielding—yielding!

The sun had long set when there crept into the house at Hythe a man with hair damp and heavy with the autumn dews, with slouching gait and weary step, a different being indeed from the Henry Seton who that morning had sat musing so calmly in his arm-chair. He entered noiselessly, and passed into his room.

When the lawyer, a personal friend of Mr. Seton's, who had been summoned from London, told Helen the next morning of her uncle's death, her first impulse was to try and comfort her cousin.

"Where is Henry?" she asked, rising; "I will go to him."

"You had better not, my dear," interposed the old lawyer, gently detaining her; "he is in no state to see you; I never saw a man so broken down by grief. He seems completely overwhelmed. I am afraid I ought to tell you before I go," he added, after a little hesitation, "that this will make no difference in your prospects. Your poor uncle died on Tuesday at two P.M., just three hours later than your father."

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.

THERE doesn't seem much chance of its clearing up this evening. Already the roads are ankle-deep in slime, and the crossings have assumed the appearance of juvenile water-courses. Our clothes are bespattered with mud by every passing vehicle. The paved roads are so greasy that it is difficult to cross them without being run down by the lumbering omnibuses and infuriate hansoms; gas-lamps gleam afar off and overhead like will-o'-the-wisps, and are sulkily reflected by the same black mud that returns the glare of the gin palaces and overgrown bootshops. The pavements have yielded an abundant crop of silken and alpaca fungi, and a few daring representatives of the same race are to be found on the tops of omnibuses. All objects, animate or otherwise, develop an alarming tendency to grow shiny and reflective; a gentle steam ascends from the woebegone drudges at the cabstands; all gowns are tucked up, and petticoats sigh for the laundress; the demand for inside seats grows amazingly, and despite a prevision of foul straw and tearful umbrellas. Four-wheelers are at a premium, and their occupants combat the prevailing humidity with tobacco. There is a general limpness and lack of animation. Our last investment appears in the worst light, and we have a venial envy of the snug family party at dinner in the brilliant coffee-room, and from time to time casting a glance of complacent pity towards the world of wretchedness out of doors. Music-halls on a muggy evening are unattractive, and though we have a haunting suspicion that the Polytechnic is open, we are scarcely in the humour for philosophy in sport made a notable specimen of dulness in earnest. Of course we are exacting, and to require an entertainment at once agreeable, intellectual, and economical, fair accommodation being superadded, and that too when London is at its hottest and emptiest, may seem little more reasonable than the infantine cry for "the top brick off the chimney;" but remembering the character of the Promenade Concerts in past years, we feel that, exorbitant as our demands may appear, they have more than a chance of being

satisfied, and resign ourself to eighteen-penny-worth of cab with a reasonable prospect of getting all that we want at Covent Garden.

It is just five minutes past eight as we emerge from the little tunnel guarded by the check-taker, and a prepossessing individual prim enough for a family butler, but vaguely suggestive of a policeman in plain clothes, and a continuous murmur of the violins, interrupted by an occasional and indignant protest from the horns, announce that we have just missed the beginning of the overture. For twopence we purchase a programme from an attendant dressed like a waiter, and before settling down to a consideration of the performance, wander round the theatre, partly from curiosity, partly with a remnant of the inquietude that drove us from our lodgings. The seats in front of the orchestra are already occupied, and have been so for the last half-hour, in fact ever since the doors opened, but the rest of the building is dispiritingly empty. There are one or two visitors in the dress-circle; an attentive few in the amphitheatre—to which anyone partial to the treadmill, or in quest of a tropical climate, may ascend without extra charge; and drifting hither and thither with an air of profound melancholy, are one or two individuals with knitted brows, and hands behind their backs, who regard the efficient conductor, the members of the orchestra, the occupants of the unreserved seats, and the empty boxes, with a tragic scowl, as if it were treason to patronise a place of amusement without exhibiting tokens of a sort of melancholy madness, and entering a tacit protest against the givers of the feast, the fare provided, and the pitiable, drivelling idiots who can partake of it with pleasure. The refreshment-bar at the back of the stage is radiant but unfrequented. A majestic creature, with a glance of supreme disdain, and Samsonian in the luxuriance of her plaits, bundles, festoons, and ringlets, and attired in a league of rustling silk, surveys the little round tables and the chairs under the orchestra with Juno-like severity, and petrifies with an indignant stare any fatuous mortal anxious to quench his thirst for anything less than a shilling. Amongst candelabra, flowers, bath buns, mulled claret, and sweetmeats at once *recherché* and dyspeptic, bottled stout, and pyramids of coloured phials full of scent or sugarplums, float auxiliary nymphs, of whom the least ethereal bandies inanities and giggles with a credulous youth, whose faith in his white teeth and moustache is touching, and whose attitude is statuesque, the left elbow reposing on the counters, the legs crossed and the palm of the right hand gracefully sustained by the corresponding hip.

Turning from the stage, we pass a few yards to the right of the orchestra, and thus situated scrutinise the seated portion of the audience with pardonable interest.

Next to the professional musician of the conventional type, with spectacles, and long hair tucked behind his ears, sits the church-organist, who worships Bach and despises Rossini, who listens with folded arms, a wrinkled brow, and his head slightly on one side, never displaying the least satisfaction with anything that hits the taste of the public. Then come the elderly lady and her two daughters, quiet, well-to-do people, probably in the hosiery line, who, understanding little of what they hear, manage to enjoy themselves nevertheless; the vexatious amateur, who beams delightedly at all the dull passages, and keeps desperate time with his hand during the periods of uproar and chaos; the solid party, with a big, round face, broad brimmed hat, coarse, fat hands, and a pepper-and-salt cutaway coat, who stares at everybody, snubs the music, thinks he has made a bad bargain, but, with a laudable desire of getting as much for his shilling as possible, clings to his seat like a limpet. Then there is the young Frenchman who plays with his cane, and smiles superciliously at everything; the man with the Shakspearean head, who may be amazingly clever or a terrible dunce, who is deep in reflection, but whether concerning the *allegretto con vivace*, or the rise in the price of butcher's meat, is uncertain; the shaky old gentleman, with weak eyes and white hair, who is ardent in his admiration of Rossini, and indulges in ecstatic groans and smiles during the soft movements in the overtures; the young lady, of a decided cast of countenance, who can play Beethoven's sonatas almost—some say quite—as well as a professional, and despises emotional music as mere dross, and melody as a mistake. To her left slouches a crapulous youth, her ill-grained brother, who thinks of nothing else but billiards and bottled beer; whilst chair or two further on sits the highly cultivated nuisance, who beams with vindictive triumph when the music is at its profoundest, and, as most people say, dullest, and re-demands the dreariest movement of all—a proceeding in which he is feebly supported by a sycophant minority, who, with no decided opinions on art subjects, wish to be accredited as connoisseurs, and who, at an air from "Lucia" or the "Traviata," protrudes his under lip, smiles disdainfully, and turns his attention to the chandelier, or the topmost tier of boxes, or the carpet, merely to demonstrate the incorruptibility of his taste, and the utter contempt he has for the opinions of others. A young

lady of a placid demeanour, who has taken off her bonnet, smoothed her hair and made herself comfortable, in defiance of conventionalities, furtively passes a bun to her brother who is in the next row, and who wishes to keep up appearances—smiles, whispers, and looks round cautiously for fear she should have disturbed the audience. There is the fat melancholy man who watches the conductor with settled gloom, and performs the dimmest of modulations on an harmonium in his back dining-room. Lastly, we have the tall, military-looking man, with a sun-burnt face and a Scotch cap, who has attended every promenade concert ever given, and who, when he can't get a seat, generally leans with his back against the front of the orchestra; the seedy party, who incurs the indignant frowns of his neighbours; the two volunteers in uniform, who look as if they had made a mistake; and the aspiring violinist with protruding eyes, long lank hair, a dusty coat, and a hat at the back of his head, who is moodily attentive, never changes his position, and has apparently swallowed nothing worth mentioning for the last fortnight.

When the lady vocalist appears in a cloud of gauze, kid gloves, and bracelets, smiles, bows to the audience, recognises a friend in a box on the second tier, unrolls the copy of music to which she never refers, smooths it, glances towards the conductor, and, by so doing, elicits an encouraging blast from the trumpets, the misanthropic wanderers, and gossiping contemnors of elaborate orchestral effects, are instantaneously attracted to the best available places for seeing and hearing, and the uncompromising supporters of the classical resignedly bow their heads upon their breasts, and sink shoulder-deep into the Slough of Despond. Tremendous is the acclamation when the lady retires. The vulgar old man, with the fatherly smile, enthusiastically records his conviction that "she's a pretty face, and a good 'un as well;" and the young Frenchman shrugs his shoulders and leads his friend from the throng, as if the audience had gone and done it at last, and the worst might be expected at any moment. Much of the applause springs from sheer good-nature; but some people exert themselves in a mild spirit of revenge against the unconscionable sectarians who tried to encore the long movement of the symphony; others, because they are genuinely delighted, and not ashamed to own it; a contemptible few, because they have no pity for the singers, and are resolved to have the full value of their money, and as much again by way of extra.

By this time most of the seats in the front of the dress circle and the upper boxes are

engaged, and the promenade—or what, in the theatrical season, is the pit and part of the stage—is rather inconveniently crowded. Diverse young gentlemen—or, let us say, youths—laugh and chatter at their loudest, in spite of the combined protests of all lovers of music; ladies, with birds' nests for "back-hair," and aggravatingly long trains, sweep round and round the theatre as if bent upon inaugurating an amateur Donnybrook fair; idlers collect in groups, and look as fascinating as the natural vacancy of their countenances will allow; the programme-sellers deal out change at full speed; and the Juno of the refreshment bar and her attendant graces have been excited by the thirsty multitude to smiles, frowns, and comparative activity. A plethoric footman in a red and gold "uniform" opens the piano in front of the orchestra; and an impressive gentleman, like the Count of Monte Christo, advances to worry "Faust" and "God Save the Queen," upon improved principles; and the more merciful of the visitors, ourselves among the number, wander in quest of proceedings more attractive, and modestly remain in the background till a burst of applause—it is to be hoped at the cessation of the torture—proclaims that "Faust," crushed, mangled, and beaten out of recognition, has been remanded till to-morrow night, and that his gentlemanly tormentor has sunk through the mysterious aperture in the orchestra that leads to the charmed regions of first violins and sopranos. A startling unanimity of voice and hand welcomes Herr Strauss; and the band, in spite of the frowns of the symphonically inclined, has the hardihood to strike up a polka. The spare, animated little German, with the fierce moustache and the flowing mane, has already established himself as a popular favourite, and it is worth a visit to Covent Garden only to see the original, emphatic, and anxious style in which he conducts his own piquant and agreeable music. One moment leading as first violin, the next he darts round suddenly, and flourishing a preternaturally long bow lashes his team to such activity that the speed and animation become terrific. With quaint *abandon* he postures and gesticulates to secure the requisite time and expression, and directly the polka or waltz is over he bounds from the orchestra, always to return in response to tumultuous applause, and, for the confusion of the "legitimists," triumphantly rush over the course once more.

The "Carnival de Venice" has long been esteemed fair game for every remorseless executant, who chooses to degrade skill in performance with mere sleight of hand; but a tall, solemn individual like a stage *Hamlet*, who

appeared at the Promenade Concerts towards the commencement of the present season, and whose admirers modestly styled him "Paganini Redivivus," exhibited a degree of ferocity in his treatment of that unhappy tune that was absolutely appalling. Through the medium of his violin it was caused to yell, writhe, grunt, scream, crow like a cock, and bellow like a bull, till the more sober part of the audience thought of Bedlam let loose, and the more demonstrative many were moved to mirth derisive, applause ironical, and vigorous sibilation. The "Carnival" may have grievously sinned against society, and its iniquities may have laid it open to proceedings of a harsh description, but, to the author, it always appeared sufficiently graceful and harmless; and were it the vilest of nigger songs, surely it would deserve better treatment than to be deliberately sliced, pummelled, and thrown down a succession of musical shot-towers. Mechanical dexterity is deserving of all credit when legitimately applied; but when used merely to tear a popular melody "to tatters, to very rags," it becomes a nuisance in its least mitigated form, and should be rigidly excluded from concerts so generally excellent as those performed nightly at Covent Garden.

Our wrath—such as it is—expended, we have only to add that part one is brought to a brilliant and satisfactory conclusion by the hackneyed but exhilarating overture to "Zampa."

During the interval of fifteen minutes that precedes the grand orchestral selection, the refreshment bar and little round tables under the big drum are besieged by the thirsty; and those who have been quite overcome by the heat claim a "pass," and quit the premises to contemplate the architectural phenomena of Bow Street. Inside the theatre there is a popping of corks, an absorption of pale ale and claret cup, many a pout given by Messrs. Spiers and Pond's goddesses at the impatience of their customers, a hurrying to and fro of waiters, a creaking and crowding together of chairs, a treading on boot-leather, a tripping over trains, a catching of walking-sticks in fountains of tulle, a succession of greetings between members of Her Majesty's Civil Service, and a constant scrutiny, with or without glasses, of the fair occupants of the dress circle, and private boxes. A minute or two before the music begins—and when there is an embracing of violoncellos, a diligent employment of resin, a rasping of horns, a twittering of flutes, an occasional boom on the kettle drum, a disjointed gossip between members of the orchestra and gratified acquaintances on tip-toe in the pit—the audience

gains a marked accession of bulk. The evening has cleared up, and the second part of the concert is usually of a lighter and more popular character than the first. Those who would study the bonnet, or the diminutive appendage so entitled, in its newest and least serviceable form, and hats, old, new, and of every degree of comparison, have now an opportunity too good to be wasted. Bobbing up and down, and backwards and forwards, towering above the patches of lace and ribbon, the artificial flowers, "pearled" falls, and gilded raindrops, mixed up with dabs of millinery, crisp and tempting, as if they were meant to be eaten, and would melt in one's mouth, move hats columnar, dwarfed, and pudding-like, with brims narrow, portentously wide, stiff, limp, curling, defiant, demure, black, and of all shades of brown and grey, but the first-named colour predominating. Borne with the stream, we notice with amusement the various samples of humanity leaning against the wall and shafts supporting the boxes, or gossiping animatedly in knots and couples at the doors. More than one specimen have we of the supercilious youth with the beaky nose and the eye-glass, the puffy moustache, and a sense of his own merits, brilliant, but unshared by society at large. In conversation with a lady in black, and thickly veiled, stands the broad-shouldered jolly-looking man with the beaming eye and radiant smile, who is in reality one of the most selfish fellows breathing, and who wouldn't go an inch out of his way to save his best friend from starving. That amusingly grim little foreigner with the folded arms, the uncompromisingly buttoned coat, the wiry moustache, wrinkled brow and sullen scowl, is not a conspirator, but a votary of Beethoven as exemplified in his later symphonies. That strange, gawky figure with long legs like compasses, a wild unmeaning stare, a cane rooted in his coat pocket, and a hat inclined at as obtuse an angle as the arrangements of science will allow, is not an escaped lunatic, but our fashionable loungeur from the club. A little to his right smirks the captivating youth, who, in imagination, basks in the smiles of all the ladies, most of whom, by-the-by, are provokingly ignorant of his presence. He neither joins in nor listens to the conversation of his three friends, well-meaning lads, as brainless and as quietly amusing as he is himself. Advancing a step or two further, we encounter Mantalini, rather the worse for wear, aging fast, with a complexion brilliant but unreal, an elaborate wig, weak eyes, a hat, whereof the brim curls curiously, a smile playful but forbidding, fingers that twitch spasmodically, a curved form, and a waist so waspy, as to suggest its proprietor's snapping

in half if meddled with. Lastly, we meet the scion of a noble family, with a flower in his button-hole, a low-crowned hat, garments in strict conformity with the prevailing mode, an ill-at-ease and insulted appearance, and a face like a well-disposed bull-terrier's. By this time, Bottesini has returned to his post, and all who care for the operatic selection have fallen into position. It is now that the theatre is at its fullest, and it will remain in much the same condition, till about half-past ten; the house being nearly empty before the commencement of the last piece. Let its merit be what it may, we have seldom courage to stay and hear it. The aspect of a fast emptying concert-room is mournful, and the popping out of the gas when the band breaks up, little less than terrific. Thus it happens that the march from "Tannhäuser," or "La Reine de Saba," is generally performed in our absence. By eleven all is over, and before another five minutes have passed, the theatre is shrouded in darkness and brown-holland.

The points of difference between the promenade concerts of Mr. Russell, and those under the directorship of the late Alfred Mellon are neither numerous nor important. The decorations for the present season are rather more costly, though heavier in style than those which have hitherto prevailed. The mirrors, statuettes, and evergreens, are an improvement; but the alternate pink and white stripes that covered the walls of yore, have not been altered for the better to a gilt lattice work, pointed with red roses on a white ground, and suggestive of a monster jam tart. The red-baize lining, the orchestra, and the wall separating the promenade from the refreshment-room, add to the heaviness of the general effect. The music is much as it used to be, though there is room for improvement; first, as respects the lady vocalists, who, though sufficiently attractive in appearance, lack reverence for time and tune; secondly, as concerns the selections, which are too seldom materially varied; and thirdly, as regards the pianoforte music, which would please better if less purely mechanical. We may here add, *en parenthèse*, that the refreshments are just double the price they ought to be. The selection from "Romeo and Juliet," given at the commencement of the season, is not satisfactory, though an influential contemporary believes that it has been arranged with more skill than is usually displayed in works of this nature. Three of its most prominent features are the catching, but rather trivial, valse arietta, the boisterous march, and the decidedly lame and imitative ballet music; and less favourable specimens of the Opera could hardly have been presented. Of the real

spirit and intention of the work the audience is left in ignorance. But dramatic music is generally unintelligible when divorced from the stage, and even the most classical compositions lose much of their meaning when transferred to the concert-room. Of *Le petit Bonnay* it will be enough to say that he is a credit to his instructors, but that all the cleverness in the world would never get music out of a Xylophone. However, to remark of the Promenade Concerts, that they admit of reform in certain points of detail, is merely to remind the reader that, like the best of human institutions, they fall an inch or two short of perfection. Let the visitor be the least scientific of amateurs, or the profoundest of *cognoscenti*, his evening at Covent Garden will yield him enjoyment without stint, good measure, "pressed down and running over," of excellent music capitably performed, Bar-mécidial fare—abundance and variety combined—and almost unexceptionably within those three degrees of comparison, good, better, and best.

The middle of August is not, of all seasons, the most promising for theatrical enterprise; but though the parks are shorn of their glory, and the Belgravian squares are a waste of closed shutters and spread newspapers, London can still boast of a trifle of three millions and a half of inhabitants; and gross as are the tastes of this unfashionable minority, we are quite sure that the directors of the Promenade Concerts will not have relied upon its support in vain.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XV. CADGERS BY NIGHT.

IT is not often I am about the streets now, after the small hours have set in. I don't suppose anybody ever took a fancy to see life who had not dined well and drank liberally first. It is all very well to make the rounds when you have been spending the evening pleasantly. There are worse things than strolling about the town and watching the night folk and their ways, when you can call a cab at any minute and have a good bed waiting for you at home, and have no need to get up at daybreak. But if you tramped about all day, and had very little to eat, and not an acquaintance in the world who would ask you out to dinner, except his Grace Duke Humphrey, whose invitations are too frequent to be pleasant, and had a wretched mattress to sleep upon, and had to be on your legs before the sun is up, I guess you would feel no particular curiosity about life in London.

One of the few advantages I can see in advancing years and failing health is, that it takes a good deal less liquor now than it used to do, to make me sleepy; so, as a rule, when I have shipped a go or two, or it may be three, of hot gin and water, I crawl off to the hovel I call home, totter up the creaking, dirt-begrimed old stairs, and try and dream that I am young and rich again.

But the other night, as I told you, I had an order for the Regina Theatre, where I went to see Lily Vernon, in her paint and spangles. After the play was over, I stopped chatting with an old woman who sweeps out the boxes and looks after the gas, and takes in the letters, and acts as a sort of housekeeper to the establishment in its non-working hours. She was a beauty once—so theatrical rumour says—and a favourite in parts where legs have more to do with success than brains; and has had in her time nosebags, and jewels, and *billets-doux* enough to stock a modern *corps de ballet* in these degenerate days. Now, snuff is her prevailing passion; but what she loves better than snuff itself is to gossip about the good old times, when all the world was young, with any one who can recall the past. All men—and still more, all women—I suppose, are vain; but vanity appears to me the especial attribute of theatrical people, from leading ladies to box openers. To recount her past successes is the one pleasure of the old housekeeper's existence. I don't know that to hear a haggard, wrinkled, dirty old woman narrate the series of offers she has had, of hearts she has won and thrown away, of jealousies she has excited, and rivalries over which she has triumphed, is either an edifying or an interesting occupation, more especially when it is pursued by the light of a tallow dip in the old-clothes room of a theatre pervaded with that peculiar odour of stale sawdust, and foul air, and damp cloth, and faded flowers, which in all countries belongs to the stage and the stage only. Still the woman's world-old scandal had a sort of interest for me; the heroes and heroines of her youthful reminiscences were persons whose names, at any rate, were once familiar to me. Oddly enough, I learnt there a secret which, years ago, half the men in my world would have given their ears to know; and that is, why Willie Morton's wife ran away from him with Hervey of the Blues. My first thought was that it would be a triumph for me to tell the tale to my set, to show what I had always said, that pretty, silly Mary Morton was rather sinned against than sinning. But then the truth flashed upon me, that my world knew me no longer; and that even if I could get back amongst their fossil remnants, they

would have forgotten all about the people of whose names I myself had hardly thought for years. Why, Hervey died of gout, in the odour of sanctity, long ago; and Morton was killed in the Affghan war; and Mrs. Morton went under, and was seen no more: and I suppose that, except in the books of a few bankrupt bill-discounters, there is no tradition now left of poor old Willie. I grew quite sentimental as I thought of all this, though perhaps the gin which the old woman had treated me to, in honour of her knowing that I had once known a lord, had something to do with my eyes being wet, and my voice huskier than usual.

Well, anyhow, it was getting on for two o'clock when I got out into the streets on my way homewards. The public-houses, I knew, were closed; and though I suppose there is a place or two still left where, if I was a gay young dog about town and knew the handle-turning knack, I could get let in and allowed a glass of anything I chose to order, yet I am not the sort of looking customer for whom a publican will run the risk of being fined and losing his licence. Besides, even if any public in London had been opened, I know of none where they will trust a man out at elbows; and money I had none. Possibly, if I had had, I might have been inclined to doubt the wisdom of the tavern early-closing movement. But being unable to sin myself, I am glad to see sin repressed by law. I have lived too long in the world, and seen too much, to be a very ardent believer in reforms. Even if I were to get a vote under the new franchise, I feel convinced votes would be so plentiful, nobody would give me a pot of beer for mine. But this I will say, that of all the reforms I have seen in my time, this stopping of the night sale of liquors seems to me the most practical and sensible and efficacious. Some few years ago the state of the London streets in the early after-midnight hours was a disgrace to a civilized, let alone a Christian city. You don't suppose, Mr. Nomad, that I am an advocate for any Maine law legislation. I almost think I would give a hand to throwing up barricades myself if anybody tried to interfere with the right of the free-born Briton to get fuddled when and how he pleases. But I do say, if people cannot get enough to drink between six in the morning and one at night, they are not fitted for this world of ours. In any other country but this I don't suppose that such an abuse as that of the London night taverns could ever have been allowed to exist. Why, in every busy street there were haunts where men and women could and did booze all night long; and round these haunts all the foul things, male and female, which prey upon

the vicious and the wretched, used to congregate. No mortal being could ever have done any good to either body or soul by sipping drugged drinks at the hours when the very beggars ought to be asleep; and yet because a lot of pedantic fools chose to maunder about individual liberty and the perils of centralization, these drinking dens were kept open in order that London by night might go to the devil faster, if possible, than it would otherwise; and a lot of ill-conditioned ruffians might make fortunes out of night-houses. Anyhow, I have lived to see one abuse scotched and killed, and that is more than everybody can say.

After one o'clock, the dead time of the night has come on; especially when the season is over, the streets are still and quiet, and London is abed and asleep. It is not till daybreak that the market carts come rolling in, or costermongers begin to ply their trade, or the street coffee-booths cater for customers. I once heard this interval of rest called the turn of the tide—the lull between the ebb and flow of the great human current; and I know of no name which expresses better its strange stillness. People have come home from parties, the night trains are all in, the morning mails have not begun to arrive. The whole population of the streets consists of policemen, houseless folk, and a few belated wayfarers wending their way homewards. Even the world of pleasure—the goodly company of the prodigals and the foolish virgins—has finished its revelry; and if you quit the main thoroughfares you may walk for ever so long without encountering any living soul, except a policeman on his beat. But in the great central streets there is still a sort of phantom world which rushes as it were to life, in these after-midnight hours. I recollect once walking at this time of night, with a man who had been away from London for upwards of forty years; and as we strolled along, he said to me, "I find everything new and changed, and different—houses, streets, names—all are altered; but these street-wanderers are the self-same people, treading the same path, telling the same story, wearing the same rags, whining the same lies, as I left here, when I last trudged over this London pavement two score years ago." So indeed it seems to me that if the old "bloods" of a century ago—nay, the cavaliers of the Mall—could come to life again, they would recognize these flitting faces as those of old familiar acquaintances. I dare say you may have observed that the chief crossings before the clubs and hotels and other late houses are seized upon at this time by a new series of occupants. You know, I suppose,

that crossings are preserved like moors; and that you or I, for instance, could no more ply a broom in front—say of the Athenæum, than we could fire a gun in a duke's preserves, or preach a sermon in a dean's pulpit.

The owners of these lucrative posts of course keep short hours; come late, go away early, and only pursue their calling during the busy time of the day. When they retire into the boom of private life, their places are occupied by deputies, substitutes, dependents, or whatever you like to call them, who pay the lords of the walk for the privilege of trespass, and pick up such gleanings as their predecessors have left from the day's harvest. Then, when night comes on, these under crossing-sweepers leave the ground, the casuals come on to take their chance without leave or licence. Somehow—God knows how!—they must some of them make it worth their while. They hardly pretend to sweep—many of them hardly own a broom; but they follow the stray passers till their prayers, or more often the pestering pit-pat of their bare feet on the cold wet stones, earn them the coppers for which they beg. There is an old Irish woman—at least the shape and fall of her rags, more than anything else in her outward aspect, leads me to suppose she belongs to the female sex—who is always to be found at night, wet or dry, frost or snow, in one of the squares in the Pall Mall region. I can hardly remember how many years it is since I first heard her story whimpered to me. She has had no food all day, she has a sick husband, and nine children, one of them a baby in arms; her bed has been seized that night, and she has come out to get a bit of bread for her starving family. She looks so utterly famished and wretched, the story might be true enough. But after all, during the last quarter of a century or more that she has told the tale night after night, she must have lived on something. If she has made money by her nightly begging she would certainly not be here still; if she has not, she must have been dead and quiet long ago. Can it be that all these years she has gone on just keeping body and soul together? always within an ace of starving? Ah! about this, as about so many mysteries in London, you can only say with the Italians, "*Chi lo sa?*"

Then too, in one of the dark, quiet streets that run from Piccadilly northwards to Mayfair, you can sometimes see late at night a well-dressed, decent-looking woman, sitting on a door step with her head resting wearily upon her knees. She never speaks to you, she does not even look at you; only as you pass her by, you hear something between a sigh and a sob, and a muttered prayer. If

you are old in the ways of London, and hard-hearted, you pass on. But if you have a qualm of conscience, and hardly like to go home haunted by the sound of a woman crying; and ask her what ails her, you will, after many thanks and apologies, be told how the woman had come up to meet her brother, who was expected home from sea after years of absence; how his ship had not arrived; how her purse had been stolen from her; how she had escaped from a house whose character she distrusted, leaving her few things behind her in pledge; and how she was sitting there waiting for the day to break, till she might set forth to tramp her long weary journey homewards. Except that the story runs somewhat too glibly, it all seems true enough; and it is odd if you have your wits enough about you, especially in the small hours, to avoid giving enough to secure you any number of blessings and prayers, as you pass on with the unpleasant doubt in your mind, whether you have not been made a fool of after all. Well, if you happen to be about at the same hour the next night and take a different street and keep your eyes open, the chances are you will see the self-same woman sitting on some other door-step, having again been deserted, robbed, betrayed, and left penniless.

In the season, outside the clubs, where men about town congregate, you will see on fine nights a tall, good-looking man with a military sort of air—somewhat shabby it may be, but with a shabbiness which is only a short way removed from splendour of attire, who, if you are young and good-natured looking, will sidle up to you, with a free and *debonnair* air, ask you to excuse him—as he sees you are a gentleman—and explain that the fact is that, owing to a long rigmarole of circumstances with which he need not trouble you, he is terribly hard up for the few shillings required to get him a night's lodging, and he can't look up his friends. If you respond to the appeal, he pockets your gift carelessly, as if the service was on his part rather than yours, says he hopes some day or other he shall be able to do the like for some poor devil who needs it even more than he does, and goes his way whistling. The police will tell you that they have known him for years, playing the same game; but that his appearances in the character of the hard-up swell are few and far between; and that he is unknown to them in any other branch of swindledom.

As to the women who loiter about the streets during these unholy hours, the less said, Mr. Nomad, the better. They are a class apart, even from their sad sisterhood; people for whose cases even street missionaries

seem to be aware there is nothing to be done. Night after night a man well-dressed, quiet, and very worn-looking, patrols up and down the thoroughfares which these poor creatures haunt. He never speaks to them, but he looks long and eagerly into their faces, and if they address him, which they rarely do now, he gives them money and bids them not unkindly to begone. What he does there, and why he walks there, no one exactly knows. There is a story that he is always on the look-out for some face he longs and dreads to see amongst the shadows who flit across the pavement. If it be so, I know of no sadder walk than this man has tramped for years. He often goes away for months, and is lost to sight; but ever and anon he appears again, older, feebler in gait, wanner in look, but still intent on the same search, be its object what it may.

ANA.

WANTED AN EMPEROR.—In the ever-memorable month of June, 1815, the marvellous career of Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, came to an end for ever. The escape from Elba and the history of the subsequent hundred days are known to every one. With a world in arms against him, small indeed was his chance of success from the first. He did as much as mortal man *could* do, but finally succumbed on the field of Waterloo. The evening of Sunday, June 18th, saw him flying for his life towards the capital, surrounded by the debris of a once splendid but now panic-stricken host. On reaching Paris, he appears to have been greatly perplexed as to his future movements. But he had not much time for consideration: the allies were at his heels: a few days would see Paris occupied by their armies. He finally decided on starting for Rochefort, with the idea of escaping to America. This plan he at once proceeded to carry out; but before leaving the capital he went through the form of *abdication* in favour of his young son. But before the Duc de Reichstadt could be acknowledged, or permitted to assume the title of "Emperor of the French," there were some rather important personages to be consulted. The allies were to have something to say in the matter, and the rightful monarch of the French was yet alive in the person of the Bourbon Prince, Louis XVIII. Napoleon I. had at this time about as much right and as much power to make the young Duc de Reichstadt Emperor of France as he had to make Louis XVIII. King of England. The nations of Europe had had quite enough of the Buonaparte family—for a time. It was not to be supposed that they would recognise the young duke as emperor, nor did any of them ever do so. Louis XVIII. quietly re-entered Paris on the 8th of July, and resumed the government. Napoleon's destination, as we all know, was not America, but St. Helena. The Duc de Reichstadt retired to Austria, where, at the age of twenty-one, he died, *not* Emperor of the French, but with the title which he inherited and by which he had been known from his birth, simply Le Duc de Reichstadt. Thirty-seven years pass by and we see on the throne of France another Emperor, and oh! more wonderful than fairy tale or romance, another Na-

poleon Buonaparte! The success of the *coup d'état* in December, 1851, put the supreme power into the hands of the unscrupulous president, and he was not the man to let that power slip. A few more months and he was able to carry out the darling dream of his life, to have himself acknowledged by the French people as their emperor. Since that day Louis Napoleon Buonaparte has been known to the world as *l'Empereur Napoleon le troisième*. But one and one will never make more than two. Let those who fancy they can make three of them try their best, they will find it as difficult a task as to discover the lost link in the chain of the three emperors. Thus far we have told the truth, and nothing but the truth. There is something to be added which will save us from the accusation of having concealed anything, and thereby, perhaps, not having told the whole truth. This, then, is what we have heard, and we believe there is solid foundation for the report. It is said that when Louis Napoleon found the pulse of the French people to be favourable, and that the time was ripe for carrying out his design, he intended to have himself proclaimed emperor under the title of Napoleon II., and that it was *accident* that caused him to be called Napoleon III. It seems that a number of placards had been simultaneously printed and sent to all the heads of the different departments and towns in France on a certain day, with orders that they should be issued and distributed all over the country on the same morning. These placards were thus headed:—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!!!* These three notes of admiration were taken by the people to represent the Roman numeral "III.", and he was from that time hailed as *Napoleon le troisième*: as such he has ever since been known; but it is equally true that his proper title should have been Napoleon II. W. S. G.

MEMORIES OF KENILWORTH.

PART II.

BUT darker days came to Kenilworth. Here, after Edmund, lived his son Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, for his rebellion, was beheaded at Pontefract with eighteen other nobles. His brother Edward, also Earl of Lancaster, led his ill-fated sovereign, Edward II., a prisoner into these walls, who here received a message from the Parliament requiring him to sign his abdication, and consent to the coronation of his son, a child of fourteen. When the deputies appeared, the worn-out and persecuted monarch fainted away, and only recovered to hear Judge Trussel in the name of the people of England loudly renounce all fealty to Edward of Carnarvon; and to see Sir Thomas Blount break his high steward's staff in token of the discharge of the king's officers from their allegiance. This was one of Kenilworth's saddest scenes; but sadder days even than these were in store for Edward II. He was left for a time under Lancaster's rough jailership, but his enemies, fancying even that too gentle a fate, dragged him about from castle to castle, to Berkeley Castle in Gloucester, and to Corfe in Dorsetshire, and

finally to Berkeley again, where Gournay and Maltravers were sent by Isabella and Mortimer to murder him, one September night in 1327.

The son of Earl Edward was created Duke of Lancaster, and he died A.D. 1362, leaving two daughters his heirs, of whom Blanche, the younger, married John of Gaunt—the fourth son of Edward III.—who was created Duke of Lancaster, and this castle fell to his wife's share, her elder sister having married the Duke of Bavaria. John of Gaunt began the structure of all the ancient buildings now remaining, except Cesar's tower, with the outer walls and turrets, towards the end of Richard II.'s reign. No doubt he consoled himself with these buildings after Wat Tyler and his followers had pillaged and burnt his fine palace at the Savoy; and in 1399 "time-honoured Lancaster" died, having married as his second wife the heiress of Castile, and as his third, Catherine Swinford, who was sister to the wife of Chaucer, and from whom descended the Lancaster line of English kings, beginning with Henry VII. Meantime, after Richard II.'s death, Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, succeeded to the throne, and thus, as his mother's heir, he connected Kenilworth once more with the possessions of the Crown. Henry VI. sought refuge within its walls during the insurrection of Jack Cade. Henry VII. united the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster to those of Cornwall. Henry VIII. "bestowed much cost in repairs, removing the building erected by Henry V. near the tail of the Pool in marshy ground, and setting up part thereof in the base court of the castle, near the Swan Tower."

It continued to belong to the Crown, till, in 1563, Queen Elizabeth presented it to her favourite, Robert Dudley, who the next year was created Earl of Leicester, reviving by that title the memory of its former owners. And truly it was a princely gift, which Leicester fully appreciated, for he spared no expense in additions and alterations. Witness "*Leicester's buildings*," which were his work, and the Gatehouse also; and the two towers by the tilt-yard, which have been mentioned before. He spent 60,000*l.* on the castle and park; and here, in the glowing summer of 1575, he entertained, with all the pomp and majesty befitting his riches and her position, his royal mistress, the queen.

Laneham, in his gossiping account of the queen's entertainment at Kenilworth, gives the following good description of the garden in quaint and extraordinary language and spelling, and, being put into modern English, it runs as follows:—

“Unto this his Honor’s exquisite appointment of a beautiful garden an acre or more of quantity that lieth on the north there, wherein hard all along the castle wall is reared a pleasant terrace of ten foot high and a twelve broad; even under foot, and fresh of fine grass, as is also the side towards the garden, in which, by sundry equal distances, obelisks, spheres, and white bears, all of stone, upon their curious bases, by goodly show were set; to these two fine arbours by sweet trees and flowers, at each end one; the gardens flat under that with fair alleys green by grass. Some walks therein set with sand, not too soft or oily, but firm to walk on as a sea-shore; then much graced by due proportion of four even quarters, in the centre of each, on a base a two foot square and high, a pilaster fifteen foot high, with a ball at the top, all of a solid block of porphyry. The savour on all sides, made so respirant from the redolent plants, fragrant herbs, and flowers, with fruit-trees, bedecked with apples, pears, and ripe cherries. And in the midst of the terrace, against the wall, was a square cage, sumptuous and beautiful, twenty feet high, thirty feet long, and fourteen broad; there were four great arched windows in front, and two at each end, and as many more above; divided by columns, all over-strained, even and tight, with great cunning and comeliness, with a wire net firmly net. Under the cornice every part was beautified with great diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and garnished with their gold by skilful head and hand, by toil and pencil and lively expressed. There were holes and caverns in the wall for roosting and breeding, and holly trees for perching. But the silver sounded lute without the sweet touch of hand, the glorious golden cup without the fresh fragrant wine, or the rich ring with gem without the fair-featured finger, is nothing, indeed, in his proper grace and use. Even so, his Honor accounted of his mansion till he had placed the tenants accordingly. Had it therefore, replenished with lively birds, English, French, Spanish, Canarian, and (I am deceived if I saw not some) African!”

This was but a small part of the grandeurs of the castle at that time, which all the pleasure-loving country flocked to see; and here, it may be remarked in passing, that considering the nearness of Stratford to Kenilworth, it is more than probable that Shakespeare, then a youth of eleven or twelve years old, may have been an eye-witness of many of these festivities, and, that his first sight of a theatrical representation may have been the play of “Hock’s Tuesday,” which the men of Coventry played before the queen, on the subject of the de-

struction of the Danes in Ethelred’s time, and wherewith her Majesty was so well pleased that she presented the actors with five marks in money and two fat bucks. And in the great hall in Lancaster’s building is still seen the window and the window-seat where the earl sat with the queen, looking out on the rich country over the sunny lake, while the words of love rose to the lips of each which neither dared to utter.

Where, on the queen’s part, was her royal pride? And where, thought Leicester, more bitterly, where is Amy Robsart? and where Lady Douglas Sheffield? The latter, at any rate, Leicester’s true wife, and the mother of the only child he ever had; and yet so deeply had he wound the toils around himself, he never dared openly to acknowledge him; and so the title and estates passed away once more from their owner’s hands to the Crown.

To say nothing of Amy Robsart, whose life is shrouded in mystery,—though there is too much reason to believe that the fall down the trap-door in Cumnor Hall is not all a fiction,—there was the daughter of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lady Douglas Sheffield, to whom Leicester had been first contracted in Cannon Row, in Westminster, and to whom he was, two years afterwards, married in her chamber at Esher, in Surrey, by a lawful minister and before many witnesses. And the ring with which he wedded her was one set with five pointed diamonds and one table diamond, which had been given to him by the Earl of Pembroke’s grandfather, on condition he should bestow it on none but on the lady he should make his wife. And after all this he dared implore her on his knees, in the close arbour of the queen’s garden, at Greenwich, to deny the marriage, because, he said, of the queen’s wrath; but more truly because of his own passion for the Lady Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, whom he afterwards married; and though Lady D. Sheffield refused with scorn, and for her son’s sake, to consent, in spite of his bribe of 700*l.* a year, and even of his fierce threats, yet when the Lady Essex appeared in public as his wife, and in private threatened to poison her, which she was very capable of doing, she then consented to retire into seclusion, from which she did not emerge till after Leicester’s death, when she was called upon to prove her son’s legitimacy. In this, however, she could not succeed, in spite of abundance of evidence in her favour; and Sir Robert Dudley, her son, was too proud to remain in possession of the doubtful inheritance. In spite of his father’s will, made at Middleburgh, in Zealand, in which he left all to his son after the death of his brother, the Earl of Warwick,

he retired to Italy, and the estates reverted to the Crown, in virtue of the Statute of Fugitives, he not obeying a summons to return, conveyed to him under a special privy seal.

His career was a remarkable one, for he was a person of profound learning and great attainments; and during his life at Florence he stood high in the favour of the Duke of Tuscany, who gave him a pension of 1000*l.* a year; and the German Emperor, Ferdinand II., in 1620, bestowed on him the title of Duke. He called himself, consequently, Duke of Northumberland, and lived in a palace of great splendour near Florence, which he had built for himself, and in which he died,

and was buried in the church of San Pancrazio. He was an author of fame, and wrote a most ponderous and learned Italian work, now very rare, called the "*Arcano del Mar*," full of maritime theories, which was published in Florence in 1630. He was also learned in the science of chemistry; and was the discoverer of one of the most subtle poisons ever known in Italy, one which is still known, and, may we venture to say, still used. He was skilled in other arts besides, for a contemporary volume observes that "he was the first that taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges." His domestic matters do not seem to have run as smoothly as his other fortunes. His first wife was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh; but he divorced this truly excellent lady before he departed for Italy, where he married Elizabeth Southwell, a person of the greatest beauty, who had followed him abroad in the habit of a page. Meantime, Charles I., out of pity to the misfortunes of the lady Alice, created her Duchess of Dudley in her own right; but he did not carry out his consolation in a pecuniary point of view, for he procured an Act of Parliament to enable her to accept a sum down

out of the exchequer of 4000*l.*, instead of the jointure of 10,000*l.* due to her out of the estate. She retired to a house of her own in St. Giles, where her works of charity and piety endeared her to the neighbourhood; and there she lived with her four daughters, of whom two at least had been born at Kenil-

worth — Lady Alicia Douglas, the eldest, and Lady Catherine Leveson, the youngest. The Duchess of Dudley's house was on a triangle formed by the now obscure streets called Denmark Street, Hog Lane, and Lloyd's Court, and in it she died in March, 1669. A monument was erected to her memory in St. Giles's church; but her remains were conveyed for interment to the church



Kenilworth Ford.

of Stoneleigh, the home of her childhood.

So end the proud days of Kenilworth, for till Charles I.'s death it was in the hands of a governor under the crown—the Earl of Monmouth and his son, Lord Carey, holding that office—and after his execution, Oliver Cromwell gave the whole manor to several of his officers, who demolished the castle, drained the great pool, cut down the king's woods, destroyed the park and chase, and most conscientiously divided the lands into farms amongst themselves.

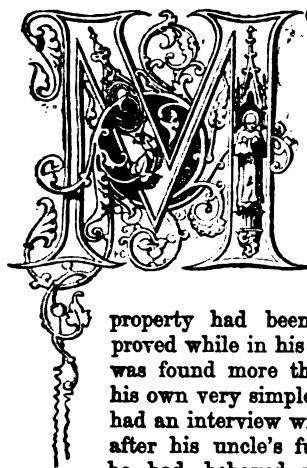
At the Restoration, Charles II. granted the remainder of the lease to the daughters of Lord Carey; and when it expired he made it over to Lawrence, Lord Hyde, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester. The last Earl of Rochester's eldest daughter and heiress, Jane, married William, Earl of Essex; and they again having no son, their daughter Charlotte inherited her mother's possessions, and by her marriage with the son of the Earl of Jersey, the Honourable Thomas Villiers, created Earl of Clarendon, she conveyed into the family of the Clarendons, the present possessors, the glorious ruins of the historic Castle of Kenilworth.

G. T.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. TOWED ASTERN.



MONTHS have passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter. In the will of Mr. Crawford no other name save that of his daughter was mentioned. Richard's little

property had been somewhat improved while in his uncle's care, and was found more than sufficient for his own very simple needs. He had had an interview with Mr. Carstairs after his uncle's funeral, in which he had behaved with unexpected calmness and good sense. He was very solicitous about his own state of health, and seemed to be well aware that there was danger with respect to his mind. He owned that he still felt the effects of the sunstroke received two years ago, although only on occasions of excitement. He spoke of his uncle with respect, but without any hypocritical regret. He felt sorry, he said, now that Mr. Crawford was dead, that they had not been better friends; but confessed that they never had got on agreeably together. Any lingering suspicion which the doctor may have entertained of "foul play" in the matter of the old man's death was entirely done away with, and whatever views he still entertained with respect to the untimeliness of his decease, he attached no blame to Richard. He was much ashamed of himself at having ever harboured so groundless a prejudice, and felt a kindly interest in one he had so gravely wronged in thought. He cordially approved of the young man's proposition to mix with the world for a little before going to sea again, and Richard accordingly set out for London.

Agnes was greatly pleased at the unexpected good sense exhibited by her cousin. When he came to bid her good-bye, he showed no trace of that wilfulness and passion he had been used to exhibit, and which had caused her to regard him of late (although she did not own it to herself) with less of affection than alarm. Perhaps, out of regard for her recent

bereavement, perhaps, because he felt that he had really no chance of winning her heart, he made no direct allusion to his love for her, and even the hint he dropped was so slight that it did not strike her with any force until long afterwards. He said that he felt it was better for him to leave Mellor for the present, but that he should see her again—she might depend on that—before he undertook another voyage. When she spoke of writing to him in the meantime, he answered, "No, Agnes; I had rather there was silence between us for the present. I shall hear about you, and of everything you do—that is, Mr. Carstairs has promised to let me know." He was manifestly making a gallant effort to shake off his hopeless passion, and at parting she was more deeply moved, or seemed to be so, than he. She mentally blessed the kindly little doctor for his good offices which, while releasing her from a most embarrassing attachment, had left her an affectionate well-wisher and friend in her only cousin.

So Richard Crawford, like John Carlyon, was swallowed up in the great world of London, where men do, even more than elsewhere, what is right in their own eyes; and Agnes was left in her little world at Mellor—shrunk to small dimensions indeed by their secession—at Widow Marcon's cottage, "The Brae."

A very pretty little dwelling it was, on the very margin of the bay, down to which the small garden, with its couple of tiny terraces and Lilliputian harbour, sloped. A toy palace, fit for a queen (of Titania's nature), with a very limited court. The widow, finding herself but ill provided for at her husband's death, had taken the place with a speculative eye. Such a bijou of a villa residence could not fail to attract some elderly spinster or widow like herself, or even two sisters (if they did not mind occupying the same sleeping apartment, for there was but one "best bed-room")—it was such a lovely spot, and so adapted for persons of elegant tastes and limited incomes. There was a dining-room, in which one could not quite give what is called a dinner party, but three could sit down in it very comfortably, and even more, if the fourth didn't mind getting up from her seat to let the servant pass round the table. This room opened upon a lawn, soft as a carpet (and not at all larger than are the common run of carpets)—the only

naturally level piece of ground in the whole fairy demesne. The dining-room opened upon "the hall," upon the white stone floor of which, you might have eaten your dinner, so far as cleanliness was concerned, and provided you did not have more than one dish up at a time, for there would not have been room for more; and, on the other side of the hall—a good long step (for a short person)—lay the drawing-room, quite a stately apartment by comparison with the rest, and capable of accommodating six persons—four in the body of the room, and two in the bow window, which was built in a bower of honeysuckle and roses, and looked, from the outside, like a bird's nest. The rent of "The Brae"—which, considered as a model for a habitation, was really perfect, however absurd as a real dwelling house for grown-up people—was small even in proportion to its dimensions; but then Miss Crawford was such an eligible tenant for "not giving trouble," and for "putting up" with the widow's shortcomings and ignorance confessed of how "the quality" required to be served; and also, in all probability, "you see," said the widow, in confidence to her gossips, "she would be for a permanency."

Thus, though the income hitherto paid to her father, notwithstanding his change of name, by the good-will of the Government, had, of course, ceased, what with her very moderate out-goings in respect to lodging, and her inexpensive habits of living, Agnes, so far from being poor, was able to make more considerable investments even than before in that stock which, though it pays but little more to its debenture holders at present than the London Chatham and Dover Railway, is spoken of by the clergy and others as likely one day to return an immense percentage. If giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, as there is good reason to believe, Agnes Crawford was laying up for herself much treasure in heaven. And yet she was not happy. That the prosperity of the wicked (unless prosperity means happiness) should offend us almost beyond reconciliation, appears unreasonable, compared with the distrust inspired by the unhappiness of the godly. *That* (as it seems to me) is a matter that much more requires an obedient, unquestioning faith. It is certain that Agnes Crawford was not happy. Unlike that pious gentleman who deemed it a cause of thankfulness (to himself and the elect) that there were "babes a span long in hell," she not only wished that no little one should perish, but, if it were possible, not a single soul, and especially not John Carlyon's soul. What a short time had he to live, and in the midst of life how near was he to death; and yet what could she do? Many a night

she lay awake in her sea-bordered home, while the great winter tides swirled in and out, and the wind moaned and shrieked like a lost spirit, thinking with aching heart of him who saved her from the roaring flood, but whom *she* could not save. What was he doing, what was he thinking, what was he believing, during those precious unreturning months? Mr. Carstairs had heard from him once or twice, but only with respect to certain business matters of a nature to be intrusted to him rather than to Mr. Scrivens. He was setting his house in order in one sense, yet there was no sign of carefulness for the most important matter of all. How often were her small white hands wedded in vicarious supplication—how often was his name whispered to God through those pure lips! Many men have intercessors of this sort (beside the Great One), who, innocent themselves, little know what sins they would have shriven; and Heaven grant such prayers may not be altogether unanswered. Let us trust there must be something good in the object, however unworthy, that can provoke such supplications.

Winter, then, has come and gone, and it is Spring. The grass is green upon her father's grave, and his memory has faded away wholly, save from one loving heart. It is warm enough slowly to and fro to pace the tiny terrace of "The Brae," or sitting in the harbour, book in hand, to let it idly fall upon the lap, and watch the red-sailed fishing-boats putting out to sea with the flood, or the carts with their freight of cocklers, crossing the causeway to their work upon the sands, with the ebb. In the morning, Agnes sits there before she sets forth upon her ministrations among the poor or the sick, and those (saddest of all human wayfarers) who are at once both sick and poor; and in the evening, when her labour of love is over.

It is morning now; the beginning of a bright and cheerful May day, with a wind that has lost the sting of March, not keen, yet blowing free. The air is clear, and objects can be seen afar which are often hidden by the hazy veil of Summer. The tide is running out like a mill-race. If yonder fishermen, who have been fishing beyond Greycrags, be not wary, there is danger that their boat will be left aground. Agnes knows this from long acquaintance with the treacherous bay, as well as from her constant watching of the sands and the sea during these latter months. She knows, too, the men who are in the boats; they are the Millets, father and son. If old Stephen (not improved in morals, poor fellow, although still proposing to be so—ashamed, but not reformed) were alone yonder, she would be alarmed for his safety; but William

is with him, agile, sagacious, cool. Still, why do they delay? By the line of sea wall that is showing on the island, by the dark crests of rock that are rising here and there out of the yellow foam, she knows that they have already lingered longer than is prudent. True, the head of their boat is pointing seaward, but they are not yet in the main current, and their progress is very slow—slower than it ought to be, considering that one has the oars out, and the other is pushing his hardest with the punt pole. She makes out so much through a little telescope; but she cannot make out what is the dark object they are towing astern, and which impedes their movements. She is not afraid, as one only acquainted with the dangers of the bay and not with its peculiarities, might be, of its being a drowned man. Such are rarely found in the locality in question, and never until the tide has retired. By great exertions, and with frequent and inexplicable changes of their course, the boat is at last got into the main stream, and hurries towards the village fast enough; the sole difficulty now lies in stopping it at what is called, by courtesy, the landing-place—a few narrow yards of planks laid upon a bed of shining ooze. Now, she can make out what it is they have behind them; it is a horse, fastened to the boat's stern by a bridle.

Agnes threw down her book, and hastened through the little garden to the landing-place. Some accident must have certainly happened when a saddle-horse is found in that terrible bay; it is not long before they find the rider. Her mind at once reverted to Red Berild, and to him with whom it was so often occupied, his master; but John Carlyon and his steed were far away, she knew. Whose horse was this, then, exhausted, half-dead, hurried along by the rapid stream without any motion of its own, and at times half-rolling over, so as to show its girths, as though it were dead indeed? In a village like Mellor, one knows not only each inhabitant, but every horse and dog, yet she did not recognise this horse. Without wasting time in questions, however, she stood ready, as the fishing smack drew near, to seize the boat-hook which William Millet was holding out, for there was nobody but herself at "the point," as this place was called, where a jut of land turned the main course of the *eau* and formed a little bay behind it. Into this bay the boat was drawn, with the poor animal towing behind it—a small black mare, with heaving flanks, and frightened eyes, who could scarcely keep her feet in the shallow water, although the sand beneath was tolerably firm.

"A bad business, miss, I fear," observed William, when they were safe in port.

Old Stephen, to whom, probably, conversing upon such a subject with Agnes was personally distasteful, contented himself with touching his cap and shaking his head.

"Where was it found?" asked she. "Poor creature, how it shivers!"

"Under the lee of the island, miss. A game little thing is that mare; she must have been in the water these four hours, swimming round and round, and round and round, with not an inch of firm ground for her feet."

"And the rider, William?"

"The Lord have mercy on him, whoever he be," answered the young man, reverently.

"You don't know, then, to whom the horse belongs?"

"Yes, I do, miss. But it may not have been the owner who was upon her, you see. Heaven forbid that it should have been."

"Why do you say that, William?"

"Well, miss, we're none of us fit, but Mr. Scrivens, he never loved God's people, and was a hard man to the poor."

"Hush, William; do not say things like that. We are no man's judges. Is it Mr. Scrivens' horse?"

Two or three men had gathered together at the landing-place by this time, and were helping with the boat; one of them, the ostler at the Mellor Arms, here interposed.

"No, miss," said he "it's wus than Lawyer Scrivens, or at least it comes nigher to Mellor. That's Mr. Jedediah's horse."

"What, Mrs. Newman's son?"

"Yes, miss. He bought this mare of Mr. Scrivens only three days ago. I saw him cross the sands upon her yesterday, and spoke with him; he said he should not be back last night, for that there would not be time. He must have tried to come back, poor lad, and so been drowned."

Agnes turned deadly pale, and grasped the handrail of the little wooden pier; her limbs trembled beneath her.

"What is to be done, William?"

"I must get a horse and search the sands, miss, and you must go up to the Priory as was, and break it to his mother."

CHAPTER XXV. MY JED.

THAT would have been a terrible office for any woman, no matter of how dutiful a spirit, which William Millet laid upon Agnes Crawford, when he said "You must go up and break it to her"—the almost certain death of her only son, to a doting mother; but it was far worse for Agnes than for anyone else. Mrs. Newman and herself had never met since that angry parting at Greycrags, months ago, and she knew that Carlyon's sister had not grown less bitter against her in the mean-

time. It was impossible for Agnes, because, contrary to her nature, to shrink from any duty, but it was no wonder that in such a case, she should procrastinate.

"We cannot be sure, William," said she, meekly, "that this awful catastrophe has happened. We do not know for certain that anyone is drowned, and far less who it is."

William shook his head, and answered, quietly,

"Very good, Miss Agnes. As soon as the tide runs out, I will take horse and search the sands."

"This here mare won't be fit to carry a man within this twelve hours," observed the ostler; "even if she gets over this at all. A nice bit of blood, too, she is; and a pretty price, I'll answer for it, poor Mr. Jedediah paid for her."

Poor Mr. Jedediah. How that word shot through Agnes Crawford's heart. She knew the young man by report only too well; knew of his evil doings amongst her own little flock; a wolf, he had been, to more than one pretty lamb. And, lo, he was now cut off in the midst of his sins!

"What horse have you up at the inn, Jim?" asked old Stephen.

"Not one," returned the ostler. "The greys are gone to a wedding out Northbrook way, and a gent, as come to our house last night, has just taken out the strawberry mare, meaning to call at Woodlees on his way home. I believe he wants to buy Squire Carlyon's house."

Marrying and buying, how the world runs on, though death is ever so busy amongst it! thought Agnes.

"Is there no other horse?"

"None as I knows of, ma'am; no, not one in the village, excep—" and the ostler hesitated and looked at William.

"Then it's all the more necessary, Miss Agnes," said the latter, interpreting his glance, "that you should see Mistress Newman quickly. It's Mr. Jedediah's own horse as is wanted; there's none else. I am sorry to put such a burden on you, Miss Agnes, but you must ask her to lend him to me, you must indeed."

"Ask for her son's horse to search for his dead body! I cannot do it!" exclaimed Agnes, wringing her hands.

"You need not say it's her son as is lost, miss," observed old Stephen, cunningly. "You can say as *somebody's* a missing; there will be no lie in that, for, as you were saying, it *may* not be Mr. Jedediah after all."

The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light; and the old man's proposition was welcome to Agnes by comparison with the unrelenting

straight-forwardness of his son; it put off the evil moment, and even afforded some flicker of hope.

"I will go at once," said she, quietly. "You will come with me, William?"

"Certainly, miss. You see," continued he, as they left the landing and took the road together towards the priory, "that I couldn't go myself to Mistress Newman's. I am out of her favour, although through no fault of mine. I thought it was only right to tell her something the other day, respecting—something about her son, as it was her part to look to; and she was very angry, very. Therefore, she might think (which Heaven forbid), that I brought this sad news to her in the way of a judgment like. You, who have never given her offence, and are a lady like herself, are much more fit to tell her."

"I see, William, I see," answered Agnes, mechanically. Her brain was busy with what she should say to this unhappy woman, not dreaming of the desolation that had befallen her, filled with petty thoughts, and probably even hostile and aggressive towards herself. What *should* she say?

Up the hill, and beside the ivied wall to the gate of the old house, which everybody, save its tenant, still called the Priory. It was getting very near now, that terrible interview; and nothing had been given her to speak. The page looked astonished when he opened the door; perhaps because she was a stranger to the house perhaps because, of her companion, William. On either supposition it was natural enough, and yet it seemed to add to her discomposure.

"I wish to see Mrs. Newman."

The boy lingered, as though some explanation were necessary; very likely he surmised that something was wrong; "on very particular business," added she. He led the way at once upstairs; she did not notice that he gave William a sign to remain below; she had counted upon his presence and support, but she was ushered in alone.

Mrs. Newman, early as it was, had already breakfasted, and was seated at a window of the drawing-room, from which she had doubtless watched her approach; she rose and gave a cold and haughty bow. The room was cold and without fire; the atmosphere and the frigidity of her reception combined to chill the unhappy visitor. Mrs. Newman was the first to speak.

"To what am I indebted for the unexpected honour of a visit from Miss Crawford?" The tone was studiously constrained, but there was no mistaking the expression of the speaker's face. It was the very concentration of rage and loathing.

"I come, dear madam——"

"Spare the 'dear,'" interrupted Mrs. Newman, harshly, "Pray avoid all unnecessary hypocrisies; I assure you that no words you can make use of will impose upon me."

"I have no wish to impose upon you, madam. I come as a Christian woman in the cause of charity, just as I would come to any-one else."

"Thank you. I have my own poor to attend to; and all that I have to give away has been given. I am not so rich as some folks, and have no such expectations, but I do my best."

"God forbid, madam! that it should not be so, or that I should doubt it; but you misunderstand me."

"Indeed! I only drew my conclusions from the person who accompanied you. An impudent, low-bred fellow, who has himself insulted, although he has not injured me as you have."

"I, madam?"

"Oh, you have a very innocent face, but it does not hide your scheming heart from me, young lady. And let me tell you this—in order that you may not stay here from the idea of your being welcome—that I hate the very sight of you. You are the vilest and wickedest girl I know—there is not a hussy in the parish——"

"Mrs. Newman," interposed Agnes, in a trembling voice, "there is a man drowned in the bay, and I want your horse—the loan of your son's horse—in order that William Millet may search the sands for the dead body."

"There are horses at the inn, which you may hire, for you have plenty of money now, I make no doubt. Let the backbiting, impertinent knave, who seems to be your friend, take one of those. I will not lend him—him, least of all people—my dear son's horse. Jedediah is very particular about his horses."

"Those at the inn are all engaged, madam. Pray lend it."

"I will not. Is there anything else that you have come here for? If not, you have your answer."

"Oh, Mrs. Newman, pray forget that it is I who ask you, and lend William your horse. You will be sorry for it, else, some day, you will, indeed. Think of the father, or the mother, who may be awaiting the return of this lost man, and in vain——"

"Yes, or the lover," interposed Mrs. Newman, scornfully. "The young woman that adores him, but who will be comforted a little, perhaps, if he has left her all his money. You feign astonishment, Miss Crawford, remarkably well. Do you mean to tell me"—here her voice rose to a shrill scream—"that you

do not know that my brother, John Carlyon, has left you—you, you minx—doubtless for value received—all his money? has beggared his natural heirs for your sweet sake? Do you dare to tell me that you do not know that?"

"God is my witness, Mrs. Newman, that I have never heard one whisper of this thing before."

"Well, then, you hear it now, let us suppose, for the first time; mind, I say, let us suppose? Do not imagine that you will hoodwink me any more. Months ago, I confess, when I taunted you with some such design, though not one half so bad and base as what you have effected, your pretended indignation almost imposed upon me. I was nearly regretting having called you husband-hunter, fortune-seeker; but I am not to be deceived now. However, supposing you hear for the first time of the disposition that this man has chosen to make of all his fortune—save a beggarly five hundred pounds left to my son—what is your opinion as to its character? Is it just? Come, though I am speaking of your lover, and to you who profit by his insane doting, is it honest?"

"Mrs. Newman, if what you say be true, I am as astonished as yourself, and almost as sorry."

"Are you ashamed, miss?"

"Yes. Ashamed to have been the involuntary cause of warping a just man's judgment."

"But when he is dead, and you get the money, you will keep it?"

"Not an hour—not a moment. I would not touch one shilling. So soon as the lawyers can do it, you will have every penny paid over to you, as though it had come to you directly, and all I shall ask in return will be that you forgive your brother."

"Come here, girl; more to the light, that I may see your face. Is it possible that you speak the truth?"

"God knows, madam."

So quiet, so gentle of speech, and the fair face so grave and peaceful, as it looked up at the morning sky, not even a miser could doubt her.

"Agnes Crawford, I do believe you."

"I hope so, madam, else you do me wrong indeed."

"Stop, girl," cried Mrs. Newman, with a suspicious glance; "the way that we find out whether persons are really sorry who have committed theft—not that I call you thief, although my brother's will is robbery—the test of sincerity, I say, is restitution. You promise to restore what you may come by, but will you set that promise down in writing?"

"Very gladly, madam. Write any form of words down which you please, and I will sign it now, at once. Or get a lawyer to do so, if law there be for such a thing. In any case it will be some hold upon even the most shameless to have her written words to hold up against her, and that hold you shall have."

"Good; you do your best, though only what is right, girl," said Mrs. Newman, sitting down, pen in hand. "You have behaved like a lady and a Christian woman. You will understand that for myself I am quite content with your word. If it were only *I* concerned in the matter, it should rest here. But the interests of my son are bound up with mine. To me, an old woman, and given, I trust, but little to the world's vanities, money is nothing; but my Jedediah—he, dear boy, is on the threshold of life. I should like to see him settled well before I die; married, perhaps, to some good girl like yourself,—for I believe you to be good, I do indeed—and living on the old estate. He is a fine lad, and loves his mother; you must not listen to what some folks say against him."

"The horse, dear madam. You will let William have the horse?"

"Certainly; I will ring the bell and give orders." Here she did so. "He must be very careful with it, however, for it is Jed's favourite. The other, upon which he rode to Castleton yesterday, is a new purchase. Mr. Scrivens—" Mrs. Newman blushed and hesitated. The fact was that, so desirous had she been to get the truth concerning her brother's will out of the lawyer, that she had given a large sum for the animal solely to loosen Mr. Scrivens' tongue; and in this she had succeeded. Never was such bad news bought at so high a price. However, all was well now.

"It was a black horse, was it not?" asked Agnes, very gravely.

"Yes, dear. Did you see it? How well Jed rides, and how well he looks on horseback; don't you think so? You have not seen him lately, perhaps; let me see, in three hours' time—he would be here for lunch, he said—he will be coming home. The tide has almost run down." There was a clatter of horse-hoofs in the road, and Mrs. Newman flew to the window. "How stupid of me," said she, with disappointment; "of course it couldn't be Jed. There goes William Millet on the grey, and I hope he will be very careful. I don't know how I should look Jed in the face, if anything—What's the matter, Miss Crawford? What's the matter, Agnes?"

"Nothing: at least it may be nothing; but dear Mrs. Newman, I have bad news for you."

"What—what?" interrupted the other, seizing her by the arm. "My brother is dead: say it is that. Say anything, but—It's not my Jed. No, no, it's not; it cannot be my Jed."

"Let us hope, let us pray, for the best, dear lady. But it was the black horse—your son's horse—that was found in the bay this morning with saddle and bridle on him, but without a rider."

The pen fell from Mrs. Newman's fingers; her face stiffened; her eyes gazed upon Agnes in a sort of stupified wonder. The sorrow was too great for the poor soul to realise. "Let us go," murmured she, "up to my room. Help me up to my room."

Agnes knew what she meant; her bedroom was on the floor above, and commanded from its window a wide sweep of the bay, now getting bare and brown. So, leaning heavily on the young girl's arm, Mrs. Newman made her way upstairs, trembling in every limb, and murmuring to herself, with a pathos beyond all tears or moans, "My Jed—my Jed!"

The two women took their seats at the window, watching the wide waste of sand growing and growing with the out-going tide, while the sense of desolation grew and grew in the widow's heart. Her lips had ceased to move, but ever and anon she returned the gentle pressure of the young girl's hand with a sharp grip. Her eyes followed everywhere the movements of a dark and distant speck, that was a man and horse, moving so swiftly, that it seemed to flit over the sands. As the day went on, the usual busy scene began to present itself in the wave-deserted bay, but the women's eyes never wandered elsewhere. Suddenly they lost sight of this object of their anxious gaze.

"I don't see him, Agnes," exclaimed the elder lady, hurriedly. "I don't see William Millet. Oh, where is he?"

"He is behind the island, dear Mrs. Newman." Another clasp of the hand was her reply. Minutes went by, that seemed hours; then other tiny specks, that were cocklers, seemed to make towards the island, and disappeared behind it. There was evidently something unusual thereabouts that was attracting them. Presently all emerged together—quite a thick black block—round the rocky promontory of the little isle, and moved towards the village, very slowly—like a funeral.

"Shall I go and meet them?" asked Agnes, tenderly; for her companion's suspense seemed to be growing insupportable.

"No, no; I shall know it soon enough—soon enough. I am not childless yet, Agnes—not my Jed, oh, God, not my Jed!"

But it was her Jed, poor soul! William had found the body of the unfortunate lad upon a spit of sand, quite near the island, but separated from it by what was in flood-time a raging river. He was lying upon his back, with his handsome face very pale and quiet, looking up at the sky, and the water (a usual sight in such cases) coming out of his mouth, as one who saw him said, "like barn."

Jedediah had attempted, it seems, being somewhat in liquor, to cross the sands the night before, dangerously late, in respect of the tide, yet not so much so, but that one well mounted, and who knew the road so well as he, might have effected the passage. But his new purchase, the black mare, unaccustomed to the unstable track, it was supposed grew restive, and carrying him much eastward of the proper course, there threw and drowned him.

(To be continued.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUS VON HEINRICH,

The Man who was all Shadow.

CHAPTER IV.

"MATTHIAS, my case is hopeless." These were the first words I spoke to my foster-brother after my misadventure. "You must leave me; you must return to Kirschenbrücken and marry Gretchen."

"Never," returned my faithful companion, "until I have seen you in a fair way to recovery. There must be some cure—there must be some learned man who can prescribe for your restoration to your former condition."

"Modified, Matthias, modified," I replied, as of old; for vanity was not yet subdued within me.

But Matthias paid no attention to my words, he was evidently turning over some proposition in his mind.

"I have it," he said; "why did not I think of it before? Far away amongst the Harz Mountains, there is a wild valley, wherein dwells an aged man, hunted from city to city as a sorcerer. He lives there a simple life, tended by his daughter. Would not the Herr Count be persuaded to consult him?"

But I was obstinate; I insisted on returning home. There I shut myself up in my study, and took to psychological writing. My treatises may some day be published. Matthias has married Gretchen. All goes well at the Castle; all are happy but myself. And I, a man, yet not a man—a living existence, and yet a sham—am looked upon as one of the most interesting of mortals, as being worn to a shadow through disappointed love, that I cannot forget. So I am pitied, compassionated,

regarded as a hero of romance, and as an example of earthly grossness refined and spiritualised through sorrow and suffering.

Mem.—What fools the world is composed of! Alas! alas! I pine and linger on. I long for death to release me from my cruel fate. Matthias has all instructions for my funeral, as there will be a difficulty about measuring me for my coffin.

CHAPTER V.

Post Scriptum.—After a lapse of five years I again take up my pen. How much time have I wasted, how much sorrow might I not have spared myself, had I taken Matthias's advice before!

Five weary years I spent in my study at Kirschenbrücken. My life became unbearable.

"Matthias," I asked, "is there no way in which I can commit suicide?"

"None, Herr Count," replied my foster-brother. "Until you have regained your body, death is altogether impossible. When you have resumed your substance it will be time enough to take the matter into consideration. At present, the revolver, the knife, or poison would be alike impracticable."

"Is there no one who would exorcise me?" I inquired, after some deliberation. "No kindly priest who would do this office for me?"

"Your condition, Herr Count, would not be much improved. You would become a night raven, and I should hear you eternally croaking, 'bav, bav, bav,' and see you fluttering and fluttering, and trying to find your way eastward to the holy Jerusalem, for there alone can the night ravens find rest. No, Herr Count, take my advice; go to the old professor in the wild valley, and if he is unable to give you help, why, then you may think further of becoming a night raven."

After this conversation with Matthias, I took the subject into serious consideration, and at length resolved upon following his counsel. But I would not allow him to accompany me.

"No," said I, "you have greater claims upon you. Stay at home with Gretchen; take care of the old castle until I return; and, if I return not, I have made my will, leaving all to you. If I recover substance"—here, despite my discontent with my shadowy nature, I shuddered—"I shall come home again. If not, farewell, Matthias, farewell."

The honest fellow fairly blubbered, and I showed signs of emotion—an emotion deeply felt in my heart, though, as far as outward appearances went, a miserable imposture.

Indeed, we were both so overcome that, forgetting the relative position of master and servant, we should have rushed into each other's arms, but, alas! that was impossible. However, he pressed the wire-apparatus that he had constructed, and gazed wistfully into my eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I have hope—I have faith. Gretchen and I will welcome you back again to Kirschenbrücken."

And so we parted. And I found myself on the way to the valley, amongst the mountains. Far into the heart of the wild range I penetrated, heeding no spirit-forms, fearing no sorcery, no witchcraft. Was I not a shadow, even as the apparitions that haunted these mountains? Why need I fear those who were akin to me?

I journeyed on until I neared the spot indicated by my foster-brother. A narrow pass led to it, that widened and widened, until it formed a valley, picturesque beyond my utmost conceptions.

It was like some supernatural haunt, dark, rugged, grand, mysterious; and yet there was a veil of softer beauty thrown over it, for never had I seen flowers of such radiant colours as those that crowned the grey stones, and revelled in the clefts of the rocks. It was as though some fairy hand had garlanded it with blossoms from fairy-land.

Could this be my destination? I saw no sign of human habitation. The place was still as death.

I paused: I looked around, and suddenly a portion of the rock against which I leaned, appeared to move, and there came forth what seemed to me to be a spirit; so lovely and ethereal was the face of the maiden that I beheld.

She started, as if to retreat, but something seemed to keep her entranced, and she gazed at me in astonishment, whilst I stood half in admiration, half in wonder at her beauty. At length I found courage to speak.

"Fair spirit," I began, but she interrupted me.

"I am no spirit," she replied. "Wherefore do you come to disturb us in our lonely retreat?"

"I came not with such intention," I answered. "If you indeed be the mortal daughter of him I seek, I am in search of one, who I was told inhabited these regions—a learned man, driven by ignorance and superstition from the society of his fellow beings."

"It is my father then," returned the maiden. "Are you sure you mean him no harm?"

"Harm!" I repeated, in surprise.

My companion looked at me somewhat doubtfully, but there was such sincerity in my

sorrowful gaze that her suspicions were allayed.

"I too am unhappy," I said; "I too am an outcast, and have sought your father that he may aid me with his skill."

"Unhappy?" she said, looking at me thoughtfully.

"Unhappy," I reiterated, "and in need of help that none but your father can bestow."

Her face brightened.

"That will please him," she said gently; "it is long since he has been so blessed as to have it in his power to do a deed of charity."

"And you?" I asked; "do you too delight in deeds of charity?"

"Alas!" returned the maiden, "I have never been called upon to help a single human being beside my father. I know not the pleasure of extending a kindly hand to a fellow-creature in distress."

"Perchance I may ask you to befriend me," I murmured, for already my susceptible heart was imagining possibilities. The vision of Lenora, that had dwelt with me during my solitude, fled away; her image was effaced, and another had taken its place. Pshaw! I had never cared for Lenora. I knew it now. I was in love now for the first time—I had never loved before. Ermengarde, Clemenza, Lenora, and a host of others had been but delusions. What a great deal of time and sentiment I had wasted; but, doubtless, necessary preparations for the great climax, so I consoled myself: and the climax had come—my fate was sealed. I loved; and then I was suddenly recalled to recollection. I was a phantom! and would this girl care for a phantom lover?

I saw the aged professor; a venerable man, with gentle countenance and subdued manners. I told him my story; he listened with deep attention. He was interested, he was sanguine, he was compassionate. He immediately became absorbed in the study of my case, and betook himself to sundry bulky volumes.

Bertalda also pitied and sympathised, and I did not feel an impostor with her, as I had done with Lenora. On the contrary, we made my misfortunes the subject of conversation. I did not avoid the topic, for I found it pleasant to be commiserated, and Bertalda having no ghostly fears, we roamed amongst the mountains together, or sat and watched the rapid torrents, or talked of the old world that she had left, and that was lost to me, until we found ourselves upon the confines of a new world wherein we found happiness; for Bertalda was a sensitive, imaginative creature, full of tenderness and sympathy, and her pity and compassion grew stronger and stronger

every day, until at length she came to forget that I was but a spirit and to dream of love; and yet she knew it not.

Her father pondered and pondered, but found no remedy for my condition, no antidote to annihilate the subtle element that had wrought so strange a marvel. He dwelt on magnetism, mesmerism, as alone having the power to restore me to my former self, and whilst he pored over ponderous tomes, lo! the remedy was found—the antidote was beside me; and he knew it not.

Mighty is the power of love—stronger to bind than iron chains; all-conquering, all-subduing, all heedless of the world, all-miracle-working. And then I thought of how Pygmalion, through love, had given life unto the statue that he had chiselled into beauty; how at his kiss the pallid marble blushed, and a faint pulsation stirred the white breast, and a sigh stole softly from the parted lips, and then the eyes unclosed and looked upon Pygmalion. His love had breathed a soul into the cold statue.

I started; what had my musings brought me to? What if the inverse of Pygmalion's case were mine?

Oh, mighty love! Oh, peerless Bertalda! And still the old professor pored over his books, and Bertalda and I learned of one another a wonderful lesson, and as we spelled it out day by day a miracle was wrought.

Oh, Bertalda! can it be possible? Shall thy great love restore me to myself? Shall that strange influence that draws thee near to me—that takes away all fear of my mysterious being—work as wondrous a change as did Pygmalion's love in days of old? For already it seemed to me that my shadow-form was assuming a density, an almost impalpable substance—a substance that grew ever more substantial as days flew on.

Was it an enchanted valley? Was the professor a necromancer?

My flesh came back; my sense of touch, of taste returned; I hungered, I thirsted once more. I was a man again! Or was it not rather the greatness of thy love, oh, sweet Bertalda! that overshadowed me and brought me back to human life?

I am at Kirschenbrücken with my bride, and here the old professor finds a home.

Matthias's greeting is something to remember. He seized me in his arms, hugged me as though he were possessed of a hundred-bear power; he kissed me on both cheeks, he wept, he laughed, he sang, he danced, and all the castle retainers thought he had gone mad. But Matthias and I knew better.

I still continue handsome and alight as in

my shadow form; the family trait has not appeared in me again. I live on happily, blest with Bertalda's love, and with the tried and trusted heart-friendship of my worthy foster-brother. And day by day I live in thankfulness that I have been enabled to add this postscript to my confessions. And if I am ever inclined to cavil at untoward circumstances, or to feel a rising discontent if things do not go quite smoothly, I think immediately upon the penance I endured through sinful repining, and dismiss the evil feeling at once.

And now, in conclusion, I pray all those who read my story to take warning from the marvellous experiences of Claus von Heinrich.

JULIA GODDARD.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

I.

CUPID, naughty little boy,
Playing 'midst the flowers,
Wearied with excess of joy
In the summer hours,
Plucked the tallest poppy-head—
Poppy-heads and roses—
To make himself a cosy bed
Where the wren reposes.

II.

While he slumbered, Emma came:
Emma, wild and wilful,
Thought the truant god to tame,
And, with fingers skilful,
Stole each sharp, unerring dart,
Stole his deadly arrows;
And began, in pride of heart,
Shooting at the sparrows.

III.

Thick around her fell the game,
Emma little heeded;
Cupid woke and cried out "Shame!"
When he saw what she did.
There remained one arrow still,
In a corner lying,
This he poised with subtle skill,
Towards the damsel flying.

IV.

As the missile reached its mark,
Emma stopped and trembled;
But 'twas getting rather dark,
So the maid dissembled;
And aiming at another bird,
Felt the poison rankle
Down, upon the poet's word,
To her very ankle.

V.

Then she dropped upon her knees,
And, with hands extended,
Cried, "Forgive me, Cupid, please,
If I have offended."
"No!" he said; "but you shall smart,
As the sparrows smarted,
Till the hardness from your heart
Be for ever parted." W. T. G.

A HOP CENTRE.

FOR eleven months in the year our town is one of the quietest in all England, and a stranger traversing its streets—in which business is suspended the year round as soon as the clock strikes eight P.M.—would find it difficult to believe that within three miles of this ancient borough may be found one of our largest military stations. The periodical fairs do but ruffle it out of its ordinary placidity for a few hours—the masking and mumming of our great anniversary, November the 5th, has ceased to interest any but the boys and yokels, who, never having seen anything better, continue to brave the gigantic squibs so recklessly flung about, that the townsmen put up their shutters and barricade their chamber windows. Yet have we one absorbing topic of interest which never wholly dies out; to which even the weather is secondary, except in so far as it is connected with it; and as summer wanes away, this topic reaches its climax.

Hops, Surrey hops, absorb every thought, and are heard of from every tongue. The hop-grounds, where the graceful climbers are blossoming and flinging their tendrils far beyond their tall supports, to be seized by the wind and waved into garlands and wreaths of surpassing beauty, begin to be the favourite resort of all classes. Thither goes the hop-grower, who calculates as he strolls, the amount of the losses and profits he must expect from the year's growth. There lovers delightedly ramble down the green alleys, from which no barred gates or threatening notices to trespassers exclude them. The old folk leave their arm-chairs to see for themselves "how the hops are looking," and gossip as they go about the crops there used to be, and the rises and falls in prices which they can remember. The children hide from the summer heats beneath the tall shadows of the clustering bine, and those who visit the hop-gardens simply to see them in their prime, or ascend the hills which hem us in, to look down upon the long rows of hop plants which fill every valley and stretch far along the sides of every slope, cannot but regret that the verdure they gaze on will so soon disappear, and leave these broad acres an expanse of bare dry earth.

As soon as August fairly sets in, our town begins to fill. Along the dusty roads trudge groups of both sexes, young and old, so strange, so tattered in their attire, that description is impossible. Literally clothed in rags, generally travel-worn, and dirty, their *tout ensemble* is not inviting, and we now avoid all our prettiest walks, for we know that the genuine tramp

will bivouac beneath the hedges, or on the common, and that he is not an agreeable personage for females to encounter.

The gipsy makes his appearance with his family ensconced in a comfortable caravan, which, when drawn up at the side of a shady lane, will afford them country lodgings free of expense; while the large body of poor, whom the profits of the work attract, make shift with the scanty and far from decent accommodation proffered by the hop-growers.

It is now that our town loses its aspect of quiet respectability, and apes the customs of some of the third-rate streets in the metropolis. The grocer's windows are filled with cheap groceries; the buttermilk displays heaps of fat pork and rancid bacon, which at any other time of the year he would not care to exhibit. The pawnbroker, from some secret hoard, produces piles of second-hand garments, which gather scores of gazers as they hang outside his door ticketed in extraordinarily low figures; and in the linen-draper's windows gay ribbons and cheap calicoes usurp the place of pretty silks and delicate muslins.

Then at every step we meet strange faces and stranger figures. Here trips a brown damsel, minus shoes, hose, or hat, but with her little ears weighed down by the glittering rings and drops, she proudly tosses as she steps mincingly along. There, plods a poorly clothed, white-faced family from some London rookery, the children clinging to their mother's skirts with bony, colourless hands, which the fresh, free air and sunny sky shall soon warm into a deeper, healthier tint. Or we encounter a household with all its belongings, huddled into a truck drawn by a much enduring donkey. On the top of one of these heaps, we once beheld an iron kettle, a slumbering baby, and a dingy little hen, who, with ruffled feathers and an alarmed air, sat upon a broom handle, surveying the town as the *cortège* slowly passed through it.

Business is then brisk in our town, although the better class of shop-keepers declare that they are always thankful when the hop-picking is over. But the small traders consider this their yearly harvest, and there is generally something to be made by the cottagers who can spare a bed-room, or improvise a couch for those who—unable to afford a real holiday and sea air—renovate their health and keep their expenses within bounds by a month's work in the hop-grounds.

The actual process of picking has been described so frequently that we need not repeat it here. It commences with the distribution of tickets—each ticket answering to an immense wicker basket, capable of containing seven bushels—and a certain position among the

pickers, who are always marshalled with precision and impartiality. Their places are assigned to them by an overseer or foreman, and as soon as the rows of workers are arranged, the men whose business it is to pull the poles, commence their task. There may be a little wrangling beforehand with the grower about the price per bushel which is to be paid; but this generally depends on the size of the hops, and may, if fourpence one year (it is rarely more) fall to twopence the next, and yet be equally remunerative.

The sums netted by a day's work are variously computed. The unpractised will scarcely fill their basket in the course of the day, while lissom fingers will strip the hops from the bine with marvellous rapidity, and deliver it in well filled twice or thrice ere night. When the sun is shining, the work is pleasant enough, but beneath a capricious sky, or on a cold and dewy morning, it becomes irksome, and the decent portion of the work-people have always something to contend with from the ribaldry and foul language indulged in by the rest.

The drying of the hops is under the control of an important personage, called the dryer, who makes the kiln his abode by night and by day, until his task is ended. When his furnaces glow brightly in the evening, the kiln is a favourite resort for the hoppers, who conciliate him with his favourite beverage, and sit around the fires to roast potatoes and apples, and tell their long country stories; or with a sack for a pillow, sleep soundly on the hard clay, instead of returning to the shed, where, in common with half-a-dozen families, they share some straw divided into separate compartments with hurdles.

These dryers are quaint specimens of the old countrymen; learned in rustic lore, and pleased to satisfy your curiosity respecting their work. They will open little doors, and show you where the hops lie on floors of horse-hair, exposed to the action of heat and sulphur, which if properly managed, shall make them of the clear greenish yellow so enticing to the eye of the purchaser. They will also tell you how hops are sometimes imported from some part of the Austrian dominions, which, however,—as a matter of course,—cannot compare with our own; and we also learn that brewers are not the only purchasers of the dried flowers in question, some use being made of them in dyeing.

A few weeks, and the noisy, brawling strangers who sang and rioted in our quaint old hostelrys, breaking the peace of the Jolly Farmer (Cobbett's birth-place) and filching from the Hop-bag, have roared their farewell songs from the third-class carriages of the

railway, or the farmers' waggons which conveyed them a few miles on their route, or quietly vanished, none knew when nor how. The archdeacon has held his last special service for their benefit, the dryer's work is finished, and he has gone back to his usual employment; the hops are tightly packed in canvas bags, and lie ready to be transported to the great hop-fair held at Weyhill in October, where nearly all the sales are effected; and the hop-gardens assume a dreary aspect.

And now the work of the hop-growers' labourers commences. The poles, stripped of the withering bine, are stacked—or as it is technically termed, *aisted*—in the peculiar manner which causes them to resemble from a distance innumerable rows of small tents. The bine is collected, dried, and stacked; for a statement we remember to have seen, that it is heaped up and burned as useless, does not apply to this district. Animals feed upon it freely, and it is also used to litter stables and cow-houses; only the few straggling shoots that escaped the keen knife of the pole puller being left for the cottagers' wives, who gladly perform the necessary work of clipping them close to the roots, on receiving permission to carry them away to kindle their fires.

Now must the hop-ground be dressed or manured, and for this purpose every available refuse seems to be valuable. Tons of the diseased meat condemned in the London markets found its way into them; rags, bones, the hair and hoofs that cumber the butchers' premises, all find customers in the hop-growers, and the unpleasant and peculiar odour of guano frequently testifies that its value is recognised here.

When frost binds the earth, and no other work can be carried on, the poles are taken down and examined. Rotten ones are rejected, and broken ones newly chipped into stakes, all that are really unserviceable being cut into lengths and sold for firewood, to be replaced with new ones from the plantations of ash and fir, which may be seen in every odd corner of the outlying farms and estates.

As spring advances, the hop-plants begin to throw out their first tender shoots of a deep purplish hue; but these are ruthlessly cut away to strengthen them, and it is not until fresh ones appear, that the poles are put into the ground, and two or three of the strongest tendrils selected to twine round them. Week after week, women and children, engaged for the purpose at a fixed remuneration, come with their bundles of rushes, and tie and twine, until the tendrils climb beyond their reach, when the weaker shoots are removed, and the earth drawn up to the roots or, as it is called here, *hilled*.

During this time, the process of digging and hoeing never ceases, and the expenses incurred in growing hops are indubitably high; but that they are on the average *very remunerative* is equally certain, and every farmer tries to have an acre or two of his own, his rosy children lending valuable assistance in the gathering in of the crop. We wish we could see the wealthy hop-growers more fully alive to the grossness and immorality encouraged during these periodical visitations by the indecent herding together of the pickers in the out-buildings allotted to their use. There whole families lie down with men of all ages; girls from whose childish faces and simple manners we might expect the innocence natural to their youth, learn to hear and see without a blush, depravity in some of its worst forms; and even the jeets banded about in the hop grounds, the songs sung around the bins, are coarse and demoralising in the extreme. This might be prevented. Were the accommodation better, a superior class of pickers would gladly come hither; the thieving and rioting that disgraces our town would become a thing of the past, and instead of our townsmen thanking heaven that the "hopping" was over and tranquillity restored, they would know that the diligent and sober had received a fair share of the profits of the hop harvest, and carried away with them a fresh access of strength for less health-giving labours.

LOUISA CROW.

THE SQUIRE'S NEW KEEPER.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was not a better or prettier girl between Penrith and Carlisle than Rachel Flemming. Blest with a nature which, like the bee, could find honey where others of the kind could only gather poison, Rachel had also the knack of imparting her own steadfast faith and bright hope.

No one who knew her could doubt the power of influence. From her own homely fireside, to the drawing-room at the Hall, Rachel's coming was like a ray of sunshine; or, as the old wives in the almshouse would say, she "was as welcome as the flowers in spring;" always ready with a kind and encouraging word—always working for others—always bright—she won golden opinions on all sides, and was the pride of the little parish.

Her father filled the post of head woodman to the young squire of Kirkdale; and a capital birth of it Job Flemming had, for there had been a long minority, during which Job had farmed the woods to such advantage, that he not only laid by a tidy sum of money for his

old age, but gave up his stewardship, with the trust doubled in value; so that when Oliver Otley came of age he made Job such a liberal offer, that the old man gave up his cherished notion of going back to Wales, and refusing the new and larger house, only, remained in the lodge, where he had lived for nearly five-and-twenty years; and Oliver was content to secure so good a servant.

I said that Oliver's minority had been a long one; his father had died suddenly when his child was only a few months old, thus the young squire had grown up an honest, brave-hearted gentleman, idolising the mother who had devoted her life to him, and eager to return the care so fondly bestowed.

Poor Mrs. Otley's story was one of those we happily meet with but seldom in real life. A widow, when she married Mr. Otley, her early life had been passed in Australia, where, directly after her first marriage, she and her husband had settled. In those days emigrants were less plentiful, and stations few and far between. The ground purchased by her husband was on the very verge of advanced civilization, far away from any other settlement. For a time all went well; the natives were friendly, and glad to get the help and instruction the English farmer willingly gave. But a change came; some miners, prospecting in the interior, offended the tribe, who returned insult by death; and then, like some savage creature in whom the taste of blood rouses natural ferocity, the infuriated natives swept over the territory claimed by their king, murdering every white man who came in their way, blindly destroying the labour and progress of years.

Mrs. Otley's husband and two elder children were killed; and while trying to reach the bush, with her infant in her arms, she too was knocked down, and left for dead. When she came to herself the baby was gone; and though every exertion was made to obtain intelligence, nothing could be learned. And at last, yielding to the persuasions of her friends, she tried to believe the child had been killed, and, nominally giving up all hope, left the colony; and, coming home, eventually married her cousin, Squire Otley, whose untimely death within two years of their marriage, left her a widow, this time, however, with a precious charge—one she carried out right nobly, always remembering the squire's dying words, "Make my son a good man, Mary; the rest will take care of itself." Yet, singularly free from anxiety as the mother's lot had been, during the years which elapsed before Oliver came to take his father's place in the county, there was a small cloud upon the horizon at the time our story begins, and that

cloud was caused by none other than Rachel Flemming.

While Oliver was first at college, and then travelling, Rachel had been in the habit of going daily to the Hall; and, finding the girl had a sweet voice, Mrs. Otley frequently made her read aloud, and gradually became so much interested in her progress that she adopted a regular course of education. All this was very well while Oliver was absent; but when the time came for his return his mother grew uneasy. Rachel was too pretty to be thrown continually in the young squire's way; and yet, in what way was it to be avoided without exciting suspicion or comment? No one knew better than Mrs. Otley how the slightest movement of a master or mistress is discussed in the servants' hall; or that, good and beloved as Rachel was, there were many to envy the favour shown her, and many, too, whose sharp eyes and bitter tongues would fix upon any change made.

"What a sweet little thing Rachel has grown," Oliver had said to his mother, the first day he found them together, when, having returned earlier than usual from shooting, he had stood by the open window of the morning-room, and listened to Rachel reading aloud: "What a nice voice she has; did you teach her?"

"It was so lonely, dear, when you were away," began Mrs. Otley.

"Nay, don't make excuses, mother dear; it was very kind of you, and kindness like yours always brings its own reward; for a prettier or more gentle companion than little Rachel, I hardly think you would find. She looks far above her station, too, and dresses more like a lady than a village girl."

"Ah! there's where it is;" and Mrs. Otley, in her very despair, began to gain courage. Oliver was praising Rachel, and must be warned; so, at any risk, the mother must speak out.

"I am afraid I have been selfish about it, and taught the poor child habits and feelings which may make her discontented with her station in life. I was thinking to-day of putting a stop to these readings; but then, you see, it will set the servants talking; because I stupidly put it off until you came home, they'll think—" and poor Mrs. Otley hesitated, blushing like a girl.

"Poor mother," said Oliver, laughing, though not quite naturally, while the colour in his face deepened. "So you are afraid I shall fall in love with the little beauty. Well, such things have happened."

"Oh! Oliver, don't joke about it; I would never forgive myself if I thought I had thrown temptation in your way. I'll stop Rachel coming at once."

"No, you won't, mother; would not that bring about the very thing you fear, and set all the people upon her. Let her come as usual; it's hard, indeed, if my coming to the house should drive a good little girl like her out of it, to say nothing of depriving you of your amusement. I'll keep out of the way during lesson hours; and, mother dear, you must not take it for granted that I am made of such inflammable stuff as all that, or that I must of necessity fall in love with every pretty girl I see. You trusted me away from you; cannot you trust me when I am with you?"

Though Oliver spoke half in jest, there was something in his voice that, thrilling in her heart, warned Mrs. Otley that, mother as she was, there might be more danger in over-anxiety than in letting well alone.

So she went on with her knitting, and had turned the heel of the stocking before Oliver, who was leaning his back against the chimney-piece, ceased whistling, and spoke.

"Talking of falling in love, mother, puts me in mind of the possibility of my getting married some of these days. Now, I am not likely to wing an eligible young lady in the turnip-field, and I don't fancy the girls about here much; suppose we give a ball or something of that sort, and see if the wife who is, as Martin Tupper would say, 'walking the earth,' will come my way."

Mrs. Otley laughed; and having promised to think of it, Oliver went out. He stood upon the portico steps looking across the dale, where the setting sun was waking up all manner of glowing tints. It was a fair sight, and something like pride stirred his heart as he thought "it is all mine;" but the feeling vanished, and a tender regretful look stole over his face, as he caught sight of Rachel, walking quickly and lightly along the side path from the hall to the lodge. His eyes followed her, and the colour rose to his cheeks, but he stood still. When she had turned the corner by the laurels and was out of sight, Oliver sighed impatiently, and walked down the steps, muttering as he took the way to the stables:—

"Poor little body; my mother is right; it is hard to teach her to be a lady, and then send her back to drudge in a cottage; 'ware deer, Master Oliver!" he added, bitterly, throwing away his newly-lighted cigar, "and find out a lady with the proper amount of blue blood to break your heart about."

CHAPTER II.

WHILE Rachel was at the Hall her father had come home from the woods, and, seating himself by the fire, had lighted his pipe, and taken a letter out of his pocket; a letter which

he had received that morning, and which had disturbed him greatly. The writer was his only brother, a brother who had disgraced him, and who he hoped was dead long ago. It was years since he had heard of him, and years, too, since, until that day, he had thought of him. Twenty-three years before, Paul Flemming had been transported for life. The generation which had known of his crime, had well-nigh passed away, and now the prison had given back its dead; and the shame which Job Flemming had thought to have lived down, was to be taken from its grave again, and made a nine days' wonder!

The letter, blotted, and ill-spelt, lay crumpled on Job's knee; he smoothed it out to read it, and a very penitent, humble letter it was. The writer had begun "Dear brother," but, then, as if afraid that this was too familiar, the words had been partially rubbed out, and "Dear sir" substituted. After this, the letter went on to say:—that having long since got a ticket-of-leave, he, Paul Flemming, had been working in the colony, and done well; that he was coming to England, and, bringing his son with him, hoped to get a living.

Slowly, word by word, Job spelt out the letter, and then threw it into the fire; and as he watched it flare up and consume away, a heavy frown settled down upon his face.

The red sparks were still chasing each other along the charred paper when Rachel came in, and, having taken off her best gown and attired herself in her usual working dress, set off to the well, leaving her father still brooding gloomily over the fire. Suddenly, a heavy firm step on the gravel, and a sharp knock at the door, roused him. "Come in," he cried, sulkily, for he was in no mood for visitors; and there came in a short thick-set, grey-bearded man, followed closely by a tall well-built handsome young fellow.

Flemming's face grew blood-red, as, jumping up, he dashed his pipe to the ground.

"Well, Job," began the new comer, his features working, and the hand he kept holding out, shaking violently, "I've come, you see, and—and—" but the sentence died away in an inarticulate gulp, and a couple of big tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks.

"Your letter came to-day," growled Job, in a sort of whisper, looking anxiously at the window and open door, in case of listeners; "you didn't give me time to answer, or I'd have told you what I tell you now, that you shouldn't ha' come here; the old squire he's dead, and the young 'un isn't the man to give the likes of you help."

"This is but a poor welcome, Job," replied the other, huskily. "Haven't you a kind word to throw to me; after three and twenty

years, Job? and we one mother's children." Then, without giving the other time to answer, he turned to the young man, saying:—"Go out a bit, Charley, but not far, boy, we're on forbidden ground here."

Charley went out into the park behind the house, and, striking upon a footpath, walked along quicker than he intended; but then he was indignant. His face was flushed, and the strong under-jaw set, while something in the very way he strode over the grass, with his head thrown back, and hands clenched, spoke of strong passions, strongly controlled. He knew the bitter disappointment Paul was writhing under; he had read his agony in the way he looked, as he bade him go away for a little while; he knew how the hope of seeing this brother had cheered the wanderer, and lightened the long weary journey. Charley's heart beat thick and fast, and his eyes grew dim. He was walking more slowly now, and so, coming to a turn, he stopped abruptly, for there, within a few yards, he saw a picture such as England alone can show.

The pathway he had taken led to the well, to which Rachel had carried her water-jar; and there now she stood, listening with a half-earnest half-joking expression to a young man, who, seated upon a grassy mound, was talking eagerly. One small brown hand rested upon the bank, the other hung by her side, the earthen water-jar lay at her feet. Up the lane stood the home farm house with its quaint Cumberland chimneys and gables. Out of a stone trough, fed by the spring, a couple of cart horses were drinking, and over all spread the lingering light of a golden summer sunset; while faint and echo like, there beat upon the scented air the curfew bells, ringing out the first bars of "Life let us cherish" above the grass-grown graves in Penrith churchyard.

Charley stood spell-bound for nearly five minutes, and, during that space, Rachel, innocent of a looker-on, stood listening to her friend's story; then looking up, she caught the stranger's eye, and catching up her jar, with a hot blush, turned to the spring. Charley, seeing the charm broken, remembered his father, and hastened back just in time to meet him coming out of the lodge, his face blotched, and sorrowful.

"Come, boy," he said, huskily, "get me away in case I curse him,—God forgive me for saying it, and keep me out of temptation." Then together they went through the iron gates, out on to the high-road, and turning their backs upon the lodge and Hall, walked sharply on; and no word passed until a good two miles lay between them and the cold



(See page 374.)

hearth where poor Paul had expected a welcome.

"Where are we going now, father?" asked Charley, who, sooth to say, had been thinking of the well more than the road.

"God knows, boy. Out of Cumberland, at any rate. It would choke me to stop here. The breath seems even now as if it had left my body. Stop, Charley!"

Charley stood still, looking anxiously at his father, who said, gasping a little, and wiping the sweat off his forehead. "You know how I've been thinkin' of this place, and of him I called brother. Well! I thought wrong; more's the pity. There's something wrong somewhere. May be it's my blame; may be it's his—I won't judge. But from this day, boy, we'll never

say his name again, and we'll change ours too. We'll call ourselves Carver; that's the name of the man I stole the horse from, boy, and it will keep me in mind of my sin, though there's not much chance o' its being forgotten. We'll go down to Northumberland, Charley. I mind the country well, and we'll, maybe, fall in for work; if not, we can hold on awhile, and wait."

So the pair trudged on, and in due time reached Rothbury, where Paul's prophecy was fulfilled, and Charley got on with a neighbouring gentleman, as beater and under-keeper.

"It's all right now, boy," said Paul, when he heard the news; "I was down in the mouth when I turned my back on Kirkdale, for I began to have my doubts whether the Lord had forgiven me. But I know now I was wrong; and we'll just bide here till we see which way He leads us."

Yet, though Charley made no objection, and put his shoulder to the wheel right manfully, his heart was not in his work—his thoughts would keep hankering after Kirkdale, and the picture he had seen in the quiet lane.

The winter passed, summer came, and things went on after their usual fashion at the Hall. Rachel still took her daily lessons, and Oliver kept out of the way during the hour.

Not one word had transpired as to the visit of Paul Flemming. Job knew how to keep his own counsel, and although the men under him saw there was something wrong, they were far from guessing the true cause of his oaths and ill-humour.

The twelfth of August found the squire shooting in Northumberland, and falling in with Charley Carver, took a strong liking for him, a liking which was eagerly reciprocated by Charley, whose mind was still running on the well-remembered blue-eyed girl, whose face haunted his dreams.

"You don't happen to want a keeper, Mr. Otley?" he found an opportunity to say.

Oliver smiled. "I don't mind putting you on the strength, Charley, if you are going to leave Sir John."

"Yes, sir, I am. The keeper and I don't pull together. You see, I've been used to my own way in Australia, and the truth is, the ways here don't suit me. I cannot say anything else, sir."

"Well, then it's a bargain. You'll come to me the 1st of September. Richards, the head keeper, is a very good sort of fellow, and I daresay you'll like him."

So when the squire got home, and had talked the matter over with Mr. Richards, he said to Job—

"I've engaged a new keeper, Flemming;

would you mind giving him your spare room for a fortnight, until the other lodge is roofed in again."

Job would have refused had he dared, but he was just then anxious to please; and so the room was prepared, and upon the 1st of September Charley walked in. Flemming knew him at once, though he deemed it wiser to plead ignorance. Ready to suspect any evil of his brother, he at once set down Charley's coming under a false name, as the first step in some deep design, and set himself to keep a sharp look out on all sides—so sharp, that he presently found out that Rachel and Charley had fallen in love. The old man was furious, and went off to the Hall, where he took the squire into his confidence. Oliver told him Carver was just the sort of man to make Rachel a good husband; but it was no time to reason, and it was settled that Charley should leave the lodge and take up his quarters in the gardener's house.

Truly enough, just as it was slipping away, Rachel had found out that she had a heart; and, although no reason was given for Charley's departure, she strongly suspected it to be her father's doing, and, like a good girl, said nothing about it. It was very seldom, however, that a day passed without their meeting—at first, by accident, then not quite so unconsciously, seeing that Rachel took care to walk home from the Hall by a rather roundabout path, and that Charley always found the same path his nearest way back from the covers. Nor was it long before he told Rachel the truth, and asked her to be his wife.

But is it not ordained that the course of true love is never to run smooth? Poor Rachel's lot was to be no exception. Her father found out her secret, and charging her with the deceit, heaped such cruel and unjust words upon her, that, cowed and half broken-hearted, she gave him the promise he demanded, and said she would never speak to Charley again. Charley went straight to the squire, and gave up his situation.

"Here's a pretty business," said Oliver, coming as usual to his mother in his perplexity. "Carver has just been with me, and is going away. He would give no reason; but Richards has told me all about it. It seems Charley has fallen in love with Rachel; old Flemming has forbidden her to have anything to say to him, and I am to lose the best fellow on the place, because that cantankerous old idiot wants a grander match for his daughter. Besides, there's the poor little girl breaking her heart; for Richards says there's no doubt about it that she likes Carver."

"Poor Rachel," said Mrs. Otley; "this

accounts for her sad face to-day. Could you not speak to Flemming? Why does he object to the match? and who is the young man?"

"He was an extra hand at Sir John's. He and I were posted together several times, and got to like each other. He is, in fact, a touch above the common keeper, and has been in Australia."

The very mention of Australia, paled Mrs. Otley's cheek. "Perhaps Flemming knows something more of him than you do, Oliver."

"Not a bit of it. Carver never was here before. But I'll tell you what to do, mother; get Rachel to tell you all about it to-morrow, and in the meantime I'll persuade Carver to think better of it, and send him over to the Scotch covers for the autumn. We must not let the old fellow's pride break the little beauty's heart."

MONT CENIS, ITS PASSES AND PASSENGERS.

At this present season, just as travellers in annual search of health, or of amusement and instruction combined, are flocking to Italy, the way is prepared for them by the great triumph now all but achieved in the crossing of the Mont Cenis pass of the Alps by a passenger train; so that from and after the first week of October, any denizen of Lombard Street anxious to find change in the golden sunshine of the rich plains of Lombardy, can do so with profit in forty-eight hours; and pilgrims, long desirous of wending their way from London to Rome,—to which, says a French proverb, all ways lead—can be transported thither in sixty hours by this modern miracle of science.

In former ages, when the best trained architects of Italy were generally priests, the art of road-making there ranked so high as a means of civilization, that "royal and noble sinners very literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of paradise by causeways made on earth. St. Benedict laid the basis of his own canonization with the first stone of the famous bridge of Avignon; which, says Pope Nicholas V., was raised by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Admitting this, our most scientific pioneers, though not themselves conscious of the fact, are themselves fast scaling the ascents to heaven itself, while enabling the world at large to rise above the clouds by means of their philosophy; and with regard to the mighty feat of engineering science now crowned with success on the summit of Mont Cenis, it may in sober earnest here be asked, "What would have been thought of it in those

'dark ages', of Italy, when to build a bridge and clear a forest were deeds of salvation for the next world as for this?"

That prejudices of all sorts must melt away before this swift and scientific advance of civilization, now symbolized by the fiery iron horse on the glacial height of Mont Cenis, is a prophecy less doubtful than the tradition that on this very spot, or, at least, on such a site, Hannibal subdued the rocks and the ice by vinegar and fire, agents of his will; but the danger is that with old prejudices memories will perish; and if so, this, like many a hitherto much more accessible locality, will be deprived by civilization of its ideal charm, to say nothing of the fact that without the contrast afforded by such memories, albeit some of them hoary as the rocks and hazy as the mists of this mountain, no future railway excursionist on it can realise the comfortable, though not inglorious, ease of his position, when from the padded compartment of his snug railway carriage he gazes forth on the precipices, the cataracts, the forests, the icy snow, and the silent, if not unfathomable, lake, which have all more or less until now threatened danger to the unprotected traveller in this Alpine region. Wherefore, as a slight tribute to dauntlessness, variously displayed by pilgrims of times past, the following brief records, combined with personal memories of Mont Cenis, are offered to special train ONCE A WEEK passengers, that henceforth they may rejoice "there are no more Alps!"

To young England, however, eager for adventure, this cry conveys no cause of congratulation, any more than does the promise of being mown down by invisible war-machinery impart a hope of glory; and it is not at all impossible that in the future some would-be Alexander, deploring that the world is too small for him, not because he has conquered it, but because he has found it already conquered by science for him, will turn with a relish, at present quite unusual, to histories, such as that told by old Polybius and other venerable authorities, of the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, and yearn for "the sight of those mountains, whose tops seemed to touch the skies, and were covered with snow, and where nothing appeared to the eye but a few pitiful huts, scattered here and there on the sharp tops of inaccessible rocks; nothing but meagre flocks, almost perished with cold, and hairy men, of a savage and fierce aspect, who opposed Hannibal's troops when they began to climb up."

This would-be hero of the future may sigh, when travelling by railway up Mont Cenis, to think of the "howlings of the Gauls, which echoed dreadfully among the mountains," and

how, being sometimes wounded by the mountaineers, they came tumbling on Hannibal's soldiers, and dragged them headlong with them down the precipices which skirted the road; not forgetting how Hannibal's elephants and horses marched on in front, whilst he himself followed with the main body of his foot, keeping a vigilant eye over them all until at last, when they came to a worse place than any they had yet met with,—a path, rugged and craggy, which, having been made more so by the recent falling in of the earth, terminated in a frightful precipice above a thousand feet deep,—he boldly proposed a circuitous route, afterwards found impracticable, because “upon the old snow, which was grown hard by lying, there was some newly fallen, and this snow being soon dissolved by the treading of the foremost troops and beasts of burden, the soldiers marched on nothing but ice, which was so slippery that they had no firm footing, and where, if they made one false step, or endeavoured to save themselves with their hands or knees, there were no boughs nor roots to catch hold of.” Nor is it likely to be forgotten how Hannibal extricated himself from these difficulties; and how afterwards, having ordered a path to be cut into the rock itself, he set fire to the trees which were cut down to enlarge the path; whilst a keen wind blowing, a fierce flame broke out, which, with or without the aid of vinegar, blasted the rock, and thus enabled him eventually to enter Italy by way of Turin, that same way by which railway passengers over Mont Cenis are now invited to do so; but without remembrance of the ancient history just referred to, they could scarcely credit how little change took place in the features of the Mont Cenis pass during nearly two thousand years after Hannibal.

Of that great general, however, the sybarite Horace Walpole does not appear to have thought, when passing over Mont Cenis on his way to Turin, in November, 1739. It was partly in search of material for antiquarian gossip that Horace was journeying to Italy, and it had taken him eight days of hard travelling to reach the foot of Mont Cenis from Lyons; but when, muffled in a beaver bonnet, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, a muff, and a bear-skin, he was obliged to quit his carriage (which was taken to pieces in order to be loaded on mules), and found himself seated in a low arm-chair on poles, and carried upwards into heaps of fallen snow, and such heavy clouds “that hung glouting” as if they never could be waded through, the philosopher of Strawberry Hill could only remember that the least slip would have tumbled him into “such a fog and such an

eternity,” that not even the guides could ever have found their way out again. Walpole and his fellow-traveller, Gray, had nine mules and twelve men to carry them, their baggage, and servants; and, says Horace, “on the very highest precipice of Mont Cenis the devil of discord, in the shape of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a fighting. They rushed by me on a crag where there was scarce room for a cloven foot; but the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers are inconceivable; they run with you down steep and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk.” Five hours' nervous observation had assured Horace Walpole of this fact, and being moreover inspired by a fresh sense of security when the top of the mountain was reached, he had time to think, not of Hannibal's elephants, but of his own “little black spaniel of King Charles's breed, the prettiest, fattest, sweetest creature,” and he let it out for air; but alas! just as it was waddling along by the side of a wood of firs, out darted a young wolf, seized the pet, and, springing up the side of a rock, disappeared with it. Walpole screamed aloud out of his beaver skins, and his attendants endeavoured to rush to his assistance, but in vain; and he felt “it shocking to see anything one loved carried away to so horrid a death.”

But Horace Walpole in his portable chair was better off than Lady Mary Wortley, correspondent of Pope, had been when she made the ascent by being carried on a little seat of twisted osier, fixed by poles upon men's shoulders. “If I come to the bottom,” she wrote, “you shall hear of me;” and so we here mention her Alpine feat, although Evelyn, friend of Peter the Great, and Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine gold sculptor, had both previously achieved it. In fact, the Mont Cenis modes of conveyance through succeeding ages differed but slightly, until 1775, when two princesses of Piedmont, being about to journey to France in order to wed, the one, the Count de Provence, and the other, the Count d'Artois, two brothers of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.), all the vassals of Piedmont and Savoy were employed in clearing a path over the mountain, in the same way as in the middle ages, when living machinery was used in Provence to clear roads, banks, and marshes, the peasantry working in bands in such arduous undertakings, that often “whilst attempting to forward the traveller to another shore they sent him to another world;” for the feats required were beyond the power of human strength to perform. Better success, however, attended the labours of the Piedmont and Savoy vassalage in preparing the path

for the royal brides about to pass over Mont Cenis in 1775; although, as they travelled in sledges, their mode of transport was not without its own very peculiar inconvenience; for sometimes the sledges went too fast over the ice, especially on the downward road, and when this was the case, their guides, who had iron spikes fastened to their feet to prevent their slipping, flung themselves suddenly backwards in a way to stop the traveller falling forward, but with a sudden shock not unlikely to produce some scarcely less serious injury. The two Piedmontese princesses, nevertheless, reached France in safety, and by the same way that they had arrived in that country, their young sister-in-law, the French princess Clothilde (sister to Louis XVI.), soon afterwards journeyed over Mont Cenis to Turin, there to be espoused to the prince, afterwards King of Sardinia, at whose court the Count d'Artois and his family found a refuge when the French Revolution compelled them to fly from France. And what could these royal refugees at Turin have thought when they heard of the Mont Cenis road formed, for military purposes, by Napoleon I.! After this victory of his genius over nature, Europe could place no limits to the power of his will. He was master of the Alps; inspired by him, armies had fought above the clouds, and upon plains of ice. The snow of the Alps, over which cannon had thundered, was stained with blood, and glaciers had echoed with shouts of victory.

"Four armies, of the mightiest coalition the world had ever seen united against the independence of a single nation, had been swept away as the snows of Mont Blanc are scattered by its eddying whirlwinds; and from such a site as that of Mont Cenis, Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of an ill appointed and long-suffering army, had pointed to the plains of Lombardy, and promised victory. His soldiers accepted the pledge, rushed like an Alpine torrent over crags and precipices, and won Italy."

And when, in after days, Napoleon and Josephine together travelled by the road made by the Emperor over Mont Cenis, to be crowned at Milan, memories on his majesty's part of the famous pass of St. Bernard were strangely contrasted with the present luxury of his position. At St. Bernard "the artillery was dragged up the heights by sheer strength of arm, and by efforts almost superhuman, and the descent was perilous in the extreme; the infantry cut short the difficulty by sliding on their backs down the ice; the First Consul followed their example, and in the sight of his army, thus descended a height of two hundred feet."

At all events, such was the report rife amongst his followers over Mont Cenis to Milan; and says one of them—a young gentleman of quality, then page of honour to Josephine—"The hope of soon treading the soil of Italy, cradle of the Christian world, and witness of our glory, delighted me; but, arriving at the foot of Mont Cenis, my enthusiasm was slightly checked. The weather was cold, and before us I saw nothing but snow, ice, and mountains. Nevertheless, a whole army had previously scaled these heights, and I was curious to see how now it would be arranged for us to mount this mass of rocks which appeared inaccessible. The new quarter-master of the palace of the Tuileries, who had himself made the campaign of Marengo, undertook to arrange the Court Convoy, and the travelling carriage in which I and my companions had journeyed from St. Cloud, was in the *avant garde* of the *cortège*; but the carriage was now unhorsed, and, being taken to pieces, placed, as was likewise our baggage, on the backs of mules. For ourselves, we were seated in sedan-chairs, or something resembling them, and did not alight from them until we reached a convent, which on this occasion was a general rendezvous, and where, being allowed to rest until over the next day, I slept twenty-four hours. Waking, I found that the next day had come, and that the descent was at hand. At that moment, I would willingly have pardoned the Grand-Master of the Ceremonies had he not placed me on the list for this journey. My young imagination was full of perilous passages stereotyped from books on my memory, and it was a terrible thing for me to rise before dawn, and presently to perceive from the windows of our *logement*, those snowy heights and icy depths, in which the army of the emperor '*avait manqué d'être engloutie*.' In front of the convent a grey trace was just discernible, indicating the former line of pathway, along which trembling travellers had, in old times, caused themselves to be transported in osier baskets, upon the shoulders of mountaineers, who were reduced by necessity and atmospheric miseries to the condition of beasts of burden." And when to all this, the fear of bears and wolves was added, it must be allowed that the condition of the travelling court page was anything but agreeable. However, thanks to the road formed by his Imperial master, the only real danger in his descent from the summit of Mont Cenis was, the whirling speed with which it was accomplished. Unlike Horace Walpole in the preceding century, he beheld neither a bear nor a wolf; but, although in after years unflinchingly following Napoleon I. to battle-fields,

this young courtier still spoke of Mont Cenis as the *casse-cou* of Europe.

But mountains, like less stupendous facts, convey different impressions to different individuals, and according to the temperament of each separate traveller are they viewed; for example, Byron, writing in September, 1816, from Switzerland, says: "Came to the Rose glacier. . . . I think the Bossons glacier at Chamouni as fine; Hobhouse does not." And in these railway days it is much to be feared that by custom, combined with modes of travelling which exclude all fear of personal danger, perception of the marvels of nature is often already considerably dimmed; in proof of which the present writer remembers how once when travelling in the corner of a luxurious conveyance, it was noticeable that two Italian gentlemen, occupying other corners of it, were asleep; albeit, above them were the Alps:—

The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity; where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
below!

Childe Harold, who, "with a pure passion," loved mountains, waves, and skies, could scarcely have thus soliloquised concerning them had he performed his "Pilgrimage" in a railway carriage, or in company of those who, because of the restlessness of *ennui*, had often "done" it before. And yet science has its sublime side too; a sublimity devoutly recognised ages since in Italy, where, as recorded in the beginning of this paper, its triumphs were believed to result from divine inspiration. In that fair land of song, however, the same belief is not in this heterodox day universal; for *dyprosos* of the sleepy travellers just mentioned, the writer cannot forget how one of them, a remarkably intelligent Italian when wide awake, seemed overwhelmed with astonishment at the surprise expressed by an English gentleman that certain waterfalls of Mont Cenis were not utilised five years since in many ways which would have given employment to various classes of people near that region who were then in want of it, and at the same time have become sources of wealth to the government. This bold idea, now likely to be carried out by the help of Englishmen on Mont Cenis, met with no response from the ruminative Italian but a shrug, and soft-sounding exclamations of bewilderment why, or how, a foreigner could possibly give himself the trouble to think of

that which, if ever it had occurred to some enterprising Italian mind, was too arduous for his own to adopt. And yet, at that very moment, labourers like Cyclops were toiling in the tunnel then commenced beneath the mountain, a scheme so mighty that its completion still seems impossible to the uninitiated, and the intention of which, meantime, has been forestalled by the railway through the clouds, above the rocks, the ice, the precipices, which, until now, have been considered the boundary line of Europe, unconquered but by Napoleon I.

Thanks to the road formed by his command, it was in the middle of a bright autumn day some few years since, that the present writer, after travelling through the sunny vales of snow-capped Savoy, the "vestibule of the Alps," was prepared to ascend Mont Cenis, *en route* to Turin, in company not only of English fellow-travellers, but of a cosmopolite crowd, amongst whom nuns, friars, and people, American, French, and Italian, were all more or less conspicuous. Diligences built in accordance with the number of passengers they would have to carry, and with the difficulties of the road up which they would have to strain, stood ready to receive this crowd, together with guides, horses, and mules; fresh relays, especially of mules with jingling bells, were to be found at various stations up the mountain. It was so hot in the valley whence the procession set forth that it was difficult to realise how, by nightfall, the amount of wraps with which the various compartments of the carriages were encumbered could be needed. When the convoy took the upward road from St. Michel, creatures scarcely human made their appearance from picturesque bye-paths, to see it pass, shouting out a sort of wild cheer, and also a possible invocation to the saints for travellers' protection; but most comprehensible was the prayer which these strange beings addressed to human nature in their own behalf, for all of them were beggars, and the application for alms was persistent. Alms were given, though not out of charity, but rather to get rid of the offensive sight presented by many of these wretched objects, amongst whom old women, withered and afflicted by the goltre (that well-known, though as yet unconquered, form of Alpine malady), and idiotic *crétins* were prominent in their active determination to attract attention. Presently, when the road was sensibly becoming more and more steep, these pedestrian fellow-travellers gradually disappeared; in what huts, or beneath what thickets of pine-wood they sheltered themselves, cannot here be said. The clefts beside the mountainous main road are many, and the

precipitous vales and rocky recesses multiply and render the landscape more and more imposing as more or less slowly the road is ascended higher and higher. But already in these pages so many allusions have been made to peaks, precipices, cataracts, and forests, that it is unnecessary here to anticipate the more complete vision yet to come of vast and varied forms of nature which in Alpine regions generally make the traveller, though perhaps not the railway traveller, feel his own insignificance; and yet, if he be neither so scientific nor so ambitious as to be only looking out for mighty facts to conquer them, must impress him with a sense of calm. Not but that a considerable ascent is made up the old diligence road of Mont Cenis before the scene around becomes all wilderness and desolation; and recent railway accounts declare it was at first comparatively easy work for the train to climb the mountain, as it is at Lanslebourg that the tremendously hard pull begins.

Lanslebourg has now a considerable population, and is the most important hamlet on the pass; although descriptions given of it by travellers in the earlier part of this century are in many respects still applicable. A barrack and an inn built by the French, with Laplandish dwellings in the midst of a muddy lane and a landscape of snow, were long the characteristics of Lanslebourg; but how long they may remain so, even if at this moment unaltered, considering that triumphal arches were the other day erected there in welcome of "the steam horse," is a question which perhaps the reader will hereafter answer for himself. From Lanslebourg to the summit of Mont Cenis the distance is between six and seven miles; and that by the old road from zigzag height to dizzy height the stupendousness of which can only be estimated after twelve hours' travelling from the foot of the mountain, by looking down the abyss on either side. The causeway, viewed from within a carriage, sometimes appears so narrow that at the next turn destruction must be inevitable.

The evening of that bright autumn day before mentioned was just closing round the landscape of snow, and distant icy pinnacles, and dark fir woods or pine forests, when the travelling party, of whom the present writer was one, stopped at a barrack-like post-house ere beginning the last steep ascent, which was to be accomplished by midnight. Everybody was compelled to alight, although the nuns who had journeyed from Chambéry in the morning were nowhere to be seen; and everybody, after being ushered by the guides into a low long room, was expected to partake of a steaming supper, prepared possibly

by the well-formed though brown hands of an attendant hostess, or presiding divinity, the chief ornament of whose Franco-Swiss costume was a large gold cross, which she wore on her bosom. Most dainty dish of the feast, and one most persistently forced on strangers, was stewed chamois; but, whether from an admixture of garlic, or some other vegetable ingredient, one whiff of which would instantly have poisoned that renowned *chef de cuisine* who only ventured to breathe half a mild onion in order to flavour his *entremets*, the chamois was as distasteful to English palates as the old leather gloves of mountain guides would have been if stewed in a way less artistic than that by which Quin, dramatic satirist and *gourmet*, won celebrity by cooking his cast-off boots.

Night had come, and the last steep ascent was at hand by the time the full-flavoured chamois was devoured by aboriginal epicures, who also delighted in sour wine, and when the travellers emerged from the fumes and flare of the supper-room, very solemn seemed the upward moonlight journey before them. Once beyond the village, and all the bustle of a fresh start thence having subsided, the coldness of the atmosphere, always on the increase, brought every available wrap into requisition.

For a time the tramp of the horses and mules, and the jargon addressed to them by the guides, could still be heard; but presently, when every icy crag seemed to stand out with more and more terrible distinctness, and when the glassy ocean of the mountain ice became more and more vast, and when in fantastic and ever-changing shapes, the clouds rose curling, white and sulphury, from yawning precipices below, and mingled with the vapour and mist frozen in a moment above and around, and when momentarily more and more large and luminous shone the stars, not a sound of progress was audible; for the carriage wheels were moving through depths of snow, through which the guides were toiling on foot. In the midst of the grey-tinted glacier scene that night surrounding the road towards the icy plain on the summit of Mont Cenis, how far off seemed the warm fertile vales started from about twelve hours before! Remembered from the midst of clouds, ice, and snow, and in sight of the deep lake forming part of this silent region, which, but for the glory of the stars above, seemed a universe of death, the sunny landscape which had gladdened the heart and eyes of the traveller in the morning receded from the memory like some long past dream; far off in point of time did it seem, like the thought of joy that is no more to one whose life is blasted

by some grief suddenly, as the pines on the mountain side are crushed by the avalanche. But at midnight the stars above the cold and desolate scene on the summit of the mountain appeared so near to the mountain's top that one could almost fancy them vibrating in their changeful lustre; when suddenly over that still spot above the clouds, the quiver of a telegraphic wire was heard, conveying some message of hope or fear, exultation or despair, from the south to the north of Europe. A supreme triumph of human will and science then seemed the telegraph; but, judged by comparison, what is it now, when the "iron horse" has scaled the mountain and stood on its top beneath a triumphal arch of Alpine flowers? Not long after the thrill of that telegram had died away above the summit of Mont Cenis, the descent began; and in this perhaps consisted the most imminent danger of the journey. Its indescribable rapidity makes it difficult to understand how the twenty-four mules then employed could keep their footing on the precipitous road, which has been elsewhere described as hanging fathoms down, terrace upon terrace. One traveller speaks of an arch flung across a gulf, which, when reached, was trotted across, but when viewed from on high seemed scarcely passable for a chamois. The present writer, however, did not see this arch, for though warmth and vegetation return as the whirl of the descent increases, its swiftness is apt to produce giddiness too distressing to allow of much observation; and from experience it can here be declared that temporary deafness is not an impossible result. In fact, during the short time of this downward journey, the traveller must have calm nerves to think of how Hannibal, his men and elephants, once accomplished it, or, indeed, to remember any other conqueror or celebrity whose Mont Cenis feats are successively alluded to in this paper. And when it is considered that Mont Cenis, at its lowest ridge, is said to tower seven thousand feet above the sea, it will be understood with what a sense of joy, enhanced by security after danger, the traveller over it by the old road, when at last halting at Susa, the ancient capital of Piedmont, inhales the warm air and exclaims "The Alps are passed; Italy is won."

A. E. C.

THE FATE OF MAELGWYNE GWYNEDD.

A Legend of Diganwy Castle.

To those who have visited Llandudno, the flower-wreathed ruins of Diganwy Castle must be familiar, more familiar, I doubt not, than the history or legend—call it what you will—

which invests the weather-beaten walls with a poetic halo, and carries the imagination back to the half-barbarous, wholly chivalrous days, when Arthur, "the blameless king," and his knights held out against the Saxon invader, winning back by deeds of almost fabulous daring the broad acres sacrificed to gratify the luxury and lust of Vortigern.

The story of the sixth century tells us that when Uther Pendragon had drunk the death draught at the poisoned well, and his son Arthur had been crowned at Caerleon, the young king's first action was to march against the Saxons, who, led on by Colcrian, were advancing upon York; but, scarcely had he brought these to a check, when tidings reached him that another Saxon host under Cerdic was threatening London. Raising the siege of York, therefore, Arthur dispatched messengers, bidding to his aid the King of Scotland, the Duke of Cornwall, and the princes of North and South Wales; amongst the latter, came Maelgwyne Gwynedd, a prince famous both in the camp and bower. He was the eldest son of Cadwallon, of whose palace at Mona the bards loved to sing, and who had been one of the leaders of the great battle fought in the vale of Maes Garmon; where perfect in their faith, the Celts calmly awaited the charge of the Picts and Saxons, receiving them neither with sword nor spear; but taught of St. Germain, with one voice they shouted "Hallelujah;"* a shout which the surrounding mountains caught up and echoed, thundering forth the angelic praise from their dark caverns, until the very air seemed resonant with praise, and the awe-stricken enemy laid down their arms and fled.

After the death of his father, Maelgwyne built Diganwy, the position of which, commanding the mouth of the Conway River, is ample proof of the prince's engineering ability; as both in an offensive and defensive light the situation is perfect. Placed upon two small hills, the strong towers were joined by fortified walls, which were again encompassed by a town, in which dwelt the many retainers, artificers, &c., then deemed necessary to a royal establishment.

As I stood by the keep and looked across the broad sunny bosom of the Conway, I tried to picture to myself the scene, when at one of the earliest Eisteddfods we read of, Maelgwyne obliged the bards to swim across the river at flood tide, thereby so completely destroying the strings of their harps, that he who could sing the best song, carried off the laurels. I had just come from Caermarthen, the golden-

* The Aylmer family, who trace their descent from Eynydd-ap-Gwerngwy, still bear as their motto the holy war cry, "Hallelujah."

walled city of Merlin, so that anything relating to this great national gathering, was interesting; and I was even then on my way to Anglesey to visit Aberfraw, where Griffith-ap-Cynan held his triennial meetings.

Not far from Diganwy stands the church and churchyard of Eglwys Rhôs, where Maelgwyne lies buried; and a couple of miles further on, perched upon a rock, and overlooking the stormy waters of the Irish Sea, is the chapel of St. Trillo, where early converts were baptized in a little sparkling spring, which, it is said, gushed up from the rock, obedient to the good saint's bidding.

The life of Prince Maelgwyne Gwynedd is one long romance; too long for the present paper, in which I shall only relate such striking incidents as are especially relative to Diganwy.

When the command to join King Arthur in driving the Saxons from before London reached Maelgwyne, that prince had been long enough at peace to find both the chase and bower pall upon him; long enough to loathe home, and gaze wistfully at the spears and swords hanging idly in his hall. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed how welcome was the call to war.

Nor was the coming of Prince Maelgwyne less welcome to the court. We all know that

Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.

Sometimes, too, we know this same pipe blows only praise; and praise only had it blown of Maelgwyne. Still, great as his reputation had been, his handsome person, gallant bearing, and regal state eclipsed all that had been said. Nor was the *éclat* lessened by the fact that he came accompanied by Talieson, a bard whose fame had spread far and near, and whose muse burst forth anew under the inspiration of the magnificent court. But all was not song and tourney. Trouble and dishonour were dogging the steps of the great king, and when, blinded by romantic chivalry, he left his own disturbed land to bring aid to his uncle of Armorica, Maelgwyne, foreseeing that the day was not distant when he must defend his inheritance with his sword, went quietly back to Wales. During his sojourn there, Maelgwyne was accustomed to amuse himself by seeking adventures, we are told, while wandering amongst the Arran Mountains, where lies the fairy-haunted spring which gives rise to the Dee River, and the valley where St. Tudno had taken refuge from the world, and which the saint partially cultivated, tilling the ground by means of two white oxen of the Bannog breed, now extinct. As night was falling when Maelgwyne reached

the valley, the sight of the saint's dwelling, humble as it appeared, was welcome. Hospitality is, we are told, one of the Christian virtues; but it did not seem so with St. Tudno, who reluctantly enough granted the prince shelter, stipulating that his followers should sleep as best they could under the greenwood tree.

St. Tudno, no doubt, thought he had good ground for his scanty hospitality. Hermit as he was, Maelgwyne's reputation was not unknown to him, and so, having satisfied his guest's hunger with a dinner of herbs, he lost no time in bringing in what some folks call a word in season, forgetting the wise king's advice "that there is a time for everything." St. Tudno, therefore, read this weary prince such a lecture upon the "lusts of the world, the flesh and the devil" that, tired as he was, Maelgwyne slept none that night. Rising at day-break, he went out of the hut, and then, the first sight that met his eyes, was the saint's oxen standing patiently by the plough, waiting for their master.

Then the devil—who, according to the homily read by the saint, Maelgwyne served so well—being, no doubt, wrath with the holy man, suggested to the prince that the oxen were costly, that the owner was asleep, and that he, Maelgwyne was his debtor for a restless night.

Beckoning his men, the prince bade them drive the oxen home to Diganwy; and laughing in his sleeve at the trick he had played his churlish host, he went back to the hut. But finding that St. Tudno still slept the sleep of the righteous, he muttered something the very reverse of a blessing, and went out again, when, glancing down the valley, a strange sight met his eyes. Behold, two wild stags were yoked to the shafts, and an enormous grey wolf guided the plough.

Enraged beyond reason, Maelgwyne ordered his huntsmen to slip two famous deer-hounds, and sitting down upon a rock, he laughed to himself as he watched the chase. Not for long, however, for the stags and wolf took to the woods, and then, fearing the hounds would go too far, the huntsmen whistled them back. Maelgwyne grew uneasy, and would have aided them, but when he tried to rise he found it impossible. In vain he strove, in vain he strained, and no doubt swore. The rock was immovable; so was the prince; and there was nothing for it but to eat humble pie to the saint, and meekly beg release. This was obtained, but not without a sacrifice; and Maelgwyne had to promise restoration ten-fold, and, moreover, give his word that the valley should henceforth be a sanctuary of refuge.

When King Arthur had established the shadow of a peace in Armorica he returned to England to find, as we have all read, a faithless queen and a traitor regent. Then, amongst the first to seek his side was Maelgwyne. Nor did he leave the king's side until his glorious reign was over, and Constantine reigned in his stead. Then only the Prince of North Wales returned to his home, and devoting his spare time to useful works, he built and endowed the see of Bangor, he erected the castle of Harlech, and improved the town of Salisbury. In spite of this, however, the life led by the prince was such as brought discredit upon the holy religion he professed. The debauchery and reckless living at Diganwy were proverbial, and good men prophesied that the day of downfall must come. And that day was nearer than even the most indignant supposed. While hunting one day, the prince became separated from his followers, and finding himself in a forest glade, overarched with interlacing boughs, he began peering about into the dim green shades, in the hope of seeing some of the fairy folk, who were said to make such nooks their home. But no such vision gratified his curiosity; and he was turning away when, from the neighbouring thicket, there sprang a milk-white kid, closely followed by a gaunt wolf. A spear from the unerring hand glanced through the air, and piercing the shaggy hide, laid the beast dead upon the sward, but too late, alas! to save the timid kid, which, frightened unto death, fell at Maelgwyne's feet, and, looking up with glazing eyes, cried:—

When from the womb of Morva Rhunedd
Springs forth a thing of fear,
With yellow hair, with yellow eyes,
Then Maelgwyne's death is near.

It appears that men were more used to the supernatural in the sixth century than they are now; at any rate, we do not find record of any surprise on Maelgwyne's part, or that attention was paid to such an extraordinary occurrence. The kid died, the prince returned to his hunting, the levity of his household was as great as ever, and no sign appeared in the great marsh of Rhunedd; so that probably the circumstance was wholly forgotten until the warning was repeated; this time in a far different manner. Maelgwyne was fighting against the lord of Yâle, and while besieging Dinas Bran, a fair woman, like unto an angel, was seen standing upon the highest tower. She looked down upon the angry host and waved her hand; every eye was turned, and every hand stopped its work of death; then, on the silence which had fallen upon the wondering men, there came a clear trumpet-like

voice, and mournfully spoken were the fatal words:—

When from the womb of Morva Rhunedd
Springs forth a thing of fear,
With yellow hair, with yellow eyes,
Then Maelgwyne's death is near.

Men turned involuntarily to see what effect such a warning would have upon their leader, and when they looked back to the tower, a white mist encompassed it, and the lady was gone.

Maelgwyne did not treat this second warning so lightly as he had done the first; he sent for the wise men and wizards of the land, and offered them wealth if they would interpret, but none could; they were fain to hide their ignorance in calling it a trick of the enemy, or the working of a morbid imagination, and to drive away the depression which seemed to be assailing the prince, his courtiers excelled themselves in finding amusement to suit his taste, so that the next few months exceeded all others in riotous living and excess.

But like the king of old, the scorner's days were numbered. Even as Belshazzar was holding a feast when the fatal "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" appeared upon the wall of the chamber; so Maelgwyne was keeping a tourney when, through the glittering bands, came a woman, clad in the meanest rags, and tottering under the weight of a century of winters.

Past guard and retainer, past knight and dame, came the unbidden guest; no one opposed, all shrunk back from the mysterious and unhallowed presence. The harpstrings uttered a wild wail, and the minstrels' voices were silenced. Greater still, however, was the consternation when, making her way to the footstool of the prince, she lifted up a withered arm, and wailed forth the fatal prophecy:—

When from the womb of Morva Rhunedd
Springs forth a thing of fear,
With yellow hair, with yellow eyes,
Then Maelgwyne's death is near.

But ere the blanched cheeks of the courtiers had time to recover their hue, the woman lay in a ghastly death-sleep at the very feet of the horror-stricken prince, who, dismissing his court and prophets who prophesied softly, shut himself into his chamber, spending his time in prayer and fasting; and there the dreadful fulfilment of the first portion of the prophecy reached him—the yellow plague had broken out amongst the dwellers on the marsh of Rhunedd, and the reading of the riddle was all too plain.

Trembling as he had never trembled before

mortal foe, Maelgwyne fled to the vaulted chapel by St. Trillo's Church, and giving orders that no one was to enter until the plague was stayed, he bade his people bar the iron doors, and leave him to humble himself in prayer, far, as he fondly hoped, from the infectious fever.

The plague raged; youth and age, gentle and simple, fell before the avenging angel, until scarcely a tithe of the inhabitants was left in the territory; and scanty indeed was the group assembled to listen to the bell of St. Trillo's Chapel, as it pealed forth the glad signal to the imprisoned prince and told that the plague was gone.

One by one the remnant of his people crept up the hill and gathered round to welcome the prince, and as the great iron bar fell from the doors every eye was turned wistfully, and every tongue silent; the echoes of the bell died away along the mighty cliffs, and the waves took up the sound, mingling with it their never ceasing beat. But still no answer came from the chapel; and again and yet again the bell woke the echoes, sending the wondering sea birds whirling and screaming from their roosting places on the Great Orme.

Then those nearest the vaulted door drew closer and cried—

"Open, great Prince, thy faithful people wait to welcome thee. The pest is stayed; come forth, and dry our weeping eyes."

Still there came no response; the vault was silent as a tomb, and a thrill of fear fell upon the people.

The door was fastened inside, and heavy blows were required to beat it down.

The broad red light of the setting sun entered first, and shed its rays upon the reeking vault, upon the mouldering altar-cloths, and upon a thing of fear, lying, with upturned visage and outstretched arms upon the threshold. It was the body of Maelgwyne Gwynedd. Shrunken, famished, distorted by agony and horror, clad in sack-cloth, lay the Prince; the plague had pursued him to the very altar; upon his protruding tongue grew long yellow hairs, while the glaring eye-balls were dyed saffron. Terror-stricken the people fled, and not until many hours were past did a few gain courage sufficient to bury the once great prince.

The Chapel is now in ruins like the Castle itself, the marsh of Rhunedd or Rheanedd is still to be seen, and the deep-toned bell of the rock-founded Church still wakes the sea-bird from her nest, and sends its sweet voice across the unchanged water where the blue waves shake their white manes, and laugh at the flight of time.

I. D. FENTON.

"IF!"

If there were no such thing as pride—
If there were no such things as lies—
I might be sitting at thy side,
Smiling on thee with happy eyes.

If there were no such thing as change—
If there were no such thing as time—
And all that doth the heart estrange
By shifting scenes of place and clime;—

I might be reigning o'er thy heart,
No monarch safer on his throne,
Empress of every throbbing part,
My kingdom utterly my own.

Alas! so many "ifs" between
Have exiled me from royalty,
And now I am no more a queen,
Another claims thy fealty.

Yet darkened days I can beguile,
Recalling time but barely flown,
When thou didst sue me for a smile
On bended knee before my throne.

Then court *her* favours while they last,
Her smile, her gifts, her glances woo;
She cannot rob me of the past—
Ah! *I* have reigned and triumphed too.

A. G. H.

THE STROKE OF A PEN.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

SOME time had passed; the long winter months had come and gone, and the birds were beginning to bestir themselves in the business of nest-making, when Helen Seton took refuge in her own room one morning from the companionship of her cousins. It was a pleasant, sunny room, looking out over an extensive and trimly-kept garden and shrubbery. Helen had altered in these months. Her figure, always slight, seemed to have acquired a weary droop, her brown eyes were meeker and more often shaded by their long lashes, and her face was paler, unless, perhaps, it appeared so from its contrast with the deep mourning-dress she wore. She carried in her hand a little basket, filled with late primroses and early lilies of the valley, confusedly tossed together, as if just gathered. After locking the door, she sat down to arrange them. But her fingers trembled, and the tears gathered and fell one by one upon the flowers. At last the task was given up, the basket was pushed aside, and Helen sank upon her knees by the bed-side and wept bitterly. Life had not gone well with her since we saw her last; she tried to find out whether the fault lay with her. Her cousin Henry was entirely changed. Before her father's death he had been kind, and tender,

and considerate; even after she had refused his love, he had cared for her like a brother. What could have altered him? He had grown gloomy and capricious; now persecuting her with professions of love, now recoiling from her as if with dislike; sometimes overwhelming her with gifts and attentions, sometimes leaving her to the mercy of his harsh sister, who made her cruelly feel her dependent position. Poor Helen! her heart ached sorely as she thought of the years that might have to pass before escape could be found for her from all this. Since that one time at Hythe, she had never dared to hint to her cousin her love—nay, her engagement—to one who was poor and obscure. She had learnt to fear Henry. She almost knew that he would sternly exert his rights as master of the house, and refuse to admit Alan Morton within it. Besides this, she was not yet twenty, and Henry Seton was her guardian, and watched suspiciously the very letters she received. Altogether, life looked very dark, and Helen wept, if not “till her heart grew light,” at least till it was eased of some of the burden of grief which was heavy indeed to bear. A servant tapped at the door.

“Mr. Seton would be glad to speak to Miss Helen in the garden.” Helen rose, calmed herself, and prepared to obey. These interviews were frequent, and were most distasteful to her; yet if Henry chose to require them she had no choice but to submit, for was she not a pensioner on his bounty? It was with a very grave face that she joined her cousin; he came to meet her, and drew her into a lonely walk fringed with wild flowers, and partly shaded by the budding leaves of early spring. Henry had changed as much in appearance as in manner; his face had grown worn and haggard, like that of a man preyed upon by some constant, wearying anxiety; and an expression of suspicion had become habitual to him. He walked silently by his cousin’s side for some time, and she was beginning to wonder why he had sent for her, when at last he spoke.

“Helen,” he said, and his voice was low and husky, “it is time that you and I should come to an understanding.”

Helen was silent.

“I have asked you to be my wife often,” he continued, irritably; “and I would have loved and cared for you, God knows. But you chose to refuse, and now I have sent for you to hear my decision. My wife you *shall* be. There are reasons why no reluctance of mine, no suffering of yours, shall turn me from my purpose. It is the only way to atone,” he muttered, between his set teeth.

Helen caught the words.

“I do not understand you,” she said, gently, “what have I to atone for?”

“Nothing, nothing,” he answered, with a gesture of impatience; “or, at least, only the suspense you have kept me in.” He flung away from her, and walked up the path by himself. In a minute he turned, and came rapidly back to where she stood.

“Listen, Helen,” he said; “you told me once that you loved another. That may still be; I ask no questions; but you will belong to me, if not by fair means then by foul. Helen! Helen! you are mine. Why will you rebel against fate?”

He spoke almost like a man deranged; his look was excited and wild, and Helen shrank from him, horrified by a new idea.

“Never mind, now,” she said, soothingly, “come home, and we will talk of it another time.”

He turned upon her, angrily.

“We will not talk of it another time. We will settle it now, this moment. I tell you you are mine—mine,” and he stretched out his arms as if to seize her. In mortal terror, Helen evaded his grasp, and looking round for the best way of escape, she saw the figure of a man approaching under the trees. With infinite relief she waited a moment; it must be one of the labourers returning from dinner, she thought, and surely he would help her. The stranger came rapidly forward. Henry had seen him, too, and lost his excited manner, but still Helen did not feel safe; nearer and nearer the man came, treading with a light elastic step, and they could see now that he was not a labourer, but a gentleman in a light shooting-coat and straw hat. Suddenly, as he approached, Helen’s face lighted with a vivid flush; as he came on the colour mounted—mounted until her cheeks glowed with a tender red; a moment more and he had reached them.

“Oh, Alan!” came with a sob from Helen’s lips.

“My own Helen!” and in another second she was clasped in the stranger’s embrace.

CHAPTER IV.

“PARDON me, Mr. Seton. Really, it is quite impossible that you should refuse to give this gentleman a hearing.”

The speaker was Mr. Gardner, the old lawyer and friend already mentioned, and he alluded to Alan Morton, who was sitting in Henry Seton’s drawing-room, waiting till he should be listened to, with a look of quiet resolution on his handsome face. Helen was in the room too, standing tearfully in the deep alcove of the window, almost hidden by the curtains.

“Mr. Seton will, I think, hardly feel justified in continuing to refuse his consent to my

marriage with his ward," urged Alan, addressing himself to the lawyer, "when I mention that I had her father's consent to the engagement. Nothing but the dangerous illness of a sister who resides abroad would have kept me from hastening to England on hearing of Miss Seton's bereavement."

"Circumstances are changed," put in Henry, with considerable irritation of manner; "I refuse my consent."

"Hush, hush, my dear sir," interposed the lawyer, trying to keep the peace; "let us hear what Mr. Morton's proposals are. We lawyers, you know," turning to Alan with an attempt at a joke, "are obliged to have an eye to pounds, shillings, and pence. Have you any objection to give me, as Mr. Seton's friend, some idea of your means?"

"They are little enough, I own," replied Alan, frankly; "but it seems to me that, under the circumstances, it is only for Miss Seton and me to decide whether they are sufficient. If I had not been obliged to leave England Mr. Seton would have allowed me to marry his daughter at once, yet at that time it was thought, I know, that she was likely to have a considerable fortune."

Alan Morton, as he said the last words, happened to glance towards Henry Seton, and noticed with surprise the blood mount to his forehead.

"Yes, yes," answered the lawyer, thinking that by talking the matter over he should give Henry time to recover his temper, which had seemed to be on the point of failing; "it was thought that Miss Seton would be rich, but unfortunately her father died without having made any provision for her."

A suspicion entered Alan Morton's head that Henry Seton was concealing from him the true state of Helen's affairs, which Mr. Gardner might not know, in order to induce him to resign her before she should be of age to act for herself. Therefore he pursued the subject.

"I understood," he said, turning pointedly to the lawyer, yet keeping an eye on Henry, "that there was some money likely to come to Miss Seton by settlement. Can you tell me what can have given rise to the idea?"

"It was a very natural idea," replied Mr. Gardner; "indeed, I believe that Mr. Seton almost shared in it himself, for he always had a fancy that he should survive his brother. I can explain the circumstances to you in a moment. Mr. Seton, I am sure you will have no objection to my doing so?"

He looked towards Henry, who muttered very surlily, "Say what you please," and began nervously to put some papers together on the writing-table.

"Well," resumed the lawyer, "I need not

make a long story of it. The simple fact is, that Miss Seton would have been not only well off but wealthy had her father lived a few hours longer. He and his brother, Captain Seton, died the same day, but Miss Seton's father died at eleven in the morning, and Captain Seton not till two in the afternoon; therefore, by a singular provision of the will under which they inherited, his son, as heir to the survivor, succeeded to the property."

What ailed Alan Morton? The colour flushed into his face; he rose and stood, still addressing the lawyer, but with his face turned towards Henry.

"May I inquire," he asked, "on what day Captain and Mr. Seton died?"

Henry turned upon him in a frenzy of ungovernable passion.

"Leave my room, sir, instantly, if you don't wish to be kicked out of it. Good heavens! do you think I am going to submit to the insolence of a confounded meddling scoundrel like you?"

"Stay, sir, stay," interposed the lawyer, laying his hand on Henry's arm, and perfectly aghast at this uncalled-for burst; "there is no insolence in the case. Under the circumstances there is no wonder that Mr. Morton should wish to hear the particulars. Mr. Seton died, sir, at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of October, and—"

"And I saw Captain Seton lying dead at six in the morning of that same 15th."

There was dead silence in the room. The lawyer fixed his keen eyes on Henry, whose face had turned a yellowish livid white. Helen had stolen from her retreat at the sound of her cousin's angry voice, and now stood by the chair from which her lover had just risen. Henry turned upon her fiercely.

"How dared you not to tell me this?"

"Tell you what?" said Helen's gentle voice. "There was nothing to tell, for Alan did not see my uncle alive; besides, I could not speak to you about his letters."

Alan continued steadily:—"I arrived at K— on the morning of the 15th October, in the course of a walking trip of two or three days. I was just passing the inn, when I heard my name called, and saw my old school and college friend, Edward Wilson, at a window. He was in a room on the ground floor; and in the same room, on a bed, was Captain Seton's body. Wilson told me he had died at two in the morning, and I saw him lying there with my own eyes at six. I wanted to remain with Wilson, but he would not hear of it. He persuaded me that he wanted no help, and reproached himself with having allowed me to risk infection by coming in. So I left the way I had entered, without seeing anyone but him.

I saw his death afterwards in the paper, and regretted bitterly that I had not stayed with him; but as to the time of Captain Seton's death there is not the slightest doubt about it."

Another dead silence; Helen's soft tones broke it. "There must be some mistake," she said, approaching her cousin with her old gentle manner, all anger having given way to pity at the sight of his ghastly face. "Henry—Oh, Henry, are you ill?"

"Miss Seton, you had better leave us for the present," said the old lawyer, sternly. "I fear there is room for some painful suspicions regarding Mr. Seton's conduct. At any rate, the matter must be investigated. I shall start for K— myself to-morrow, to make the necessary inquiries."

A kind of gurgle startled them. Henry was standing with his two hands pressed against his brow as if to keep his senses. He strove to speak, but something seemed to choke him and his words were hardly articulate; yet he forced them out and they stood still to listen.

"There is no need; it is true! I altered the letter. Not for the fortune; it was to win Helen, but—oh, my God! What is this?"

He staggered, and his eyes closed. Helen turned white; the lawyer and Alan Morton sprang forward, but before they were able to reach him, Henry Seton had fallen to the ground at their feet, stricken with paralysis.

The sequel is soon told. Helen is happy. She and Alan Morton have sold the old family place, where the change of ownership must have been known and commented upon, and have settled in a distant part of England, within easy reach but out of sight of the sea. Two tiny children play round their fire-side; besides these, their home has another occupant. Whose easy-chair is that drawn up in winter to the warmest nook by the hearth? Who is the invalid, a young man still, but with wasted limbs and drawn features, who on summer days can just crawl down the terrace steps and sit basking in sunny spots? He brings a book sometimes, but his mind is weak, and he likes best to play with the children, and tell them long rambling stories, which are their chief delight. But when they read him stories in return, they notice that if there is any mention of a lonely pool or pond their playfellow's face changes; it seems to strike a painful chord in his memory; he grows gloomy and sends them away. They have learnt to pass over such passages in their little books.

See! there come Helen and her husband; how handsome he is! and how lovingly she leans upon his arm, and looks up at him with

her soft, trusting eyes. They join the invalid, and Alan makes him lean on him, while Helen walks on the other side. He brightens up a little and thanks them, and they speak cheerily to him, but he soon relapses into melancholy. Thus it has been for years; thus it will be to the end of the life of this wreck of what once was the calm, keen, clear-sighted Henry Seton.

WINIFRED ROBINSON.

DAME JULIANA BERNERS AND HER "BOKE OF VENERIE."

MANY persons may be induced to inquire who Dame Juliana Berners was, and what was the Book of Saint Albans. We will endeavour to satisfy the curiosity of our readers on these subjects.

Ulyana, or Juliana Barnes or Berners, is supposed to have been born towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, at Roding Berners, or as it is vulgarly called, Bernish Roding, in the hundred of Dunmow, and county of Essex.

John Bale, an industrious antiquary, who was born in 1493, thus describes her character:—

"She was an illustrious female, eminently endowed with superior qualities, both mental and personal. Amongst the many solaces of human life, she held the sports of the field in the highest estimation. This heroic woman saw that they were the exercises of noble men, after wars; after the administration of justice, or the concerns of state. She had probably learnt that Ulysses instituted such diversions after the conquest of Troy, and that they received the commendation of Plato, as the sources of renewed enjoyment to those who suffered either from domestic calamities, or the injuries of war. These arts, therefore, this ingenious woman was desirous to convey in her writings, with the persuasion that those youths, in whose hearts resided either virtue or honour, would cultivate them to guard against vain sloth."

In illustration of what has been here said, let me notice a very scarce tract on angling (now in the possession of the writer of this account), by Dame Juliana Berners, and supposed to be in her own hand-writing, in which she begins as follows:—

"Solomon, in his parables, saith that a glad spirit maketh a flourishing age, that is to say, a fair age and a long; and with it is so, I ask this question, which be the means and cause to reduce a man to a merry spirit. Truly unto my simple discretion it seemeth me good and honest disports and games in which a man's heart joyeth, without any

repentance. Then it followeth that good and honest disports be the cause of men's fair age and long-life."

Having introduced this short quotation from the treatise on angling, I will give some account of this very curious and interesting treatise itself. It was written in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, and forms a considerable portion of a little pamphlet first printed in the Book of St. Albans in the year 1486, and entitled "A Treatise on Angling." It is the same manuscript which is noticed in her introduction to the reprint of that volume, page sixty-three, as formerly in the possession of the typographical historian, William Herbert, who transcribed the same; and that copy is there mentioned as then possessed by the late Mr. Townley. The original treatise, here referred to, passed from the possession of Mr. Herbert to Mr. Brand, the author of "Observations on Popular Antiquities;" and from him to George Isted, esq., who presented it to Mr. Haslewood, a few months before he died in 1821. Mr. Haslewood added a paginary transcript for the convenience of reading this ancient MSS., and it was bound by C. Lewis in 1823. My friend, Charles Scarisbrick, esq., of Scarisbrick, in Lancashire, purchased the treatise, and also the reprint of the Book of St. Albans, at a sale, I presume, of Mr. Haslewood's books, and gave both of them to me.

Having given this short account of my very curious and interesting manuscript, I will proceed to mention what has been said of the genealogy of its author; in addition to what has been said of her by the antiquarian Bale, already quoted.

She was the daughter of Sir James Berners, of Roding Berners, in the hundred of Dunmow and County of Essex, whose son, Sir Richard, was created Baron Berners in the reign of Henry the Fourth. Juliana Berners held the situation of prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, in Hertfordshire. Hollinshed places her at the close of the reign of Edward the Fourth; calling her "Julian Bernes," a gentlewoman endowed with extraordinary gifts, both of body and mind, who wrote certain treatises on hawking, hunting, &c.; delighting greatly herself in these exercises and pastimes.

In Baker's *Chronicles*, it is stated that Julian Bernes was a gentlewoman of excellent gifts; and again it is stated that "this Booke was made by Lady Julian Berners, daughter of Sir James Berners, of Berners Roding in Essex, knight, and sister to Richard Lord Berners. She was Lady Prioress of Sopwell, a nunnery near St. Albans, in which Abbey of St. Albans this was first printed in 1486. She was living in 1460."

The family of the Berners was considerable both in honour and antiquity. Their pedigree, commencing with Hugh de Berners in the reign of William the First, has been given by Sir Henry Chauncey, probably from the communication of some branch of the family. The above mentioned Sir James Berners married Anne, daughter of John Berew, of the County of Southampton. He fell a victim to the turbulence of party, and was beheaded in 1388, as one of the evil counsellors of his imbecile master, Richard the Second. He left three sons, Richard, Thomas, and William, and one daughter, Juliana, generally supposed to be the writer of the Book of St. Albans. She is usually styled "Dame," which was probably assumed under a general rule attached to the Benedictine Order of Nuns, and takes origin rather from the gifts of fortune than from nobleness of family. The nuns, in fact, formed two classes; the one distinguished by the title of Dames, and the other by that of Lay Sisters. The title, therefore, of dame was of no real importance, but was a local term serving as a proper and respectful address to a gentlewoman. Her works on hunting, hawking, and fishing, as well as that on coat-armour, added to her being the Prioress of Sopwell, caused her to be described as a second Minerva in her studies, and another Diana in her diversions. Her book was printed at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde in 1491.

Dame Juliana's rules for angling are excellent. She tells us how to fish—where to fish—and when to fish; and then describes the means of procuring good health. The first is a merry thought; the second is labour not outrageous; the third is diet measurable; and then she adds in reference to the first, that if a man will evermore be in a merry thought, and have a glad spirit, he must eschew all contrarious company, and all places of debate, where he may have any occasion of melancholy, and he must eschew all places of riot, which is occasion of surfeit and sickness, and he must draw him to places of sweet air, and eat nourishing meats and delectables.

Such is the style in which Dame Juliana Berners wrote her treatises on hawking and hunting. They are very curious, and are illustrated by some quaint wood-cuts. On the whole, her Book of St. Albans is a valuable record of the sports of her time, and it has been handed down to us in a reprint, we believe from the only known perfect copy of her work.

It is hoped that this short account of Dame Juliana Berners and her celebrated book will not be unacceptable to our readers.

EDWARD JESSE.



MICHAELMAS DAY.

Up in the fresh cool morn, Maggie,
We must be on our way
To drive the geese to market,
In time for Michaelmas Day.

Each house must have a goose, Maggie,
At least so the old folks say;
For, "He shall have luck throughout the year
Who eats goose on Michaelmas Day."

Queen Bess on a goose was dining
When she the good news did hear,
That the Spanish ships were all
scattered at sea,
And England had nought to fear.

Quoth the queen, "We'll remember
this ever,
And as sure as the day comes round,
I command that a smoking well-fed
goose
On the royal board be found."

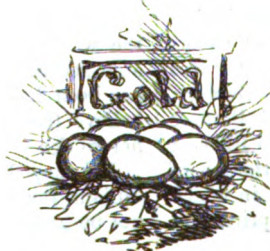
People given to learning, Maggie,
Say that those were the golden days;
But we're apt to think old times better than these,
And what's gone we are sure to praise.

I've heard there's some queer old prayer, Maggie,
About a goose with ten toes;
But whether it means a Michaelmas goose
I don't suppose anyone knows.

And whether the custom came from
that,
It is not for me to say;
But father, grandfather, and all our
folk
Ate goose on Michaelmas Day.

There's many an old custom, Maggie,
People follow and don't know why;
So all we can do is to do as they do,
Who are wiser than yot and I.

JEAN BONCEUR.



CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI. A NEW SISTER.



AGNES CRAWFORD not only remained at the Priory to comfort the wretched mother all that day, but at Mrs. Newman's earnest entreaty, took up her abode there until after the funeral. Her

unselfish goodness, evidenced by a thousand daily acts and words, worked its way into Mrs. Newman's heart, as the continuous falling of the pearl-like waterdrops will eat into the grimmest stone; and well for the widow that it was so. Certain sad truths respecting her dead boy—fiercely combated by her at first, but which, at last, she could not resist—were presently disclosed. Mrs. Newman had to confess to herself that her idol had not been all she had fondly supposed him to be. She was not less devoted to his memory upon that account—what mother could have been?—but the knowledge that her son had sinned, sowed in her this seed of good, that she grew to be less bitter against sinners. There must, she felt, be mercy for them such as she had not dreamt of, since it was needed for her dead boy.

Not a day now passed but Agnes came up from the Brae, and sat an hour or more in the bereaved woman's company. She never stayed to dinner, because she saw that her hostess did not wish that; for, as time grew on, the old habit of saving, of parsimony, not unobservable even during that interregnum of bereavement, resumed its sway over the forlorn widow. Sad as it was, Agnes smiled to see it, for it was a sign that although the heart-wound might not have been healed—and, indeed, could never do so—it was cicatrized. When the poor lady began once more to sniff at her cook, and bully her page, to count the cutlets that left her table, and pursue the halfpence in her grocer's book with wrapt attention, it was as healthful a symptom as the return of motion to the limbs of the paralytic. Yet, thanks to the influence of her new friend, she made some struggle against this infirmity of her nature. The first time she felt herself able to walk to church she dropped something more than small silver (of which she always had a great store) into the collection plate; it was not, indeed, a coin of the realm; but it was gold, and had been valued as such by her

for many years, and kept in a locked drawer in her cabinet. Mr. Puce called the next day at the Priory with a polite speech about her having made a mistake and given a much more rare and costly gift than a common sovereign; but she only said that she was glad such was the case, and bade him keep it for the good purpose for which it had been intended; it was only right that she should suffer for her carelessness. So Mr. Puce had to give the poor a pound out of his own pocket, and add *per contra* to his collection of curiosities at the Rectory, a Spanish moldore of an inscrutable epoch, and with a large perforation in its middle.

Nay, though the widow's loss bore heavily upon her night and day, she absolutely made use of it to excuse little economies and retrenchments; "now that her dear Jed had been taken from her," this and that were no longer necessary. Perhaps it was partly due to these proceedings (for any new act of thriftiness had always tended that way, as "a good stroke of business" mollifies the city man) that her voice grew softer, her manners more gentle even than before; but something of this was doubtless owing to Agnes. Mrs. Newman's household outgoings for the day having been reduced to a minimum, that lady would welcome the young girl to her breakfast parlour with the sweetest smile, apologising for not taking her to the more ceremonious apartment upon the ground that the sun spoilt the carpet, for which reason the shutters were kept closed; or, quite as often, as time went on, the widow would walk down to the Brae, and spend "a nice long morning" with Agnes, which was always made to extend over the dinner hour. It fortunately happened that, although she had given orders for that meal to be prepared at her own house, it consisted of cold meat, which will be "just as good to-morrow, my dear, as to-day." This frequent hospitality, so cheerfully and ungrudgingly afforded, and the consequent disappearance of a few items from her own butcher's bill, completed her young hostess's conquest. An individual that is always glad to see and feed one, and who never looks for anything in return, is formed to be a miser's friend; nor was this unhappy woman's perceptions so dull but that she understood the motives which actuated her new

ally. She knew that these were pity for her forlorn condition, and the pleasure of returning good for evil.

"It is very kind of you, Agnes Crawford," said she, as they sat together one afternoon in June in the little dining-room of the cottage; for the drawing-room was avoided upon such occasions at the Brae, as it was at the Priory, although for far different reasons. Agnes would not compel her guest to look out upon those sands which had been her son's untimely grave. "It is very kind of you, dear, to let me drop in here, and eat you out of house and home in this manner. I am afraid I am a great expense to you."

"Not very great," returned her hostess, smiling; "you don't eat much more than my pet bird yonder, to whom I give my breakfast crumbs; and if you eat, as you complain that good Mr. Carstairs does—"

"Well, so he does, my dear," interrupted her guest, laying her work down upon her lap, to allow of greater emphasis; "the last time he dined with me—that is, let me see, just nineteen months ago—he eat of every dish, and finished every one. I call it most ungentlemanly. And because there was nothing in two of the silver dishes—put for ornament, my dear, of course—and because there were flowers in the champagne glasses and no champagne—the idea of giving a village doctor champagne!—he was really quite rude."

"Mr. Carstairs is a very good, kind man," said Agnes.

"I don't deny that, my dear; I only say he is a most inordinate eater."

"And I say that you eat like a robin, and are, therefore, no judge," rejoined Agnes, smiling. "As for my expenses here, they are not much more than if I were a doll in a doll's house. Cuba, it seems to me, eats nothing but rice, so that I almost suspect her of being a ghoul; and Mrs. Marcon, I am sure, is the most honest and economical of landladies."

"Ah, well, that is as it may be; everybody seems honest to *you*, dear. You judge people by yourself. And that brings me to the thing which I wanted to say to you. Every day, when I go to my desk, this writing reproaches me—look at it. It is what I wanted you to sign with respect to Mr. Carlyon's will."

"Your brother's will," observed Agnes quietly.

His name had never been mentioned between them since the day of Jedediah's death. Agnes had deemed it injudicious to press that he should be asked to his nephew's funeral; but she did not think it right to pass by his sister's mention of him by his surname.

"Yes, he is my brother, of course; although

his conduct has not been brotherly—that is, in this matter," added she, hastily, in answer to the young girl's glance. "I don't say that I did all I could to win him. But as to disinheriting my Jed, that was a shameful thing, and—and—"

"Hush! my dear Mrs. Newman, hush!"

"You don't know what I was going to add," said Mrs. Newman, tremulously, "and yet—I was about to say—with respect to that will, now that I know you, I do not so much wonder at it. That is what I feel bound to confess. He loved you—how could he help it?—better than all else, and he strove to show it. And I can't blame him—that is, not now." Here she paused, thinking of the "might have been," with all its radiant hues, extinct for ever, and the tears rolled down her thin but not uncomely cheeks. "You have not signed it, Agnes, have you, yet?"

"I *will* sign it, dear Mrs. Newman, gladly."

"No, you have not, and you shall not. And what is more, if John, my brother, dies before me, I shall not take this money. He meant it for you, and you shall have it."

Agnes smiled sadly. "What is the use of money to *me*?" asked she.

"Of much use. Of use to everybody, my dear," answered Mrs. Newman, with vehemence: then added, tenderly, "take it; do good with it. Kiss me, Agnes."

She tore up the paper as she spoke, and rising, threw her arms about the young girl's neck. She had overcome, perhaps, the greatest temptation of her life; but the struggle had been severe and long, and she felt the effects of it.

"There, I have done it now," cried she, "and I feel all the happier. If you like to give me anything *out of it*, you know, my dear," added she, cheerfully, "why that is a different thing; you may let me have Wood-les, my old home—for it is not sold, I hear—to live in rent free. But I want everything to be yours to do just as you like with. That's all."

"I hope none of it will ever be mine, Mrs. Newman. I trust Mr. Carlyon may be spared long years—and to God's glory—to possess it. His is a noble life, although it has hitherto been passed in darkness."

"You know his state of health, I suppose, Agnes, and what Mr. Carstairs thinks about him? He heard from him only last week, and he was saying—"

"Oh, yes—yes—do not speak of it. At least, not in that way. I know all."

"I am sorry to have distressed you, my dear."

The two women sat for some time in silence. The hostess stitching at some baby clothes

destined to cover some expected little stranger in the parish, for whom there was small welcome; the guest darning an old glove.

"Agnes," said Mrs. Newman, presently, in a very gentle tone, "I have been a hard woman all my life—except to one who is gone—but I am not hard to you. I cannot bear to see those tears. What can I do to comfort you? Nothing? Yes, a little, surely. When I pray to God to-night, I shall pray for somebody else. Not for you, for you do not need my prayers. Can you guess for whom?"

"Yes."

"Mind, I do not mean in my old way, as you are thinking. I shall not thank heaven that I am not like him, unregenerate, wicked, predestined to eternal death; but as one fellow-sinner for another, as a sister for a brother."

"I am, indeed, rejoiced to hear it: at the same time, as a Christian woman, it is only your bounden duty."

"True, but one I have not performed for years. And why shall I do so now, Agnes? Because I really love him? No. Because I honestly wish to be reconciled with him? No; I cannot even say that yet. Why shall I do it, then? Can you guess?"

"For God's sake, I hope, dear Mrs. Newman."

"No; for *your* sake. And why do I say for your sake? You need not answer me, my dear; I know all about it. How very much you forgot when you sought me out and brought me comfort; how very much you forgave, which even if it had been committed against yourself only—There, lean upon me; I am your elder sister now, since John Carlyon is my brother once again, and you, my poor girl, love him. It is poor comfort that this can bring you, dear. A forlorn woman, vexed with petty cares, is a sad substitute for such a bridegroom; but it is something. The man that made the breach between us two shall henceforward be the link between us. I shall love you all the better and you will, at least, despise me less, Sister Agnes."

CHAPTER XXVII. THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

It was night, and Agnes sat alone in her little drawing-room at the Brae. Mrs. Newman had left her hours ago; not long indeed after she had expressed herself in such unexpected terms, with regard to her brother and Agnes. The latter was genuinely glad and grateful that her guest had confessed herself so changed for the better; that her mind was so conciliated, and the bitterness of so many years against her now only relative had been cast out. But so far as Mrs. Newman's demon-

strativeness affected Agnes herself, it was no subject for congratulation. She felt humiliated, nay almost ashamed. How had this woman guessed the secret which she had striven so hard to hide even from her own self? By what outward sign had she shown that she loved John Carlyon, when her own heart had been forbidden to whisper it? And yet how she did love him! How sweet it was to hear the poor folks talk of kindly Squire John! How welcome to her was the gratitude that prompted them to tell of his open-handed, generous ways; of his cool courage! With what pleasure she hearkened to their speculations regarding the next comer to Woodlees, always ending as they did, with, "Well he will not be a better gentleman than the young Squire, whoever he be." Better to *them* of course they meant: but was not that something? To have been good to the poor; to have been ready to risk his life for theirs; to have associated with them without one touch of Pride.

His lack of Religion, so far from deteriorating from such virtues, heightened them rather. If, not being a Christian man, he so behaved out of the mere excellence of his own nature, how much the nobler was that nature. How she had treasured the few commonplace phrases of Mr. Carstairs respecting Carlyon's health, listening as though they had no particular attraction for her ears. The good doctor had spoken quite openly about his patient. He had no idea that this girl who, to his own knowledge, had rejected the young Squire, was anything more than "deeply interested" in her discarded suitor. The letters he now and then received from him were not of a private nature, and their contents were freely communicated to whosoever they might concern. There was always respectful mention of herself and inquiry concerning her well-being; for the rest, a little business and a good deal of gossip composed the whole of these communications.

"He is no better, Miss Agnes," the doctor would observe in answer to her questions, "simply because it is impossible he should get better. You can't stop a hole in your heart as you would a leak. He doesn't mention his health, because he knows this as well as I do. He is leading a gay life, which is the very worst for a man in his situation to lead, and I am surprised that he has lasted so long. If I had known he was going to racket about in London, I would not have given him so long as a year to live; and I should not be the least surprised if my prophecy came true yet. The Ides of June have come, but they have not yet gone."

To all this Agnes had listened with a grave

but quiet face, and without revealing the torture of her heart. Successful in this, she had deemed concealment was easy under all less crucial tests. And yet this woman—to whom she had never since their intimacy breathed Carlyon's name, in whose presence she had studiously avoided speaking of him, although from no fear of such a consequence—had guessed the secret of her love. Agnes, though not insensible to Mrs. Newman's good intentions, was far from thanking her for this. Henceforward then the sweet solace of an unshared sorrow—for there are sorrows as well as joys wherein no stranger may intermeddle, and with which even a friend's sympathy is intolerable—was to be denied her. How far too might not this discovery extend? Would vulgar eyes begin to watch her with unwelcome pity, vulgar tongues to utter words of thankless comfort? It seemed hard that, though unrepining, she should not be permitted to bear her cross alone; yet she was far from repining even now.

God knew what was best for her as for everybody. Perhaps it was to show the powerful temptation of worldly love that it was decreed she should be held up as an example of a Christian woman whose heart was given to a godless man: for it *had* been given, that was certain, and was John Carlyon's still. Her very being seemed to confess it when the life-blood rushed to her cheeks, as though in protest against such a reflection as she had just made.

Carlyon Godless? Impossible! God had suffered him to revolt for a while, but would presently beckon to him with forgiving finger. That was all. Presently? It must be very soon then. It is impossible to describe in words the mental agony which that last thought engendered. We grieve, we weep, all hope and health seem to depart from us, because our loved one has died, and has left us for ever. That one dread sentence, "He is Dead!" seems to comprehend in it the death of all that makes our life enjoyable, nay bearable. But how much more terrible to the truly religious soul is the fear—nay the conviction—that our departed brother is not only Dead, but Lost.

The narrow-minded foolish folk who make up those spiritual cliques and coteries which do their very best to draw Religion into contempt, under pretence of fostering and protecting it, feel nothing of this. In their heart of hearts they either do not, for the most part, believe the fearful dogmas they enunciate, or they do not realise the effect of them. Otherwise, being men and not fiends, the sense of the eternal condemnation of the majority of their friends and acquaintances (of which

they affect to be convinced) would be ever present with them; it would take away their appetites (which it certainly does *not*), would destroy their sleep, would thrust itself between them and even the most innocent pleasure: they would never cease, like Solomon Eagle, from crying "Woe, woe!" As to the few who do realise what must happen if their creed be true, and yet have learnt to regard it with calmness if not satisfaction; the human wheat who are not disturbed by the doom of the tares growing up around them; who say quietly, "They will burn but we shall be in the garner"—let them beware, lest instead of being the Elect, their cruel feet are set on the very road to Perdition. Very literally they apply the homely saw,

Of all our mother's children we love ourselves the best,
As long as we're provided for, the Devil take the rest.

But it is doubtful if their selfish complacency will be rewarded exactly as they expect.

Agnes Crawford's religion was not of this sort. She believed and trembled, but it was for others, not for herself; and for the man she loved, above all. As in some frightful nightmare we sometimes see one very dear to us blindly walking towards the brink of a sheer precipice, yet cannot raise hand or voice to warn him, so Agnes beheld the coming doom of John Carlyon. It was rarely out of her thoughts, and shadowed them, even when unrecognisable there, with habitual and deepening gloom. She was thinking of it now, as she sat by the open window in the summer night, looking forth upon the fast filling bay. There was no moon, and the sky was inland with many a cloud, but by the dim starlight she could see the sweep and swirl of every white-lipped wave, as it licked up the sands. What hope there was for any tide-caught traveller twixt where she sat and yonder hidden shore, so little and no more was for John Carlyon dying in his stubborn pride. Upon one yet uncovered spot, not many yards from land, stood up some object bare and tall; the mast of a fishing vessel the hull of which was already buried in the quicksand beneath; to not less certain—perhaps to scarce less speedy doom—was John Carlyon doomed. Across the sea and through the misty veil that hung above it, flashed down on land and wave the revolving Pharos light; now hid now seen; it was placed there for man's guidance and salvation; but if one were so blind or wilful as not to heed it, but steer right on into the gaping jaws of Death?

All things she saw supplied the unhappy girl with images of her beloved one's ruin. The wave sighed at her feet, the night wind wailed above her in unison with her own sad thoughts.

Even now while she was thinking of him, praying for him, he might be dead and—"Agnes!"

The chill of fear seized all her frame, relaxed and enervated with sorrow, and froze it so that every limb grew rigid. She could not have stirred a finger to save her life. What was that voice, unlike to any that she knew, that had murmured her own name, close by her, in the very room? No thought of danger—of physical peril crossed her mind; she was terror-stricken with a nameless awe. Was it then true, as some good Christian folks had averred, that the spirits of the departed are sometimes permitted to return to earth and reveal their fearful doom to those they have left behind them? Was John Carlyon speaking to her, but not in the flesh? What was this cold current sweeping over her, that made her shiver so, as the air of the vault did where they had laid her father months ago?

"Agnes!"

She knew the speaker now; yet her terror did not abate, but was exchanged for apprehensions of a different sort. The current she felt was the draught of air caused by the unheard opening of the door behind her. Her midnight visitor was one of flesh and blood; yet scarcely to be dreaded less than a spectre. How had he gained admittance to the cottage without her knowledge? And how had he dared to present himself, unannounced, at such an hour?

The voice was Richard Crawford's voice, but with a difference. Even when she recognised it as her cousin's, she could not fail to mark that. Why did he stand yonder motionless—an undefined shadow—and not greet her, if self-conscious of no harm after so long an absence? What could this sudden visit mean, paid to her in her solitude, at midnight, by one that had parted from her with such studiously respectful mien and words? One answer only could be given to such a question, and her fluttering heart returned it, in many a hasty beat—"This man is mad!"

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER III. AMERICA TO TUNIS.

I WAS chattering lazily, paying due respect to nature, who was digesting flannel-cake and divers Yankee flirtations with the palate—chattering with Sambo, over his album. The juleps, and cobblers, and sodas were disappearing at a prodigious rate under my window; lumbering countrymen were carrying off the straws in their pockets as trophies of their

gustatory prowess. There was squeaking and giggling among the women. "Like mice in a hole, I guess," quoth Sambo. "The fuss these French women make over a julep is quite surprisin'." Sambo's contempt was superb. There are, however, considerable families of the human race who are strangers to the witchery of plantation bitters and Bourbon whiskey. Yet, every man to his vocation. He only is an artist who is wholly in art. "The artist, sir, should rest in art." I am reminded of what Emerson has said, albeit, it is beyond the apprehension of the good-tempered darkie, who will not understand why I cannot possibly conclude my dinner with, at least, a pound of ice-cream. "The true artist has the planet for his pedestal; the adventurer, after years of strife, has nothing broader than his own shoes." I am an artist; I hold my communications with nature through the nose and mouth. I aspire to gain the planet for my pedestal, in my own way. You think the artist must hold a crucible or a geological hammer, a dissecting knife, a chisel, or a pencil. To quote Emerson again—the atmosphere, you see, brings him back to my mind with the clams and the black-berry jam:—"Man, made of the dust of the world, does not forget his origin; and all that is inanimate will one day speak and reason. Unpublished nature will have its whole secret told. Shall we say that quartz mountains will pulverise into innumerable Werners, Von Buchs, and Beaumonts; and the laboratory of the atmosphere holds in solution I know not what Bezeliuses." And Carêmes, and d'Aigre-feuilles, and Savarins, and Cameranis, if you please. If I am to respect yonder philosopher of the rock, who, with his little hammer, is possibly chipping at some future Werner's nose; I must take leave to observe that the materials of the mountains are incomplete, if there be not a few crags destined to pulverise into at least a Carlin Bertinazzi—poor dead harlequin of the Comédie Italienne, who helped the Gourmands of Paris to digest their dinners during four years; or a Grimod de Verneuil, postmaster-general and perpetual president of the Gourmets' tasting jury in the opening of the present century. This boundless West is well enough to contemplate. The quarters of wheat and casks of wine that lie in its bosom promise comfort to coming generations of men. But many years must elapse before men will learn how to break the bread and sip the Falernian of the mighty West.

The epicure is the rare product of an old society. The fine eating which the American oil-purse commands, is imported from France. The utmost New York can do in the way of gastronomic refinement, is to get across the

Atlantic something like Bignon's establishments on the Boulevards. For the present our cousins are simply "death on victuals." They annex food in a wholesale, hurried way, and drink, standing at bars, afterwards. Their urbanity to the stranger within their gates is an honourable trait in their character. They cordially help one another. Their love of country is a passion that colours every step of their life. I believe their babies are born star-spangled. They have a love of splendour; but it reminds me of the feathers of the savage rather than of the glories of Aubusson and Sèvres. They have not got deep enough into civilisation to be quiet and meditative. They have not approached the meaning of the word fastidious. The varieties of foods which they have gathered from their fields and waters are extraordinary; and some of these materials are exceedingly delicate. But the American cook has a rough hand; and an American attacks a pine-apple like a potato. From a plethoric kitchen you get a table-load of food: cutlets enough for four, and griddle-cake to quiet a whole family, with molasses—maple molasses.

I called for oyster-soup. The flavour was excellent, but the soup was overladen with little sodden biscuits floating about in it; and at least a pint was poured into my plate! Imagine my distress. It has been said that you judge of the nature of the dinner that is coming, by the soup that greets you as you take your place; and an American dinner is no exception to the rule. You may confidently conclude that you will have enough. It is the quantity that is the vice in the whole matter. Broad, thin cutlets lying about a spacious blue dish, as much at their ease for room as pumpkins in a field,—repel. The little silver dish in which two lie close together, with just room enough between for the odour of the sauce to escape to the grateful nostril, invites you to draw it coaxingly to your plate, and taste. An English farmer must enjoy himself to his heart's content on his arrival in New York or Boston. He will find a breakfast that will take him all he knows in the way of mastication and digestion. The eggs will be scrambled, and fried, and broiled. The breads and cakes will challenge the energy of his maw. He has dismissed the eggs and Massachusetts sausages, and stuffed clams; now let him contemplate breaded pig's feet, and hominy and buckwheat-cakes, or a wheel of Boston brown bread. He who wanders with active knife and fork over these things has taken his first cocktail soon after cockcrow. The simple reader has a vision of a rubicund man, of ample rotundity, as fit consumer of a breakfast like this. It lies before the sparest of

men, whose waist a British farmer could span with his two hands; and it is incorporated in a few minutes by the skeleton, who reckons, and guesses, and expectorates, and shambles off to be "fixed up," and sent forth to the day's business. The operation calls to the irreverent British mind the episode of the boa and the blanket, which is in the history of the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, London.

"I agree with you, sir," said an American friend over a clam-chowder. "I agree with you; it's too heavy. Your folks could stand it better than ours do. You bring up your children right-well. We are spoiled from the beginning with candies and what we please. We grow up without any stomach to speak of. And then we get all kinds of indigestible food. We can show good things. Our canvas-back ducks are right down good, and your epicures reckon so. You should eat clams—as we get them out of the sands. Boston Harbour's the place—as your Blackwall is for whitebait."

"You recommend this champagne cider?"

"Yes, sir; and tell me whether you can beat it in Devonshire."

"Bright and clean," I admitted; albeit I hold cider in any shape to be an abomination at a dinner-table.

"Right down good," exclaimed my friend Silas Z. Tomkins (why should I hold back his name?) "from New Jersey," he said.

I glanced at the beaded brim, while he tossed two glasses off, repeating that it was downright good.

Sambo had laid two wheels of Boston brown bread upon the table. Cutlets, and tomato sauce enough for twenty moderate people, were now added.

I commend Boston brown bread to any dainty palate that may reach the West. It is much like the sweet brown bread of the north, such as I tasted with capercailzie, I remember, one winter's night in Orebro, within the hospitable wooden walls of Count Adolphe Von Rosen; only the brown bread of Boston is not so sweet as that of Sweden—which makes it more delectable in association with a tender cutlet.

"You must taste those presently," said Silas Z. Tomkins, drawing some long, smooth nuts from his pocket, and placing them upon the table. "Pekan nuts from Texas."

"You have a wonderful variety of fruits, Mr. Tomkins."

"Impossible to count 'em. You can't match our blackberries. I have 'em in my garden as big as my thumb."

"A Bishop Reynolds has said:—'the root, out of which the fruits of the earth do grow,

is above in heaven; the genealogy of corn and wine is resolved into God."

"Right; that's true. It's quite astonishing the rate at which we're planting vines. I don't know what California port's like; but a friend of mine can put you through. Try this cabinet Catawba."

Sambo grinned, as he wiped the ice from the bottle, and tilted the creaming liquid into my glass.

"A shaft of amber and a head of snow," I said.

"Good," from Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins.

While I tasted, Mr. Tomkins kept his grey eyes fixed upon me—not seeking my opinion. He had made up his mind as to that. He being present, my duty was to admire and approve, and glance reverently at the banner under the windows.

"A little sweet," I ventured.

"Dessay; you like dry wines. We don't."

"We" were right, it follows, and "you" were wrong.

The Catawba was a light, sweet Moselle; pure grape, and with a bouquet delicate as a baby's breath.

"It wants strength for you—brandy;" Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins decided.

"Mr. Tomkins," I answered, a little nettled; "it is related, I forget where, that in some ancient day there was a man at Heidelberg, who was for knocking every churl on the head who did not like Rhenish wine. Are you his double, hailing from Cincinnati?"

"I take that unkindly, Monsieur Montmaur, I do," Mr. Tomkins answered, with a sly laugh playing jack-o'-lantern in his eye. "If you don't like this wine don't drink it. All I say is, it's pure. Clean from the grape God ripened on the shores of our beautiful lakes."

"A wine to be uncorked by Hebe on Diana's birthday! Will that do?"

"That fits it," said Silas Z. Tomkins. "Now I know you have tasted it."

And we finished the bottle as the rye-cakes and the griddle-cakes and molasses appeared. The rye-cakes were like bitter muffins, but the griddle-cakes were perfect—light as foam, and dry as the palm of a miser's hand. Pumpkin pie followed—the pumpkin making a light, spiced custard upon a dry crust.

"A dainty, sweet dish," I said; "very palatable to him who has not parted with the first and most innocent taste of the human creature. Your consumption of this must be prodigious."

"Considerable," Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins answered, helping himself to such a slice as a hungry school-boy would cut, if left to the exercise of his own free will. Hereupon, I

was treated to a definition of squash as distinguished from pumpkin, and given to understand that squash (which has been known to grow to the weight of 150lbs.) is the epicure's pumpkin. We followed up these sweet dishes with preserved peaches and pine-apples, that were as fresh and deliciously odorous as when they were plucked.

Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins stretched his legs, till his immense boots protruded from my side of the table. After a pause he asked, "Can you guess what I am thinking about?"

"Dows and Guild have got some right good Havanas in a secret place."

"No, nor cigarettes either."

Whereupon, being a moral philosopher, when I have dined, I said, with a solemnity of manner I can put on as easily as my hat, "Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins, one Dr. Lettsom ascribed health and wealth to water, happiness to small beer, and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits."

"Dr. Lettsom be——; here you Sambo, Monongahela whiskey, do you hear, and sharp."

I was shocked, but the whiskey was very good.

Borrowing a hammer, Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins, albeit ex-vice president of a Pomological Society in his native state—I mean in the state which had the honour of giving birth to him—proceeded to crack the Pekan nuts and some butter nuts, upon the floor. Pausing at his labour, he looked up roguishly at me, rubbing the tip of his nose with the cold iron of the hammer, and said, "Do you know I and a friend of mine sometimes spend a tidy time over this. It's a knotty point we discuss, and I don't know which is most obstinate of the tew."

"What's your point?"

"My friend, who's as cute a reasoner as any in New York city, maintains that the Bourbon improves the nuts. Now, you see, it so happens that I have been raised in the belief, from which I am not likely to be shaken, that the butter-nut improves the whiskey. Well, at it we go. We take it in turns to crack the nuts. You'd hardly believe how long the discussion lasts sometimes."

"And you never approach a compromise? is it so?"

"NEVER. It is my belief we shall die as far from a solution of the difficulty as when we began. My wife hates the discussion; and indeed it cannot be very interesting to a man who is bound direct—passage paid and luggage strapped—for Tunis. I guess you'll have it warm there, and give a thought now and then to Catawba and the valley of Monongahela!"

W. B. J.

SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbour fill'd
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed her name was Joy,
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail;
And Eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to: at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
But *one* came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

ALFRED NORRIS.

THE SQUIRE'S NEW KEEPER.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

So Charley went over to a small place the squire had in Dumfriesshire, and Rachel, after telling Mrs. Otley her story (a very simple story it was, too), went quietly about her work; although she had done as her father had ordered her, and punished both herself and Charley, she felt a presentiment that matters would come round: Charley was so sober and industrious, nobody had a word to say against him,—and you may be sure that when a stranger comes and wins the beauty of a parish, every eye and every ear are ready to find a flaw in the fortunate man's character. No fault had been found in Charley's, who was as popular in his way as Rachel had been in hers. Then, again, she knew the squire and Mrs. Otley were both on her side. So Rachel never lost hope, and was content to wait. Now and then, during the following month, she grew downcast; which Oliver seeing would be an excuse for him to say, "Your old friend is thriving, and we'll have him back some day, soon."

When Christmas came near, the poaching began to grow so destructive that the keepers were at their wits' end. All sorts of stories were told as to who formed the gang, and where they came from. Flemming had charge of the preserves near the house, and many were the stratagems he suggested for way-laying the men. Night after night he was about with the watchers; but as yet not a head of game had been taken from the squire's land. This fact aroused a new suspicion in Flemming's head, in consequence of which he left home for a day or two without saying where he was going. On his return, he went straight up to the hall, and asked for the squire.

"I've found out the captain of the poacher's gang, sir," he said, directly the door had closed.

"The deuce you have! how did you manage that?"

"Well, I've had my suspicions, and I went to Greta, and walked up to the lodge, taking care to find that Charley would be out of the way; and then I heard what settled me. He's out every night, nobody knows where, except that he rides away. He's been twice to London this month; and if that's not enough for you, sir, it is for me, knowing the lot he comes of."

"The lot he comes of, Flemming?" and Oliver looked surprised. He had no suspicion of Charley, in spite of his mysterious movements; but he saw the fierce triumph in Job's face; and that there was some secret at the bottom of it all. "Why, what do you know of Carver?"

"More than enough, sir," growled Job, getting beside himself with anger and shame, for he knew the story must come out now, "More than enough. His father is my only brother; he brought my mother to the grave, and had it not been for the old squire, I'd a' been a beggar now. Nobody would give me work when they knowed I was a convict's brother: but your father took me and put me in the woods."

"Why, I never heard a word of this."

"No, I daresay not, sir; your mother isn't the sort of lady to bring up a story against an honest man; and most of those concerned are dead or gone."

"But how do you know Charley is your brother's son?"

"Because he brought him here." And then Flemming told his master how Paul had come, and what he had done.

Oliver's face grew stern as he listened.

"And you actually turned him adrift on the world, Flemming?"

"What had he done to me—what had I done to him that I was to be branded with a

ticket-of-leave brother? We all had the same chance in life, good schoolings and good situations. I was in the house, he was in the stable; and it's hard because a man happens to be your brother that he's to be let rise up and bring disgrace on you."

"I'm no preacher, Job," said Oliver, gravely, "or I might be tempted to tell you in more words what I thought of this handiwork of yours. Does Rachel know anything of it?"

"No," returned Flemming, fiercely; "and I'd like to see the man, I don't care who he is, who would tell her."

"I hope no one will. She has been a dutiful, loving daughter, and to hear the story you've just told me, would be a harder blow than losing poor Charley."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Just this, that if Rachel heard that you had turned your brother from the door, and had refused to forgive him, when after all these years he had come back to you, it would break her heart."

Flemming did not answer, and the squire went on.

"I shall go over to the lodge to-morrow, and see what Charley is doing; in the meantime you must not repeat a word of what you suspect, and what, I am quite sure, will prove utterly wrong. Now, good-day; I'll see you to-morrow night."

Next morning, while Oliver and his mother were at breakfast, a message was brought in. Charley Carver had come, and was waiting to see the squire upon important business.

"Bring him in, William. You won't mind him, mother?" then, as the footman left the room, Oliver added, "I daresay it is about what I told you Flemming came about; he has been talking, or the poor fellow has heard of his visit, and suspects something. Well, Charley, what brought you over in such—Mother! Good God! are you ill?" and, springing up, he threw his arms round Mrs. Otley. "Get help, Charley. Quick, man! she's fainting; and send Tom for the doctor."

When Mrs. Otley recovered, her first words were, "Where is he?"

"Who, mother?"

"Frank, my husband. I saw"—here she stopped, and staring wildly round, threw her arms round Oliver's neck, sobbing; "am I going mad, darling? What does it mean? He died years ago; and yet I saw him again as plainly as possible."

"Dear mother! it must have been some strange shadow, or light; Charley Carver, my keeper, you know, Rachel's sweetheart, came in just as you fainted."

His mother lay back with a faint shudder.

"Is the doctor coming? That is right; now go and wait for him; tell him what I thought I saw, and let him judge for himself without questioning me."

The doctor came and shook his head; Mrs. Otley was in a strangely nervous condition, and must be kept quiet. And having seen these orders carried out, Oliver bethought him of Charley.

"It is about the poachers, sir," Charley said; "I had this bit of paper pushed into my window last night, and so I thought it best to come off directly."

On the paper was written:—

"The squire's covers is too be swept to-morrow night. Job Flemming have been a talking as how yo his hin the gang; i ho yo a good turn, so look sharp."

Oliver drew a long breath. "This is something like work. Well, it's lucky you've got this. He's right about Flemming; but don't let that trouble you. It will be cleared off now; but, I say, Charley, what rig is that you are in? is it to be ready for a fight with the rascals?"

Charley laughed, and glancing at himself in a mirror, said. "I do look rather a guy here, sir, but it's the dress I've been most used to, cattle driving and the like, and as I feel more at home in it than any other, and thought we might have hot work of it to-night, I put it on."

Oliver looked him over. "Use or no use, it's uncommonly becoming and compact. Upon my word, I think I'll go to your tailor. But we'll not lose time, let us get down to Richards, and have a council of war. It would never do to let my poor mother know anything of this."

As they walked down to the keeper's house, Oliver repeated the accusation brought by Flemming against Charley, adding, "I don't want to force myself upon your confidence, but if you can tell me what I am to say in answer to the old fellow, I'd be glad."

Charley hesitated, then looking hard at his master, said, "You don't suspect me, sir?"

"No, honestly, no; but it will take more than my confidence to silence Flemming, as I wish to do."

"Thank you, sir. Now I'll tell you. You see my father, or, any how, him I call my father, is Job Flemming's brother."

"Yes, so Job told me. And I am as sorry for your father, as I am angry with the part Job has played; indeed, I meant to come over to the lodge to-day, and see what I could do for you. But it's about keeping him quiet just now."

"It isn't much, sir; only this. We

brought a bit of money over with us, and father has taken a little farm, about twenty miles off the lodge. A sheep run in a very small way. It was there I went at night, and about the lease I went to London."

"I am very glad I can shut the old fellow's scandalous mouth so completely. So you've been at the diggings to some purpose."

"Not for long; the governor could not rest. So, as soon as he had enough to bring us home and start in the world, he gave up his work."

"Why do you call him father, if he's not really so?"

"Because he's been a father to me, sir; he picked me up in the bush, with a lot of natives, when I was a baby. It's a common enough story in Australia, sir," he added, seeing the Squire's countenance change. "My father was a settler, and, during a native disturbance, his farm was plundered, and everyone but myself and a native nurse, murdered. Paul Flemming was a great man among the natives, and seeing me, took a fancy to me. It's a queer story, sir, but true enough; and I may well call the governor my father."

"You are right, Charley," said Oliver; "quite right. I suppose you do not know what your father's name was."

Charley smiled. "To tell you the truth, I never asked, sir, though I daresay the governor does; he never forgets anything."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

A deep colour rushed over Oliver's face, as, turning impulsively, he looked at Charley. Everything tallied with his mother's sad story, and then, too, he thought of the strange impression left upon her mind by seeing Charley. What could it all mean? Was it possible that such a wildly improbable romance could be brought into every-day reality? But there was no time then for reflection. They had reached the keeper's house, and the business of the day must be seen to. It was only when the plan of action for the night had been settled, that he had time to think over what he had heard that day. And then he hardly knew how to put it. It was almost too strange to be true. But if true, what a store of happiness it would bring to the mother, who, no one knew so well as he did, had never been able to close her heart to the conviction that her baby was spared.

"I can think of my other treasures as safe in heaven, Oliver, but my baby is not amongst them. And his name wells up to my lips in every prayer."

CHAPTER IV.

By nightfall Richards was ready; he had mustered all the hands, and appointing each

detachment a place, was ready, as he fondly hoped, for the worst gang of poachers that ever stepped. The first warning of the raid was given about one o'clock, close to the copse where the squire watched, assisted by two grooms and a large mastiff.

"Here they come, sir," whispered Tom, clutching his stick, and breathing hard; "down by the hedge, on the near side."

"Lie quiet, then, and let them pass; try to see their faces, both of you. Quiet, Blucher! down, old dog;" and he laid a hard grasp on the dog's muzzle, stilling his uneasy movements.

Three men walked stealthily past, and though within a few yards of the watchers it was too dark to distinguish their faces, even had they not had crape across them. As they passed out of sight, a low cry, like that of the night-hawk, rose on the quiet air, and five men appeared suddenly, and as if they had sprang out of the earth. These carried a net and a couple of dark-lanterns, they were armed with guns every man of them, and had their faces blacked; behind these came one man, evidently on the watch. He let the others move on, and, looking about for a snug corner, sat down under a fir-tree, within two or three yards of Tom, who nearly choked himself in his endeavours to breathe softly. Another few minutes of intense suspense went by, when the dog, unable to keep passive any longer, uttered a low growl, and lifting himself upon his fore paws, glared angrily at the poacher, who, starting up, peered round. But Oliver had the dog in complete control, and though he would not lie down, he held his tongue, and it being too dark to see into the bushes, the scout laid down, fancying he had imagined the sound.

Directly he was down the squire was upon him, and before the astonished man could cry out, a thick handkerchief was at his mouth, while Tom, who had once been an active member of the police force, dexterously inserted a gag; following the operation up by a pair of handcuffs, after which the gentleman was quietly marched off to the nearest house, under the second groom's charge.

Scarcely was the work over, when shouts, followed by a double-barrelled gun-shot, came up from what was called the Birch Hollow.

"By Jove! they've fallen in with Charley," cried the squire; "come along, Tom, there'll be murder with the guns."

It was a madly exciting race that, across the covers and turnips, beyond which lay the pheasant preserve from which the voices came, and where Charley and the under keepers were posted. Still louder and more angry were the sounds as the squire drew

near. And then more reports sent the blood curdling to his heart, and brought out the perspiration upon his forehead, for he had been thinking incessantly of Charley and his story, and what had at first seemed too wild a romance to put any faith in, had been gradually establishing itself as a conviction, none lessened during the two hours' midnight watch.

It was very evident that a sharp skirmish was going on, and with the odds too, terribly on the poachers' side.

"Hold on, Charley," yelled the squire, as he cleared the dyke dividing the field from the copse; but as he reached the ground, a gun went off close at his left hand, and a voice seasoned with a bitter curse, bid him "take that."

Half blinded by the powder, but unhurt, Oliver grappled with the man, and being considerably heavier and stronger, soon brought him to the ground. Tom and old Blucher had likewise made play, and sounds of coming reinforcement evidently convinced the poachers that discretion was the better part of valour, so they beat a retreat, fighting as they went. Two were taken, two were down already, and the rest only got off by a chance, the party coming up under Richards having taken the nearest way, and in their hurry paying no attention to what was going on nearer; thus they missed the retreating men.

"Where is Charley?" cried Oliver, eagerly, when he had time to look round, and, with his hat off, was wiping his neck and face.

"Here, sir," replied a weak voice from the grass.

"Good God! are you hurt?" and Oliver fell on his knees beside the man, who, at that moment, he instinctively felt to be his brother.

"Not much, sir; don't be frightened. It's bleeding rather sharp; maybe you'd get one of them to twist a handkerchief round it."

But before this could be done Charley had fainted.

"Shall we carry him to the farm?" whispered Richards, as Tom and a couple of men pulled the gate close by down.

"No, no! to the house; and don't let my mother know. Run on, Tom, warn the women, and go for the doctor. Don't spare the horse. There's no one else hurt, is there, Richards?" and Oliver looked round with a shudder into the faces lighted by the red glare of half-a-dozen lanterns.

"Only a black eye or two, sir; poor Charley's the worst. It's a big wound just over the knee. I warned him, but, poor fellow, he was that daring he'd never shirk if there'd be'n ten to one. I'd sooner it had been me than him; I'm a'most done with life, and he's

just in his prime; and then there's Rachel, God help her!"

The squire's heart sunk; and as he walked beside the gate upon which the young man lay, he fervently repeated Richards' wish. If Charley was killed, what was he to say to his mother? how account for his delay in telling her his suspicions? how let it appear that the chance of losing a few pheasants had seemed to him of importance enough to postpone the relation of a story which might—nay, he felt every instant more sure—must prove a climax to her unwearied faith and motherly instinct.

"Is he dead, Richards?" he asked, hoarsely, as he touched and shrank from the clay cold forehead of the insensible man.

"No, sir; and if you would just step on, sir, and see that they had warm water and brandy, and such like ready, I'll see that he is all right on the way."

"The master's knocked all of a heap," whispered Richards to his comrades, as Oliver ran on; "poor young gentleman, he has a feelin' heart, he has. Charley's fortune's made with this night's work, I'll be bound; and nobody'll grudge it, for he's deserving, that he is."

"Weell, there's no' been an ill tongue agin' him since he cam'," said another.

Oliver meantime sped on. He found the maids in a flurry, and every probability of the whole household being roused. The doctor was not long in reaching the house, and, though he shook his head and swore at the game laws, he pronounced Charley too fine a fellow to be killed by poachers, and promised Oliver to pull him through.

As soon as Charley came round, he began asking for Paul Flemming; so the squire sent off for him, and then, leaving Richards in charge, went out into the park to shake off some of the anxiety from his countenance before he ventured into his mother's presence. In the laurel walk he met Rachel, white-faced and eager-eyed.

"Oh, sir," she began; then her voice gave way, and she burst out crying. Oliver hardly knew what to say; he was a poor comforter at best, and this morning, to speak the comfort he wanted so sorely himself, seemed well nigh impossible.

"He is only hurt, Rachel," he said; "don't fret, that's a good girl. Come up to the house and wait upon the mistress. I cannot trust the maids to do it, in case they let out what has happened, and I would not have that done for any money. You shall see Charley directly I can manage it; so run in now, and I'll tell your father."

About six o'clock that night, Paul Flemming arrived. Charley cheered up directly. "I'll

be all right now," he said. "Father has doctored many a worse affair than this."

After Paul had looked to the wound, Oliver took him down to his room under pretext of giving him a glass of brandy, but, in reality, to satisfy the feverish curiosity which had been driving him desperate all day.

"Charley has been telling me something of his story," he said; "will you tell me what you know? I like him," he added, thinking Paul might resent this inquiry, "and want to help him."

"Thank you, sir," said Paul; and forthwith related all he knew of Charley's parentage. When he had done, Oliver had no further doubt; the facts were as plain as daylight; he must make no more delay; the sooner his mother knew, the better. So, leaving Paul sipping his brandy and wondering why the young squire should get so excited about Charley, Oliver went to his mother. She was alone.

"You remember, dear, my telling you Charley Carver had been in Australia? Well, old Paul, his adopted father, is a brother of Job Flemming—the one you remember being transported,—and he has a very strange story to tell you; and it's so like a solution to—nay, mother dear."

"Let me go, boy; in God's name, let me go! I knew him the day he came to you. It was no delusion, but God's way of showing me that my child was alive. Where is the old man?" and pushing past, she crossed the hall to the library. Paul stared at the white-faced, wild-eyed lady, who, coming up to him, laid both hands upon his shoulder, and bringing her face down to his, kissed his brown, furrowed forehead.

"God bless you, old man!—God bless you! You have brought life and light into my dwelling. Where is my boy? You don't know then, don't you? Charley, your Charley, is my Charley! I am Mrs. Stanhope. It was my husband's farm the natives plundered; he was killed, but they only stunned me."

Paul sat stupified and red in the face, only recovering his self-possession when Oliver had taken his mother out of the room; then words came.

"To think that Charley was a gentleman—that Charley had a mother." Then, after a tremendous gulph: "To think that Charley was the squire's brother." That seemed the climax; and poor old Paul sat clasping his hands over his knees, repeating: "The squire's brother!—my Charley the squire's brother!"

Great was the wonder and delight when the facts became known in the place. Who

does not rejoice in a bit of genuine romance? Life is such a matter-of-fact, stern history to most, that a story like that of Charley's comes as welcome as a ray of sunshine on a November day. Far and near the news spread, and Charley was the hero of every fireside. Young men envied him, young women were ready to worship him; and mothers envied Mrs. Otley. Hers was indeed a double triumph.

There was one sad heart, however; one tear-stained face; and that too at the lodge, where Rachel had fled in dismay. When the servants at the hall went wild with the news, Rachel had run out into the darkness and cried. Then she had gone home, and sitting down by the smouldering ashes, went to work to teach herself the first words of the hardest lesson for the poor heart to learn—the lesson to forget. So intent was she that she never heard the firm footstep upon the walk, or the unlatching of the door, and looked up scared and confused when a hand touched her shoulder, and the squire said:—

"Crying, Rachel, when we are all so glad? This will never do. Here have I been sent for you to nurse that new-found brother of mine, for he is like the sick lady we used to play at, and will neither 'eat nor drink anything but what you give him.' Come; here's your hat. Nay, little sister, no more tears. Don't you know that I've a right to kiss them away. Don't tempt me."

A sunny smile went flickering over the tear-stained face; and Oliver, lifting up a shawl, wrapped it round the shrinking girl, and holding it on, led her up to the Hall, and straight to Charley's room.

There is little more to tell. My tale, like all good stories, ends in marriage-bells. Charley and Rachel were married in the spring, and in the following spring went out to Australia, where, as Charley wisely said: "Rachel and himself would feel more at home than among the grand folks at the Hall." Paul went too, and Job gave Rachel a nice little portion, highly approving of the emigration plan; though, if the old man's heart could have been read, it would have been hard to say whether the fact of Paul leaving England for good, or Rachel's being married to the squire's brother, gave him most pleasure.

I. D. FENTON.

THE LAST LADY KILSYTH.

So much has been already said and written for and against Graham of Claverhouse, that it would be folly on our part to endeavour to add either to his fame as a royalist, or to the opprobrium attached to his name on ac-

count of the zeal with which he persecuted those who were opposed to the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland. The poet and the novelist have alike done ample justice to the brilliant achievements and loyal nature of the "Bonnie Dundee" of the cavaliers. On the other hand, history and tradition have duly chronicled the dark and terrible doings of the "bloody Clavers" of the opposite party. His career cut short at Killiecrankie, he lies buried in the burial vault of the Athole family, at the church of Blair Athole—no stone marks the spot, and the site of the vault itself is now very much a matter of conjecture. There let us leave him, while we turn to dwell for a brief space on the lady who during his lifetime did the honours of Dudhope Castle, as Viscountess of Dundee; and who after his decease became the wife of William Livingstone, third and last Viscount of Kilsyth.

This lady, more familiarly known in Scotland as Lady Kilsyth, was Jean Cochran, daughter of William, Lord Cochran, eldest son and heir of William Cochran, first Earl of Dundonald. Her mother was Lady Catherine Kennedy, second daughter of John, sixth Earl of Cassilis, known as the good earl. Her brother, Lord Cassilis, was held in high esteem by the covenanting party, through his refusing to vote in favour of the Act V., 1670, imposing death on all those who attended field conventicles. The Lady Catherine Kennedy and her sister, Lady Margaret, the wife of Bishop Burnet, were celebrated for their attachment to Presbyterianism. Indeed, it was chiefly on their account that the Dundonald family were styled fanatics.

Still, there is reason to believe that Lord Dundonald himself was far from being hostile in his feelings towards the adherents of the Covenant. High as was the favour in which he stood with Charles I. and his successor the "Merry Monarch," the former of whom created him a peer under the title of Lord Cochran, while the latter advanced him to the earldom of Dundonald, yet we find an accusation preferred against him in the year 1684, for keeping with his son, Lord Cochran, during his last illness, a chaplain who prayed God to bless the arms of the rebels in the north.

Whether justly or otherwise, the Cochran family were ranked amongst those friendly to Presbyterianism. Indeed, so friendly were they supposed to be, that at the accession of James VII, Claverhouse was left out of the list of the Privy Council, under the pretence that, having married into the Earl of Dundonald's fanatic family, it was not safe to intrust the king's secrets to him. Yet the lady of his choice was herself a stern foe to the party

which her relations were supposed to favour. Her brows once graced with the coronet of the haughty Graham, she showed herself every way worthy of him in respect to the contempt she evinced for aught savouring of Calvinistic doctrine. Unlike her mother, the gentle Lady Catherine, she carried her hatred to the Presbyterian so far as to say, "she wished the day she went to hear one of their ministers preach, *the house might fall upon her!*"—a strange wish, yet more strangely fulfilled.

Deprived of her husband, who fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Killiecrankie, his widow, we know not after what lapse of time, wedded with Lord Kilsyth. Herself a devoted royalist, she was fortunate in securing for her husbands men whose loyal attachment to their king led them to sacrifice titles, estates, and life, in his cause. Dundee died bravely fighting for the last of the Stuart kings; Lord Kilsyth, equally devoted to his exiled son, the Chevalier de St. George, shared in all the hardships and disappointments of the campaign of 1715.

When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,

he made one of the band of proscribed royalists who ended their days in exile, far from the land which gave them birth. Title and estates forfeited, and in danger of his life, he fled to Holland, whence he came over several times to this country, but no longer as the Viscount of Kilsyth. In the guise of a common beggar, he went amongst his former tenants and lay concealed in their houses until he had secured the greater portion of his plate. His property recovered at no little personal risk, he quitted Scotland, never to see it again. One can, in some degree, imagine his feelings while surveying, for the last time, the ancient castle of his ancestors, knowing, as he did, that it had passed away from him for ever, and that in his person would expire the honours borne by his race. Yet, true royalist as he was, his grief would be lessened by the thought that,—

It was a' for his rightfu' king
He left fair Scotia's strand.

We find it confidently asserted that Lord Kilsyth fled to Holland, but not that he remained there for any length of time. It is stated in "Douglas's Peerage" that he died at Rome in 1733, after having married for his second wife Miss M'Dougal, of Mackerston, in Roxburghshire, by whom he had a daughter, Barbara, who died young.

The facts of his second marriage and subsequent death at Rome, go far to prove his absence from Holland at the time of the catastrophe which deprived him of his wife and

heir; otherwise, it is more than probable he would have shared the same fate. But to return to his lady. One day during her residence in Rotterdam, whether led by idle curiosity or actuated by higher motives, we know not, she strayed in to hear a Presbyterian minister preach in the Scotch kirk there. The clergyman, the Rev. Robert Fleming, was said on that occasion to have given utterance to these words,—“there is some one in this assembly, I know not who, very near a sudden death.”

That Peden, Cargill, and other heroes of the Covenant were marvellously endowed with the spirit of prophecy, was believed by many; it is, therefore, not improbable that Mr. Fleming may himself have made one of the prophetic band; yet we cannot help fancying that the person of Lady Kilsyth was known to him, and he, being one of the leaders of the Presbyterian party in Holland, was fully aware of the cruel fate in store for her. Be this as it may, on the night following, *her lodgings fell in*, and both killed herself and her child, together with a considerable number of noble exiles then assembled in the same room. Two only of the company were saved, owing to their being seated in the window recess.*

The circumstance of so many royalists having been present at the time gave rise to the belief that the catastrophe happened not through accident, but by *design*.

The wound which Lady Kilsyth received was on the right temple. The child seems simply to have been smothered in her arms. Their bodies, after being embalmed, were deposited in a leaden coffin, enclosed within a wooden one, and transported to Scotland, where they were interred with great splendour in the family vault beneath the parish church—the last of the Kilsyths ever destined to repose there. This was in 1717.

The bodies remained undisturbed until the year 1795, when the decay of the wooden coffin exposed the leaden one to view. Some young men, students at the Glasgow University, went to visit the vault, and observing the mouldering state of the coffin, thoughtlessly removed the leaden covering. Underneath was a board of fir; this falling off, disclosed to view the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her infant son, as entire as the day they were placed in their tomb.

An eye-witness on that occasion thus describes them:—“Every limb and every feature were perfect; the shroud as pure, and the ribbons adorning her splendid attire as

bright as when they were consigned to their sepulchre. The body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estate of Kilsyth, lay at her feet,—his features as composed as though he were asleep; his colour as fresh, and his flesh as full as if he were in the glow of perfect health. The body of the lady was equally well preserved, and it would not be easy for a stranger to distinguish whether she were dead or asleep. The wound which occasioned her death was plainly visible on her right temple.”

In the vault was found a ring with the initials, J. C.—Jean Cochran—the last Lady Kilsyth. E. G.

“MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.”

I've whipped the stream from near the weir
Up to the parson's gate at Mayfield;
The day is hot; “a rise” is rare;
And parson's house lies cross the hayfield.
What if I lunch'd at Mayfield Hall?
Tom would be wroth if he had knowledge
I passed so near and didn't call—
We quarrelled heartily at college!

And turning from the river's shore,
Lo! at my side behold two sages;
Conning so diligent the lore
Taught in the old Romaunt of Ages!
An ancient volume—thumbed and read
By sages since the days primeval—
Sages with, most, a youthful head,
Whose life and lore have been coeval.

An old, old story; that's been learned
In many a million times and places;
But never, that has been discerned,
To tire the world or lose its graces.
A story that has dulled bright eyes,
But eyes as bright still dwell upon it—
A tale that's wrung forth bitter sighs,
But softest hearts still soonest can it.

A queer kaleidoscopic thing,
That ever shifts its form and colour;
Whose ev'ry change can beauties bring,
That only aching eyes think duller.
Confound it! we who all things know,
From scanning Greek to serving dinners,
Know bits of glass make all the show,
But then—you see—those poor beginners!

And, sure, a sweeter spot than this
To open out the mystic page in—
To drink the draughts of youthful bliss
That never come an after age in—
Was never chose by youth or maid
Since Love first whisper'd “I'll remember!”
In field or homestead—light or shade—
In glowing June or sad December.

The summer breathes from field and tree;
The birds sing songs—the flashing river
Trolls in a murm'rous pleasant glee,
Broken with many a playful quiver.

* Letters relative to this melancholy occurrence have been lately found amongst the papers relating to Kilsyth in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. It is also noticed in Dalrymple's “History.”



The air is spiced with summer scents;
A holy peace the wide meads hushes—
Save for the mimic tournaments
Of valiant beetles, tilting rushes.

And, while the sun of youth shines out,
These toilers in Life's pleasant meadow
"Make hay" while lasts the light and drought;
Too soon will come the rain and shadow.
A picture for my notebook's leaf!
To table 'mongst my "bits" for study;

Its touch of green will give relief
To other scenes more mirk and muddy.

Better to me, oh! Parson Tom,
Than e'en thy best of ven'son pasty,
This little poem I've hit upon—
This glimpse of Youth I pass so hasty!
Thy ven'son, Tom, but soothes the hour;
Can I recall its taste to-morrow?
This e'er will be a fragrant flow'r
In mem'ry's wreath—most culled in sorrow.
GEORGE SHEIL.

SEAL-HUNTING IN CORNWALL.

I KNOW no pleasanter place for a month's autumnal ramble than the north coast of Cornwall. Unappreciated by Cockneys, as being out of the beat of railways, tea-gardens, and fashionable promenades, it may yet lay claim to merits of no inferior order, and the lover of the picturesque will do well to follow the writer's example: strap a knapsack on his back, and set to work with all speed to explore its beauties. He will be guaranteed, at all events, magnificent scenery in abundance, air most pure and invigorating, and a stay among unsophisticated, thoroughly genial inhabitants, whose ready wit and quaint sayings are proverbial, and whose courtesy and hospitality to strangers form a striking contrast to usual experience in better-known localities. The style of living, it must be confessed, is rough, and really good inns are few and far between, but perfect cleanliness will be found in the worst of them, and a hearty welcome given, even though the larder may provide nothing better for refectation of the inner man than ham and eggs, or the staple food of those parts, conger-eel pie. I could expatiate on these topics to any extent with the greatest satisfaction to myself, and not without some, I hope, to others, but that I should be in danger of intruding on the ground which Mr. Murray, the ubiquitous red-coated individual so familiar to all of us, has made his own, and I feel averse from incurring the faintest suspicion of poaching on my neighbour's preserves. I rather hope, instead, to give some account in this paper of an expedition made during my stay at Boscastle to the seals' caverns.

Boscastle has been so often described that it would be a work of supererogation to pass any more panegyrics on it here; suffice it to state here that its harbour forms the only break in the long line of frowning cliffs between Bude on the one side and Padstow on the other, so that any boating excursions along the coast must be undertaken from it. The seals' caverns are distant only some few miles, but the passage to them is generally tedious. It is no easy matter, indeed, to get out to the open sea from the harbour; the broken swell, almost invariably to be met with in the Sound so soon as the jutting-out "profile" promontory is rounded, is enough to swamp any boat, and the fishermen have learned from sad experience never to venture outside, even for the purpose of "lobstering," by which they gain a subsistence, except in periods of settled calm. They thus gain the unenviable reputation of being "fair weather

sailors," and avoid risking their lives, even though their dignity suffers to a certain extent by it. Nor is it easy to blame them for this apparent want of hardihood; the occasions are so rare on which pluck might be exercised with advantage, and so plentiful on which its exercise would certainly end in futile disaster, that its absence seems almost to arise from a wise provision of nature; at any rate, any one who has been lucky enough to see a heavy swell, fresh from the Atlantic, breaking in majestic grandeur over the cliffs, will be loth to condemn the fishermen for preferring to stay at home rather than venture out on any Quixotic attempt at rescue.

Luckily for the peace of mind of all concerned, none of these dangers attend an expedition to the seals' caverns; the slightest approach to rough weather is a fatal objection to making a start, and the attempt has to be postponed to a more propitious season, for the caverns are unget-at-able except in perfect calm, hence it was that I was detained some weeks in Boscastle before an opportunity offered itself; day after day we held ourselves in readiness to no purpose; the blow-hole spouted ominously, indicative of the roughness of the swell, and we were compelled to wait till the morrow. At length the time came; I was awakened from sleep late one night by the noise of the fishermen calling me on their way down to the harbour. To jump out and follow them was the work of an instant, for time is precious, inasmuch as every minute's advantage has to be taken of the tide. The night was magnificent, the full moon was just showing herself over the stupendous cliffs, lighting up here, and there by comparison deepening tenfold the darkness; the sky was cloudless, and perfect quiet everywhere, broken only at times by the pleasant murmur of the water lapping against the rocks. It was a scene of enchantment that baffles description. Everything was in readiness by the time I reached the pier, and we put off at once. The crew consisted of six men, stalwart beings all of them, under the command of a veteran seal-hunter,—whose presence is always so indispensable on such occasions that no boatmen will venture out without him,—my brother and myself. Pleasant, indeed, was the row out; a distribution of tobacco warmed the hearts of the crew towards us, the undulating motion was insufficient to disturb the equilibrium of even an ill-regulated landsman, and whether we took a turn at an oar, or sat lost in contemplation in the stern-sheets, the scene seemed equally enjoyable. The men, too, were in more than usual spirits; instead of the sullen silence usually preserved, the flow of badinage

was incessant, now breaking out in a monotonous chant, now finding a vent in terse, caustic sayings, such as a Carlyle would delight in. Brawny fellows they were; the stroke a veritable son of Anak, descended, too, from generations of giants, for it was of one of his ancestors that the following tradition is handed down.

While Bishop Trelawny was lying in the Tower, the Cornish refrain composed in his honour reached King James's ear, "And shall Trelawny die? then twenty thousand Cornish men shall know the reason why." "My faith!" said the king, "these Cornish are a noisy set; that they can boast is mighty plain, but will they be strong enough to execute their threat?" And he straightway commanded that one of them should be sent for that he might see, with his own royal eyes, what manner of men they were that ventured on such insolence. So soon as the stalwart Cornishman stood before him, the king, lost in amazement, is said to have cried out, "If the whole twenty thousand are like him, the sooner we let Trelawny go the better will it be for our royal self." And, the tradition continues, the bishop was released at once, and let go back to his sorrowing county. Into the truth of the tradition it is not my intention here to enter; but if the giant form of the descendant may be taken as any criterion of what the ancestor was, we may easily imagine the effect produced on the mind of the ever-susceptible James. With such sinews as these at work on the oars, we were not long in reaching the neighbourhood of the caverns; and here silence was proclaimed, and we rowed as quietly as possible for fear of alarming the seals, whose organs of hearing are remarkably acute, and who leave their caverns and hurry out to sea on the slightest suspicion of danger. Presently we approached the shore, the towering crags frowned sternly overhead, hiding the moon from us. No landing-place was visible; and in the sudden transition from light to darkness we seemed hastening to certain destruction. At length we saw the mouth of the cavern in front of us, and here the necessity for caution commenced. The entrance is so low as to preclude the possibility of entering it, except at low tide, and even then there is danger, if there be the slightest swell on the sea, of the boat getting bulged in against the roof. Still more dangerous is the coming out. Nobody need venture in unless everything seems propitious and the attendant risk reduced to a minimum; but once inside, the boat is caught, as it were, in a mouse-trap, and must make an effort to get out, whatever be the risk. Hence the caution shown by the boatmen in refusing to make the expedition

except in settled weather; the slightest breeze getting up while they were in the cavern might prove excessively awkward; and the possibility which there always is of a ground swell savours quite enough of danger for even the most fool-hardy adventurer. We got in without difficulty, and, once inside, lit our torches, laid hold of our bludgeons, and otherwise prepared ourselves for the night's work. It was a curious spectacle. Through the narrow entrance we saw the moonbeams dancing on the sea, around us the sombre glare of the torches lit up the fantastically-shaped sides of the cavern; while its depths, impervious to light, remained wrapped in apparently impenetrable darkness. The cave, I was informed, stretches for more than a mile inland; but none within the memory of man has ever penetrated its utmost recesses. Indeed, beyond a certain distance, it would seem quite impossible to track out its numerous windings. The water, even at lowest tide, reaches some way in, and the seals are rarely found beyond. They are left on ledges of rock by the receding tide, plunge under water at once when disturbed, and make with all speed for the sea, running the gauntlet of the invaders, who, waist deep in water, try to stun them with a well-directed blow on their most vulnerable part, the nose. The victims rarely attempt to retaliate. When hard pressed, an old seal will occasionally turn on his pursuers, and woe be to the unhappy individual who happens to get in his way; but, as a rule, they fully deserve their hard-earned title of "harmless murdered seals." Indeed it goes to the heart to kill them, and in cold blood one can hardly conceive what pleasure can be derived from the sport. In moments of excitement, however, not even the imploring look of their lustrous eyes can ward off the murderous blow; their doom is sealed, and in death they serve to swell the triumph of their captors.

On this particular occasion we were unfortunate. Almost before our torches were lit we heard a distant splash, then another, and another, and directly afterwards a slight ripple in the water beside us showed that our expected prey had escaped to sea. We were discovered. In a few moments the cavern would be tenantless, and our expedition would have been in vain. Without further ado we jumped overboard, two or three of us, against the advice of the others; but it was the only chance. The water proved not so deep as was expected, and nearly up to our shoulders in it we waded along without much difficulty. Of course, on a rocky bottom it was not pleasant walking; many were the unintended plunges into deep pools, and many the scars left on

our shin bones, by protruding subaqueous rocks. None of these episodes, however, were calculated to distress us much. True, there was danger when we came to the surface again, after being head and heels submerged, of being mistaken by some misguided comrade for a seal and tapped on the nose accordingly; but the glare of the torches proved sufficient to prevent the occurrence of any such awkward mistakes, and we struggled by degrees up in safety into shallower parts. So far good; but still no seals. Not a ghost of one had been heard or seen since the first few splashes which had raised our spirits, and sent us helter-skelter overboard; and as the chilliness of the water made itself appreciably felt on us, we began to apprehend the worst.

All had now left the boat, and in water knee-deep were continuing the search with renewed energy. I happened to be in front, and behind followed the others in a phalanx, some carrying the torches—all armed with bludgeons. Presently a curious flapping sound was audible a short distance off; then came the ominous splash, and, almost before the men could give warning or I could recover self-possession, two great brutes, like cows, came swimming down towards us. On seeing me they dodged and avoided my ill-directed blows. After a short skirmish, however, with the rest of the party, both were dispatched and made a good beginning to the game-bag. They proved to be magnificent specimens of their sort—some seven or eight feet long, each of them—ancient veterans, who ought to have known better at their time of life than to be thus caught in a trap: but “*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,” more especially since speaking ill of them does us no good. The pleasing recollection, as I write, of the sensation which my bump of destruction experienced at the success must be my excuse for being unable to resist “having a fling,” as the phrase goes, at the sufferers. We continued our efforts for some time longer, but met with no further success; as, indeed, was only to be expected from my experience of previous expeditions of the sort. It may be noted as an almost invariable rule, that whenever sport is expected some unforeseen reason happens to prevent it. We are always within an ace of having it, and never succeed. Such, at least, is my experience; and thus it happened that when the flickering torches warned us that it was time to retrace our steps to the boat, and everybody else was grumbling at the miserable result of our expedition, I alone was as delighted as if we had never left off massacring innocents from the time of our entering the cavern till we left it. It is not uncommon, I was assured, with ordinary luck, to slaughter

and bring home in one's train some ten or twelve seals, besides wounding others; but as the seals themselves are of no use except as trophies, it is hard to see the advantage of a wholesale massacre. We took our two in tow, got out of the cavern without much difficulty, although the wind had freshened up so considerably while we were inside that we were glad not to be burdened with anything more, and finally reached the harbour some three or four hours after we had left it, thoroughly tired out with our exertions. It was almost dawn when we hurried off to bed. Next morning, the two unfortunate seals were skinned; and their skins still adorn my chambers.

ENVERNUS.

LOW LIFE ON THE STAGE.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

THOSE who would succeed upon the stage must be resigned to patient and continuous toil, precarious and diminutive earnings, rough treatment, and repeated disappointments. Dreams of a free roving life, jovial society, fair remuneration, and moderate exertion must be forgotten. There is no royal road to dramatic celebrity; acting cannot be taught. Hopes of early success should be abandoned, and those who are wise begin at the first round of the ladder, and gain, as hardworked “utility” members of provincial companies, a knowledge of the mechanism of their art, not to be learnt by other means. Even marked talent has to struggle for recognition, but woe to the deluded clerks, shop-lads, and servants, who, with little or no dramatic capacity, exchange fair situations for the uncertainties and drudgery of the stage. Their money spent in the purchase of “properties,” and the privilege of sustaining “principal parts,” they sink rapidly through the various gradations of want, till we find them, a threadbare and starving crew, thronging the reception rooms—generally a tavern parlour—of theatrical “agents.” The stage is flooded with the indolent and illiterate victims of conceit and of the applause of too partial friends, human moles blind to their faults, with no disposition, if with opportunities, to learn, and feeding on the hope of the ultimate recognition of talent which has no existence. Sad are the sufferings of these children of folly; little less so the experiences of those who, with more brains than vanity, and a fair degree of talent, struggle bravely against the many and peculiar discouragements of their calling.

In addition to the great majority who begin their career as subordinate actors in the pro-

vinces, there are a few who, aiming more particularly at the posts of prompter and stage-manager start in the capacity of "call-boy," often at one of the minor theatres of the metropolis. It is with the duties and trials of these latter that we purpose dealing in the earlier parts of our paper.

A "call-boy" has to attend rehearsals, assemble the performers, carry messages to their places of residence, do odd jobs for the manager, and copying work for the prompter, form "plots" of the scenes marking the arrangement of the "wings," &c.; also "property" plots, showing the distribution of the various articles of stage furniture. In the evening he has to be at the theatre about five-and-thirty minutes before the performance begins, and call the half-hour, the ten minutes, and the hour. He must see that the "properties" are rightly arranged on the stage, and that the forged wills, *billets-doux*, and orders of release are distributed at the proper moment to the actors requiring them. He has to summon the subordinate members of the company from the green-room, and their superiors from their private dressing-rooms. If the stage-manager goes for a holiday, and the prompter, taking a mean advantage of his absence, deserts his post, the work of both has to be done by the "call-boy," and if anything goes wrong of course he is the person to suffer. But the real purgatory is when, during the summer recess, a speculation company being started, one of the actors is temporarily elevated to the directorship. Flushed with a novel sense of power, the president-elect bullies all beneath him, but especially the "call-boy." Heartily does the unfortunate lad pray for the return of his legitimate master. He is sent on repeated and frivolous errands: to post letters, to tell the manager's wife when her husband may be expected home to dinner, or to go the round of cook-shops and potato-stalls, in quest of the great man's luncheon. His sacred majesty the stage-director shuns the plebeian society of the green-room, and upon every available pretext courts the privacy of his apartment up-stairs. His chief victim is straitly enjoined to summon him whenever he may be required, but probably rebels, saying that it is his duty to fetch the members of the company from the green-room, not to be perpetually rushing from the stage to the top of the theatre and back again. He is reprimanded, and grows obstinate. Accordingly, when sent by the manager on a domestic errand, likely to take him a mile or two out of his way, he quietly ignores the tyrant's commands, and hastens home—say, from Pentonville to Lambeth, to his abject apology for a dinner. In the even-

ing an explosion occurs. The defaulter is threatened with dismissal. Active with his tongue, he retaliates, and perhaps turns the general laugh against his oppressor. But the dream of in time becoming prompter, and after that stage-manager, is over. He must either quit the theatre of his own accord, or remain to be ignominiously expelled. Preferring the former course, he applies to a theatrical agent for work in the provinces, and being called upon to pay his fee, deposits half-a-sovereign, and promises a further instalment at an early date. The functionary to whom he has addressed himself refers to a mystic volume, and discovering a vacant post, perhaps in the manufacturing districts, or in a remote angle of Wales, describes it as "just the thing, my boy, with a salary of eighteen bob a week certain." Full of exultation, our adventurer hastens to the scene of duty. He is blissfully ignorant of the way in which things are managed in the country, and fancying himself on the high road to fortune, grudges not the expenditure of a considerable sum in railway fare. He has not yet learnt to mistrust the promises of theatrical agents, and confident of receiving his salary, determines to send so much a week to his mother, and to lay by on his own account. But members of provincial companies often have a difficulty in obtaining their dues, even when the paymaster is honourably inclined. If the entertainments have been unattractive, the treasury has hungered in vain, and when Saturday night comes, lucky is he who obtains even half his nominal wages. Subordinate performers have often to be content with the merest trifle. The principal tragedian, or first low comedian, demands the full amount of his salary, which may be five-and-twenty shillings or a couple of pounds. The manager hesitates and grumbles. "Very well," returns his tormentor, "if you don't choose to pay me, I shan't appear, and you may shift for yourself." Should the manager be of what is professionally termed a "bouncable" disposition, he tries bullying, but perhaps meets his match in the artist, and ultimately has either to give way altogether, or submit to a disadvantageous compromise. The reason of his so doing is obvious. If one or two of the leading members of the company were to strike, the theatre would remain closed on the best night of the week, whereas if an "utility gent" proves restive, the loss of his services is a matter of slight moment. But if the leading tragedian and a few others are paid *in toto*, the rest of the company must suffer. Perhaps each performer receives a trifle; more probably a suspension of payments ensues, followed, as a matter of course, by the prospect of general starvation.

But it is not every manager who will even try to be just. We remember a lad who had been worked hard and abused liberally all the week, venturing one Saturday evening to apply for at least a part of his earnings. His employer seemed surprised, muttered something about "people not worth their salt;" but, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, inquired with a show of interest whether the applicant had not formerly played small parts at Sadler's Wells. He was answered in the affirmative. Upon this he grasped the actor's hand, and shook it impressively, "My poor boy," he exclaimed, "you musn't remain in the country; ten shillings a week is not what you deserve. You have performed at the 'Wells.' We can't turn you to account here. Go back to your old master, and ask him to re-engage you at two pound ten a week."* And with these derisive remarks the applicant was driven away penniless.

But to return. The tyro, having reached his journey's end, orders his luggage to be carried to the nearest inn, where, perhaps, he is met by the manager in person, and accorded a welcome full of apparent friendliness. Learning that a rehearsal will take place at an early hour on the following morning, he sets forth in anxious quest of lodgings; and here it may be remarked that subordinate members of the theatrical profession live not in luxury. Their means are cramped at the best of times, and when the receipts fall off, as they are sure to do at the end of the second week, they are often reduced to humiliating expedients. We knew a young man engaged at the Adelphi Theatre, Sheffield, who, gaining little or nothing by his profession, earned board and lodging in return for sundry menial offices that he performed for his landlady. He had to run errands, clean knives, wash up plates and dishes, and do odd jobs in the carpentering line, obtaining as his reward scraps of meat and bread, periodical and limited allowances of beer, and the run of the plates after his superiors had finished.

However, though the salaries of provincial performers are both trifling and uncertain, there is no lack of work, and on an average a country actor has to study upwards of five hundred lines a day. When a company embraces but few members the parts are doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled. The same individual is successively, and in the same piece, a lord, a murderer, one of the pirate crew, and a faithful retainer. If otherwise than habitually cool and collected he runs the risk of appearing in the wrong dress, or of delivering sentiments of immaculate purity in the garb

of the "second murderer." Gentleman in the "utility," i.e., generally useful line of the profession, often suffer much annoyance from being unable to procure a copy of their parts until after extraordinary lets and hindrances. The leading actor is supposed to be provided with his own literature; but the rest of the company depend for supplies upon diverse manuscripts inconveniently limited in number. Anxious to transcribe his share of the play the novice learns, on application, that the "book" is in the hands of the first low comedian, who will be unable to part with it until an early hour the next morning. Not to be baffled, he leaves his bed between one and two A.M. and rushes off to the great man's lodgings—perhaps distant a mile and a half from his own. Even then there may ensue further delay, and he may be compelled to pass twenty or thirty minutes in the entrance passage, shivering with cold, and stupid from want of sleep. Having at length obtained the object of his quest, he proceeds to the study thereof, but anxiety and fatigue have paralysed memory, and he is soon obliged to throw the book aside in despair, and to trust to his capacity for "gagging." In other words he will have to go upon the stage without knowing his part, and for the words of the author to substitute extemporised dialogue of his own. Should he be new to the work, failure and abuse may follow the attempt; but with practice comes perfection, or at least confidence, and many provincial actors are seldom, if ever, even tolerably letter-perfect.

A short while ago we visited a theatre in the north, which deserves description, as the type of a class. It occupied a building originally used as a *Mechanics' Institute*, and the prices of admission were three pence for the pit, six pence for the gallery, and a shilling for the boxes. The audience generally was made up of lads, cotton-weavers, and factory girls. During a certain "star" engagement the prices of admission were doubled, and the house consequently emptied. After the departure of the "great" tragedian, and "favourite" actress, the manager tried to mend matters by greatly reducing the terms of admission, and distributing, or exposing for sale in the shop windows, printed cards entitling the purchaser and friend to accommodation in the theatre for half the sum originally paid for a single seat. But the device failed; the benches remained as empty as ever, and at length, and as a last resource, it was determined to try the effect of a pantomime. Now at the Theatre Royal in question there were but three scenes. The first represented a forest, the second a landscape, with an appendix in the shape of a "practicable" rock—

* A leading actor's salary.

useful in the "bleeding dramas," and whenever pirates or smugglers had to appear—and the last a drawing-room, also available as a dungeon or a presence chamber. Occasionally, and for the sake of variety, the act drop was lowered and turned to account as a fourth scene, the comedy or farce being enacted in front of it. The stock plays comprised standard dramas, Shakspearian and romantic, together with works of slighter pretension, principally farcical. Everything brought before the public was murdered with fine impartiality. The music originated from a local band consisting of a violin and a bass viol. If the robbers stealthily entered the palace, the performers were as likely to supply a waltz as the orthodox sepulchral melody; and once, when the brigands descended the "mountain-pass"—formed of an inclined plane and a step-ladder—the required melo-dramatic music yielded to a cheerful selection from the "Constantinople Quadrilles." The dresses employed were less gorgeous than original. In one piece a gentleman, who had been "cast" for the part of a ruffian, extemporised a sufficiently impressive garb by turning his coat inside out, raising his trousers so as to allow of his Wellington boots becoming visible, unbuttoning his waistcoat for the purpose of exhibiting a rumpled shirt, and supplying a moustache by means of a burnt cork. The pantomime having been put in rehearsal, the low comedian volunteered as clown, a young gentleman who had served an apprenticeship to a professor of stage-dancing as harlequin, and a third member of the company as pantaloon.

But how about a columbine? The only lady connected with the establishment had absconded during the preceding week in despair of ever being paid, and for some days past the female characters had either been "blended" with the others or altogether omitted. However, after a brief discussion, it was decided that the services of a columbine were not indispensable, and a generous individual tried to raise the spirits of the company by offering to lend the gentleman who could dance a harlequin's dress, which, though old, would, he thought, impart additional effect to the performance. When produced, it turned out to have been made for a short, stout man, whereas he by whom it was to be worn was tall and decidedly thin. It was unduly short in the legs, tight in some parts, and inconveniently full in others. A portion of the wearer's back was exposed, and the vacuum had to be concealed by a pocket-handkerchief. However, though difficulties had been vanquished, others remained. It was impossible to procure either a mask, a

skull-cap, or a wand. The first two obviously were out of the question, but as an apology for the last the manager cut out a narrow strip from one of the side scenes. Formed of canvas laid over a thin plank, the wand, if not of orthodox shape, was useful in the absence of anything better. The "burlesque opening" was adapted from an old pantomime once played at the Bower Saloon. The scenery was neither "new" nor "magnificent;" the audience had witnessed it over and over again in tragedies, farces, and sensation dramas. On the eventful night the house filled fairly, and though the first part of the entertainment yielded but slight satisfaction, the clown achieved a partial success, and the pantaloon provoked faint laughter. On the other hand the harlequin was received with yells of derision. The performance concluded amid shouts and howls, and the actors were not without fear lest the benches should be torn up and a general *émeute* ensue. We may here observe that, though in most of the minor theatres of the metropolis the pantomimes are placed upon the stage with care and at some expense, the arrangements in small provincial establishments, and at such excrescences as the Bower Saloon, are generally of the most makeshift description. The dresses are generally old and faded; masks are employed but seldom, and the members of the company endeavour to compensate for their absence by the assumption of gigantic noses.

The "comic business" is rarely altered, and remains substantially the same from year to year. Occasionally a dash of paint is added to a well worn "flat," and at very distant intervals the "street scene" undergoes a process of complete renovation. The jokes employed are of a stock kind, and mostly practical; anything in the way of ill-treatment being sure to find favour. The red-hot poker trick is indispensable; but it is also necessary that the clown and harlequin should jump through the "flat" and reappear—say at the wings. In small country theatres it is usual to cut three sides of a square in one of the scenes, and to induce a couple of men, by means of a free admission, to come round to the stage before the "comic business" begins in order to catch the performers as they jump through. Of course, in such theatres as those to which we refer, a regular pantomimic company is never engaged, and the various parts are undertaken by the stock actors. In conclusion we may add, that the ordinary run of a fairly appointed pantomime is six weeks; but one produced a few years ago at the "Victoria" was withdrawn at the end of a month, and another at the Olympic after the lapse of a fortnight. ARTHUR OGILVY.

REGIMENTS AND RAILWAYS.

It has been well remarked by a great military critic, that "the late struggle in America was a war of railways and telegraphs;" a characteristic of the warfare of the present day, which we are but too apt to overlook, or, at best, to underrate. Amid all the speculations now afloat respecting the probability of war in Eastern Europe, one hears about the formidable obstacle interposed by the want of proper internal communication; yet this feature is one which the most cursory glance at the map cannot fail to bring most vividly before us. In the three great countries of Eastern Europe—Russia, Austria, and Turkey—the deficiency of railways makes itself apparent to an almost startling extent, which may reasonably lessen our disquietude at the grasping ambition of the one, however it increase our belief in the internal weakness of the other two. Throughout the entire extent of Turkey there is only one line of railway, from forty to fifty miles in length, constructed (as may be surmised from its position) for no military purpose, but simply to facilitate traffic by avoiding the dangerous navigation between Galatz and the Black sea—we refer to the line from Kustendjie to Tchernavoda. Thus, the fortresses on the Danube, which form the breastplate of the Turkish Empire, are left as completely to their own resources as in 1810, 1829, and 1854; and they may yet have to fear far more disastrous, though, perhaps, not less glorious struggles than that of Rutschuk against Kutusoff, or that of Silistria against Paskévitch.

Austria, again, though moderately provided with railways in the west, has in the extreme east only a single line, running from Lemberg westward, through Przemył to Cracow, where it joins the north-eastern line to Vienna. This one railway, be it remarked, represents the entire apparatus for bringing up reinforcements to defend Galicia, which is absolutely enveloped on two sides by the Russian territory, and threatened, moreover, by the army of observation, which is always in readiness in Volhynia.

But more remarkable still is the condition of Russia in this respect, whether we consider her vast extent of territory, her boundless resources, or the impossibility of making any adequate use of these without the aid of railways, with which she is still unprovided. On the Prussian frontier, the entire defence of the country rests upon a single railway, that from Vilna to Warsaw; the branch rail to Kovno counting for nothing in such a calculation. This line once broken—a light exploit for a

compact Prussian force suddenly concentrated beyond the Vistula—the necessary reinforcements must be dragged through pathless forests and treacherous swamps, in a manner, the difficulty of which any one who has travelled in Poland will appreciate. To the south, the deficiency is even more glaring. As if to keep in countenance the short-comings of her neighbours, Russia has on her western frontier no railways at all; nay, more, the traveller who can brave bad food, weak tea, the jolting of post-carts, "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" among creeping things innumerable, and a monotony which would have driven Zimmerman or Robinson Crusoe to distraction—may go right across Southern Russia without meeting a single line nearer than that which connects the Don and Volga at Tzaritzin. For this deficiency, indeed, there is good reason. Throughout the greater portion of the vast southern plain, the soil is so uncertain, that even, on the best roads, the carts constantly sink axle-deep in the sand; and I have been assured by many southern proprietors, that when the country is broken-up by a "soft season," their splendid corn lies rotting in waggon-loads, from sheer want of the means of transport. But, when such interests are at stake, it may well excite surprise that some effort has not been made to subjugate even this unpromising material, especially when we recall the far greater difficulties successfully encountered by Stephenson at Chat Moss. The fact is that, at present, Russia is passing through the reactionary weaknesses following upon the fever of 1854, 1855, 1856, and the depletion of 1861; and though the exaggerated reports industriously circulated respecting the progress of her railways, and the feverish haste with which those railways are now being pushed forward, show that the eyes of her rulers are at last opened to the necessity of a complete system of internal communication, little need be apprehended on that head for several years to come. The limbs of the Northern Giantess, gigantic as they are, lack shape and pliancy; and she is liable to exhaust her strength in vain efforts to get a good position, before the actual grapple has even commenced. As to Austria and Turkey, the apathy with which *they* regard the same question proves that they either underrate its importance, or admit that it is impracticable.

But of the importance of this branch of national resources there can be no doubt whatever. Imagine Blücher with a railway at Waterloo—imagine Bernadotte with a railway at Leipzig—imagine the Archduke John of Austria with a railway at Wagram—imagine Napoleon with a railway at the first capture of Paris. In all these instances, the whole

question hinged on a few hours gained or lost. In the first two cases, indeed, the ultimate result would have been the same; but with what a saving of time, labour, and bloodshed! In either of the two latter, the history of Europe might have been altered. These, it may be said, are hypothetical cases; but let us take a few real ones. The want of a railway to Perekop subjected the Russian army of 1854 to that dreadful march which will be cited along with the retreat from Moscow, should its details ever become fully known. The existence of the railway to Centreville Junction decided the battle of Bull Run. The cutting of two secondary lines of rail sealed the fate of Charleston. One of the bloodiest battles of that war was fought for the possession of the Weldon line; and it was the capture of the Southside Branch, which precipitated the evacuation of Richmond. It would be easy to multiply instances *ad nauseum*.

We cannot take leave of this subject without giving a story which well exemplifies the need of railways in Southern Russia. During the Crimean War, an officer came before the Czar Nicholas with important despatches from Sevastopol. So exhausted was the messenger with incessant sledge-travelling for many days and nights together, that he dropped into a heavy sleep in the Imperial presence. The emperor spoke to him, touched him, shook him—all in vain; at last he bent down and shouted in the sleeper's ear, "Váshe prevoschoditelstvo, lôshadi gotóvi!" ("your excellency, the horses are ready.") At the sound of the words which had been constantly in his ears for the last fortnight, the officer instinctively started to his feet; and on discovering where he was, amused the czar not a little by his boundless confusion and dismay.

DAVID KER.

A SUMMER DAY AT BEAULIEU.

It was a lovely afternoon towards the end of the present summer when, after a hot and dusty walk of some four miles, across a breezy heath, from Hythe, on the west side of the Southampton river, I found myself descending the well-shaded hill at the foot of which lie the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, and the village to which the abbey gave, and still gives, its name. And well does it deserve the name of Beaulieu—"Bellus locus,"* the beautiful place—for though I have walked over many English counties, and visited with open and curious eyes as many English villages as

most people, I never looked upon a fairer English scene. To my left and before me lay a noble sheet of water, which on inquiry turned out to be part of a tidal tributary of the Solent, the river Exe, though it looked like a lake or landlocked harbour, and forcibly recalled to my memory the Dart at Sharpsham, between Dartmouth and Totnes. Before me, bathed in a blaze of light, stood the old abbey-mill, the red roofs and chimneys of which presented the most pleasing contrast to the white waves that issued from the mill-tail, and the yellow seaweed which strewed the sides of this "peerless pool," the beauty of which is heightened by the way in which the noble oaks and other trees on either side feather down to the very edge of its placid waters. The charm of the scene is perhaps increased by the colour of the water, which is a deep reddish-brown.

To my right, in the midst of a park of velvet turf, stood, among ruined arches and pillars, what might have been a fair village church of early English date, though without a tower, but which, on a closer inspection, showed itself to be the ancient refectory of the Abbey of Beaulieu, converted to the purposes of a parish church, and surmounted with a little wooden turret at one of its gables. Hard by were the ruins of what must have been a stately and imposing fabric, and which still are glorious in their decay; while a deep and calm fishpond reflected their outline, and suggested a thought of the good old days when the abbot and monks of the Cistercian order fasted, or feasted, as the case might be, on dainty tench and still daintier carp and eels, caught in their own preserves.*

Beaulieu, however, with all its charms of situation and of bygone memories, is but little known to tourists and artists. That the former should not discover it is what might be expected in these days of easy and luxurious travelling; for it is far from being easily accessible—seven long miles of the New Forest, from Lyndhurst station, and the same from Brockenhurst, now that the little station of Beaulieu Road, on the South-Western line, has been discontinued;—and the route on foot from Hythe is apt to escape their notice. But for the shoals of artists who travel summer after summer in search of the picturesque to pass Beaulieu by, is really a sin, or something very like it. Let us hope to see better justice done to it on the walls of the exhibition in Trafalgar Square next year, and for many a year to come.

The quiet beauty of Beaulieu, indeed, is such as to inspire even the writers of topographical guide-books with eloquence. For

* There was another monastery called Beaulieu, or de Bello Loco, at Millbrook, near Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. It was a cell subordinate to the Abbey of St. Albans. A description of it will be found in Dugdale's "Monasticon," vol. iii.

* The fish caught in the stewponds at Beaulieu still bear the reputation of being fine beyond the average.

an instance take the following description, which we give verbatim from "Black's Tourist's Guide to the Southern Counties of England":—"Well did this lovely nook, with its low-wooded hills, its broad shimmering estuary, its cloistered boughs, its crisp green appellation, which distinguishes it—*Bellus Locus*, *Beau Lieu*, or the 'fair place.' The ruins lie on the slopes of a gentle hill, washed by an inlet of the Solent, where the little Exe pours out its tributary waters. All around cluster the cottages and blooming gardens of Beaulieu village, and though the old monastic vineyard no longer exists, a vigorous vine trails over almost every cottage-door. Meadow, and heath, and pasture, and cornfield, and forest avenues, extend from this point even to Hythe and Dibden (the deep dene, or valley), and descending the estuary, the blue Solent broadens before us in light, and life, and glory; while beyond, the beautiful 'Vectis' uprears her lofty downs. What a spot for a life of monastic seclusion! How the soul might feed on images, and thoughts, and fancies, ever new and ever beautiful! From trees and from waters, from leaf and blossom, from lawny slope and ferny hollow, extracting fresh matter for love and wonder, till the place 'became religion,' and wakened the purest and holiest impulses.

"It stood embosomed in a happy valley,

Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like *Caractacus*, in act to rally

His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally

The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird."

Having duly refreshed myself after my walk at the Montagu Arms, an ancient hostelry overshadowed by a fine old elm-tree, and one where the traveller and visitor will find every comfort, I sallied forth on my tour of inspection. My first object, of course, was the church. As this was built for the refectory, it does not stand east and west, but north and south; and it is necessary to state this in order to make our description intelligible.

The interior has been "plainly" and substantially repewed within the present century, so that it is as "neat" as any Puritan or dissenter could wish to see it; except at the southern or altar end, where some more tasteful open oak benches and stalls have been recently erected. There is no chancel arch, so that the whole building forms what may be called a nave, and is complete in itself. On the west side is a magnificent stone pulpit, projecting from the wall, and approached by a flight of stone steps and a vaulted passage cut in the thickness of the wall. It forms half of

an octagon, and was the ancient "ambo" of the refectory in olden times; so that doubtless from it one of the monks in turn read either a chapter in the Bible, or more probably the legends of the saints, to the rest of his brethren while they sat at their mid-day meal. It is lit by four Early English lancet windows, containing painted glass by O'Connor, in which stand out boldly the figures of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Augustin, and St. Bernard, and Bishop Montagu; the latter, we suppose, in compliment to the noble family of Montagu, from whom the abbey and manor of Beaulieu were inherited by their present owners. The church is surmounted by the old wooden roof, of that shape which is generally known as a waggon roof; it is lowered probably from its original pitch; but the panelling still is adorned by the original bosses, representing popes, monks, bishops, and the royal founder, which were curiously painted by monkish hands, and have been carefully revived according to the ancient pattern. The door at the northern end is adorned with the original iron scroll-work.

There is little else to remark in the interior of the church, except it be the monument to Lord Montagu, and another, very handsome of its kind, to a lady named Mary or "Mall Do,"* whose maiden name was Elliott, and who was a benefactor to the parish.

In the churchyard, tradition says, that there once was a curious tombstone to the memory of another lady, Mall Dore, a local witch of great local repute in former times, but of whom, strange to say, I could hear nothing definite in Beaulieu. Evidently "the school-master is abroad" here as elsewhere, and the good people are fast unlearning their local legendary lore. The only approach to witchcraft that I could detect was a belief, boldly avowed and as boldly contradicted at the bar of the Montagu Arms, in the course of the evening which I spent in the place, that old farmer B——'s waggon and horses some five-and-twenty years ago got stuck at the bottom of the hill, and could not or would not move; and that it was thought and said at the time that they were "witched" by some ancient dame or crone whose name I forget, and who now lies beneath the turf in Beaulieu churchyard. It occurred to my sceptical mind to suggest that perhaps the weight of the waggon and its load had very much more to do with the matter than witchcraft, or anything at all

* The inscription on the monument is as follows:—

M | erciless fate, to our great griefe and wo,
A | prey hath here made of our deere Mall Do;
R | ak= up in dust, and hid in earthe and clay,
Y | et live her soule and virtues now and aye.
D | earthe is a debts all owe, which must be payde,
O | h! that she knew, and oft was not afraid.

supernatural. The monument to Mall Dore was erected to her memory by the eccentric Duke of Montagu; but it has been removed many years ago, and no copy of its inscription can be found.

But it is time that we gave some account of the past history of a building so rich in bygone glories and so famous in its day, when it was the home and haunt of royalty.

The Abbey of Beaulieu,* or Bewley, as it is always called in the neighbourhood, where the Norman name has passed clean away out of mind, was founded by King John, about the year 1204; and, if we except the monastery of Hales Owen, in Shropshire, it enjoys the proud distinction of being the only religious house either founded or endowed by that not very religious, or, at all events, very scrupulous, personage, who, to use a familiar phrase, was far more anxious to "shake the bags of hoarding abbots" than to add to their contents. The event, whether it be fact or fiction, which led to its establishment, shall be told in the words of that most excellent of travellers' companions, Murray's "Handbook for Hampshire."

"According to a story told in the Chartulary† of the abbey (preserved among the Cotton MSS.), John, who for some unexplained reason had become fiercely enraged with the English Cistercians, induced their abbots to attend a parliament at Lincoln, and then threatened to have them trodden to death under the feet of wild horses. But during the following night a terrible dream came to visit the king on his couch. It seemed to him that he was led before a certain judge, beside whom the insulted abbots were ranged in order. The judge, having heard their complaint, ordered them to inflict a severe scourging on the royal back. This they did; and when the king woke the next morning he declared that he still suffered from the effects of the punishment. Much alarmed, he consulted one of his chaplains, who persuaded him to forgive the abbots, and to make some further expiation for his crime. He accordingly founded Beaulieu Abbey, and peopled it with a colony of thirty monks from the parent house at Cîteaux.‡"

However legendary this story may be, it is certain that much land, both here and in Berkshire, was bestowed by King John on his

foundation, which he designed to be his burial-place. The district surrounding the abbey was diafforested, and released from all ordinary "suits and services." Innocent III. granted the right of sanctuary, and freed the land from episcopal jurisdiction. It was not, however, until 1246 that the works were completed, and solemnly dedicated, in the presence of Henry III. and his queen, Richard Earl of Cornwall, and a long string of prelates and nobles. The king, it is said, was so gratified with the splendour of the dedication feast, that he remitted a considerable fine which the abbot had incurred by a trespass in the New Forest.

The sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey afforded refuge to two unfortunate royal ladies at the same eventful crisis. Ann Neville, wife of Warwick the king-maker, fled hither, Easter Eve, 1471, the day after the battle of Barnet, where her husband had fallen, and was speedily joined by the unhappy Margaret of Anjou, who had landed at Weymouth on the very day of the battle, and proceeded to Cerne Abbey in Dorsetshire. On hearing of the disastrous issue of the day, she fled with her son Prince Edward to Beaulieu until the arrival of the Earl of Devon with others of her party restored her to energy. From Beaulieu she proceeded with her army to Tewkesbury, where

"—the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sank in the ground."

and where Shakspeare becomes our historian.

"In 1497, Perkin Warbeck, after landing at Whitsand Bay and besieging Exeter, suddenly fled from the army of Henry VII. which he had encountered before Taunton, and took sanctuary at Beaulieu. Lord Daubeney at once invested the abbey with a body of 300 men, so as to prevent all hope of escape; and Warbeck, after remaining here for some time, was persuaded to deliver himself up on promise of a pardon. We all know how the promise was kept, and that after an imprisonment in the Tower he died a felon's death at Tyburn. Less distinguished personages, however, sheltered themselves from justice in the sanctuary of Beaulieu; and when in 1539 the abbey was condemned to lose its privilege, Langton, the monastic visitor, pleads for it to Cromwell, and describes the misery that would fall upon the '32 sanctuarymen who were here for debt, felony, and murder, if they were driven forth, or sent to other sanctuaries. They had here their wives and children, and dwelling-houses, and ground, whereby they live with their families.' (*Froude, Hist. Eng., iii. 414.*)"

During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the abbey stood proudly

* "Abbatia in Nova Foresta que vocatur Bellus locus," is its designation in ancient documents.

† A list of the contents of the Chartulary of Beaulieu is given by Dugdale. It contains, *inter alia*, the grant of Pope Alexander, giving permission for Mass to be celebrated in the granges surrounding the Abbey.

‡ The head house of the Cistercian order was at Cistercium or Cîteaux, in France. But Beaulieu, according to Dugdale, had several subordinate cells; amongst others, those of Llanacherran, or St. Kervan, in Cornwall, and Faringdon, in Berkshire.

forth even among the great Cistercian monasteries, and was renowned for the learning, the hospitality, the wealth, and the piety of its members.* But when Henry VIII. came to the throne, evil days were at hand. The page of history tells us how the royal tyrant's edict went forth, and how the good and the bad, the honest and corrupt among the abbeys and convents of England were ordered to be dismantled and levelled with the dust. It is needless to add that Beaulieu was included among the greater religious houses which were doomed by the king, and that its members were driven forth from the "Fair Place" which had been their home, like so many Cains, as wanderers on the face of the earth: for right well, or, at least, right effectually did Henry's minions carry out the work of destruction.

They broke down, not only the painted windows and carved screens and statues, but even the beautiful and massive abbey church itself, from tower to base, and laid its walls literally level with the dust. This in itself must have been no easy task, for the ground-plan, still clearly traceable, shows that it was built after the pattern of Winchester cathedral, of which it fell only seven feet short from east to west. Its walls were singularly massive and solid; the buttresses must have stood out in very bold relief considering the date of the erection of the edifice; and the beauty of the fabric must have been much increased by the fact that, like Salisbury Cathedral, it was all built within some three or four decades of years, so that the style was uniform throughout, just at the period when the chaste severity of the Early English style was giving way to the elegance of the Decorated era. The church itself consisted of a spacious nave and side aisles,—of which the southern aisle adjoined the cloisters—a central tower, transepts with aisles, and at the east end a circular apse, with procession path and chapels beyond; thus exhibiting "an arrangement very unusually found in England." Into this church there were two entrance doors from the north cloister, one of which is still tolerably perfect; but not a remnant of the rest of the edifice is visible above the ground; though, thanks to the care of the Duke of Buccleuch and of the present vicar, the Rev. F. W. Baker, the whole outline of the foundations has been traced out, and marked with a solid stone fencing, which, though it scarcely rises above

the velvet turf, will serve for many a long day to perpetuate its memory. Every pillar, every buttress, and even every minute detail in form of each clustering column, stands out marked upon this ground plan, just as accurately as each sunken rock or sand-bank in Portsmouth Harbour or the Southampton Water is marked out in the charts published under the sanction of the Trinity House. Within the marked outline of the walls, it appears that the entire flooring of the church was of fine encaustic tiles, which are still preserved in all their freshness a few inches beneath the turf. They have been purposely laid bare in four or five places for the inspection of the curious visitor; but, by order of the Duke of Buccleuch, they are covered with little trap-doors of wood, to preserve them from the weather, or tourists, or both. Thus, singularly enough, the walls are all gone; but the pavement remains entire.

Among the other great personages who once were laid to their rest in this "fair place" was Isabella, first wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, king of the Romans, and brother of Henry III. "Her grave," says Murray, "was lately discovered in front of what once was the high altar, and a stone still exists bearing her name. There is a tradition, too," adds the writer, "that Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of Henry II., the mother of the founder and of Cœur de Lion, was interred here; but she really was buried at Fontevrault, where her tomb may still be seen."*

The work of destruction which was wrought on the fabric of the church fell less heavily upon the adjoining building, which served as the monk's dormitory, no doubt because it was better suited to the utilitarian purposes of the "levellers." Sadly and wantonly mutilated as it is, yet it still stands with its walls and roof in good repair, though its stone flooring and its windows are gone. The kitchen,† and some cellars, too, are still entire; and over the kitchen fire-place stands the very self-same wooden beam which witnessed the cooking of many a haunch of monastic venison on high days in time previous to the Reformation. It is black with age and smoke, and nearly as hard as stone. Opposite to the fire-place, still entire, is a cupboard with a shelf, which the monks no doubt used for the plates when washed. The kitchen has what once must have been a very

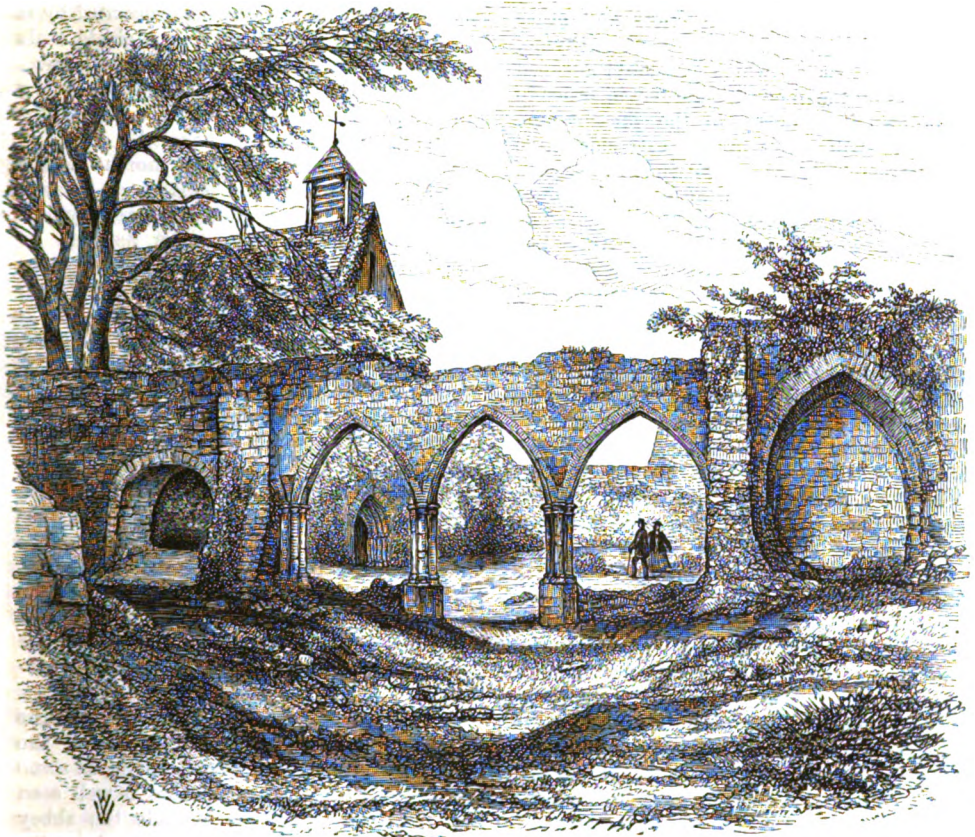
* A full account of Beaulieu will be found in Dugdale, in his "Monasticon Anglicanum," vol. v. He gives, from the register of Newenham, a list of the Abbots of Beaulieu, twenty in number, from Hugh, the first Abbot, down to Thomas Stephens, who appears to have held that post at the Dissolution. In 26 Hen. VIII. the gross amount of the revenues of Beaulieu were given at 428*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the clear income being 326*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*

* The spot where Queen Eleanor is said to have been buried was pointed out to me by the worthy and intelligent old man, who acts as porter at the Abbey gateway, and custos of the ruins; and not even my reference to "Murray" could dispel the illusion from his mind.

† It is right to mention that some antiquaries do not consider that this room was the original kitchen of the monastery, but think that it was adapted to the purpose of a kitchen at a comparatively recent date.

fine groined roof, and in its main features resembles a college kitchen at Oxford or Cambridge. The work in this part of the

buildings is rough in its character, and the dormitory windows in the upper range are small and plain to a very remarkable degree,



Cloister and Refectory, Beaulieu.

and evidently were not meant for astronomers. The steps which led down from the dormitory into the south transept of the church may still be seen, though they are in a very bad condition. Over the kitchen is a raised portion of the dormitory, which was probably used for a hospital or sick room, and no doubt another portion of this upper room served as a guest-chamber, though it is not possible to identify it accurately. In this chamber there is a primitive lavatory, consisting of a single slab of rough hewn stone, one corner of which sinks into a hole leading to a drain pipe.

From the dormitory we pass down a double flight of solid and substantial steps into the cloisters, which, unlike the refectory and dormitory, are quite a ruin. Here and there a few feet of the ancient pavement remains, consisting of black and white stones, arranged lozenge-wise; and a few of the sedilia, on

which the monks sat to read their office," and to meditate on subjects sacred or profane, are still entire, thanks to the care of the Duke of Buccleuch, and of his son, Lord Henry Scott, upon whom, if the local report be true, the Duke has recently bestowed the "manor and estate of Beaulieu" by deed of gift,* and who is taking good care, to say the least, that the work of ruin shall proceed no further. Most of the outer wall of the cloisters is gone; but in the western wall, near the refectory door, are the remains of a second lavatory; and it is still possible to trace the mark of the leaden

* If this be really so, the Duke has done a very sensible and rational thing; for it is said in Beaulieu that his grace owns twelve estates, and that Beaulieu is the smallest of them all, though the manor is twenty-eight miles round. A resident squire is always an advantage to a country parish; and the Duke, even if he never went out of England and Scotland and never lived in London, could spend at the most only a month in the year on each of his estates. No wonder that the guide-books describe Beaulieu as the "occasional" residence of his Grace.

pipe which once supplied it with fresh and pure water. The walks here have been carefully gravelled, adhering as far as possible to the ancient plan; and a few evergreens have been planted, in exquisite keeping with the scene. The walls are ruddy with pinks and other flowers, and fragrant with the esculent thyme, the parent root of which no doubt escaped from out of the monastic garden in order to hand down its progeny to the present age. The visitor will notice on the east side three very beautiful arches, shown in our illustration; these mark the entrance to what once was the chapter-house of the abbey. The pillars once had interspersed among them tall and slender shafts of Purbeck marble; but these have been all removed. On the ground—we can scarcely say with truth the floor—of the chapter house, there rise out of the turf a stone coffin and some plain sepulchral slabs, but the inscriptions are all “clean gone.” On the north of this building stood the sacristy, and opposite to it was a passage leading to the abbot's residence; succeeded by the “Scriptorium,” or day-room of the monks, which served for the purposes of library and common-room. It was apparently divided, as at the daughter-house at Netley,* by a row of columns down the centre. In the western wall of the cloister are seven large arched recesses, which the compiler of “Murray's Hand-book” thinks to have been the monks' cells, but which appeared to my eyes to be merely stone seats for meditation, as I have said already. All these buildings are of the same date with the refectory and the church, and afford fine specimens of the early English style as it developed into the decorated. In the cloisters, and in the vault or cellar below the dormitory, are stored huge piles of bosages, capitals, and fragments of pillars, all exquisitely carved and finished, which have been collected from the walls and buildings of the castle. Among them I noticed the remains of a “stoup” for holy water, which some zealous but unscrupulous Roman Catholic had lately broken off from one of the arches in the cloister, though the faithful custos† had so far acted the part of the *genius loci* as not to allow it to be carried away. Mr. Murray informs us‡ that some of these fragments were brought back lately from Hurst Castle, the walls of which were built by Henry VIII. out of the ruins of the abbey; and which thus have been restored to their original site after a divorce of above three centuries.

* When Netley Abbey was founded, it was from Beaulieu that its first monks, thirty in number, were taken.

† Though a *rusticus abnormis sapiens*, he is an enthusiast about the church, and on the whole very well informed about its past history.

‡ “Hand-book for Hants,” page 275.

Dugdale says that the Common Seal of the Abbey attached to the deed of surrender in the augmentation office was very elaborate, the subject being the Virgin and Child, with a number of persons on their knees praying on each side of them, the whole surmounted by a triple canopy. Underneath is a shield with the arms of the Abbey; a crozier in a crown, and on the sides of the shield a fleur-de-lys and lion passant. The legend runs, “*Sigillum commune monasterij belli loci regis.*”

About one hundred yards north of the church are some roofless remains of a large building, traditionally called the brewery and wine-press. The tradition may be true or not; but, as little of the edifice is standing except the wall at either end, it is impossible to determine the question with certainty. It is certain, however, that part of the field lying beyond it is still called the Vineyard; and the late Lord Montagu's steward in 1793 informed Mr. Warner, the author of a work on Southern Hampshire, that he then had in his cellars a small quantity of brandy which was made about seventy years before from the vines growing on that spot. It may be added that the vine still grows very extensively on the walls of many of the cottages in Beaulieu, proving even to this incredulous age that the monks, from whose gardens the parent vines must have come, were no bad students of the Georgics of Virgil, so far as related to horticulture.

A kind of long terrace is connected with the building, which contained an aqueduct, the water of which was led from a spring at some distance. The general situation is well seen from this spot. Woods encircle the abbey now, as in King John's time; and in the green oak-dotted meadows surrounding the ruins we may picture the Cistercians quietly labouring. To the north a broad green plot, called Cheapside, was the site of the old market, and also of an annual fair. The monastic fish-ponds are seen east of the church. The wall of the precincts, much of which remains, is one and a quarter miles in circumference.

At the Dissolution, the revenues of the abbey are said to have amounted to no more than 326*l.*; but in spite of this fact, the “manor” of Beaulieu was taken in hand by Henry, who granted it—no doubt for a consideration—to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, from whose family it passed into the hands of the Dukes of Montagu, by the marriage of Ralph, first duke of that title, with a daughter of Lord Southampton in the time of William III. Towards the end of the last century, one of the Montagus who held the estate was created Earl of Beaulieu, but the title soon became extinct, the fair abbey lands passing by mar-

riage to Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, whose second son had the estate settled on him, and was created Lord Montagu. He left no son; and so Beaulieu reverted to the head of the family, the present duke, who, no doubt, in bestowing it on his second son, looks forward to a day when the title of Montagu or Beaulieu will be revived in his favour, and "the bold Buccleuchs" shall wear again a second English coronet.

Half way between the church and the village stands the old gate-house, now, as of old, occupied by the faithful servant of whom I have already spoken, and who acts as

Janitor ipse domūs custosque sacelli.

The clock above the gate still sounds the hours, and the original timbers of the gateway have withstood the effects of time and destruction. Like the long wall of the precincts to the south, the gateway is overhung with thick masses and festoons of ivy. On entering, you find yourself in front of what was formerly the Abbot's Lodging, but is now called the Palace, and is used as a residence by Lord Henry Scott. It may be seen when the family are away from home. Immediately within the entrance is a groined apartment or hall of Decorated character, which, according to Mr. J. H. Parker, of Oxford—no mean authority on ancient domestic architecture—is a "remarkably good specimen of the kind of entrance-hall frequently found in buildings of this class." In the upper rooms is to be seen some good wooden panelling of the time of the Tudors. The grotesque heads which adorn the exterior string-course of the upper story are worthy of notice, as each head and face is marked with a distinctive character. The house is now being gradually restored, and within the last few weeks the elegant tracery of a square-headed Decorated window in the south wall of the upper story has been brought to light. A new bridge, also, is being thrown, for the sake of convenience, across the moat which surrounds this singular building. It should be added that the moat, together with the turreted wall, and the four quaint circular turrets at its angles, is said to have been the work of "John the Planter," the eccentric Duke of Montagu, whom we have already mentioned. He is said to have been in constant fear that, as he lived on the southern coast, unless his house was thus defended and literally made into "his castle," some French privateer would take advantage of the tide as it ran up the creek, quietly land at Beaulieu in the night, and carry off its ducal owner as a prisoner to France. I should add that my "custos" told me that Margaret of Anjou escaped from her enemies and took refuge in one

of these quaint foreign-looking towers, and that I did not care to dispel the fond illusion from his mind, though I could see at a glance that they were the work of a much later date than the era of that unhappy queen. I ought, perhaps, here to add that part of what once was the old abbey mill now forms Lady Henry Scott's croquet lawn.

Every visitor who sees this pleasant place will agree that no more exquisite site could have been chosen for their home by the white-robed Cistercians, who, by their toil and labour here, "made the forest smile" indeed. They were good judges of the capabilities of sites; and who shall blame them if it was their wont to select, as, for instance, at Netley and Tintern, a situation placed among deep woods, and on the banks of a stream which could supply them with fish, and where there were meadows and lowlands to be reclaimed by the industry of their hands? The fine turf of the smiling park which comprised the abbey precincts shows that they did not toil in vain; and the rose and vine-covered cottages of the villagers still attest the genial warmth of the situation, and the innate or acquired goodness of the soil. The monks' conduit, which still supplies the village with water, stands on the upper slope of the park. About it, the writer of Mr. Murray's hand-book tells us that "some years ago the village was haunted by an evil demon, in the shape of a low fever, produced by the unwholesome water which the inhabitants used to drink. The late proprietor, Lord Montagu, constructed a large reservoir, and had water from the monks' spring conveyed to every house in the village;" a measure which, as he adds, very effectually laid the demon. It was probably by similar benefits that the monks four or five centuries ago gained a like reputation for supernatural powers.

The Hand-book, on which we have already drawn so extensively, tells us that on the manor, which contained 888 acres, there were, beside the church, some granges, to each of which no doubt chapels were attached for the benefit of the outlying parishioners, who were too far off to be able to "assist" at mass at the abbey. Three such granges still remain; and Beaufré, the old Ox-farm of the monks, is to this day the principal farm of the manor.

For, while the monks celebrated high mass and sang their vespers in the abbey of Beaulieu, they were not forgetful of the spiritual wants of those natives of the "manor" who lived at a distance from the central church. For these outlying parts they provided what would, now-a-days, be called missionary stations, and to several of their "granges" or home-farms they attached substantial chapels,

where mass was said on Sundays and the greater saints' days, and the children were periodically catechized. Such a chapel was once to be seen at Bouverie, or Beaufré, as the monk's Ox-farm was called, although no traces of it now remain. There are old people, however, still alive at Beaulieu, who remember an ancient chapel at the farm called Park, which stands about two miles distant, in a charming situation, commanding a fine view of the Solent and of the Isle of Wight beyond, through the deep woods in which it is embosomed. They say that the chapel was between forty and fifty feet long, and separated into two compartments by a stone division, which reached to the roof, and of which fragments are still to be seen stored away in the cloisters and dormitory at Beaulieu. It was pulled down during the tenure of the property by the late Lord Montagu, about half a century ago.

A walk of another mile will take the visitor to St. Leonards', another grange, where the gables of the chapel, now used for occasional services by the incumbent of Beaulieu, form a most picturesque object when seen peeping through the trees, and affording a pleasing contrast to the ivy-grown *epicarium* or barn which adjoins them. This is one of the largest monastic barns in the kingdom, and is still in good condition, though more than five hundred summers have passed over its venerable head.

Not far from this grange and chapel is a little hamlet called Sowley, where there is a fresh-water lake covering some 150 acres, and still well stocked, as of old time in the days of the monks, with fish of various kinds. Our Murray's "Handbook" tells us that in ancient times it was called Colgrimesmere, or Fresh-water, and that more recently it was made practically useful as a head of water to work the great hammer of some iron-works established here, where the iron-stone from Hordle Cliffs was smelted. These works have long been closed, as also are the ship-building yards, a little below on the Exe at Bucklers Hard, where the eccentric Duke of Montagu (John the "Planter"), at one time endeavoured to "plant" a town and docks, as a depôt for the produce of one of the West India Islands, with the intention of driving a trade that should supersede the ports of both Bristol and Southampton. Here, during last century, were built several frigates, among others the *Illustrious* (74), the *Vigilant* (74), the *Agamemnon* (64), the *Indefatigable* (64), the *Europe* (64), the *Greenwich* (50), the *Hannibal* (50), the *Woolwich* (44), and, last and least, the *Beaulieu* (36).

To the honour of the new owner of the

"manor" * of Beaulieu, should here be recorded the fact that no sooner was he installed in possession of the estate, than he secured the services of a trained nurse from the London hospitals, to whom he has given a house and a salary, strictly charging her to see that no poor person on the "manor" is without proper food and medical attendance in case of illness or sudden distress. Would that all large landowners would learn by his example to be equally considerate to their poorer neighbours and brethren ! † How few of our wealthier owners of broad acres would miss the hundred pounds a-year that such an arrangement must entail ? and how many would find it answer, even as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, by raising the value of the leases which they grant, and securing for themselves a better class of tenantry and a more grateful and attached set of dependants on those estates, of which, after all, in the sight of heaven, they are not really owners but stewards and trustees !

E. WALFORD.

TEARS.

[After Victor Hugo.]

WHY seek to hide thy solitary woe ?
What thoughts have moved thy inmost feelings' flow ?
What shade o'ercast thy pensive mind ?
What glances at thy childhood's dormant years ?
Gloomy forebodings, undefined fears ?
Or vague regrets of womankind ?

Did love appear to lose his gentle might,
Those sister charms their fanciful delight,
Who in life's morning at our side
Through blissful mazes of futurity,
Hand joined in hand, flit, garlanded and free,
But gone, alas ! ere eventide ?

Or did some shade with friendly features come,
All mournful from the sleep-encircled tomb,
Softly recalling childhood's hours,
And asking when thou would'st at eventide
Pray by the stone or wooden cross's side,
Where lie so many faded flowers ?

But no ! these visions haunt thee not : thy woe
Arises from the thought that here below
Honey is gall, and pleasures fade ;
That aye Ambition blinds the human sight,
That Hope decays, nor stays the tempest's might,
Nor can arrest the flitting shade.

Weep on ! tears grace even happiness ; thy lays
Are sweeter in thy tears ; that touching gaze
Is dearer when thou dry'st thy tears ;
The summer fields glow brighter after rain ;
With brighter azure beaming forth again,
After dull showers the sun appears.

L. S.

* The poor people never speak of the "parish" of Beaulieu, but always call it the "manor," just as Essex people contemptuously call a stranger "one from the shire."
† It is only right to add that the lords of the manor for this century past have always supported excellent schools at Beaulieu, and at a considerable cost.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAP. XXVIII. WAS IT FACT OR FANCY?



AGNES was the first to speak, for her cousin, like a very ghost, now stood silent and motionless, as though waiting to be interrogated. "Why don't you shake hands with me, Richard?"

The young man came forward quickly into the starlight, and held out his hand. She took his feverish fingers in her own, and holding them fast, looked long and steadily into his face. It had grown very thin and haggard. His eyes, more bright and prominent than she had ever seen them, moved uneasily in their sockets, as though seeking to escape her gaze. Upon his cheeks there was an unwonted flush, which, with his wild air, gave to his beauty an almost lurid tinge.

"Where are you come from, cousin?"

"London."

"And what brings you here, so suddenly and so late?"

"You."

"Well, but I shall be here to-morrow. Why not come to-morrow? Go to the inn and sleep to-night, for I am sure you are in need of sleep."

"I never sleep," returned the young man, slowly. "I lie awake and dream—that's all. I dream of you."

"How foolish that is of you, Richard: when you could have come and seen me, if you chose, or at all events have written to me: I have heard nothing of you, you know, for many months."

This was true, but it had not distressed her, for Mr. Carstairs had assured her that the longer her cousin remained away, and the less communication between them in the meantime, the better it would be for the young man's mental health. She knew that he would visit the Brae sooner or later; for he had left his sea-chest, containing his professional apparel, in charge of Cubra, to whom he had written once or twice, short, quiet, sensible letters, which had spoken of himself as well and cheerful; and the change in his present appearance was the more startling upon that account.

"No; I have not written, Agnes, but I have heard of you; and that is why I came down here. Look you," here he raised his

voice, and struck the table with his clenched fist, "you have become friends with that man's sister. Why is that?"

"Because I choose, cousin," answered Agnes, firmly. "Mrs. Newman has suffered much of late; she has lost her only son. He was drowned in crossing the sands."

"Her son? I did not know she had a son. Poor soul! I wish it had been her brother."

"Richard! Do you then wish him dead who saved your life in yonder bay? For shame—for shame!"

"Yes. All cowards deserve to die; and besides, I hate him."

"That you hate him, merely shows that you are ungrateful, Richard. As for the rest, John Carlyon is courage itself."

"What! when a man will not take an insult when it is offered?—will not accept a challenge when it is given?"

"That depends upon who insults—who challenges. Have you been seeking the man's life who saved your own—wicked, ungrateful boy?"

"I let him know what I thought of him, that's all, and I gave him the opportunity of resenting it. I say that he is a coward."

"But you do not think so, Richard. If you have come here only to tell me falsehoods, I have no wish to hear them."

"I am come here for something else, Agnes. Do not let us quarrel." Here his voice, erst harsh and sullen, sank and softened. "I am come to claim your promise, claim my bride."

"My promise, Richard?" The blood rushed to her face, and her breath came so short and quick, that she could scarcely frame the words. "I don't know what you mean."

"Ah! who is speaking falsehoods now? My pretty one that will not hint of love, except by these twin roses in her cheeks. My life, my own, my all!—ah, how I love you!" His eyes had lost their shifting light, and beamed with ineffable tenderness; his face, so sunk and hollowed, seemed to have regained its look of youth; his fingers played with one bright tress of hers that had wandered from its fellows, as a child's hand with a flower. "How beautiful you are, Agnes! Let me hear the music of your voice."

It was plain that he might have been governed by her lightest word, did she but choose to humour him. If she had but said,

"Go, love, and come to-morrow," with a meaning smile, he would have obeyed her. It would have been easy to hoodwink one already so half-blind with passion. But Agnes shrank from a treachery which to many would have seemed a pardonable *ruse*. She would not play fast-and-loose even with a madman.

"Cousin Richard, you have long ago had my answer to the question you would put. It is unmannerly, and most unlike a gentleman, to press me thus. I will never marry you, because I do not love you; and more, Richard, if you continue to persecute me in this unmanly fashion, I shall forget that you are my cousin—the only relative I have in the world—and——"

"You will not marry me!" interrupted the young man, vehemently; "and because you do not love me! That is not true. It is because you love another man far better. Now, listen; I will tell you something about that man, whom you think noble, pure, and truthful."

"Are you speaking of the man you strove to kill, Richard?"

"Well, that was a lie. I did but say it to prove you—to see whether you could love him still, even if he were a coward. I *wished* him dead a thousand times, 'tis true, but then—why he saved my life. My curse upon him. If I had known, when we two stood upon the lessening sand yonder, and he was breasting the swift tide in hopes to save us—if I had known what was to come of it, and how this man should steal away your heart, I would have flung my arms about you, Agnes Crawford, and perished with you in the roaring flood, before your hand clasped his. I would, so help me, heaven!"

"Heaven will not help you, Richard, if your thoughts are such as these."

"And you shall never win him now—be sure of that," went on the young man vehemently. "You hope so—yes, you do—but that hope shall bear no fruit. I tell you he is not worthy of you—he is neither pure nor true."

"Is that 'to prove me,' also, cousin Richard?" said Agnes, pitifully.

"No," answered the other with vehemence, "as God is my judge. I know this Carlyon well. I ought to know him, for I have been his shadow for these many months. It has been my life's work to dog his footsteps. Yes, a spy; why not? I would have done worse things than that to gain my end."

"And what was that?"

"To find him false to you."

"There is no bond between this man and me, Richard, as I have told you long ago. He can break no faith who has not plighted vows."

"Then I suppose it is the starlight which

makes you look so pale," answered the young man, bitterly; "it is the night air which chills your limbs and makes your voice tremble. Otherwise I should have almost thought you were afraid to listen to the tale of this man's guilt. If I had been loved like him—nay, though you loved me not, and only because I loved *you*, all women have been nought to me for your sweet sake; no face, however fair, has striven within me for one moment for the mastery with the remembrance of yours; nay, if I have been base, as your cruel eyes told me awhile ago, it has been all for love of you. But this man, though freighted with all the treasure of your heart, is blown about with every whisper from a wanton's lips. I have seen him, side by side with a bold beauty, her plastic hand in his, murmuring——"

"What I do not wish to hear, sir," cried Agnes, haughtily. "You may speak truth or falsehood. But if you lie, you cannot be more vile than to have gleaned this shame and thought to have furthered your own aims by pouring it in my unwilling ears. I despise—I loathe you."

In the silence that followed close upon her angry words, she heard the handle of the chamber-door turn. The air, that had been flowing freely through the room throughout the interview, suddenly ceased, a third person, then, had either just entered or just quitted the apartment, closing the door behind him. She knew not who it was, but the consciousness of not being utterly alone inspired her with the courage that she was about to need.

"You despise, you loathe me, do you, while you persist in believing this man to be all that is chivalrous and noble? and you dare tell me that to my face."

"Yes, I dare."

"That is because you are angry, Agnes. A woman will say anything when her blood is up."

"Come here, to-morrow, Richard Crawford, and I will tell you the same."

"How beautiful she is," murmured the young man, tenderly. "The passion which mars most women's charms only heightens hers. She loathes me, and yet, ah Heaven, how I love her!—You will never be my wife, Agnes, that is certain?"

"Never, never."

"Then sure as Heaven is above us, no other man shall wed you. Look you here."

From his breast pocket he drew forth a sheathless knife and threw it on the table with a clang. The starlight shone upon the long and pointed blade, and glimmered on the stones that formed its handle.

"That is no steel for common uses, Agnes." This young girl had no fear of death, nor even

of untimely death; but thus to die, stabbed by a kinsman, struck terror to her inmost heart. "Oh Cousin, would you kill me?"

"Kill you?" returned the young man with a bitter laugh; "You must have told me truth indeed, when you said awhile ago that you despised me. I hurt you? I would not harm one shining hair of that bright head, although such sacrilege should cause the Devil to forego his rights and so should win me Heaven. I only said no other man should wed you."

"No man is going to wed me, Richard."

"But there is one who would wed you, if he could, and whom you love. A man, says Mr. Carstairs, doomed to die early. And I say the same. You will never see him more, be sure of that."

"What, wretched boy, will you then be his assassin?"

"I shall stab him: yes. In two days, from this, or three at farthest, John Carlyon will be dead, and it will be your love that killed him."

He was gone. Or, had he not been there at all, and was it a mere hideous dream? The sun was shining full on the window of the little drawing room, but she was cold and shivering. How long had she lain upon the floor, whereon she had found herself when she awoke? And did she wake from sleep or swoon? No sign of her late visitor was to be seen. Upon the little table lay her books and workbox, but the shining dagger was no longer among them. Had it never been there, or had it indeed been taken away in fulfilment of that horrible threat? The deep silence of the early morning smote her heart with fear: she dared not be alone, but seized and pulled the bell-rope. The little bell tinkling violently, just outside the door, roused the inmates of that pocket-dwelling as effectually as any alarm-bell tolled backwards from cathedral tower.

Mrs. Maroon, beheld for once without her widow's cap and weeds, hurried into the room.

"Lor, Miss Agnes, why what is the matter? How early you have got up, and how pale you are! I am sure you must be ill."

A moment after her entered dusky Cubra; her attire not presenting any very striking difference to that she wore in the day.

"Gorramighty bress us, Missie Agnes, what the matter?"

"There is somebody in the house. Some man."

"Robbers!" cried the widow clasping her hands; "Heaven preserve us, this is what I always thought would come of being a lone woman!"

"No, not robbers," said Agnes, gravely, and casting a suspicious look at Cubra.

"Lovers!" exclaimed the widow, with a shudder of disapprobation and surprise, "Lor who'd a thought it with one of her colour!"

Cubra did not deign to reply to this remark, whether she considered it as a compliment or an innuendo.

"Are you sure you locked both the doors last night, as usual, Mrs. Marcon?" inquired Agnes.

"Oh yes, miss, I am always particular about that; but it's very easy to see for yourself."

This suggestion that her lodger should satisfy her own eyes did away with the necessity of any solitary exploration upon the widow's part which she would probably not have undertaken, notwithstanding the broad daylight, for millions of money. Upon the other hand, she was exceedingly averse to be left alone in the drawing-room; so the three women accomplished the tour of the house together, the whole inspection—which was a very thorough one—occupying about as many minutes. It was impossible that even a mouse could hide itself in that diminutive dwelling, and indeed they found one in occupation of the kitchen. Both doors were securely fastened on the inside, as the widow maintained she had left them.

"I suppose I must have been mistaken," said Agnes, when the search was over; "I am very sorry to have disturbed you: but I certainly heard a noise."

"And got up and dressed yourself, without calling us! That was very wrong, Miss Agnes. Now do go to bed again, and try and get some sleep."

They did not suspect then that she had been up all night: and there was no need to tell them. Alone in her little chamber, she strove to recall what had happened in the drawing-room. Every motion made, every sentence uttered, recurred to her with a distinctness, very unlike the remembrance of a dream. And yet how could Richard have possibly concealed himself in such a house, on the preceding evening, or how escaped through the locked doors? Her agitation was such that she could not bring herself even to lie down, but having disarranged the bed to give the idea that she had slept there, she once more passed into the drawing-room. Yes, in yonder corner he had stood in shadow, and then again by the table, where he had rested his hand upon that very volume. Strange and unaccountable as were his coming and going, she could not disbelieve the evidence of her senses. A sudden thought caused her to lift the sash, which the widow had closed and fastened, and lean out of window. Yes, it

was as she suspected. Upon the little margin of flower plot that lay immediately beneath, between the window and the box-fringed gravel walk, there were two footmarks, with the toes turned towards the cottage. Her late visitor, stepping over her prostrate form, as she lay in a swoon, must have escaped by this means, letting himself drop—as he might very easily have done—from the window-sill. She had no further doubt about the reality of what had occurred; of the imminence of the peril that threatened John Carlyon; but it was necessary that others should have none. She felt convinced too that it was by Cuba's connivance that her cousin had obtained entrance to the cottage, or had been harboured within it, the preceding evening. It must have been she who had informed him of her growing intimacy with Mrs. Newman. Every moment was precious, yet unwilling to arouse the suspicion of her black attendant, Agnes waited until she heard the latter—who was a very early riser—leave her room and busy herself in the kitchen. Then she stole quietly into the vacated apartment, and opening the chest where Richard's marine apparel was stored, took out a pair of shoes, and placing them in her pocket, sought the garden. Kneeling upon the gravel walk she compared these carefully with the footmarks on the mould, and found them—making allowance for the fact that the latter were the impressions of high-heeled boots—to correspond exactly. Then hastily putting on bonnet and shawl, she let herself out at the garden gate, and after hesitating a moment at the turning that led to the Priory, passed on through the awakening village, and rang the bell at Mr. Carstairs' door.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE IDES OF JUNE.

IF Mr. Carstairs' audacious prophecy regarding John Carlyon's lease of life is to prove true, it must do so within the next twenty-four hours, for after to-morrow he will have lived his year. In the mean time the doomed Squire feels physically as well as ever, though mentally much depressed. London life does not suit him: the pleasures of the town have long ago begun to pall.

His existence at Mellor had indeed been aimless enough, but it was at least natural, and plentifully sprinkled with kindly acts and words to those about him. He missed the homely honest faces which had always a grateful look in them when they met his. True, in London his hand was as ready to give, his heart to feel—and there is no place where the poor have greater need of help—but the charity which takes the form of subscription, although as advantageous as any personal aid to the recipient, has no such

healthy effect upon the giver. He felt the bond between himself and his fellow-creatures loosening day by day, and with a sense of loss. And yet it seemed impossible for him to resume his old mode of life in the country, with its long periods of inaction, wherein his thoughts must needs revert to his lost love. He thought of her now, in spite of all distractions: how different she was from even the best of the fine ladies with whom he was acquainted; how superior to Edith Treherne, for instance, with her grand airs and shallow feelings. And what was it made her so? Agnes was beautiful, indeed, but he had seen faces quite as fair; her mind was not uncultivated; she had the accomplishments of her class; but he knew girls more intelligent and more talented than she was. What was it then that made her charm so magical? It was her goodness, without doubt. But how did she come by that?

Vicious persons are, as a rule, much better than they seem, just as Puritans are much worse; among even profligates there is benevolence, kindness, and even occasional self-sacrifice. Amid the whirl of fashion (worse than what is called "the vortex of dissipation," because it may last for a life-time, which the latter rarely does) there are sometimes little quiet eddies of well-doing. Its votaries not unfrequently do good by stealth, and would blush to the roots of their hair if they found it fame. But regarding the company he was now keeping in the most favourable light consistent with truth (and this he did), Carlyon was obliged to confess that not only in extent and permanence, but in kind, the goodness of Agnes Crawford was of quite another sort than that of generous impulse. There was certainly something about it—supposing that the word really had a meaning—which one calls Divine. If it indeed was so, there was no wonder that Agnes could not, and did not love him. If she had done so, if she had but consented to bear with his spiritual deficiencies, and let him learn from her own lips the whole secret of her happiness—but she had not liked him enough for that; and he would have no other teacher.

He had, now and then, of late months—thinking "this would please her if she could know of it"—found himself in a church, and listened without much profit. He had been taken thither too by Edith Treherne, to hear her uncle the "snowy banded, delicate handed diletante dean, intone," with more amusement to himself than advantage. Edith was going to be married, by the bye, by that very dean in a few weeks, and to a most eligible suitor—a wealthy baronet of very ancient lineage, and who himself was

upwards of seventy years of age. The match had been somewhat hastily arranged—the bridegroom feeling perhaps that he had not any time to lose—but the happy pair were “engaged,” and the fashionable newspapers of the previous week had found themselves in a position to inform society of that fact. So far from this disturbing Carlyon, it rather pleased him. His conscience had somewhat pricked him as to the part he had played with that young lady, and he was glad that it had not ever so slightly interfered with her prospects. Now if he should hear that some one was about to marry Agnes Crawford, he felt that it would well nigh drive him mad. And yet, not only had there been no such tender “passages” between himself and her, as between him and Edith, but science had declared him to be a doomed man. The grave, and not the bridal bed, was waiting for him. His lease of life seemed likely, indeed, to be longer than was expected; but it must at all events be very short. “The shorter,” thought he, with bitterness, “the better.” He should be sorry to prove Carstairs a false prophet; the little man’s reputation was dear to him, he knew, and he had pinned it upon this very point. It would be quite a pity to disappoint him, and *cui bono*? What vista stretched before him—though indeed but for a short distance—in case he should live on? A little more of this wearisome London life, so self-indulgent, yet so unsatisfying. No; he would at all events quit *that*. He would just stay in London twenty-four hours longer, in order to give Carstairs his chance, and then if he did not exchange his snug rooms at the Albany for some snugger chamber in Kensal Green, he would be off to the Continent. As though Black Care, which sat so immediately behind him upon Red Berid in Rotten Row, would not be ready to cross the Channel, nay, to fly with him to the ends of the earth!

If Carlyon had been a younger man, it is probable he would not have succumbed to these melancholy reflections, as it is certain that he would have escaped from the fascination of a hopeless attachment; but as matters were, the companionship of his own thoughts was growing less and less tolerable. In society, on the other hand, he had got to be almost boisterously gay, and was voted by men (for he rather avoided drawing-rooms now) uncommon good company. When he left them, the life of the party was said to have departed from it; but it was only a galvanic sort of life, that expired with the artificial stimulus.

It was late even for roysterers; the hum of pleasure that succeeds the roar of commerce was quite hushed. The streets were so silent that the slow-pacing policeman made stiller

by his tread their quietude. The stars were shining brightly, although the moon was young. Far as the eye could reach the broad thoroughfare of Piccadilly was tenantless, as Carlyon moved leisurely along it homewards. His cigar was yet but half consumed—and it is curious, how men, no matter how extravagant, object to throw away a good cigar; it was doubtless on account of this economical habit, that he loitered, almost as the guardian of the night—whom he could hear coming up behind him, at a great distance—loitered and halted, shaking the area-gates and throwing his bull’s eye into the keyholes of the doors. A cigar, with solitude and starlight, will make most men contemplative. Carlyon bethought him of the generations that had trodden that broad street before him, who had come and gone, finding even Piccadilly no continuing city; upon whom those eternal stars had looked down as they looked at him, so purely, so pitifully. And to what end? Were not the gas lamps equally useful, and much more to be relied on? As for beauty, the pyrotechnic display called gas-stars had in that respect clearly the advantage over the heavenly bodies. And yet there was surely something in the latter which the former could not boast of. Edith Treherne was a gas-star, but Agnes Crawford was just like one of these: as pure, as pitiful, and as far removed from him and men like him.

“Hullo, you, sir!”

This exclamation was drawn from him by the sudden stepping-forth of a man from a narrow alley on his left, who placed himself directly in his way. “There is room for you and me to pass one another in Piccadilly to-night,” continued Carlyon, sternly, “without rubbing shoulders, and you had best take your own side of the pavement.—Oh! I beg pardon; I see, it is Mr. Richard Crawford.”

There had been a tacit antagonism between these two men from the very first; but they had always been frigidly polite to one another. The recollection of what he owed to Carlyon had restrained any expression of the young man’s antipathy, and the squire on his part never forgot that Richard was Agnes’ kinsman, and one who was dear to her. But they each knew that they were rivals; and the one of them that the other had been successful where he himself had failed.

Carlyon would have held out his hand, perhaps, and said a few ordinary words of civility, but the look and manner of the other forbade that. His face, contrasting with the coal-black hair, was white as marble; his eyes burnt with the steady glow of hate; the iron steadiness of his arm, as it barred Carlyon’s way, was a menace.

"It is late, I know, Mr. Carlyon," said Richard, hoarsely; "but I have waited for you here these four hours, and I must insist upon having speech with you."

"Insist, sir? However, we will not quarrel about a word. Your business must be urgent since it has put you to so great an inconvenience, although how you knew that I was about to pass this way to-night is beyond my guessing."

"I knew it, Mr. Carlyon, and much more. I have watched your every movement for these many months. In town and out of town, you have had a companion whom you little suspected."

"Indeed!" returned Carlyon, scornfully. "True, now I think of it, I remember that once or twice of late it has struck me that some fellow dogged my footsteps."

"It was I."

"Well," rejoined Carlyon, calling to mind something that Mr. Carstairs had written concerning this young man; "it is fortunate for you that you have said as much. A gentleman that stoops to play the spy is in the same category as one who, being wealthy, plays the thief. He is not the master of his own actions; and therefore——"

"Out of your charity he may escape the horsewhip," interrupted the young man, bitterly. "Thank you. I owe you my life, Mr. Carlyon, and you draw upon the bank of my gratitude without fear of its breaking, I perceive."

"Indeed, sir, I had forgotten the circumstance to which you allude," returned Carlyon, hotly; "and I beg you will forget it too. I wish to have no relations with you which are not of the most conventional sort. Pray release yourself from anything that may seem to link together you and me."

"I wish I could," replied the young man, sternly. "There is something else than the saving of my worthless life that set me on your track, and brings me here. You pretend to love my cousin Agnes."

"Silence, sir!" cried Carlyon, in a terrible voice. "Let me pass, I say."

"No. You may vapour as you please, but you shall hear me out. You told her, I say, that you were her lover, and she believed you. Nay, I believed you too until I came to know you. Till I found you with that girl—Edith Treherne—at Richmond, I thought you might have loved my cousin—not indeed as I love her, indeed no—but with an honest heart. I knew you were unworthy of her—who is not?—but I did not think to find you false to her. And yet how glad I was to find you so! If you had married that girl, I could have blessed you, deemed you the best friend that man

ever had. But when I found her plighted to another, I hated you worse than ever, because I knew that Agnes would love you still."

"That Agnes would love me still!" repeated Carlyon, mechanically, but in low and gentle tones, like one in his sleep that dreams a pleasant dream. Then she did love him after all; for whose evidence could be so trustworthy as that of his rival? His anger was clean gone; he began to pity this unhappy youth who saw in him, it seems, a more favoured suitor.

Richard marked the change in his countenance at once, and assigned to it the right cause. He had unwittingly been the means of giving this man hope in the very matter wherein he would have had him despair. Mortification, jealousy, hate, seized upon his soul together, and he was no longer himself. His fixed intention upon leaving Agnes two days before, had been (as he had told her) to kill Carlyon; but his better nature had in the meantime revolted at such an act of ingratitude, more perhaps than at the crime itself. All that he really wanted was to detach his rival's affection (the strength of which he greatly underrated) from its object. If he could do that, there would be some comfort for him, even although he could never call Agnes his own. The idea of any other man's possessing her was intolerable to him, and he was well aware that she really loved Carlyon. He had also hitherto imagined that Carlyon knew this, and it had been his purpose in seeking the present interview to work upon his rival's pride with the same weapon which he had used with so fatal an effect in the case of his uncle. He had meant to tell him that if he were to marry Agnes, he would wed the daughter of a disgraced and outcast man. If this should fail—well, he had persuaded himself that it would not fail. He had not dared to look the alternative that had suggested itself to him in the face; and although the sight of his rival had set his very brain on fire, he had until this moment intended to confine his arguments to words. But now that he found he had actually let Carlyon know for the first time that he was beloved, and the possible consequences of such a revelation flashed upon him, he forgot all his scruples.

"You need not smile, sir," cried he, passionately, "nor wear that look of triumph. If Agnes Crawford ever loved you, she does not do so now. She knows that you deceived her, played her false, and wooed another."

"What, did you tell her?" exclaimed Carlyon, seizing him by the collar.

"Yes, I told her all."

"Talebearer, coward, spy ——"

The two men struggled together, each hold-

ing by the other's throat; Carlyon's giant strength had already made itself felt, when Richard drew from its hiding-place the long keen knife, the sight of which had of late so terrified his cousin, and struck his antagonist two violent and rapid blows. Carlyon, with his hand to his heart, staggered and fell. Richard, transported with fury, would have thrown himself upon him, and stabbed him a hundred times; but the policeman, whose footsteps had been growing more and more distinct throughout the interview, now hastened up at the sound of their struggle, and the assassin, throwing the bloody steel upon the pavement, fled from him at utmost speed. The former having given the alarm, proceeded to attend to the wounded man. He was quite insensible, but the contents of his card-case showed he was within a very few doors of home, and as soon as assistance arrived, he was taken to his own lodgings.

"I doubt it's a bad job," observed the first policeman, to his fellow, as they emerged from the gates of the Albany; "them snug chambers will want a tenant before long."

"Ah! likely enough. Did he speak e'er a word when you fust found him?"

"Yes, and a very queer thing it was he said—a pint to remember when the time comes, perhaps, though it's dark now. "*Carstairs was right*," said he, "*after all.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE ARTIST'S DREAM OF DEATH.

[*These lines were suggested by a sketch by J. E. Millais, R.A., representing Death shooting fiery arrows by night into a walled town. Compare Homer, *Iliad* A. 50—58.*]

I.

How did it come to his mind? the fleshless and horrible dream—

Gruesome, cruel, and weird—making the murk more grim;

Standing stark-naked in bone, which the star-light sets a-gleam,—

Shooting his shot at the town, the little town silent and dim!

II.

Said we not each to the other, "Death is an Angel of Light!"

While our tears as they rolled gave the lie to our lips? Here's one paints us the Thing, awful, authentic, aright—

Tells the truth straight out, from its skull to its spiked toe-tips.

III.

So, if you opened the page, an idle moment to soothe, Madam or sir—as may be—best close the number for good;

This is no matter to flatter flesh and blood in their youth:

Here's an Artist in earnest—Death's picture on worm-eaten wood.

IV.

But, if you ask what he means, yonder the little town lies

Under the curtains of midnight, spangled with planet and star,

All looking down so calm! so splendid! as if the eyes

Of infinite Angels were watching our one little world from afar.

V.

And I hear on the rampart-stones the heel of the sentinel ring,

And I see him halt and count the chimes of the midnight-bell.

And he listens towards us here: "But 'tis only the cicadas sing;"

So he shoulders his spear again, and passes the word, "All's well!"

VI.

And away within the walls I know there is pleasure and pain;

Ah me! the sorrows and joys wherewith one town is fraught!

There's crimson flame on the altars where the people pray in vain,

And a flare from the pharos-lantern to bring the galleys to port.

VII.

And I seem to see, in the gleam which hangs all over the town,

The cresset-lights of a banquet, and merry torch-bearers who go—

Their jolly feet false with the wine—in laughter up and down

With rose-crowns awry on their heads—and pipes that cheerily blow.

VIII.

Oh, and I know that beneath the beautiful roof of the night

Bridal couches are spread, and lovers at last are one,

Who say, "If God should will that it never more should be light,

Then stay on the other side, and wait till we wish for thee, Sun!"

IX.

Laughter, and music, and banquets, and roses, and revelry,

And hymns in the temple to please the Gods of heaven and hell,

And the galleys with spices and wine ploughing bravely in from the sea,

And still that sentinel looks from the wall and cries, "All's well!"

X.

Doth he not see with his eyes the spectre we see so plain,

Who blisters the growing grass with the bones of his clattering feet?

And makes the still air stink with the fester of live things slain,

And turns to corpse-light on his skull the star-light, holy and sweet?

XI.

Cannot he hear the voice—still—small—that comes
with this Thing?
Drives it, striding along; halts it, elbows and
knees,
Says to the skeleton-bowman, "Now fit the shaft to the
string,
Shoot me thy shot at the town; for the hour is come
to these!"

XII.

Cursed Bowman, who shoots with an arrow dipped in
the pest!
Holy Father, whose will is good, though Thou wiltest
we die!
It is changed in the little town, from joy at its gayest
and best,
To cramps that curdle the heart, and tortures that
glaze the eye:

XIII.

The sentinel, careless of all, stalks quiet upon the
wall;
But the pilot has yielded the helm of his galley with
a scream.
At the banquet the guests drop dead—the worshippers,
priests, and all,
Choke in chanting "Amen;"—and that sweet bridal
dream,

XIV.

Which the lovers dreamed together—but half-asleep—
while their lips
Still kissed, for fear a minute from love's long
ecstasy be took—
Is ended in this, that one from the arms of the other
slips,
And that other—chilled by the corpse—turns corpse
herself, at a look.

XV.

Ah, my Lord, my God! who sendest the Pestilent
wraith!
Giver of life, who hast given the instinct to love to
live,
Teach us another lesson—to render it back in
faith,
When the messenger comes like this, with a ghastly
errand to give:

XVI.

Ah, my Lord, my God! our souls are the little town:
At the twanging of that black bow, the laughter and
love seem still;
But help our souls to hear, through the darkness that
settles down,
*The sentinel on the wall, crying always to all, "All's
well!"*
EDWIN ARNOLD.

LOW LIFE ON THE STAGE.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

WHEN young men first go into the country,
various are the devices employed to entrap
them. "Look here, cully," says an old
stager, "you'll never get on in the provinces
if you don't know some good broadsword

combats." "Indeed," replies the tyro, "I
thought I should learn them at rehearsal."
"Oh dear, no; and if you're not up to the
mark, the governors 'll be sending you back
to your mother. Now stump out half-a-crown
and I'll teach you all you'll ever want to
know." Perhaps a transfer of coin takes
place, and the victim begins to waste twenty
or thirty minutes a day over a farce, of which
the main characteristics are frantic cries of
"One, two, three, four. Top cut. Bottom
cut. Guard. Look a little smarter!" But
the only useful knowledge he is ever likely to
acquire is the fact of his having been egre-
giously swindled.

"Let's have a little beer, my boy," ex-
claim a couple of "old files." "We won't
be hard on you, as you're a new comer, though
probably you're the best off of the lot. We'll
toss for the odd man." A little legerdemain
on the part of the experienced performers,
and the unsuspecting greenhorn is victimized
for the second time.

When members of provincial companies
are thrown out of employment, they some-
times combine and start a "Protean enter-
tainment," or "gagging expedition." In
other words, they travel from place to place,
exhibiting conjuring tricks, dramatic enter-
tainments, etc., in tavern parlours or on the
village green. "Busking," or itinerant
minstrelsy, is a favourite resource of many,
and a disappointed tragedian will work his
way, fiddle in hand, from one end of the
kingdom to the other. Men who have been
toiling in the provinces occasionally come up
to town at the commencement of the Opera
season, in the hope of obtaining employment
as "principal supers," or "extra ballet gen-
tlemen" at half-a-crown a night. The per-
formances being confined to certain evenings,
and additional aid not being required in every
piece, the situation is, by no means, so re-
munerative as might at first appear. The
duties of an individual in the position referred
to, are, to dance in company with the eight
or ten regulars employed at a weekly salary
of thirty shillings, and to perform "busi-
ness" without words, in the capacity of
guards summoned to arrest the principal tenor,
combatants in a battle scene, or guests at a
ballo en maschera. So long as the season lasts
the "pantomimist" enjoys comparative afflu-
ence, but at its close he is again cast adrift in
the world, and wanders from town to town,
hoping against hope, and generally in a state
of abject destitution. In process of time he
may reap distinction. But the while he
must be resigned to contempt, toil, and star-
vation, protracted neglect, and the hazard of
a pauper's grave! If he has talent it may be

brought out. If he has none he must starve, or live by fraud and falsehood. It is possible he may so far succeed as to become a leader in the provinces, though a nobody in town. If so, let him be thankful. Unlike many of his friends, he has at least been saved from starvation, and if he works hard, and receives small wages, he has been spared the misery of seeing his family in the workhouse.

We remember a poor wretch, who used to haunt Covent Garden during the Opera season, and at less genial periods of the year discharged the "heavy" business in small provincial theatres, appearing as the Doge of Venice, the merciless landlord, or the tyrannical proprietor of an imaginary chateau. His boots were ever in an advanced stage of decay. They might have had heels once, but it is impossible to say when, and from between the soles and upper leathers their proprietor's excuse for socks generally peeped forth with much alyness. The poor man's coat, or rather jacket, was small, threadbare, and curiously pinched in at the waist, his trowsers six or eight inches too long; and his hat, soiled and papery, was always pressed rather than placed with an air of sham jauntiness on one side of his head, and so as to display a jet black curl elaborately pomatumed. Whilst waiting for rehearsal he would strut to and fro on the stage, blind to the derision of the company, and perhaps in his "mind's eye" "Hamlet, the Dane," or the worthythane of Cawdor. He lived in a state of chronic indigence, and the last time we saw him, appeared, if possible, more dilapidated than ever. On being stopped he grasped our hand in speechless ecstasy, and when asked if he would "take anything," of course did not refuse.

We proceeded to a neighbouring bar, and engaged him in conversation. "How was he? What was he doing?" "Oh, still at the 'Garden,' though lately he had been playing the principal parts at the Theatre Royal, Blankstairs. But he had thrown up his engagement on account of the dishonourable conduct of the proprietor. Not that there had been any remissness on his own side. Oh dear, no! Engaged to play the Demon King in a pantomime, and a lover in a comedy on the same night; he had reached the town in the morning, attended rehearsal, and by evening was letter perfect, and brought the house down. We inquired why, as he was always a "star" in the country, though unsuccessful in town, he didn't adhere to provincial business; but he shook his head ominously, and endeavoured to turn the conversation. He wished to inform us that, through the kindness of his friends, he was to be started afresh in life with the proceeds of a

benefit performance to be held in a tavern at Hoxton. "There'll be no end of pros. there, my boy, and I shall be glad if you'll take some tickets." We did as requested, and supposed that payment would be made at the door. In this we were mistaken. Ready money was solicited, and we deposited coin at the rate of twopence a ticket, to be presently expended in drink. Poor wretch! What could have been his idea of a new start in life? Grant that the performance took place, and that a couple of hundred visitors paid for admission—and this, by the bye, is granting almost a miracle—what a satisfactory sum is one pound thirteen and fourpence, wherewith to commence an entirely new phase of existence!

There flourished in times past at Sadler's Wells, an individual whom, for convenience sake, we shall name Mr. Macgregor. For nearly ten years he sustained the part of the "bleeding officer" in *Macbeth*, though his ambition had always been to assume the rôles of Rosse or Banquo. His merits, perhaps remarkable, failed to incur the appreciation either of the stage-manager or of the general public, and thus afflicted, his sole consolation was to recount his grievances to a select circle of professional admirers. On one occasion, the call-boy, thrusting his head in at the door, exclaimed, "What, old Greggry, at it again!" upon which the enraged tragedian seized a boot, and would have hurled it at the intruder's shock pate, had not that protuberance been withdrawn with extraordinary despatch. Baulked of his revenge, the great man turned to his associates, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What can things have come to when a gentleman in my position is insulted by an insolent young whelp like that!" When Mr. Phelps quitted Sadler's Wells, Mr. Macgregor followed in his train. But though exalted to a superior stage, he was still obliged to be content with the part of the "bleeding officer," and continued to play the same until he procured an engagement for the leading business at the Victoria, where he encountered the insolent young whelp of a bygone period. The great man, observing that his ancient foe was tolerably well-dressed and in a position to stand treat, advanced with readiness, and frankly wrung his hand, "This is indeed a pleasure, my boy. Why how many years it is since we last met. I've another old friend here. What a capital thing if we could all work together. We might arrange our own plans, talk over old times, and have everything snug and comfortable." "Just so," replied the ex-call-boy, "very pleasant, indeed; and pray, how's the missus?" The great tragedian frowned, and

shook his head, "Don't mention her; used me infernally ill; I—I've left her." "Indeed, and how are the kids?" "Oh, I've left them too." A moment's pause. Then this Roman father, raising his head and taking his friend by the button hole, remarked impressively, "They don't use me well here, my boy. Mr. Frampton seems quite to have forgotten his agreement. I was engaged as a leading actor, and would you believe it, weeks have gone by, and here I am still playing confounded old men parts." At this piteous recollection the unfortunate actor burst into tears, and vanished at "third entrance left." When next heard of he was in the "utility" line at the Princess's, but ere long a statement appeared in the *Era*, to the effect that Mr. Macgregor and Mr. Vining had parted company by mutual agreement, and that the former gentleman was about to commence a provincial tour with his original entertainment entitled, "Funny Folk, or People we Meet;" it being added that the route of the great tragedian would, from week to week, be indicated in the columns dedicated to advertisements. Impelled by a spirit of curiosity we determined to note his progress. For awhile he remained at a vestry-hall in the suburbs, with the understanding, as we subsequently learnt, that the proprietors should receive a certain share of the profits. On boxing-night and the day following he played at Windsor; during the succeeding week at Abingdon and Wallingford, and after that we searched the pages of the *Era* in vain. The "Funny Folk" had collapsed, and for a while the movements of their proprietor were shrouded in mystery. By-and-by we learnt that he had obtained a situation at the Victoria, worth about forty shillings a week. Sad to relate, he was impelled to relinquish it for the charms of retirement, and within a month again fled the society of his acquaintances—and creditors. Poor Mr. Macgregor! He was talented; but with a great man's faults. Scarcely distinguished for energy, love of ease occasionally gained the mastery of his self-respect. On one occasion he appeared at rehearsal with a face the colour of an orange. A whisper circulated to the effect that "Greggy had caught the jaundice," but the hypothesis was founded on error. He had been playing the part of a yellow dwarf over night, and the "call" being at an early hour, he had economised time at the expense of his bath.

Actresses in small provincial theatres may have been ballet girls at houses of greater pretension, and their husbands "utility gents" or "property men" at similar establishments. When married, the happy couple sometimes work together, but more often separately.

Managers are not fond of engaging husband and wife at the same time, and the bonds of matrimony are to an actor no trifling impediment to success. Ill paid, and driven to contemptible shifts, the females soon become as hardened as the men. They live by deluding the keepers of lodging houses, and procuring food and shelter for which they never intend to pay. Having existed on credit for a week or two, they abscond, and the property left behind is seldom of extraordinary value. "Bouncing" is an art in high favour with members of provincial companies, its practice being conducted as follows. Inquiries are repeatedly made with regard to an anticipated remittance. The landlady is questioned, and if possible, deluded into advancing money. The postman is cross-examined, and much apparent anxiety is shown lest that should be lost which was never expected. By means such as these credit is temporarily supported, and when the farce becomes too apparent, the perpetrators thereof disappear, or in professional parlance, "slope."

A wretched set of men connected with the stage are the ordinary "supers." Their ranks include the densely stupid, the acute but lazy, the indolent and careless, the active but unfortunate, men who can neither write nor read, and men who can do both with proficiency. They are presided over by a gentleman known as the "super-master," and when in need of recruits his mode of proceeding is ingenious. Having sought out an individual in an advanced stage of starvation, he addresses him in some such terms as the following:—"Look here, my man, if you want employment I'll let you have it at five bob a week. If you like the job say so, if you don't, I can find somebody else who will. Of course six is what the management offers, but I can't be bothering myself for nothing, and as I do you a favour you musn't grumble at the percentage." In all likelihood the poor wretch closes with the offer. The salary of a super-master in a leading theatre is about 18*s.* a week. If he has to engage a hundred subordinates—say for a battle scene, his wages are increased by an addendum of 5*l.* A "super" is called a "gentleman" by the stage-manager, who usually treats him as a dog. He musn't mind being sworn at, or, if need be, shaken. If attentive and industrious he may gradually rise to a position of authority, but in nineteen cases out of twenty the man who has begun as a "super" concludes his theatrical experiences in the same capacity.

Thus far of low life on the stage; but let the aspirant remember that thirty-nine men out of forty never rise above it.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

"THE HOLLOW ASH."

A Tale of St. Leonard's Forest.

ON the outskirts of St. Leonard's Forest, not very far from the fine old mansion of Hurstmonceux, there stood the ruins of a lonely cottage, in which, many years before I saw it, had been enacted one of those tragedies which prove that the poetry and passion of our Celtic and Norman forefathers has not altogether died out from among the sons of the soil.

The cottage, originally a woodman's, had been given to his widow, who, when her husband was knocked on the head by the deer-stealers, had pleaded hard for her fatherless children. Now, Bill Clarke had not borne the best of characters, and there were many who did not hesitate to say that he came by his death in a squabble over the unlawfully killed game, rather than, as the more charitable portion affirmed, in trying to defend the same. The squire heard both stories, but being a merciful man—one who never expected perfection, and who meted out such judgment as he hoped the Great Judge would mete out when he stood before the throne—he avoided the question, and gave the widow leave to live on in the cottage, and gather as much wood as she required. Moreover, many a dinner of broken victuals from the big house found its way to the cottage. There was free schooling for the red-cheeked lads, who, with their pretty sister Jessie, were great favourites at the Hall, and many were the exchanges of presents between the squire's children and those of the widow at the Wood cottage—now, a frock or coat—now, a squirrel or dormouse; and this went on until the children became young men and maidens, and Joe and Charley Clarke were enrolled amongst the foresters. They were fine, strapping young fellows, both of them, better educated and more refined in feeling and appearance than most of their class; they were good workmen, affectionate sons and brothers, and first-rate at all those rustic sports which, in those days, found more favour in the land than, I am sorry to say, they do now—sports which were held upon the smooth lawn before the Hall, and where the squire's sons were ready to wrestle, or run, or leap, with the best man there, and, in spite of their "gentility" and softer bringing up, there were few could beat them.

The "games" being open to all comers, and the foresters being renowned for their strength, pluck, and agility, the gatherings upon the squire's lawn were famous far and near, and great was the merry-making the annual meeting brought about. Never greater had the anticipations been than upon the oc-

casion our story treats of. Strangers flocked in, and amongst them came one whose handsome face and stately figure belied the keeper's dress in which he was clad. Having entered himself as Hugh Locke, he took his part in the sports, and both in running, wrestling, and throwing the hammer, carried off the chief prizes of the day. More than one pair of eyes followed his movements with angry jealousy, which, in some cases, was increased when it was remarked that whenever he was not competing for a prize, he was by Jessie Clarke's side, and with his head bent down, and an eager, passionate look in his face, was speaking so low that the words only reached the ears and heart they were intended for.

When the prizes were all won and given, the squire turned to the stranger, saying,—

"You are fairly entitled, as champion, to choose the fairest lass present for your partner in the dance; so, call out the fiddlers, my men, and bring the black jack, that we may drink Mr. Hugh Locke's health, and long may he have strength and health to rival the lads of the forest."

The toast was drunk, and three cheers given for the champion, who seemed to find no difficulty in choosing a partner, but, marching straight up to Jessie, held out his hand, bowing low before her, with courtly grace. The people cheered again, and clapped their hands, and the Hall party looked well-pleased, which was more than Jessie's brothers did; they glowered savagely at their sister as, putting her little brown hand into the champion's (which, Joe remarked, was strangely white for that of a working man), she suffered him to lead her to the head of the dance, whispering as he went,—

"I would it were a partner for life, sweetheart; I've neither had peace nor rest since that day when you left me by the hollow ash. But do not betray me; I've risked more than I dare tell you, to have your little hand in mine again."

There was no time for talking during the dance; but there was many a stolen glance, many a silent hand press; and when the music ceased, Hugh managed to lead Jessie behind a clump of laurels, where, with the gloaming light coming through the green leaves, it was nearly dark; there he slipped his arm round her waist, and pressed his lips to hers.

"I love you, Jessie, more than anything on earth," he whispered, smoothing her soft brown hair, and trying to make the happy downcast eyes look up again into his own. "I cannot live without your love; and yet I must go away from here to-night. Promise to meet me at the ash tree to-morrow night, and I'll tell you a plan I've made which will

let me see you every moment of the twenty-four hours; promise, Jessie."

What could the girl do but promise? Wasn't his arm round her? Wasn't his hand keeping down, as it were, the wild throbbing of her full heart? Wasn't his kiss, the first kiss, still tingling upon her lips?

"That is all right, then," he said, when the whispered promise was given. "I'll pay my duty to the squire, and go my way. God keep you, my sweet wild flower." This time Jessie's lips half rose to meet his. It was so natural to kiss one she loved so passionately, and the poor little girl saw nothing beyond the kiss—a kiss which many a young forester had tried to steal, and that, too, in her mother's presence. It was too dark, she thought, for any one to notice her flushed face; but here Jessie was wrong; Joe had missed, and was jealously looking about for her, when the champion brushed past him.

"I'd like to know who you are?" demanded Joe, angrily, "who come and——"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," was the answer; and Joe stared, literally startled into submission; while Hugh, making his way up to the place where the gentlefolks sat, bowed before the squire.

"I have come to offer my thanks, my lord," he said, "and to say that, with your lordship's permission, I will take my departure, as I have a night's walk before me."

"I am sorry for it," said the squire, bluffly; "I'd fain keep such fellows as you in this parish. What say you, parson? Don't you think such thews and sinews would be well used in our work?"

The parson, a spare, sad-looking man, smiled gently, but eyeing the stranger with a keen, unsatisfied look, he said,—

"Truly, my lord, if the heart is as good as the body, it would be well. Where do you come from, friend?"

"From Middleshire, Sir Parson?"

"Were you ever here before? Your face seems strangely familiar."

"Yes, sir, I have been; but it is hardly fair to question a man thus. Not that I have any to care whether I say yes or no; whether I hang or walk."

"Then come here," quoth the squire, more earnestly, "and be one of my keepers; there is room for one."

"Faith, it's a tempting offer," replied the other, with a merry laugh. "What should my wages be?"

As the squire was going to speak, one of his daughters touched his arm, and blushing like a rose, whispered something in his ear. He seemed loath at first to believe, then suddenly convinced, cried out,—

"No! by the Lord Harry! is it so? Faith, I believe the girl's right; trust a woman's eyes. Well, young sir,—but, hullo! where has he gone? What has become of our champion?"

"He hurried away while Miss Beatrice was speaking," said the parson, drily.

The squire looked vexed, albeit he laughed, and parried the feeling questions thrown out by the parson, nor did he mention the matter again until he and his daughter stood together in one of the bay windows of the drawing-room after supper, when he began,

"How did you recognise the earl, Trix?"

"I danced with him at the Yeomanry Ball, papa."

"Only once? and you pretend to remember him so well?"

"No, papa, twice. Nay, I almost think it was three times," confessed Miss Trix, blushing crimson, while her father looked grave, though with a twinkle in his kind eyes, saying,

"Still, I don't see what is to make him come masquerading here; why cannot he come and see us like an honest man?"

And that night, when the squire and his good wife were laid side by side, they talked the whole matter over, and were not altogether pleased; for though the young earl had money enough, and was one of the handsomest men in the king's service, people told sad stories of his morals, and, on the whole, the mother decided that he was not the sort of husband to seek for her daughter, and that Trix should pay a visit forthwith to an aunt in Scotland. But the good folks might have spared themselves some anxiety, and had better have left the girl at home, to forget amongst familiar scenes the soft voice, and tender eyes that had awakened her maiden heart. The sight of her pretty face had been a surprise to the disguised earl—a surprise by no means welcome—for he had no mind to be discovered, or have any obstacle put in the way of his love-making. He had met Jessie in the forest, and the meeting was somewhat singular. The earl had been hunting. A lost shoe had resulted in losing sight of his comrades, and, lastly, losing his way, so that he was wandering along staring helplessly about, when he caught sight of Jessie, perched upon a bank, watching him through the drooping branches of a hazel tree. The earl had an eye for beauty at all times, and in all things, especially where the gentler sex was represented; so checking his horse, he lifted his cap, and, with a laughing face said,

"Verily, I shall believe that St. Leonard's is a forest of enchantment, for here am I, a forlorn and lost wanderer, saved by a queen of

beauty. Will it please your highness to show me the way out of this wilderness? Nay," he added, as Jessie shrank back rather than advanced, and dropping her hand let a branch fall between herself and the earl. "Nay, if you will not descend to me, I must, for dear life's sake, ascend to thee."

And springing up the bank, he caught hold of her hand.

"Flesh and blood it is! Veritable flesh, though of the brownest; and veritable blood, warm enough and red enough to make one forget what blue is wanting. Ten times better than a fairy, this; and who are you, sweetheart? and how far am I from the grosser world? Not that I care much so long as I have your sweet company."

Jessie looked perplexed; she did not understand such high-flown language, and was half inclined to think the wonderful knight, who is said to have slain the dragon of the forest, had come to life again; but then he was dressed like the fine gentlemen she saw about the squire's, and his hand—that was human, there was no doubt of that; gradually she began to see how it was, and consented to show the nearest way out of the forest.

During their walk, which, though a pretty long one, was all too short to please the earl, Jessie learnt that her companion was a poor gentleman, a soldier, and obliged to conceal himself at present. She learnt, too, that he was fond of riding in the forest, and that he would not be the less fond of it now he might meet her. For her part, she told him where she lived, and the story of her father's death, and having led him to what was called "The Hollow Ash," a great weather-beaten haunted monarch of the forest, she pointed out the pathway, and stood there watching whilst he rode away, turning from time to time to wave farewell.

Jessie had not seen him again until the day of the "games," and yet there was scarcely an hour he had not been in her thoughts; day after day she had gone to the "Ash" and sat there, fluttering and shaking at every sound; sat there, teaching her heart what love must be, and dreaming, as only the innocent and loving can do, of the bright days to come—dreams, hopes, and visions, which seemed all on the point of realization, when he told her that he had made a plan by which he would see her every moment of the twenty-four hours. Jessie could only see one answer to this, and that answer made her heart sink in the very fulness of happiness, and chased the warm blood from her cheek, leaving her what some of our poets have described so exquisitely as "passion pale." What a long day that was after the games. Jessie could

not rest, she wandered about, tied and untied her hat-strings, gathered bunch after bunch of wild-roses, and, as they withered, threw them away for fresher, until at last the sun began to put on the golden glory of evening, and a purple and gold canopy was spread round his departed pathway; then Jessie tripped down the forest path, and reaching the ash tree, sat down upon its gnarled and fantastic roots to wait and watch. Not very long however; down the valley rode her lover, and poor little Jessie was happy. This meeting was followed by many another. Summer came and waned; and the "Hollow Ash" was still the trysting-tree.

Christmas was drawing near, when one night, as they stood by the "tree," he told her the time had come when he must leave and travel into a different part of the country, where his regiment then lay; not alone, however. He had no mind to leave Jessie behind; and Jessie, poor child, had long had no mind but his. So it was arranged that they should meet the next night, and that she should go away with him.

The ground was already covered with snow, and great feathery flakes began to float down again while they were speaking.

"You'll not lose your way, darling?" said Jessie's lover, as he held her in his arms at parting. "I cannot rest content in letting you go alone."

"No, no, Hugh, you must not come; Joe may be home, and he watches me day and night. I know every inch of the way."

So they parted; and Jessie, holding her shawl tightly over her head, ran down the path. Suddenly the sound of a gun-shot came muffled through the snow. Jessie started; the poachers were at work again, she thought, and Joe would, if home, be on the look out; so leaving the direct path, she turned into another, which brought her round to the back of the cottage, and finding the door unlocked, and her mother sitting fast asleep by the kitchen fire, she got safely into her bed-room.

The appointed time came at last, and Jessie left her home; there were no tears then, but a hot flush on either cheek, and a wild dilated look in her eyes that told of mortal grief, if not despair.

More snow had fallen; not a foot-print had marked the smooth white pathway; and all untrodden was the ground beside the ash tree.

It was a perfectly still night; not a movement in the forest, not the sound of life to be heard, and Jessie shuddered as the rising moon threw the great weird-looking shadows of the leafless trees across the road she was watching so anxiously. An hour, at least, passed, and

still he did not come; strange fears and horrible suspicions began to cross the girl's brain. Had he played her false, and left her to her shame? Had something happened to him? Had Joe met him? She remembered her brother's looks that day, and a sickening dread fell upon her; she could not rest after that, but walked up and down with a quick, passionate step, trying to keep down the agony at her heart. Then she thought she heard a sound amongst the trees, and turning, peered into the shadow below the fir trees; as she did so, a gleam of moonlight shot through the branches and fell upon a heap of snow, looking as if it had piled itself over a log. There was nothing unusual in that; there were logs enough in the forest; and yet Jessie's eyes rivetted themselves upon the spot, and the feverish flush faded out of her face, as, inch by inch, she crept nearer. She stooped over the mound, down lower and lower, nearer the dark red stain which marked the pure covering; with a gasp, rather than a cry, she fell upon her knees and swept the snow away.

From the instant the moonbeam shadowed forth the spot, she had known what she should find there, and her brain had been crazing as she crept on. There he lay; the lover to whom she had given her heart and soul, placid and beautiful, the long hair filled with snow, the lips parted with a soft smile, and through the broad chest a gaping gunshot wound.

"What are you doing here?" said a harsh voice, and Joe Clarke shook his sister roughly. "Do you want to help me to bury your fine lover? We'll see how he'll come stealing the poor man's children again."

Jessie did not stir; so Joe lifted her up and made her lean against the ash tree. "There," he said, "stand there while I finish my work; or stop, take off your shawl and make a winding sheet of it."

A gleam came across the girl's face. She sprang forward, and tearing off her shawl, spread it out, and when Joe had laid the body in it, she began arranging the soft folds, stopping every now and then to kiss the marble-like lips, and whisper in the deaf ear.

When Joe had the grave ready, she pushed him away from the body with a fierce cry, and lifting it, tottered forward, laying it tenderly in the brown earth.

"Fill it with snow first," she whispered, hoarsely, beginning to push it with both hands, and Joe, who was just a little frightened of her, obeyed, all the more readily that the wind howling far off in the valley, and the big snow-flakes wheeling about, presaged a coming tempest.

But long before the grave was filled, the storm was upon them, crashing through the trees, shaking down the snow from the branches, and blinding the pathway on either side.

"Come home now," said Joe, taking Jessie by the shoulder, but this time gently, and without looking in her face; "come. But before we leave the place I'll tell you why I've made myself a murderer—why I've put a rope round my neck. It was because you were my sister—because I was proud of you—because I knew he could not marry you, and that he would neither leave you nor make you an honest woman. I was in the "Hollow Ash" last night, and heard all you settled, and I shot him before you were well out of sight; I shot him for your sake, and to save you from shame."

Jessie stared with stony eyes, very terrible in their struggle for reason. Suddenly she seemed to understand him, and a crimson flush spread over her face.

"He was taking me away to spare you the shame," she said.

A horrible oath broke from Joe's lips as, turning her round to the moonlight, he looked into her face; as he did so, his own convulsed, and throwing her violently from him, he walked on, the tears rolling down his white cheeks.

Meekly Jessie followed, and when they reached the house stole up to her bedroom. Joe went into the kitchen and told his mother the story from first to last, as far as he knew it. It was difficult to say which trial was the hardest for the poor broken-hearted mother, the mad daughter up-stairs hiding her shame, or the son marked with the brand of Cain.

When it was known that Jessie Clarke was ill, many a kindly message and gift came to the cottage, and many a neighbour would have come and sat with the sick girl; but to all, the mother brought the same answer,— "Jessie could see no one." Death came, mercifully, and while the county was ringing with the disappearance of the young Earl of Carrisbroke, Jessie passed away and hid her sorrow and shame in the grave.

No clue was discovered as to the murder, and no suspicion attached to the murderer; but after Jessie's death the widow Clarke and her sons emigrated to America, and somehow or other the cottage got a bad name, and being said to be haunted by Jessie's ghost, fell into ruin.

Years after, a winter storm laid low the "Hollow Ash," and the gigantic roots torn from their bed brought the young earl's skeleton to light, fulfilling the old adage that "murder will out."

I. D. FENTON.

THE REINDEER.

THE reindeer, or rane-deer,* as some etymologists spell the word, is very widely distributed over the face of the globe. Its

varieties are found from the coasts of Sweden and Lapland, through the north of Asia, to Kamschatka; and on the American Continent from the coasts of British Columbia to the north of Newfoundland; its occurrence, de-



pend, it would seem, very closely upon considerations of climate.

In earlier times it had, apparently, a still more extended habitat. Remains of the animal have been found by geologists at the north base of the Pyrenees, and in various parts of France. Immense numbers of its bones have been discovered in the south of France, where they appear to have served as food for the human denizens of the caves. In a cave in the Dordogne, a rudely shaped flint weapon was found in the vertebrae of a rein-

deer in a similar position. In the bone-caves of Glamorganshire many thousand antlers of the reindeer were discovered some few years since, and the remains of several distinct varieties have been dug up in the west of England, in the bed of the Thames, in Norfolk, in Forfarshire, and also in various parts of Ireland.

An idea at one time prevailed among naturalists that the reindeer existed in the south of Europe as late as the fourteenth century. This belief, which originated with Buffon, was founded on a passage in the printed copies of the works of Gaston de Foix, who, in his

* From the Saxon names in the sense of running, whence "Ranger," &c.

"Treatise of [Hunting," speaks of the animal as found in Berne and Savoy. Cuvier, however, detected this to be an error, by collating the printed copies of the work in question with the original manuscript in the Imperial Library at Paris. The naturalist Pallas mentions the existence of these deer in the Ural Mountains at the end of the last century; and in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," (ed. 1857,) it is stated that "Herds are still found among the pine forests which stretch from the banks of the Onfa under the 55th degree, to those of Kama. They proceed even further south along the woody summits of the prolongation of the Uralian Mountains which stretches between the Don and the Volga as far as 46 degrees." Thus the species approaches almost to the base of the Caucasian Chain, along the banks of the Kouma, where scarcely a winter passes without a few being shot by the Kalmucks.

The Lapland reindeer are found in a wild as well as in a domestic state, and the herds of the latter are sometimes recruited by young ones captured from the former.

When we consider this wide range, it appears strange that all successful efforts for the domestication of the reindeer should have been confined to so small a portion of the old Continent.*

The reindeer average in height from nine to ten hands, the wild ones being the largest. Their colour is light, of various shades, and it becomes still lighter in winter. Both males and females of all the varieties of reindeer are provided with antlers, which vary greatly in form, and which are shed at a different period by each sex. During summer, they browse on every kind of green herbage and shrub which they can find; but in winter, their sole food appears to be the lichen known as the "reindeer moss," which they discover by instinct in the snow, digging for it with their tough and pliable muzzles and sharp-pointed fore-feet.† It appears to be a well-ascertained fact that they will also eat the "lemming," or field-rat, with avidity.

The writer of a recent work on Lapland says that the reindeer "have nothing of the antlered monarch of the forest about them, but a careworn, nervous look, which" (he adds) "I do not wonder at, considering how they are bullied. There are creatures which sting them all over; and creatures which lay their eggs in their eyes and nostrils, and make

themselves comfortable under their skin; and wolves, and gluttons, and dogs, and Laps; in short, barring a rat, I know of no animal that is so worried." He admits, however, that their constitutions do not appear to suffer under the treatment they receive, and that, like donkeys, they thrive under it.

It may amuse the reader to contrast with this account the description of a Lap encampment by the learned Von Buch, written at a time when *fine* writing was deemed most essential to a traveller's narrative. We have endeavoured in translating it to preserve the rather florid imagery.

"It is a new and pleasing spectacle to see in the evening the herd assemble round the encampment to be milked; on the hills around everything is in an instant full of life and motion. The busy dogs are everywhere barking and bringing the mass nearer and nearer, and the deer bound and stand still, and then bound again, with an indescribable variety of movements. When the animal, frightened by the dogs while feeding, raises his head and displays aloft his proud antlers, how beautiful and majestic is the sight! and when he courses over the ground, how fleet and light is his carriage! We never hear the foot on the earth; nothing but the incessant cracking of the knee joints,* as if it proceeded from a repetition of electric shocks; a singular noise from the number of deer by whom it is at once produced; it is heard at a great distance. When all the herd, consisting of three or four hundred at least, reach the encampment, they stand still and repose or frisk about in confidence, play with their antlers against one another, or in groups browse round a patch of moss. Then the maidens run with their vessels from deer to deer; the brothers and servants throw a bark halter around the antlers of the animal they point out to him, and draw it towards them: the animal generally struggles, unwilling to follow the halter. The maiden laughs and enjoys the labour it occasions, and sometimes wantonly allows it to get loose so that it may be again caught for her, while her father and mother are heard chiding them for their frolic, which has often the effect of scaring the whole flock. On beholding this scene who does not think on Laban and Leah, on Rachel and Jacob? When the herd at last flocks round to the number of many hundreds, we imagine we are beholding a mighty encampment and the commanding mind which presides over the whole stationed in the midst."

The lot of the reindeer would not certainly

* Not only have all attempts at domesticating the American variety failed, but those which have been reared by the hand of man from their very birth, have invariably proved wild and untractable on attaining maturity. See Major Ross King's "Naturalist in Canada."

† There is no evidence that the *brow* antlers, which project from one or both antlers, are ever used by the reindeer for this purpose.

* The clucking sound is made by the contraction of the hoof, which is loose and played, apparently in order to support its weight on the snow.

appear a very luxurious one; and some of the plagues to which he is subject require a brief notice. Certain animals appear to be peculiarly obnoxious to the attacks of parasites, and of these the reindeer unquestionably is one.

"No creature" (writes De Broke in his "Travels in Sweden and Norway") "suffers more than the reindeer from a species of gad-fly, as it not only torments him incessantly by its sting, but deposits its eggs in holes which it has made in the hide. The poor animal is tormented to such a degree, that were the Laps to remain in the forest from June to August, they would run the risk of losing the greater part of their herds, either by actual sickness, or by the deer being off of their own accord to escape the 'fly.' For these reasons the Lap is driven from the forests to the mountains overhanging the Norwegian and Lapland coasts. The Laplanders say that one of their reasons for going to the coasts is that the deer may drink salt water; that he takes one draught which destroys the larvæ of the fly, but never repeats it; but possibly this may only be in pursuance of the instinct which induces the deer tribe generally to seek salt food."

The reindeer are also subject to another obscure affection, first noticed by Linnæus, and attributed by him to a kind of worm. The celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, imagined himself to have been bitten by this worm. One traveller writes: "In 1823 the Laps suffered so severely from this pest in their herds, that 5000 head died from its effects, and the wolves and other animals which preyed on the dead carcasses caught the infection and died with the same symptoms."

The appearance of the reindeer has been generally rendered by artists with tolerable fidelity. But, like many other animals, its attitudes when in motion have not been as happily caught. The Reindeer will gallop only when hard pressed; but its ordinary paces are an awkward straddling walk, and still more ungraceful slouching trot. In the pictures of Lapland sledging which have been familiar to us all from our childhood, the reindeer is nearly always depicted in one of the conventional gallops, with the hind feet on the ground and the fore feet thrown high in air, or otherwise skimming along with all four feet off the ground at once. Its average speed is said to be ten miles English per hour, with an ordinary load of from 250 to 300 pounds.

These animals show also very great powers of endurance. In one of the Swedish Royal Palaces there is preserved the portrait of a reindeer, which is said to have performed the

extraordinary feat of completing 800 miles in 48 consecutive hours. This is supposed to have occurred in 1699; the deer was drawing an officer who carried important despatches, and is said to have died at the conclusion of the journey.

The American varieties of the reindeer are two; the larger one, which closely resembles one of the fossil varieties which have been found in England, is chiefly found in the wild country to the north of Quebec; the smaller variety belongs to Greenland, and ranges from the 65th parallel along the shores of the Arctic sea. The largest specimens of the former are found in the more northerly districts, the food being probably more plentiful there. The flesh is said to be good eating, and the fat along the chine is regarded as a special dainty.

The hides are valuable; but, like the European variety, so much is the American reindeer infested with the gad-fly, that the only hides serviceable for converting into leather are those taken from animals that have been caught early in the winter. Owing to the rapidity with which these animals move over the snow, their capture at this time is difficult. When scraped, stretched, dried, and bleached in the frosty air, the hides form a beautiful, even, white leather.

The Esquimaux, who are dependent on the smaller variety for their winter clothing, catch them by stratagem or mob them with dogs; occasionally they encircle and drive them into the water, where they surround them in their canoes, splashing round the bewildered animals until they dispatch them with their seal-spears.

In conclusion, we may remark that about forty years ago efforts were made to domesticate the European variety both in Scotland and Ireland. Large herds were turned out on some of the Duke of Athole's Highland estates, and on the Pentland hills, near Edinburgh; for others a home was found in a park near Dublin; but from some cause or other these experiments were not crowned with much success. C.

THE VOCÉRATRICES OF CORSICA.

So little is generally known of the beautiful towns and islands of the Mediterranean that the account of the *voceros*, or songs of revenge and mourning sung by the Corsicans, cannot fail, we think, to interest our readers. It is to the *Hommes et Dieux* of a lively and graphic French author, that we are indebted for much of the substance of this interesting exposition.

When a man has been killed in Corsica by

the bullet or the stiletto of an enemy, his body is carried into his house, and stretched upon a table with uncovered face; his friends assemble in the chamber of death, and the *Gridatu*, or vociferation, commences. This is at first a great wail of lament and complaint, a storm of grief, through which fiery oaths of vengeance flash like lightning. The men draw their poignards from their sleeves, and dash their musket-butts upon the pavement; the women toss their loose hair, and dip their handkerchiefs in the bleeding wounds of the dead. Sometimes they are seized with frenzy, and taking hands, dance the funeral dance of the *caracalu* round the body, uttering sharp cries, till, silence ensuing, one of the female relations of the dead leaves the group of her companions, and bending her ear to his mouth as if to take orders from him, begins the *vocero* in a quivering voice.

The *vocero* is the war song of these fierce obsequies, the pathetic *évoé* of these bacchanals of grief. The women who sing it improvise it in a short, panting rhythm, which seems to follow, pulse by pulse, the beating of their hearts. Some among them cultivate this gift of tears that mingle with blood, and lead the chorus, as priestesses of malediction, at all the funerals to which they are called, or rather play the part of those prophets of evil augury, whom the kings of the Bible sent for to anathematise their enemies. But more frequently the *vocératrice* is the mother, wife, or sister of the dead; and her frantic song is but the voice of blood crying aloud, or the despairing wail of a stricken breast.

Art has nothing to do with this poetry of impulse and clamour, in which love and hate, lament and imprecation, are mingled with prayer and menace, and the refrain of sobs. The excuse of its violence is that it is violent; a literary *vocero* would be as eccentric in its way as a dagger encrusted with pearls. It must be as it is, palpitating with anger, drunk with tears, singing "through the mouth of a wound."

The prelude of the *vocero* is generally tender and plaintive; the storm begins with a sigh. It consists of touching reminiscences of private life—of the pet names given by sister or wife, which echo on the ear like soft kisses laid on the forehead of the dead. "O! beloved of your sister," cries a young widow (for, by a kind of charming modesty, women in the *voceri* almost always speak of their husband as their brother, "O, my brown-skinned stag! my wingless falcon; I see you with my eyes—I touch you with my hands. O, beloved of your sister! I kiss your fountains of blood. Can this be? I cannot yet believe it. O, you soul sweeter than honey! better

than bread. It seemed as if God must have made you for his own, or thou, Mary, with thy hands."

Paria Dio l'avesso fattu
O Maria! cu le to mane.

Such passionate litanies continue from strophe to strophe. At each pause of her wail the *vocératrice* resumes, bead by bead as it were, her rosary of mourning and of love. She evokes the adored Shade under every form of fancy; she sees his soul in the dove of the eaves, the flower of the field, the pheasant of the thicket, the sail on the seas, in all the familiar and propitious images of rustic life. We seem to hear the Spouse, in the Song of Songs, lavishing on her beloved her half idolatrous metaphors. To this tenderness succeed groans, anguish, and vows of eternal despair, expressed with an energy which recalls classic grief. "I will send to Asco to buy lamp-black.—I will paint myself black as the wing of the raven.—My life flows and passes like the wave of a river.—Do you not see my eyes? They are changed to two fountains to weep for my two brothers, slain the same day. They have much to do—the bells that ring for the dead!—He of whom I complain the most is you, signor priest; for you show yourself so disposed against my family that in three years you have taken seven from among us."

But the dominant cry of the *voceri*, which at last always overpowers every other, is vengeance. Then the woman disappears to give place to the fury, the Fate who sings immolation and sacrifice. Nothing can equal the rage of her imprecations, vociferated in that rough Corsican dialect which may be called the yell of the Italian language. The sister vows to change her dress for a bandit's jacket; to buy pistols with her ear-rings, and herself to perform, in default of others, the *vendetta* of her brother. "To perform thy *vendetta*, be sure of it, she will be quite sufficient."

The mother swears to cut for her son a red jacket out of his father's bloody shirt, so that he may wear, until he has avenged him, the livery, so to speak, of murder. Women pant to collect the blood of their husbands, and scatter it, drop by drop, over the country like a mortal poison. The thirst of vengeance turns to frenzy in some of these songs, or rather to a cruel hysteria, which partakes of demoniac possession, or the delirium of the Pythia convulsed on her black tripod. It is Nemesis "completely fleshed and fastened on her prey." The Corsican women are born avengers, as the Spartan women were born heroines; and religion, though fervent among them, disappears for the time, abolished by the bloody worship they have just embraced.

"Rather than not see his *vendetta*, I would renounce my baptism!"

"Se un bidissi la Vendetta
Mi burria sbatizze,"

cries the cousin of a man murdered in an ambush.

The Electra of Æschylus would seem indeed cold and collected beside the sister of Giovanni Matteo, who was killed by two men called Ricciotto and Mascarone, their accomplice being a village priest. The *vocératrice* at first addresses the relatives of the dead, calling them like vultures to the quarry of the murderers. The invectives of the Hebrew prophets flow untaught and naturally from her lips; her spirit rises of itself to the full height of their anathemas, and it is quite from a Biblical mountain that this Corsican peasant seems to curse her enemies. "Why delayest thou, O Cecco Anto?—Tear out the entrails of Ricciotto and Mascarone,—throw them to the birds,—and may a cloud of ravens—tear their flesh and strip their bones!" Her wild eye is caught by a nephew, still a child; she points him out, proclaims him aloud, gives him the baptism of blood. "Weep not, O, my sisters!—steel your hearts like Pharaoh's.—Let Carluccio grow.—Carluccio will shed the life-blood of Mascarone!" Then her anger, still more furious, turns upon the priest who had been an accomplice in the murder. Every human accent disappears here, and it is positively the howl of the she-wolf mingled with the dull sound of tearing flesh and breaking bones. "Why cannot I see in a basket—the bowels of this priest?—I would tear them with my teeth—and break them to pieces with my hands."

Ch'eo la stracci cu li denti
E la palpa di mia manu.

And inexhaustible in execration the invective recommences. "In the house of this priest—we feel that the devil dwells.—Wicked excommunicated priest!—Dog that gnawest at the Host.—Mayst thou die in outrage—in convulsions and despair!"

At last she foams at the mouth; her nerves give way; she sinks exhausted by hatred, and has scarcely strength to murmur those two verses which are to rage what the last sigh of the Ode of Sappho is to desire—"I feel the thirst of blood—I feel the desire of death!"

Di sangue sentu una sete!
Di morte sentu una brama!

Then the *vocératrice* pauses, she must sleep off her rage; she falls asleep at the foot of the deathbed like the Eumenides of the Orestiad at the threshold of the Temple of Delphi. It is almost astonishing to a spectator that she

can survive such emotion; that, like the warrior of the legend whose heart burst in sounding his horn, she does not fall down dead after so furious a blast upon the "dreadful trumpet of doom." Reading her incendiary song we recall the hymn of the Indian legend, whose fervour consumed like a flame those who dared to sing it. But just as the Shade of Clytemnestra awakes the Eumenides with a start, the brother's spectre soon wakes the sister from her transient sleep. She rises suddenly; the fountain of her tears again wells and flows. "O, Matteo! beloved of thy sister,—sleep had conquered me,—but I will stay with thee—to weep till dawn." The call to the *vendetta* recommences, indefatigable as a brazen bell. "How, in the devil's name, can it be—that, for a man related to so many people,—no one feels his honour touched—in listening to my lamentations?—If none of you execute his *vendetta*,—for the future you will be nothing to us." She regrets that she has no son to whom to transmit the debt of blood; she curses the barren womb which had not conceived vengeance. "Oh, if I had a son!—Oh, if I had a child!—I would cut from my bloody apron—stuff to make him a waistcoat,—so that he should never, never forget—the blood of my brother,—and that, grown up, he should execute vengeance!"

Fancy the effect of this wail upon the irascible souls of those who listen! Tears are a philtre with which women work subtle spells, and here tears fall on blood! The *vocero* has always been the trumpet flourish to the wars of the *vendetta*; at its call stilettos are sharpened, gunlocks click in the men's hands, and even by nightfall a son, brother, or relation, lurks, watching his opportunity, in the dark tangle of the thickets.

Sometimes, in strange contrast, we find a prayer interwoven with the homicidal song, reminding us of those daggers of the middle ages, upon the blades of which are engraved the *Pater* or the *Angelic Salutation*. This solemn intervention of the idea of God in the midst of human violence is nowhere better expressed than in a historic *vocero*, quite dramatic in its nature, in which nothing is wanting, neither scene, nor "peripetia," nor *dénouement*. A doctor, named Matteo, had been sent for to a dying man in the village of Soro. This death-bed was a snare laid by an enemy; the patient killed the doctor. His family being informed of this, set out to meet the funeral procession, and render the alain the last offices, one of his female cousins walking and chanting at their head. They met by the bridge the body of the doctor, which the people of Soro were bringing back to the village where he was born. "Upon the bridge

—soon appeared, as it were, a little cloud—no cross, no stoled priest in front.—Only they had tied up his chin with a handkerchief.” Those who bear the body greet the relatives, and wish to hold out a friendly hand to them; but the *vocatrice* repulses them. “Let us approach Matteo—let us touch his hand.—From others who resemble him in nothing—we will take nothing.—O Matteo, my dove!—they have struck you with too sure a hand.” Then she denounces his murderers with energy and menaces; her indignation rouses one of her companions, the spirit of the *vendetta* seizes him, and both devote the murderers to a speedy death. The inhabitants of the village where the funeral procession has halted, come from their houses to condole with the mourners, and to offer food to the *vocatrice*, but she refuses to eat the bread and drink the wine of the spot which permitted the murder of Matteo; she curses it, insults it, shakes off the dust from her feet against it, calls down lightning on its harvests and its flocks. “Eat your bread and drink your wine—we want none of these:—we want blood—to revenge ours—that has been spilt.—Is not this the unworthy land—that saw my cousin fall?—May fire seize upon it,—may no man inhabit it more!” Then an old woman raises her venerable voice amidst the tumult:—“Be calm, O my sisters,—and cease this wail.—Matteo wishes not to be revenged—for he is with the Lord in heaven.—Look at this bier;—look, dear sisters. Jesus Christ is upon it—He who teaches pardon.—Do not excite your men;—like the sea, they are troubled enough already. Think that if we wish to receive—in our turn we must give.”

Sometimes this appeal had its fruit, and, indeed, this passion for vengeance, which so long possessed Corsica, was the misfortune of its history as much as the instinct of its character. The tyranny of the Genoese is, above all, responsible for it; they treated the conquered island like a vessel boarded in war, and governed it by extortion and pillage. During the Genoese dominion, there was no public right for Corsica. She appealed to the musket, therefore, for the justice elsewhere refused. Fertilised by blood, the soil reproduced murder sevenfold; every bullet had its murderous billet, every tombstone became a shelter for a new bandit. The murdered man slew in his turn, by the hand of his son, his brother, or his friend: the family of the dead inherited his quarrels; the village espoused the cause of his family, and took up arms against its enemy; and these quarrels crossed and mingled, giving rise to endless murders. Hence the network of homicidal feuds which soon covered the entire island. The *vendetta*

had its genealogical tree—a mortal Upas rooted in the heart of Corsica, interweaving its fibres with the very fibres of its soil. Hence also that tragic familiarity with death which brought it into every scene of life. Like the laws of Draco's red table, the grievances of Corsica had only death for enforcement and chastisement. It is said that a stolen cock would cause the mutual slaughter of nearly all the inhabitants of a village. Love itself threatened instead of imploring; the *serenate* of the old days of the island are as violent as the *Voceri*. These play no guitar to a young girl, they sound her knell, rather; they sing a *de profundis* under her lattice. In them passion is frenzy, beauty a victim devoted to the knife. The lover insults his mistress, and demands her heart or her life. Love is no longer the courteous shepherd who sighs under Lucinda's balcony, he is a powder-grimed bandit, who vociferates, carbine in hand, “He who marries you,—O gracious deity,—must reckon no longer on his life.—I will have you—divine beloved—dead, if I cannot have you living.”

E ti voglio, o cara divina
Morta, se non posso viva.

Under pain of death no one must court the woman who is courted by one of these ferocious lovers. “I will cut to pieces the tongues of other lovers—and throw them to the dogs.—Let the roof and the house go up in smoke!—let all the family weep its ruin.—If I do interfere—no one shall go about quietly.—If I do this—go not out of your house.—Do you not hear people say—all the country over—the lover of Beatrix will do unheard-of things?—From morning to evening he will cause—cries to be heard and bells to ring.—Listen to what I tell you;—I think nothing of going to the thickets.—Whoever tries to wed you is a dead man;—I advise you, then, to change your mind—or to prepare for your funeral.”

The very cradle, in the barbarous days of the *vendetta*, was not exempt from its sombre influence. The nurses called not fairies, but furies, up around the child. One of the cradle-songs makes us shudder; it was sung by an old woman of the canton of Zicavo to her grandson. “When you are grown up—you will bear arms,—neither *voltigeurs* nor *gendarmes* must make you afraid; and if you are provoked—you will become a proud bandit.—All your ancestors were famous men,—they were active, nimble—bloody, courageous.—Fifteen were put to death,—so many, in the public place; men of great courage,—the flower of our race.—Perhaps you, my darling,—are he who shall avenge them.”

We seem to hear, in this, old Atropos muttering incantations beside the young soul; to see Tisiphone giving to her new-born child her breast swollen with poison.

But Corsica always preserved a native grandeur, even in her crimes. The carbine of her bandits claimed in its way the honour of the duellist's sword; a kind of law of nations regulated the war of the *vendetta*, which had its challenge, its defiance, its adjournment, its truce, its treaties, its asylum. The clauses of this code were always scrupulously observed, and the dark history of the *vendetta* records no venality or betrayal.

The free air of the spirit of the times has now penetrated the most distant wilds of Corsica. Its fierce Nemesis, exorcised by light, now only haunts some few glens of the mountains, and from these even she will, doubtless, soon disappear, and the *vocero* be merely the wail of the mourning home. For the *vocero* in Corsica does not preside solely over the obsequies of murder, but also over peaceful interments. Then its accent changes, its voice grows soft; it is no longer the fierce call to vengeance, but the sweet chime conveying the adieux of the survivors to the departed soul. Women still perform this last office; the instinct of all nations has chosen woman's voice to address the dead, as to woo sleep. Rome had her paid weepers; public fountains of common tears, from which each could draw his libation of grief. But what in Paganism was but the music of funeral rites, modern nations have changed into a kind of mournful inspiration; Greece, Italy, Spain, have, like Corsica, their *vocératrices*, and mental suffering has no more touching phenomenon than this delirium of sorrow, which inspires an ignorant peasant with the frenzy of the Sibyls, teaching her to speak for an hour language which she will have forgotten on the morrow.

The ceremonial of ordinary interments in Corsica is not that of its tragic funerals. The body is still stretched on a table, with the face uncovered, but tapers light the chamber, and the corpse is dressed in its holiday attire. If it is that of a priest, a chalice is placed in its hand; if it is that of a young girl, she is arrayed in her best, and placed at the threshold, her feet turned towards the house. These funerals in which the face is left uncovered are one of the most touching spectacles of religious Italy. Many times we have met by night in the streets of Rome the funeral procession of a young girl, looking at first sight more like the celebration of some mysterious bridal. The dead girl, arrayed in white, lay on her bier surrounded by masked *frati*; the taper's light quivered in a glory round her head; priests sang psalms at her side, and

chorister children with bells led the way; while as the *cortège* passed, spectators knelt, women waved kisses to it, and signs of the cross; flowers and boughs rained from the windows on the white shroud, and all was light, harmony and peace.

The bloodless *voceri* of Corsica are of an enthralling sweetness. Affection, like hatred, is excessive among the whole people; it loves as it hates. Never has a more tender or natural language been spoken to the dead. Now it is a woman, who, addressing her husband, and fearing to have incurred his displeasure, humbly proposes to separate from him, and to give up to him his daughter, if he will but revive. "If you no longer wish to live here—I will send you to Bastia,—and there you shall dwell with your Nunzia Maria.—Perhaps my company has ceased to be pleasant to you, O Giovanni!" Now another says to her husband, "You were to my eyes a sail on the seas," and in one verse she paints herself in an attitude of Homeric grace and *naïveté*: "Dear object of my vows,—no longer will you shelter me—under your chin."

Nun m'ascunderàchju piu
Sotto lu vostru bavellu.

Now a young girl pronouncing the *vocero* of one of her companions, gives the dead girl a commission for heaven. "I will write a little letter—quickly, and give it you;—I will not close it with wax;—I can trust to you.—You will give it to my father—when you reach the other world."

But the masterpieces of these natural elegies are the *voceri* sung by mothers over their daughters snatched from them by an early death. In these we hear village Hecubas and Niobes more eloquent in their simple grief than those of the poets. Listen to the song of a mother mourning her daughter of sixteen. Even so must have wept, "she who wept in Rama, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

"Behold her, then, my daughter,—a young maid of sixteen years!—Behold her stretched upon the table—after long suffering;—behold her arrayed in her fairest robes.

"In her fairest robes—she will now depart,—for the Lord will no longer have her here.—She who was born for Paradise—cannot grow old in this world.

"O my daughter!—how death has changed—thy white and rose-pink face—made for Paradise! When I see thee thus—I seem to see an extinguished star.

"Thou wert among the best—and the fairest maidens,—like the rose amid the flowers,—like the moon amid the stars.—Thou wert the fairest—where all were fair.

"The young men of the country,—when in thy presence,—blushed like kindled torches.—Thou wert courteous to all,—familiar with none.

"All in the church—from the first to the last—looked only at thee,—and thou didst look at none.—The mass barely over—thou didst say, Let us go, mother.

"Who will ever console me,—O dear hope of thy mother?—Thou goest to the place—whither the Lord calls thee.—Alas! why hath the Lord—so great a wish to have thee?—O, now how far fairer—will Paradise be!

"But also how far fuller—of grief will the world be for me!—A single day must seem a thousand years—thinking of thee,—asking unceasingly—where is my daughter?

"Amidst relations without affection,—neighbours without love,—if I fall ill and cannot rise—who will wipe the sweat from my brow?—who will give me a draught of water?—who will keep me from dying?

"If I could but die—as thou art dead,—O hope of my heart!—And if I could go to heaven—and find thee there—and be with thee,—and never lose thee more!

"Pray then to the Lord—that he may take me from this world,—for I cannot remain thus.—In no other way—can my grief be ended."

Let us conclude with this touching wail, which redeems all the fury of the *vendetta*. Pausing by this pure bed, upon which sleeps a maiden so touchingly bewailed, we lose sight of the fierce funerals, the bleeding corpses, the scenes of discord through which we have come; after so many bodies scarred by the knife or shattered by the ball, it gives rest to our eyes like a lovely vision; this moan is soft and sweet after so many yells. Thus, in the fifth act of *Hamlet*, a melancholy relief is experienced when the white bier of Ophelia interrupts the clash of swords, and the frenzy of revenge. The fight pauses a moment, passions sink to rest, and sweet words refresh the air of the drama, laden before with blood and storm:—

"From thy fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

"Sweets to the sweet!"

"I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave."

B. M.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XVI. SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.

If there is any truth, Mr. Nomad, in the old adage about 'early to bed'—I don't for my part believe a word of it—the coming generation of young men about town ought to

be much healthier, and wealthier, and wiser, than those who tramped the streets before them. In my time the night was just beginning about the hour when people now—a-days are going home to bed. I have known lads—and for that matter grown-up men—stop out of doors all night, walking about the street, in order that, when they went home with the milk, their landladies, or the servants at their lodging-houses, might fancy they had been out upon the spree. I suppose there are fools now as there were then; and, therefore, I dare say the same trick may be played now with the same object. But except these aspirants for the reputation of Don Juana, I don't see why anybody bent on pleasure should stop out of his bed after one. There is nowhere that I know of to go to now; nothing to do, nothing to be seen, not a place even where you can get a drink. I am not saying it is not all for the better; I think, as I told you last time, it is. But still London looks dull now at night to what it used to be. I felt quite lonely, loitering about the streets I had known so noisy and riotous, and full of life; and, besides, I felt parched and thirstier than usual. Looking round me, I saw I was very near at hand to Sally's oyster shop. I wonder how many people there are left in London who remember Sally's now! If the place was still open, and Sally was still in the flesh—and she had enough to last her for a century—she, I felt certain, would not refuse a glass of beer to the shabbiest of ragamuffins as long as he could show himself to be an old customer, as I could. I am so changed, the chances are she would not recollect my face; and if she did, she never knew my name. It was one of the odd things about Sally's that the same people went there night after night, talked together for hours, and never knew each other except by some nick-name, given them by chance. It was a queer, odd haunt in the old time certainly. In one of the side streets not very far from the Strand, there stood a frowzy, shabby looking oyster-shop. In the front window there was a large collection of empty oyster shells; on the walls were a number of tattered play bills, all out of date, the space underneath the counter was covered with dirty pewters, and broken pyramids of ginger-beer bottles were piled upon the floor. A snuffy scarecrow of a man—much, as far as my recollection runs, of the Walking Poster order of humanity—hung about the shop during the day time, engaged apparently in a feeble endeavour to set the place to rights; and, towards the afternoon, a stout lady in dirty curl-papers, with the look of having only just got out of bed and not having had time to fasten her dress or brush her hair,

dozed behind the counter. Altogether, Sally's was not an attractive looking place during working hours. If you wanted lunch, it was not the establishment you would select for eating in; and if you went in by chance, you felt somehow your custom was not desired. When night came on and the gas was lit, the shop brightened up a little, and the curl-papers were removed; but still there was little sign of business while the evening was young. It was only when midnight was long past, and the bells of the New Church, and St. Dunstan's, and St. Clement Danes', had struck two, that Sally's was in its glory. Even then the stray customers were not many. But those who had the *entrée* of the establishment passed through the shop, and were admitted into a small back parlour, where an odd sort of club was held, presided over by Sally and her sisters. With the exception of these ladies, all of mature age, no female visitor was admitted to the sanctum; and, whatever you may think, Mr. Nomad, Sally's was as respectable a place as could be found in London. If it was respectable, you may wonder why people went there. Well, I often wondered, then, and I never yet have been able to make up my mind why it was so many men who had clubs, or homes, or taverns, went there night after night. The ladies sat and worked, the gentlemen sat and smoked, and drank. You might drink a good deal more than was good for you; but otherwise, you could do nothing that was wrong at Sally's. A very short acquaintance sufficed to place you on the free list of the establishment; you were privileged to run up a score at the bar; to call the ladies by their Christian names—a favour which they reciprocated readily. But there your intimacy stopped. Conversation was not straitlaced; and one—the stout sister—the mistress of the establishment, would, if sufficient solicitation was employed, favour the company with comic songs—she had a pleasant voice enough—which would hardly have been thought genteel in a West-End drawing-room. But, for all that, the decencies were strictly observed; and, somehow, in a queer, strange way, those lone women caused themselves to be treated with respect. Many and many a night I have sat and sipped brandy-and-water there till the summer sun shone in through the shutter-chinks in the early morning. There was a tradition that men of letters, actors, and artists, were in the habit of frequenting the place; they may have done so for anything I can tell, as nobody who went there appeared to know much about anybody else. Still, my private impression is, that men who make any mark in the world do not sit up night after

night, boozing in the back parlours of oyster-shops. The oldest inhabitant, the chief customer, the sort of self-elected president of the gathering, was a certain old gentleman, whose name I have never known from that day to this. He was just what you would call a nice, pleasant old man. To look at his broad smooth brow, his fresh, rose-coloured cheeks, his clear blue eyes, and white silky hair, you would set him down for a worthy country gentleman of the Squire Allworthy order, who had come up to London to draw his dividends, and to see the humours of the loser.

Truth compels me to own that his looks belied him. He lived in chambers near the Temple, and spent his evenings fuddling himself at the different clubs to which he belonged. Then, when he was turned out of his club haunts, he would toddle off to Sally's and sit there drinking as long as any one would keep him company. I don't suppose anybody ever saw him enter Sally's sober, or heard him talk as if he were drunk; when he once got into his favourite chair by the fire-side, or was helped into it, he would converse sensibly and quietly enough. If the ladies left the room, he would tell queerish stories in Bohemian language; but in their presence, and they seldom stopped long away, he was decent, at any rate, in his words. When, at last, the time had come to go home, a cab would be called, into which our respected president was lifted, if he could not stand; his fare home was paid by Sally, who generally had charge of his purse; and somewhere about the time when honest men were going out to work, the drunken old free liver stumbled up his stairs to bed. One night he missed his footing, fell down, and broke his neck. There was an inquest on him, and out, I believe, of curiosity, the doctors had an examination of the body. Not a vital organ, so they declared afterwards, was impaired in any way by years upon years of habitual daily drunkenness, and but for his accident, he might have gone on fuddling himself night after night till he had added another twenty to the three-score years which he had already reached. Well, I don't suppose either he or anybody else was much the worse for the termination of his life; but Sally's suffered from it. The old set broke up, and young city men and merchant-captains supplied their place, and the last time I set foot in it, a great many years ago, now, either I was changed, or the people were changed, or the place was changed; but somehow the charm had vanished. I had very little hope of finding it open; but I felt a strange longing to get back for a moment to some of the haunts I had frequented—to see a face I had known in the bygone times—and I felt an odd pang

when I found the very shop had been pulled down, and its place knew it no more.

So, foot-sore and thirsty, I trudged homewards. My way—I don't mind telling you thus much—lay across Waterloo Bridge; but I had not a copper in my pocket to pay the toll with. Round about the end of the bridge, slouching about the pavement between the Strand and the toll-bars, were two or three ragged, forlorn-looking creatures, who seemed to belong to the locality. Whenever a decently-dressed man passed by, one of these fellows sidled up to him and began the plaintive story—how he was dead beat, and was obliged to cross the bridge or walk miles out of his way, and should take the gift of one miserable halfpenny as an act of Christian charity. Not unfrequently the appeal proved successful, more especially if it was addressed to one of the poor, bedizened, flaunting women who were going home to bed after their night's tramp was over; and as soon as enough was earned to get a night's lodging, the beggars would crawl away to the dens where they slept, amidst the arches. I recollect once, in days when I had money to throw away, asking one of these bridge cadgers whom I had seen night after night pursuing the same game, why she never asked for more than a penny. The girl's answer was, that she had tried to do so, and found it fail. If she asked for a half-penny, people gave it her without thinking; but, if she asked for silver, people began to think, and the moment thinking begins, there is no chance of giving. She showed me a whole handkerchief full of halfpence she had picked up that night; but then the night was very fine, and the girl had a soft voice and pleasant smile. It would be a long time, I guess, before I ever made a sixpence by asking for it. Begging is not in my line; and if I had to ask for money in the streets, I hardly know which I should hate most, the man who refused it, or the man who gave it.

All the same, it seems to me a crying shame, that I, and poor devils like me, should not be allowed to cross this or any other London bridge without paying for it. After all, there are thousands of persons every day in this city, who can neither borrow, nor beg, nor steal, a single farthing. If you happened to be in such a plight—and better men than you or I have been in it before now—and wanted to cross the Thames above London, how, I should like to know, would you manage it. Why, as far as I know, there is not a single bridge between Richmond and New Battersea, where you can pass without paying a half-penny at least. Still, you may say, that Kew and Richmond and even Wimbledon are not much

in the way of people who have not a penny in their pockets. But this, I can tell you, that the poorer you are the less you like walking. Did you ever hear of a pauper taking a "constitutional" for his pleasure? I should say, from observation, that walking as a pleasure requires not only easy circumstances, but total freedom from pecuniary care; an embarrassed man never walks to amuse himself. If I had money with a banker or lawyer, and found he did not take exercise regularly, I should feel uncomfortable about my funds. Poor men, however, have to walk for work whether they like it or not. I, for instance, have to cross from Southwark to Middlesex twice every day of my weary life. If I go over Waterloo instead of Westminster or Blackfriars, I save at least two miles of my daily round; and when you have to tramp all day between two boards, this, I can tell you, is no small saving. But, on the other hand, each crossing costs me a half-penny; and when you have to house, feed, and clothe yourself out of six shillings a week, it is mortal hard to have to spend a penny out of every shilling—not to mention Sundays—in order to walk about from one part of the town to the other. If reformers ever troubled themselves about anything which could do any practical good to everybody, they would agitate for throwing all bridges open to the poor; but, of course, such an idea never enters their heads, any more than it does that of your philanthropists. Why, there is Mr. Peabody, who, in order to make a gift to the London poor, has built model lodging-houses, where well-to-do people will be better off than they were before. Why, I want to know, did not he buy up the tolls of Waterloo Bridge, if he wanted really to do something which would help the poor. Of course, there would have been nothing much to show for his money; and, I don't suppose a man sharp enough to have made a fortune, would ever be simple enough to fancy people who passed over the bridge toll-free would feel any particular gratitude to their benefactor. All the same, if he wanted to do good, he might have done it easily enough, by making the bridges of London open to all its people.

I never saw Mr. Peabody, and know nothing about him; but I have a prejudice against men who are rich enough to throw away money into trust funds. At four on a chill morning, when you are obliged to walk a mile or so out of your way for want of a copper-piece to pay a toll, you do feel uncharitably towards mankind in general, and millionaires in particular. However, on this particular occasion, I had not to walk. I waited till I saw a cab stop at the gates, filled with a lot of young fellows, who had been out

on the loose, and had taken too much to drink. They wanted change—people when they are not very well able to count their money always do want change—and while the toll-keeper was fumbling about in his pockets and calculating, I suspect, how little he could safely return out of the sovereign handed to him, I slipped behind the cab, through the open gate, and so did the pike for once in my life. Such a thing never happened to me before, and I don't know how I came to think of it; the chances were ever so many to one against my slipping through unobserved; but that odd chance saved the life of the captain of our gang. How, it is too late to tell you now.

AUTUMN DAYS IN UNTERWALDEN.

THERE is no better practice for a walk in Switzerland than to engage a room on the fifth floor of the Charing Cross Hotel, sublimely disdaining the assistance of the "lift," in mounting and descending, except perhaps, occasionally, for the sake of introducing that element of danger which seems necessary to give a zest to such exercise, since this machinery, on one occasion, is said to have broken down at another hotel. The elasticity of the Alpine air would be represented, if not overhead, at least underfoot, by that of the india-rubber felt which covers the landings of that colossal establishment, the summits and *arêtes* of whose towering roof entitle it to be considered as one of the principal elevations of the Oberland of London. At all events, no better imitation of an Alp will be met with on the easy road from London to Lucerne.

On Wednesday, September 6th, 1865, at 6 P.M., I find myself dropped at the Lucerne station, and in two hours and a half, walking into the Angel Hotel at Stanz, by the assistance of a nearly full but waning moon, which had done me good service in lighting up the shores of the lake of the Four Cantons, along which the path lay, until it passed over the long bridge to Stansstad, crossing the arm of water which ends at Alpnach.

I had no great reason to find fault with my Angel, except that he or she (of what sex are they?) made little errors in the bill requiring correction, and hence I am led to the conclusion that some of the angels who preside over hotels are either of the unfair sex, or that they represent that class of the fair ones known as fallen angels.

The "parish lantern" revealed, as I entered the village-like capital of Unterwalden, that some festival had just been held there. Banners were floating, and garlands glancing everywhere, and I was gently startled on

passing a big tree at the entrance of the town, at a kind of wraith-like painting let into the body of it, which represented by daylight, some patriotic bard dressed after the manner of David in illustrated prayer-books, such as are so useful in keeping children good in church. The people had just been engaged in uncovering the marble monument set up to commemorate the national and cantonal hero Arnold of Winkelried, "of the sheaf of spears," the Decius of the day of Sempach. His house is shown in Stanz now, and he is devoutly believed by all Swiss to have had a real existence, though there is some danger that their unneighbourly neighbours, the German savans, will ere long resolve him into some myth of the sun, and make out that the sheaf of spears only denotes the beams which the god seems to clasp to his bosom before he retires to rest. The monument, carved of Carrara marble, the work of M. Schlöth of Basel, like nearly all statues in every country, is the subject of much criticism. Sufficient allowance for the limited possibilities of expression in the plastic art is not made for sculptors.

The design is to represent a three-fold crisis, three "moments," in German diction: the first, the strait of the Swiss army, as expressed by the fallen warrior below; the next, the sacrifice of the hero, commending his wife and children to the care of his countrymen; the next, the result of the sacrifice in opening the road to victory, figured by the beardless warrior who is flying over his body at the enemy, with the muscles of both arms tightened round the haft of that tremendous morning-star whose descent shall crush the iron wall of the foreign lancers. Ill-natured critics suggest that from the enemy not being visible, the youth appears about to brain Winkelried, and that at all events, he appears too much the master of the situation, and Winkelried too subordinate. But it must be considered that it is quite consistent with the character of young Switzerland to take advantage of an opening, while antique chivalry with all its grandeur is too self-sacrificing for this world, and so it is as well that Winkelried, though glorified and canonized, should go down. Joking apart, the group is easy of explanation, and does great credit to the subscribers and the artist. It stands in a red niche, in a kind of chapel on the rise of a hill, and thus must be seen from below, which modifies that undue prominence of the topmost figure objected to by the critics. A pretty fountain spurts from the pedestal. We may, at all events, refrain from blame: it is not for those to throw stones at the Swiss in these matters, who have glass windows enough to build a Crystal Palace. Though said to be a greedy

people,—which simply means that they are not very rich—their purses are always open for great national objects, and the liberality of the many is not so often neutralized as with us, by the jobbery and bad taste of the few.

It was a hot morning, and it seemed as if the long straight road to Wolfenschiess would never end. Where the road rises beyond Grafenart, after passing Wolfenschiess, immortalized by Schiller, a pleasant and shady wood commences. When some 3000 feet above the sea-level are reached, a corner is rounded which reveals one of those long, flat valleys, like pastoral Edens, so common among the Alps, with a number of *châlets* scattered about it, clustering at the farther end into a village, of which some great conventual buildings form the nucleus, and a slight hill leads down into the vale, and about a mile of straight ground to the convent of Engelberg, with its attendant hotels and boarding-houses.

The mountain-wall to the left is formed of the bristling mass of peaks culminating in the Uri-Rothstock, conspicuous among which, in the fore-ground, is the Engelberger-stock, which overhangs the village with its head of an irregular rhomboidal shape, seemingly inaccessible, and painted more than once, during my visit, with the exquisite rose of Alpine sunsets. And among the masses to the right, the Titlis is the most remarkable, looking marvellously venerable, and almost ecclesiastical with its snowy scalp or cowl, which had long been to me a conspicuous object from the Feldberg in the Black Forest, prompting a trial of the ascent, not less that I had heard that considering its height, and the facilities it gives for breathing "the *difficult* air of the iced mountain-top," (a fable by the way,) and for surveying the world of glaciers, no dangers or difficulties worth speaking of were to be expected—a reason which the more daring members of the Alpine Club would scarcely be inclined to appreciate. The view is terminated by the beautiful *aiguilles* of the Spanörter between the Titlis and the Schlossberg, with glaciers festooned across them. The general appearance of the round-headed Titlis with the *aiguilles* beyond it, brings strongly to mind the valley of Chamouny, as the Titlis itself suggests a minor Mont Blanc. To the university man its ascent is the little go, while that of Mont Blanc is the final examination. It has likewise its own Grands Mulets, a resting place half-way up, where shelter may be had from the sun and wind, behind some sufficient rocks, before the ice is ventured upon; but of this, more anon. The conventual buildings of Engelberg are more

remarkable for their great extent than their beauty. The reconstruction of the church after the fire which destroyed the old one, happened at the unfortunate date of 1729. A great deal of money was manifestly spent on the decorations of the roof to very little purpose. The pictures, which are modern, are unusually fresh and pleasing, especially those portraying the principal incidents in the life of our Saviour, though, perhaps, His countenance has been invested by the artists with too feminine a style of beauty. The chief altar-piece, the Assumption of St. Mary, is by Spiegler, 1734. The curious MSS. in the library are shown by a genuine Father Ignatius, who has no connection with the reverend gentleman who assumed that name in England.

It appears that this Abbey of Engelberg was once very rich, and owned the whole of the valley; but the French Republicans, who so cruelly maltreated the people of Stanz in 1798, alienated a great part of its property. It is strange that the action of the French, when they tried the experiment of republican government again in 1848, was nowhere so cruelly felt as when directed against existing republics, and the occupation of Rome is a fit parallel to the devastation of Switzerland; leading to the inference that with all their fine qualities the French people are the greatest political hypocrites in the world. In spite of its comparatively modern aspect, the Abbey of Engelberg dates from the twelfth century, and derives its name, Mons Angelorum, from Pope Calixtus XI. Its site in the pleasant valley was well chosen by its original founders, who, with a due regard to creature comforts, and a wholesome fear of salt-fish in Lent, took care that a trout stream should flow at its foot.

On the next day, September 8th, I accompanied two Cambridge friends part of the way up the Surenen Pass. On the left we passed, soon after leaving the village, a creditable waterfall of the Staubbach kind, while on the right the glaciers and sheer side of the Titlis grew ever larger and larger, the main part of the mountain assuming the appearance of a huge, unbroken wall with a white parapet, very striking in its light grey and reddish mass, projected against a deeper coloured sky, and still more striking as the sun passed round and left it in shadow. A middle distance of bright sunny slopes, and a dark wood in the nearer foreground, with the white rushing stream of the Engelberger Aa (an odd name for a river, probably "water" in some Keltic dialect), and *châlets*, and rocks, clambered over by goats close to the spectator, made a fine composition for a painter. The repose of

this day was a good preparation for my attack on the Titlis, which I had engaged with Amrein the guide to ascend early the next

morning. At night, however, the sky looked lowering, and Amrein doubtful; but as the glass kept steady we determined to persist.



The Titlis, from the Engstlenalp.

With our faces turned to the crest of the Titlis, on the 9th of September, at six A.M., we soon found ourselves ascending the steep path through the pinewood, which clothes the first height facing Engelberg. Having accomplished this there was a choice of two roads, one across a green, open, and nearly level meadow leading to the zigzag path up the Pfaffenwand, a huge wall of rock which has not improbably derived its name from its having proved a boundary wall to the Pfaffen or "parsons" of Engelberg; the other ascending a huge hill which slopes at an angle of rather less than forty-five degrees down from the wild rocky region which comes in

contact with the skirts of the great glacier of the Titlis. Having chosen the latter route as the more direct though the more fatiguing, we arrived at the rocks which we called the "grands mulets" of the Titlis at half-past nine A.M., and breakfasted under the shelter they afforded from the wind. Below us stretched the glacier, full of greenish, wicked looking crevices down into a gully, far away towards the valley. We could trace the foot-marks of the German gentleman and his guide, who perished there on the 26th of August, 1865, in the attempt to ascend the Titlis by a new route—a proceeding manifestly foolish, as in most cases it is a saving of trouble to strike

the glacier as high up as possible; and before the unfortunate men attained anything like an elevation they must have had a long course of severe and tedious ice work. There is little doubt, however, that they would have reached the summit in safety had they not started so late as eleven A.M. The steps were observed by the men who were let down to recover the bodies to become gradually less deep and then to cease altogether, so as to lead to the conjecture that, finding the hours of daylight rapidly diminishing, they thought they might pass along the bulge of the glacier without taking the trouble to cut steps; the consequence of their doing this was a slip over a precipice of some hundred feet. The bodies were recovered with difficulty by a party of eighteen men in a place of great danger, hanging among rocks and crevices, still lashed together. Whilst resting at the rocks we espied a party consisting of four men, two women, and a dog, on the glacier before us, at about half-an-hour's distance, making their way to the summit at a very respectable pace. The sight of any life besides one's own on the silent waste of ice and snow is almost surprising, and, I will add, by no means disagreeably so.

We now ascended a long slope of grey shale, and then its continuation in a ridge of rocks. After a time it becomes necessary to leave this ridge and take to the glacier, by means of a perpendicular groove called the Chimney. This would present the only source of danger in the ascent to a person going alone, as a slip off the imperfect steps of rocks is very possible, and at the bottom, between the rocks and ice, there is an almost invisible crevasse. But the rope easily obviates this danger in the case of two persons, as the first who descends has it let down with him by his companion, who has firm footing above, and the second, though he must risk a slip, is prevented from falling into the crevasse by the first having passed beyond it with the rope. After this it is plain sailing over the glacier, which is in most places very firm and gives good footing; but two or three places most treacherously crevassed render the use of the rope advisable. The middle part of the glacier is steep; but we were right in making the ascent with reference to the time of year later than the usual time, which is the early morning, Engelberg being generally left soon after midnight. If we had ascended earlier, the cutting of steps in the frozen surface would have been necessary. As it was, it was just soft enough to allow of good foothold, without being so soft as to make the ascent laborious.

The latter part of the glacier (I should state) was a gentle slope, leading over the

white cowl of the mountain to a steep little eminence of rock with a cairn of stones, the highest point. We arrived at half-past eleven A.M., having been five and a half hours in making the ascent, and met there the party we had seen before us, which we now found to consist of two young English ladies, a gentleman, and three guides from the Engstlenalp. We enjoyed a picnic meal under the cairn. The red Winterthur wine tasted remarkably well, and then somewhat ungratefully we launched the empty bottles into eternity over the precipice.

The view, though sublime, was not clear, as a barrier of clouds hung over the Alps of the Vallais, and we were disappointed in not seeing the now famous, because fatal, Matterhorn. Every peak of the Bernese Oberland, however, was clearly distinguishable; and the view towards the lakes and lowlands to the north had its objects so well defined that the larger buildings in Lucerne could be recognised.

After a rest of about half an hour, the party rose and harnessed for the descent, an operation which, the ladies remarked, brought to mind childish recollections of playing at horses. A dead butterfly on the glacier, which had strayed from the region of flowers and lost its way, suggested more powerfully than any other object the inhospitable nature of the region. The glacier was traversed, and the "Chimney" scaled, without misadventure; and at the half-way house rocks I took leave of my guide Amrein, intending to accompany the other party to the Engstlenalp. We had to descend into a gorge of broken stony moraine ground, then to cross as we best could a turbid torrent fed by the glaciers, in the passage of which one of our ladies would have come to grief had she not been well supported; then to ascend again by a rough path till we reached the Joch-pass, the wall which separates Unterwalden from Bern, and the opening to another mountain world. A little lake to the top of the pass reflected beautifully the neighbouring ice-covered heights, which here assumed the shape of huge black thorns above the glaciers. The similarity to small objects in such cases seems to enhance the scale of size.

The view extending from the Joch-pass downwards terminates with a lake, the Engstlenalp-see, not far from which are seen two houses, the inn, and the "pension" attached to it. A bath in the cold waters of this lake is not to be recommended after the ascent of the Titlis, for the fatigue may prevent the necessary re-action. I had to pay the penalty of this imprudence in a shivering fit, which, however, yielded to an hour's repose under an

eider-down "oberbett." The Engstlenalp, from which a path leads downwards to Meyringen, and another up to the left over a ridge into the Melchthal, commands a most imposing view of the Wetterhorn group, which was the first object I saw when I awoke on the morning of Sunday, September 10th, and the rose-tints of sun-rise invested the "peaks of storms" with inexpressible loveliness.

On leaving the inn alone to return to Engelberg, I observed in its immediate neighbourhood one of nature's compositions, which a painter would have found a difficulty in improving. In the fore-ground was a rugged pile of rocks, some twenty feet high, variegated with red, yellow, and white lichens, with ferns in the interstices, and a bed of rhododendrons now nearly overblown, at their foot; in the middle distance, a bit of the lake to the right, with the sun-making a silver line upon it; to the left, on a stone-spangled, bright-yellow slope, a savagely fantastic and solitary pine, as if sent to Coventry by its fellows; beyond this, the winding-path leading to the Joch-pass, and the delicate grey of the slopes about the Titlis with its white head in the distance, though dwarfed and foreshortened by the glaciers of the still nearer mountains. On reaching the Joch-pass, I strayed purposely from the path, climbing down the steep leading to the Trubsee (probably so called from its turbid water fed by the Titlis glaciers.)

Here the whistle of the marmot, which would be startling to one who did not know its cause, was often heard. The guides say that this is the manner in which this cold-loving rodent complains of the heat. A marmot, on close acquaintance, is a quaint beast in his habits, and nothing is more absurd than the determined slowness of his bite, which, however, is no joke to incautious fingers. Crossing the head of a glen which leads down to the left into the valley of Engelberg I came on a fierce torrent, which is the outlet of the Trubsee, and just beyond it to a piece of ground half hid in juniper bushes, where the rock is undermined and almost honeycombed by the escape of the waters, which gurgle deep in the rifts they have cut, reducing the white limestone to the resemblance of a crevassed glacier, not entirely destitute of hidden danger to an unwary step. Some of these chinks resembled in form, but on a smaller scale, that famous fairy glen of Foss Noddin, by Bettws-y-coed in North Wales, so dear to painters. The steep and peaked upper edges of the Trubsee are broken by a path which leads in zigzags down the least abrupt part of the tremendous Pfaffen-wand. These zig-

zags may be cut off by any one who chooses to descend the slippery steeps in a manner somewhat undignified, and more advantageous to the tailor than his wares. This precipice passed, a path leads over an open Alp to the last steep, which is covered with pine-wood, and rises immediately out of the Engelberg valley. The "*Pension de l'ange*" at Engelberg, kept by Veuve Catani, is a peculiarly pleasant and commodious boarding-house, where specimens of all the nations of Europe may be met with. The angel that presides over it is decidedly an angel of light, and the mistakes in the bill—if any—will be made in the interest of the guest rather than the host. The wines, especially the white Muscatel, are deserving of all praise; and there is a reading-room well furnished with newspapers, including the much abused but always called-for "*Times*;" and a pleasant garden with bowers, seats, and springs of sweet, bright, and pure water.

Eight o'clock A.M. is the latest time at this season at which those should start who mean to pass the Surenen to Altdorf. It is as well to accomplish the last part of the way, which drops into the deep trench of the valley of the Reuss, by daylight.

As the valley is ascended, the Titlis grows on the view, but is lost as the way turns to the right, and the Schlossberg appears, apparently blocking up the lonely road; to the left, are the huge masses of the Blakenstock; the way as it proceeds upwards and onwards becomes wilder and lonelier. To the right, there is a kind of opening and ridge, with a waterfall pouring from it. This must be the Surenen Eök; at least it is to be hoped so, for the sun is intolerably hot between the mountain-walls.

But not so; for the ridge once gained, the almost obliterated way is seen in spots winding miles and miles on to the right, upward into the sky. At one point the mountain structure on the right is grand beyond description. Some faint resemblance to it might be imagined if the old Coliseum in Rome, magnified some hundred times, were torn asunder and thrown backward in two valves, revealing its arches and colonnades mined into fantastic forms by the war and scar of centuries. There is an old chapel near the way in this region, so overpowering in its lonely grandeur; I peep through the bars of its locked door and find it full of—cheeses. In due time, the ridge of the pass—almost as sharp as a knife—is gained; overhung by the needles of that savage Surenen mountain, the interstices of which seem gouged out by some wanton Anakim, or, rather, the forms presented are such that the geologist might imagine a period

in which the jumbled strata were a viscous mass, like molten lead caught in cooling, part of which was wrenched away from the rest by some natural agency, of which we can now form no idea.

It is most probable that we see in this the result of long atmospheric decomposition on peculiarly contorted strata. In this awful solitude it was a relief to meet and talk with a gentleman and his guide, who were going in the contrary direction, each of us glad at having attained the bleak half-way house.

From this point sharp zigzags lead down a grey bare precipice, full of blocks which have rolled from the mountain; then the way lies across a moderate snow-field which has settled in the hollow, then down another precipice of firmer rocks, casting in places an agreeable shadow on the track, into a long, flat valley of great beauty, the Waldnacht-alp, with another steep at its end. Among the sociable cows feeding in this pleasant pasture, I remarked one which might have been Io, the loved of Jupiter, in her metamorphosed state. She was snow-white, with great dark eyes and black eyelids, which added to their lustre in a remarkable manner.

At the lower end of the valley the way divides; one path to the right leads over a bridge down the face of the mountain-side to Erstfelden, the other to the left, over a shoulder, on reaching the top of which the opening of the Reuss valley with Altdorf and the white villages about it, and part of the lake of the Four Cantons, are discovered at the bottom of a tremendous steep, down which leads an uncomfortable stony zigzag through pine-forests, to the region of cheenuts and walnut-trees, and the beautifully broken ground by the ruins of the Castle of Attinghausen, mentioned by Schiller in "Wilhelm Tell." From this place a covered bridge and straight road brought me in the dark to Altdorf.

The passage of the Surenen is a good day's work, and it is no wonder that the French detachment under Lecombe, which crossed it in 1799, were not able to effect much against the enemy afterwards; wonderful enough that, with military impedimenta, they were able to cross it at all.

A pleasant friendly little town is Altdorf. Although on the great St. Gothard road, it does not appear to be a place much stayed at by strangers. The Adler is an old German hostel of the right sort, cordial, good, and reasonable. It was disappointing to find that the fine statue of William Tell in the middle of the town, was only painted plaster as yet, and awaiting funds to carry it out in bronze or

marble. The moment is chosen when Tell explains to Gessler the mystery of that second arrow, which he meant for him in case he had slain his son. The countenance is grand in its expression, the limbs massive, the costume and attitude leave apparently nothing to be desired. It is painful that the story of Tell is now resolved by learned men into a legend, the common property of the Aryan race. Not, however, that this discovery, if of weight, need destroy the historic value of the common story. Gessler, probably a stupid bully, would hardly have had the ingenuity to discover of himself the ordeal of the apple, and it might have been suggested to him by some song or legend he had heard. Strongly rooted tradition ought to turn the scale in favour of existing belief, unless a negative is capable of actual demonstration, which, as everybody knows, is very seldom the case.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

OMENS.

I.

ON the red leaves falling,
On the red leaves lying,
Plays the gold sun-glimmer,
Of the daylight dying.

II.

See! the light, slow-fading,
From the fair scene stealing,
Glowe o'er rick and coppice,
Glowe o'er barn and shieling.

III.

Yields the Day-king slowly
To the Night-queen's wiling;
Yields a strong man blindly
To a maid's beguiling.

IV.

And the wind-fays flitting,
Through the alders straying,
Mutter low-toned whispers
Of a heart's betraying.

V.

Lo! the grey wolds glisten
With a white-mist glory,
And a glad ear hearkens
To a tender story!

VI.

Ah! Why wave ye sadly,
With your wind-tossed tresses,
All ye bending alders,
For the Pair's carresses?

VII.

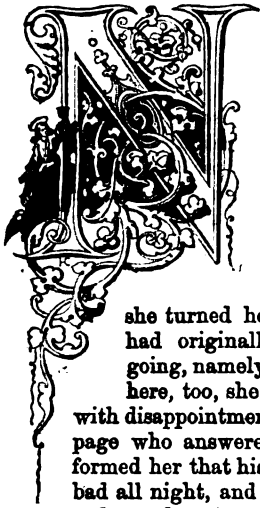
But the trees kept silence,
Save a low-toned sighing;
And in Spring a white rose
On her bed lay dying!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXX. NURSE AND PRIEST.



NOTWITHSTANDING the early hour at which Agnes had made her visit to the village doctor, he was already up and away, having been sent for to one of his numerous but ill-repaying patients in a neighbouring hamlet; so

she turned her steps whither she had originally half resolved on going, namely to the Priory. But here, too, she was doomed to meet with disappointment, for the dishevelled page who answered her summons, informed her that his "missus" had been bad all night, and that he himself was under orders to run down to Dr. Carstairs to ask him to step up. Agnes knew that Mrs. Newman was not one to send for medical advice at five shillings per visit, except from urgent need, and hence, not without grave misgivings, at once repaired to that lady's chamber. She found her flushed and feverish, after a sleepless night, consequent, in reality, although she ascribed it to other causes, upon the mental conflict and emotion of the previous day—her determination to be reconciled with her brother, and her heroic resolve to give up all claim upon his property—and if not seriously ill, at all events much too indisposed to receive the information which she had come to convey concerning Richard's visit and Mr. Carlyon's danger. There was nothing for it therefore but to wait at the house with as much appearance of unconcern as she could put on, until the doctor came, which did not happen for some hours.

After the interview with his patient, Agnes unfolded to him in private all that had occurred during the past night, and besought his advice and assistance. He did not for a moment doubt (as she had almost apprehended he would) the actual facts of her narration; he had too high a respect for her common sense to ascribe any of them to hallucination; but from the opinion which he had himself formed of her cousin's character, he thought it ex-

ceedingly improbable that he would be as good or bad as his word.

"In the heat of passion, my dear Miss Agnes, and smarting under the bitter sense of disappointment, I can imagine this unhappy young man making use of any menace, and meaning, while he spoke, to carry it into execution. But any interval of time with him would produce first irresolution and then repentance. He is quite incapable—unless his nature has altered much for the worse of late—of seeking out a rival with the intention of slaying him in cold blood."

"But if he is mad, Mr. Carstairs—if he is downright mad?"

"Mad he could scarcely be to have spoken so rationally as you represent him to have done. That his brain is liable to be affected by any violent emotion I do not doubt; but that, on the other hand, he has nothing of the crafty and malicious scheming of the madman about him I feel positively certain. Do not alarm yourself, my dear young lady. Believe me there is no such danger as you picture to yourself, but at the same time I will take care to put Carlyon on his guard. I will write to him by this afternoon's post. There—will that content you?"

"I suppose that is all which can be done?" returned Agnes, sighing. "But how frightful a peril, how hideous a crime, is this which you talk of with such calmness. May God have mercy upon him, and turn his heart while there is yet time."

"Nay, Miss Agnes, if what you fear be true, there is no question of God's forgiveness in the matter; it is his own hand which has afflicted him."

Agnes' white cheeks flushed to the forehead: the surgeon had misunderstood her; her last words had referred to Carlyon; but she did not reply. Mr. Carstairs regarded her fixedly, at first with wonder, then with a look of pity.

"He shall be warned this very day, I promise you," reiterated he. "I will go home now and write the letter."

And he did so. That letter came to John Carlyon, only to remain unopened on his desk, because six hours too late to give effect to its contents.

Upon the afternoon of the third day, while he still lay fevered and unconscious, the nurse that waited upon him was called out—he

being fast asleep—to see two strangers; one an elderly gentleman, who announced himself as an intimate friend of the sick man, the other a young lady, very beautiful, but with an air of intense mental suffering.

"You need not tell me who this is, sir," said the garrulous old woman, dropping a conciliatory curtsy; "it's Mr. Carlyon's sister. And very pleased I am to see you, mum,—not like some nusses as might be jealous of not being let to do everything for the poor dear. I was the fust to say you should be sent for; not as I feared the 'sponsibility——"

"How is your patient, woman?" broke in the male visitor, unceremoniously. "I am a medical man myself, so you may speak the truth in as few words as possible."

"I ax your pardon, sir, I am sure," said the nurse, humbly, and with an evident effort to curtail her loquacity; "better, sir, better; but he has had a bad time of it, and is not his own self in his head yet. It is his sister here as will do him the most good, as soon as he begins to come round. He has done nothing but call for you, mum, when he's awake, and moan about you in his sleep; it's 'Agnes! Agnes!' with him from morning to night."

Agnes started and trembled violently, but Mr. Carstairs promptly came to the rescue.

"Very proper—very natural, nurse," said he; "but, you see, you make the young lady nervous, and since she has come to help you nurse him, that will not do. At what time does Mr. Martin make his visits?"

"Well, sir, he has been here this morning, and he will come again at four or so; that is, in about an hour's time. But there is no reason why you should not come and see the poor gentleman at once; unless indeed the young lady is not used to a sick room."

"She is as good a nurse as there is in London, my good woman," answered Mr. Carstairs. "Mr. Martin and I are old friends, and I am sure he will make no objection to my presence, so you may lead the way."

His three days' fever, although intermittent and at times leaving him quite conscious of what was passing, had wasted Carlyon's giant form to a mere shadow. His eyes, fast shut, reposed in two hollow caves. His head, moving uneasily from side to side, was shorn of its brown curls. One large hand lay motionless upon the coverlet, bleached and thin; the other was thrust beneath his pillow.

"You find your brother sadly altered, miss, I don't doubt," whispered the nurse; "but, bless you, he'll come round yet. The wound is healing very nice. It is deep enough indeed, but it runs crosswise, no thanks to the villain as stabbed him. What saved his precious life was the little Bible as he carried in his breast-

pocket; that stopped one blow altogether and turned the other towards the collarbone. The doctor has the book, with half the leaves stuck through, against when the trial comes on, if they have the luck to catch the scoundrel, which I should like to pull his legs myself upon the gallows' tree. But see, the poor dear is waking up a bit."

With a weary sigh, that told more of oppression than relief, the sick man opened his eyes. Unexpressionless and dim enough they looked, but they had lost the glitter of the fever-fire.

"He is coming to himself," whispered the nurse to Agnes, who mechanically had shrunk behind the curtain at the bed's head. Mr. Carstairs, on the other hand, was standing by the fire, in full view of Carlyon. The latter, however, took no notice of him, taking it for granted probably that he was his usual medical attendant. With difficulty the sick man drew forth the hand that lay beneath the pillow, and looked piteously at the empty palm.

"That's what he always do when he wakes," whispered the nurse, with that triumphant zest which the ignorant exhibit when imparting information. "It's a sign that he wants to have his hands washed."

"Well, Carlyon, my good fellow, don't you know me?" inquired Mr. Carstairs, gently, as he approached the bed. "You have had a bad bout of it, but we shall soon set you up again. I have come up to London on purpose to see it done."

"You're a good soul, Carstairs," murmured the sick man, smiling feebly. "Take my hand and shake it, for I can't shake yours. God bless you!"

"Those are pleasant words to hear from your lips, my friend; they give me hope that He has blessed you."

"I hope so. At all events, I have given up the fight against him, Carstairs. He was too strong for me, and I have made my submission. Perhaps I should have done it earlier, but for——" Here he paused, and a look of unutterable tenderness stole over his haggard features. "Where the bribe is very large, an honest man turns his head the other way, and keeps it so as long as he can, and, oh, my friend, what a bribe was offered me!"

"Nay, nay; I must go away if you excite yourself thus, Carlyon. I do not come here to do you harm but good. You may smile in that lackadaisical manner, and shake your head as much as you please, but I say 'good;' and good for evil, too, considering that you have already made my prophecy of no effect, and intend, I dare say, for contradiction's sake, to get as well and strong as ever."

"Not so, my friend, do not deceive your-

self," returned Carlyon, gravely; "nor do I wish to live."

"Very well, we will talk about that when you are convalescent, and can argue the matter on fair terms. When a man is so ill as you have been, he sometimes feels like one who accidentally finds himself near a place he means some day to visit, but had no present intention of doing so; it is not worth while, he thinks, since he is so nigh the grave-mouth, to return. Such thoughts, however, do not become a man of courage. You were looking for something beneath the pillow, my friend; what was it?"

"A very little matter, Carstairs; a very foolish matter, as it will seem to you. But there is a little note in yonder desk—it lies on the right-hand, just as you open it—which I like to have under my pillow."

Mr. Carstairs gave it him, and as he did so, could not but notice the handwriting of the address.

"You know from whom it came, my friend," said the sick man.

"Yes."

"All the world might read it. When next you are asked to dinner, it will be in the self-same phrase; and yet this is the dearest thing I have. They are the first words and the last—save one, which you have seen—that I ever had from her. God bless her!"

"If she were to come and nurse you, Carlyon, in your sister's place, but at your sister's special wish, what would you say then?"

"I would say that heaven had wrought a monstrous miracle, and sent an angel with the devil's own credentials——"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, stepping from behind her screen; "do not wrong your sister thus. God has touched her heart, as I had hoped he had touched yours, and she loves you and prays to Him for you."

Carlyon's face was lit up with a great glow of joy, and he strove to raise himself to greet her; but the effort was beyond his strength, and he fell back with a feeble groan.

"Remember, young lady," interposed Mr. Carstairs, firmly, "you are Mr. Carlyon's nurse, and not his priest, here. I must have no such talk as this—at least, not now."

And Agnes obeyed him; "Sister Agnes," as Carlyon called her throughout her mission, and as Mr. Martin came to call her when he found how well she deserved the title.

A breezy, jocund, health-diffusing man was the doctor—an old friend and fellow-student of Mr. Carstairs, as it happened—who, living close by, had been called in by happy chance to the wounded man.

After a day or two, the country practitioner went home, feeling sure that he had left his

friend in safe hands, and leaving behind him Agnes and widow Marcon, who had accompanied the former to town, since her suspicions of Cebra's having some confederate hand in the recent calamity, forbade her taking her own attendant. It was, doubtless, very "bold," and "dangerous," and "indecorous," in the eyes of some people (although Mrs. Newman had both approved of and pressed her doing so) that she should help to nurse Carlyon every day; but I do not think Agnes was much distressed by that consideration—having a Great Adviser whom she was wont to consult in all matters—even if she entertained it at all. And indeed such misgivings were totally out of place. It was true that the sick man grew stronger, and bade fair to make a complete recovery from his wound; but he still considered himself, as did Agnes likewise, as a doomed man. His heart had troubled him of late so incessantly that he could not forget that his days were surely numbered; and she, so soon as he could bear it, had pressed the claims of religion upon him with the earnestness inspired by the same conviction. Their behaviour was very far from that of lovers. She read to him from that same book whose resistance to the cruel steel had saved his life, and he listened like one upon whose favoured ears fell the very harmonies of heaven; but all her influence, all her charms, were made to serve that cause alone to which Carlyon was slowly but surely being won; she had no thought, no dream of winning him, except for God.

He had received a letter from Mrs. Newman, the contents of which, perhaps, penetrated him more than all else with the sense of this young girl's goodness. He had reproached himself somewhat with not having written to his sister upon the occasion of Jedediah's death; that opportunity passed, it seemed well-nigh impossible that they should become friends; and lo! now the overture of reconciliation had actually emanated from her. Who but Agnes could have brought this about, and by what other means than those to which she herself attributed it—that faith by which miracles were said to have been wrought of old?

Agnes told him of Mrs. Newman's revelation to her concerning the disposal he had made of his property by will, and of that lady's subsequent self-denial.

"I could not have believed it," said he, gravely, "from any other lips than yours. What a pang it must have caused poor Meg!"

"Yes, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, with an answering smile; "but you must not inflict it a second time. Under no possible circumstances should I have taken, or would I take

one shilling of that which she so highly values, and which should naturally revert to her; but the gift must come directly from your hands, and not through mine."

"What, must I make another will then, and leave you nothing?"

"Certainly. What right have I to what you have to leave? Nay, even what need of it?"

"You will let me bequeath you Red Berild, however, the horse that saved your life to bless mine—the horse that you sketched on Greycrags lawn in those happy summer days, Agnes?"

"Yes; you may leave me Red Berild, Mr. Carlyon, if my acceptance of it will please you," said she, softly. "I have been to see him since I came; Mr. Carstairs took me; the noble creature looked so wistfully for the master that we could not bring."

"Poor Berild! You will ride him for my sake, Agnes; he is very quiet, and after a little you will find that you may guide him—as you did his owner—with a word."

So, like two children in a churchyard, into whom enters no natural thought of mirth and play, because of the open grave close by them, and of its expected tenant, Agnes and John Carlyon spoke not of earthly love and scarce of this world at all.

CHAPTER XXXI. A CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

WHEN Carlyon was well enough to lie on the sofa, and take his meals with the enthusiasm incident to a convalescent after fever, Mr. Martin announced his own occupation to be gone. "I never stay where I am not really wanted," said the cheery surgeon, "but if you like being doctored, I will send you a man who will stick by you, and give you pills as long as you choose to take them. In my opinion you are cured."

"Cured of my wound?" returned Carlyon, slowly. "Yes, thanks to you, sir, I feel that I am. This is not the first time that I have been deeply indebted to your profession."

"Ah. Well, I hope you'll never need to see any one of them again."

"Thank you," returned the patient, smiling. "I shall be always glad, however, to see you again, Mr. Martin—that is at dinner; and likewise our good friend Carstairs."

"Ah, capital fellow, Carstairs," assented the surgeon, cheerfully, at the same time walking to the door and opening it as though to make sure that the nurse was out of earshot. Agnes had been sent out by his own edict that afternoon for a "constitutional" with Mrs. Marcon, in the park, for the recent change from her usual active habits at Mellor had

begun to tell upon her somewhat. "A capital good fellow is Carstairs, and a man of science too, but crotchety; between ourselves, sir, infernally crotchety. We were students together at Guy's."

"Were you indeed?" rejoined the sick man, languidly, and thinking to himself how long Agnes had been away. "What an immense time ago it seems."

"Eh! well, it's not so long, sir," rejoined Mr. Martin, sharply. "I don't suppose either of us are fifteen years older than yourself. But what I was going to say is, that even then Carstairs was very like some sexagenarian physician, who has devoted his whole energies to one branch of disease, and has got to believe that all mankind, either directly or indirectly dies of it. With doctors who are ladies' doctors, this creed is of course restricted by the sex of their patients (to which, by the bye, it is my opinion that some of them assimilate in time, and become old women), but otherwise this fanaticism has no bounds. With a young practitioner, however, it is not usual to make one disease swallow up all others, like so many Pharaoh's serpents; and yet Carstairs, even as a student, entertained this curious notion. We used to call him Angina Carstairs."

"Ah, indeed," said Carlyon, drily. "He was effeminate, then, as a young man, was he?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, but he thought everybody was sure to die of *angina pectoris*—he believed everybody—even those who had no hearts, like our hospital porter, who was a savage—had disease of the heart."

For the first time since his wound, Carlyon sprang up to a sitting posture, supporting himself by one hand, while the other was pressed tightly to his side.

"Oh, sir," said he, "do not hold out to me a false hope; even now I feel that Carstairs has told me nothing but the truth."

"What, that you would be a dead man a fortnight ago! That, Miss Agnes tells me, was his cheerful prognostication, and yet you have eaten a very tolerable breakfast for a '*post mortem*.'"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Martin, that I have not heart disease?"

"By your change of colour, my dear sir, and the pain you are evidently feeling in that side, I should be inclined to think that you have," answered the surgeon, quietly. "If I chose to use the stethoscope, I could undoubtedly tell you for certain; but that is not my line. If the young gentleman's dagger had gone through your heart, it would have been my business to pronounce you dead. No physician—who had any respect for himself,

and the profession—would have ventured to have done so. But this is no surgical case. If you take my advice, you will allow me to call in Dr. Throb. He knows more about heart disease than any man in Great Britain; and there is this great advantage about him that even if you have not got it he will prescribe for you as if you had. I am sure it will be a great satisfaction to your feelings to procure the opinion of a man like Throb. And besides, my dear sir, you will be witness of a consultation which, of itself, is quite as good as a play—although, to be sure, it's a little dearer."

"If you think a consultation will be of any use——" began Carlyon.

"I don't think it will," interrupted the surgeon, irritably. "A duel is no sort of use, for instance, but everybody calls it a satisfaction. It settles the matter one way or another, at all events. Come, let me call in Doctor Throb."

To this proposition Carlyon, not very eagerly, gave assent, and Dr. Throb condescended to make an appointment at the Albany for the afternoon of the day after the morrow. That great man, so far as physical stature went, was a very little one; much smaller than Mr. Carstairs, and round as a ball; but his grey eyes were large enough for a policeman's lantern, and roved fiercely about under his shaggy brows, as though in search of the villain who might venture to contradict him. Even the presence of Agnes failed to soften that terrible glance, although he gave her a reassuring nod, as if to guarantee her personal safety, menaced by his tremendous arrival. He had been previously closeted with Mr. Martin—for a medical consultation is uncommonly like one of those children's games wherein two little folks go out of the room and whisper together, and come in and guess, and then go out and guess again—and perhaps that gentleman had softened the bashaw's heart towards the poor girl. But he had not softened it at all towards Carlyon. Dr. Throb marched in, like a drum-major at the head of an invading army; glared upon his patient—indignant perhaps at his being so large; shook his learned head, like a terrier with a rat in his jaws, and then turned to Mr. Martin, and said "Yes," decisively, although the surgeon had said nothing whatever. The great man had previously addressed the salutation "Humph!" to Carlyon himself, so that there was no necessity for any further courtesies, and he proceeded at once to business. To see him cast himself, stethoscope in hand, upon his victim, was to witness a gladiatorial exhibition; but in reality his every movement was directed with the utmost nicety and skill. This examination ended, Dr. Throb put certain

questions to the patient regarding his own symptoms, exactly as though he were himself the chief inquisitor, and Carlyon, a heretic, doomed, upon the slightest show of hesitation, to the thumb-screws, rack, and stake. Then pursing his lips, and giving that mysterious nod to the surgeon, which the lady of the house gives to her principal female guest before leaving the dinner-table, the physician led the way to the consulting-room. As the door closed, Agnes stole to the sofa and took the sick man's hand. There was something in this Goth of a doctor's manner which had given her hope.

"I feel," said she, calmly, "an uncommon confidence in that man's judgment."

"So do I," answered Carlyon, smiling. "But indeed, if his opinion is not to be relied upon, he impugns the beneficence of the whole scheme of creation. Such a terrible Turk would otherwise scarce be permitted to live."

"If his verdict should agree with that of Mr. Carstairs," said she, in trembling tones, "you will not receive it as you did his, I know."

"No, Agnes. Thanks to you, it will no longer be with dogged submission. I shall say—and honestly feel it—God's will be done."

She had scarcely time to resume her former position when back stalked the little doctor, with drums beating and colours flying, and a triumphant flourish of trumpets. The chamber had evidently been given up to pillage; but was the life of its tenant to be spared?

"Humph!" said he. "You have heart complaint, Mr. Carlyon."

"I quite expected to hear you say so, Dr. Throb. My friend and medical adviser in the country gave me to understand——"

"Pooh," interrupted the great man. "He 'pledged his professional reputation,' didn't he, that you wouldn't live six months?"

"He said a year, sir."

"He might just as well have said a fortnight. Medicine is not an exact science like mathematics; and he was wrong, you see. He has forfeited his professional reputation—which most country practitioners would be very glad to do, and start afresh. He ought to be under great obligations to you, this Mr. Whatahisname—Farstares."

"But he was right so far as my having heart complaint?"

"Of course he was; no man with ears could be wrong about that, sir. You have heart complaint; but what of that? You may die of it, of course—you must die of something, I suppose—but you may also live with it for a quarter of a century, and die of drink at last. I have known a worse case

than yours where the patient lived for longer than that, and was eventually hung. Good morning, sir; good morning, ma'am." And away marched the little doctor, with a nod of great severity, to fresh fields of conquest and subjugation. But when he reached the outer door he turned round sharply to Mr. Martin, who had reverently followed him so far, with—"I say, my good fellow, can *he* afford *this*?" and he took out a crumpled note, which he had received in fee from Carlyon, by a most dexterous back-handed evolution, and without moving a muscle of his face. But it was one of this great man's weaknesses to object to take large fees from persons of moderate means, or any fee at all from poor folks.

"Oh, yes, he can afford it," said the other, laughing.

"I am glad to hear it, for both our sakes," returned the little man, with a significant action of the left eyelid.

With his professional brethren, and when removed from the observation of patients, Dr. Throb unbent a good deal. He was whispered to be invaluable at medical dinners—the only festive occasions he ever patronised—and there was even a story current, among the more audacious students of his hospital, that he had once sung a comic song.

When Mr. Martin went back to his patient he found him as sad and silent, as though the sentence of Dr. Throb had been for his immediate execution, rather than a dismissal upon his personal recognisances, to come up when Justice Mors chose to send for him—as it really was. Agnes too was paler and more thoughtful than she had looked throughout the consultation. His entrance seemed to be a relief to both parties.

"Nice, agreeable, affable person, Dr. Throb, is he not?" inquired the surgeon, cheerfully.

"Very much so," said Carlyon, absently.

"I dare say he is very clever," observed Agnes, evasively. "I feel a great confidence in his judgment. If you will be so good as to ring for nurse, Mr. Martin, I think I will go to my lodgings, as Mrs. Marcon will be anxious to hear what his verdict is."

She cast a glance at Carlyon full of unspeakable emotion, but he had closed his eyes and lay back on the pillow, as though overcome by weakness. She rose softly, and left the room as the nurse entered it. Mr. Martin followed close upon her.

"As Mrs. Marcon has not yet come for you," said he—that respectable old lady being in the habit of calling for her every evening at six o'clock with the regularity of clock-work, "you must allow me to see you home, Miss Agnes."

"I am not afraid of going home alone, Mr.

Martin, and I know your time is valuable," answered Agnes, quietly.

"You would also rather be alone just now, would you not, my dear young lady? That's the very reason why I am going with you. I have got something of importance to say to you upon the road."

When they had fairly started, and she had placed her fingers lightly on his arm, the surgeon patted them in a reassuring manner, and began as follows:—

"You are trembling, my good girl, and all in a flutter, and it is not about me, I know. If I was twenty years younger, and did not happen to have a wife already, that reflection would distress me, but as it is I am only distressed about yourself. You said just now that you have confidence in the judgment of Dr. Throb; and, as generally happens, you are quite right. He is a very wise man in his vocation, and can tell by the look of a young lady, without even so much as feeling her pulse, whether there is anything the matter with her heart. Now as we were in consultation together, when (between ourselves) we doctors talk about almost anything except the patient, he remarked that there was something the matter with yours. It's not my line of business, you know, but I'm bound to say that he only corroborated my own observation. There don't cry—or, if you must cry, put your veil down. The symptoms are obvious; a general practitioner in the country (as Throb would say) could scarcely make a mistake in your diagnosis. You are in love with my poor patient yonder. Now, my dear child, I am old enough to be your grandfather, so that there is no occasion for embarrassment with me; but if you tremble in that way I shall be obliged to call a cab, and I can never hear a word that's said in a cab. You are in love with John Carlyon, I say, and I needn't tell you that he is in love with *you*. Well, why did you say 'no' when he asked you to marry him, some ten minutes ago? I don't, of course, wish to pry into private matters, but if it is religion—or rather (as you wrongly imagine) the want of it in him——"

"No, sir, it is not that, sir, now, thank God," interrupted Agnes, earnestly.

"Then what the dickens is it?" inquired the surgeon, with irritation.

"Sir, there are two reasons, since you force me to speak so openly," said Agnes, with firmness; "but I deny your right——"

"Of course, my good young lady, I have no right," interposed the surgeon, briskly, and once more patting her fingers; "but it's my privilege. You'll find it in all the diplomas. Now, what are the two reasons?"

"One is, sir, that I cannot marry the man whose life has been attempted by one of my own blood, the only relative I have in the world."

"Oh, I see. You make your relative's quarrel your own. Since your cousin has failed to kill this man, you will, at all events, deny him all that makes his life worth having. That is the true Corsican fashion; but I should doubt whether it has the approbation of the Christian Church."

"I mean, sir," explained Agnes, gravely, "Mr. Carlyon has never spoken to me about Richard; never hinted at whose hand laid him upon what might have proved his death-bed; but there are times when I feel that I have almost been his murderess."

"Tut, tut; you could not help two men falling in love with you—I dare say a dozen have done it—nor could you prevent one of them going mad after sunstroke. The rest of the circumstances I have had only at second hand, but *that's* a medical fact, and I can speak of it with certainty. This mad cousin of yours too has left the country, has been traced into a ship bound for the Indies, whither he has gone under the agreeable idea that his rival is disposed of. There will be, therefore, no necessity to ask him to the wedding, or otherwise inconvenience yourselves by his attentions. To suffer this poor lunatic to blight the life of a man like Carlyon is mere wanton cruelty under the guise of sentiment. I am sure you will not do this, Miss Agnes. I hope, for the sake of your reputation for common sense, that the second reason for saying 'no' is more valid than the first."

"Yes, sir, it is, indeed. Forgive me, Mr. Martin, but I cannot pursue this subject farther, except to say this much—I am sure that your questions have been dictated by a desire to do good, to diffuse happiness. The second objection I cannot reveal. It is a family secret. True, there was a time when it did not seem to me so insurmountable an obstacle, but that was because a still more formidable impediment—that of Mr. Carlyon's opinions—lay in the way. Now he is no longer a godless man I wonder how I could have ever overlooked the barrier of which I speak."

"There is madness in her family," thought the surgeon, his mind recurring to her cousin's frenzied act; but the next moment he recollected that his aberration had been produced by the tropic sun.

"My dear young lady," answered the surgeon, tenderly, "I have no intention of prying into this unhappy matter; I only charge you, as you are a Christian woman, not to

embitter this man's life without great cause. If any disgrace"—he felt her shudder through every limb—"has ever happened to any of your kith and kin—for that it has not done so to yourself, I am very sure—see that it affords not only a reasonable but a sufficient ground on which to reject a brave man's love. I do not say that there may not be such a disgrace; it is my opinion, however, that you should reveal it, whatever it is, to his own ears, and then abide his decision."

"I could never tell him, sir," replied Agnes, in half-choked tones. "It reflects upon the memory of one that is most near and dear to me, and who is gone to his rest after long years of trouble."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" ejaculated the surgeon, tenderly; "I have only then one alternative to propose. However sad may be this secret you speak of, however insuperable a difficulty it may present to your eyes, you cannot gauge this man's love and say it is not sufficient to overcome it. Since you shrink from speaking with him on the subject, write the whole matter out, and let me place it—sealed—in his own hands. He will certainly make no bad use of the information; at the worst, it will remain with him a sacred trust. If it strikes him as it does you, you need never see one another any more. If, on the other hand, he writes back, 'Come,' that will be a sign that he prizes you at a value, from which nothing can materially detract. See, here we are at our journey's end. Let me exact this promise of you. Let me call for this writing in a few hours, for such a matter is best done at once, and done with. Say 'yes,' my dear Miss Agnes, I adjure you. At least, let this man's future life be marred by no misunderstanding, no meaningless repulse. It is better for a man to be denied than to be evaded."

"I will do as you request, Mr. Martin," said Agnes, sighing; "but you do not know the heaviness of the task you lay upon me. The paper shall be ready within two hours."

"That's a brave, good girl," said the surgeon, with affectionate earnestness. "I shall call for it myself, and it will never leave my hands till it reaches his. God bless and strengthen you, my dear."

The next moment the door of her lodging opened and Agnes hurried in.

"Now, if I were in that fellow Carlyon's place," mused Mr. Martin to himself, as he turned away, "I would marry that very charming young woman, no matter what might be urged against her family, and although both her parents had perished on the gallows."

(To be concluded in next.)

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER IV. TUNIS: TURKEY.

It was under the flashing eyes of a gorgeous lady of the East (who, singular enough, spoke French as the humble chronicler has heard it trip off feminine tongues under the lustrous grapes and the painted palms of Mabile), that I sat reverently down to address a letter to the venerable author of my days. How false are travellers' tales! I had journeyed far already. I had kept my knife and fork polished as Venus' mirror. I had been discreet. He who is not discreet shall not enjoy, is a proverb I take leave to offer to those of the rising generation who would be known—in Brillat Savarin's manner as *sachant manger*. I had not permitted my mind to be diverted from the purpose of my journey; bearing in respectful memory the admonition of the most prudent of fathers, to be wholly in the matter in hand. Said he:

"My son, the race is to the steady. The steadfast eye observes truly. It chanced I was sauntering into an humble place of refreshment—more years ago than it would be pleasant to reckon on my trembling fingers—it chanced, I say, that I was entering an humble house of entertainment—such as you bucks of to-day would disdain—when I was met by the hostess, who was musing in her doorway. It was not the habit of that comely brunette, sir,—I mean that respectable female,—to keep idle hands before her. It would have been a cruel sin indeed, if hands that could make such omelettes (*au lard* sometimes, young sir, for time was when I had an appetite for sauce in chief) had lain twiddling in apron pockets. 'One moment, Count, I pray you,' said she, respectfully, with womanly and witching tenderness, laying a finger upon my sleeve. 'One moment.' She pointed a Juno hand across the street. I raised my hat—to all women in all seasons, sir, let your hand be prone to your hat), and obeyed. A black cloth was spread across the house opposite; and passers-by paused reverently, withdrew into the gloom by the tapers, and sprinkled holy water upon the last furniture of mortal man; sprinkled holy-water, bare-headed, and went on their several errands. The open hearse drew up. The leading performer, with cocked hat, and in raven black, appeared; unfolded his papers, and motioned the bearers. A crowd of followers glided into the road from neighbours' shops. The cobbler from his stall peeped forth, dropped the boot, cast his leather apron aside, unhooked his black coat, took his Sunday hat from his wife, and passed

to the quiet crowd. The coffin was carried to the open hearse; a female figure stole forth and cast a yellow immortelle upon the bier, and withdrew behind the black cloth. A nod from the cocked hat, and the last journey was begun.

"Madame at my side again laid her hand upon your father's sleeve, and said, keeping her pensive eyes fixed upon the hearse; 'Poor dear man, he will never eat again.' That woman's heart was in her business. I ate my omelette; and when I passed back into the street, the figure that had cast the immortelle upon the coffin was behind her counter. The black cloth had been removed, and the widow was putting a few fine Bresse capons in her window. I daresay the grief was boiling in her heart for the *bonhomme* just departed; but she was a rare woman of business. The race, my son, is to the steady."

I say I had travelled far already; I had remained profoundly impressed with the wisdom of the paternal lesson. Yea, the race is to the steady. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," hath the poet remarked. Wisdom tarries with him who gathers knowledge unceasingly, applying the accumulation to the appointed purpose of his life.

The beating of a drum, and the twang of some sharp instrument beating upon my ear, I twirled my tooth-pick between my teeth and said to my travelling companion "Tunis, I presume?"

My eastern friend inclined his head solemnly. We were among the people who were vigorous and redoubtable in the time of the Carthaginians; who flourish hard by the swamped ruins of Carthage, amid the olives and the yellow sand! By the flag, we were within the rule of Achmet, basha Bey of Tunis—the energetic and intelligent follower of a sorry line of grim potentates—who had emancipated his slaves. Full soon, my eye steadily fixed on my mission, I was by the entrance to a house of entertainment, whence strange music was floating on the disturbed air.

I have said how false are travellers' tales? What have they not told us of the lands and cities—in which the bey levies tithes of corn and olives—with the bastinado at hand to quicken the movements of the tithe-payer? The tithe-gatherer, it is on record, takes his master's tenth when the crops are standing at their best. They may never ripen. Yet has the bey duly had and enjoyed his full tenth. The Tunisians, travellers have said, are mostly unkind to strangers. A very mixed population of Moors, Jews, Turks—with a sprinkling of Christians and renegades; jab-

bering the *Lingua Franca*—sweet and soft Italian degraded to the dirty purposes of the Levant market-places. The true native race are a comely people, with the rich blood of Spain mantling through their tawny skins; blood got by centuries of cruel piracy, and through renegade veins. There is energy here; and the trade is brisk in oil, wool, wax, hides, and red skull-caps—such as mine host wears. I sniff the gale and not a rich perfume reaches me. Yet this is the land of the sweet waters. These folks have an ancient renown for their skill in distillations of the musk, the jasmine, and the roses, which fill the land with sweetness—rebuking, with every gale, the foul dens of their dark cities.

As I pass to the threshold I am led to pause, in sad surprise, contemplating my host and his establishment. And is this Tunis? It is recorded by travellers that the bazaars and shops are lowered in the strange customer's sight, by outside touters, vaunting the wares within. Yea, this, then, is Tunis; for the touter is here, his white teeth sparkling through his thick lips. His tones are unmanly to the Western ear, and whining. He implores the passenger to buy his sparkling rubbish, his beads and imitation amber, ready to lie—and to smile with the lie on his lips.

The bazaar, or café, or concert, is painted vermilion red, and is draped with thick gauze. Tiny tables are painted red, blue, and green. The staircase that leads to the shrill native harmonies, appears to be built in red sealing-wax.

"Will monsieur enter and take something?" says the man in the fez. Not in villanous *Lingua Franca* speaks he. He is dark, but not darker than many a dweller by the banks of the Seine. Not a thimbleful of Spanish blood from renegade or pirate-captured maiden circles in his veins. There is greed in his eye, and he has bad teeth. Has he ever abided by the noble glades in which the lion paces at night, and through which the sleek and lissome panther steals? Has he ever feared the scorpion's sting?

"Will monsieur take something?"

I passed within the vermilion gates followed by the greedy proprietor, who, I saw, motioned one of his servants (also capped with a fez) to be upon me, and mind his master's interests faithfully. I had been cautioned to taste the *couscousou*, sung by the Zouave in his reckless song. "*Couscousou*," was legibly marked over the doorway. This, I had said to myself, with some of the luscious fruit of the land of the pomegranate, the prickly pear, the fig, and the lemon, shall serve my hunger: and I will drink iced water sweet as the mountains yield it to the fruits of the valleys.

"*Couscousou*," I said to the waiter, who had tones in his voice keen as a razor-edge, and an eye made for an examiner of old clothes. How naturally the falsehood followed.

"There is none left," said he; "but monsieur can have a *filet de bœuf*, cutlets *financière*, kidneys *brochette*—everything, in short, monsieur desires."

I asked for the fruits of the soil, for the pomegranate, and the olive, and the fig. The man shook his head; the master looked impatient, and a stranger at my elbow smiled. The stranger presently took me into his confidence, saying, "Permit me to advise you not to venture beyond a beefsteak or a cutlet. Behold!"

At this moment another servant entered the establishment, carrying something in a white cloth.

"That," said the stranger, "is my beefsteak."

I gazed at it for a moment, and decided that the cuisine of Tunis would give no delight to a Montmaur, nor to the least fastidious European. Yet I was bound to pay with my palate. I paid dearly. I tasted the very toughest and greasiest bit of meat I can remember to have had before me, flanked by some stale bread and ill-cooked potatoes.

"What will monsieur drink with this?" the sharp waiter asked, speaking French as fluently as his master. I was invited to try Bordeaux, Allsopp's pale ale, (the yellow hand of Allsopp is, it would seem, everywhere), and finally, Tunisian champagne—Tunisian champagne, at one franc the glass!

While I was pondering the strangeness of these my Tunisian experiences, a soft-eyed lady's lashes bent towards me from a gaudy comptoir behind which she was enthroned. She was in an operatic Moorish dress, and without, crowds of uncouth jabbering people were gazing uncontrolled upon her plainly discovered charms. Steadier eye never fell upon man's beard; and had I not read, as, I fear, many a misguided mortal has before me, that in Tunis the women in public places are muffled from head to foot, that man's eye may not defile the purity of their beauty? I found beauty smiling, ogling, and painted; beauty bare-armed, with not even a decent kerchief on what a friend described as "the pleasantabundance" of her shoulders. Hooded! That dark face which greeted me in Tunis while I was making wry grimaces over a tough steak, was the boldest I have seen on my travels. The eyes followed me as I mounted the vermilion staircase to the realms of strange harmony, and the head nodded wickedly as I was disappearing.

So much, I mused, for the muffled Spanish-eyed dames of Tunis. Some of them must cost the basha bey much trouble.

The Tunisian hall of harmony—wherein discord reigned supreme—was a low curtained room, dotted with painted tables, open on two sides, and hung with paper lanterns. Upon a platform in one corner, about the dimensions of a tailor's bench, were squatted upon their haunches, three dusky men, and a girl in tri-colour pantaloons, with a gay scarf about her head. These were the musicians, one being a night-black African, of the lowest type. I cannot describe the monotonous thrumming and twanging, accompanied by the uneven howl which passes for music in many parts of the East. It has been described to me as like having one's teeth out—for half-an-hour. The negro threw himself into contortions, ogled his neighbours, then roared like a bull, while his two brothers in discord banged and twanged their fiercest. The noise swelled to an uproar, then suddenly ceased. My temples throbbed. It had just the effect of a determination of blood to the head. The room was crowded with men of all countries, except the Tunisians I had been led by travellers' tales to expect to see. In a corner I perceived a second eastern beauty, unveiled, unabashed, chattering French to a number of young men, over glasses of Lyons beer, with a placard of Allsopp's ale above her richly-attired head.

Where are the Turks, the Moors, the Jews, the renegades? I pant for a sniff of the sweet waters. Does the agha permit this within the gates of his city. The bey, I am informed, albeit subject of the grand sultan, is not much troubled by Turkey. Achmet sends tribute only when he wants something. I hope that some good Turk may report these scandalous doings to the Porte, and that Achmet may shortly send tribute, craving mercy. The stranger is led to the East by accounts of palaces lifting to eternal summers their marble walls; of closely hooded beauties jealously guarded; of perfume-laden air: and stalls ablaze with the ripe products of a teeming soil. He seeks a pomegranate, and he is offered an execrable beefsteak. He would quench his thirst with a delightful draught from the warm south, and Allsopp's hand is raised before his angry eyes. He dreams of an Arabian night, and he is lured by a leering, truthless Frank (whose fez is a red falsehood) into a bar. He dreams of *houris*, and he is nudged by a *cocotte*!

I add the culminating outrage. When the band had ceased, the girl in the tri-colour pantaloons rose, grasped an accordion, offended us with a few preliminary flourishes, and

struck up in a voice I have heard at London street-corners, "I would I were a daisy."

I strode forthwith into the open air. One previous impression, and one only was confirmed. I have said it has been reported by travellers that the Tunisians are unkind to strangers. I tasted some of the brandy they offered me, and the impression was fixed for ever in my mind.

The East, I begin to fear, is all a dream. Constantinople is as unknown to strangers as the great Mosque of Tunis at Cairoan, with its five-hundred marble pillars—the holy of holies which no Christian dog, no poll-tax paying Kaya, has ever seen. I have not a new dish, an eastern fruit, a native drink, to report from Turkey. I could not find a pasha with even one tail. The Dignities of the sword and the Dignities of the pen are unknown; but I had a plate of haricots such as the Soissonnais would approve.

But I had not the courage to write to my father.
W. B. J.

MURAL SYMBOLS.*

PUBLIC opinion is evidently just now returning to the picturesque styles of decoration, in which our ancestors so much delighted. Any old sign that still remains among us is a constant point of attraction to passers-by; and if we no longer are permitted to indulge our humour by signboards, such as the "Man loaded with Mischief," painted by Hogarth, and still to be seen in Oxford Street, yet we have only to look upon a dead wall, or enter an omnibus, to see that tradesmen are beginning to revive an ancient fashion, and to seek publicity by associating their wares with a picture, according to the old Horatian principle,—

"*Signis irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*"

Mr. Warren, the blacking-maker, some forty years ago revived pictorial advertisements with his picture of a cat looking at her reflection in a highly-polished boot. This was an advertisement of the suggestive order, which no doubt helped to make Mr. Warren's fortune. It took a long time, however, to rouse advertisers to follow his example.

Of late years the pictorial advertisement, which is the signboard of the present day, has become very common. Our walls are converted into picture galleries, our omnibuses present us with little cabinet collections;

* For a considerable portion of the materials in this article, we are indebted to a work on "Signboards," by Messrs. Larwood and Hotten.

as we fly past our railway stations we catch a sight of gigantic carrots and parsnips, prize oxen, and steam-ploughs, fitted to attract the agricultural mind. Many of our county newspapers contain pictorial advertisements. Who does not remember the dentist's attractive woodcut of two men, one doubled up with the toothache, and the other dancing for joy, and exclaiming "Ha! ha! cured in an instant!" Then, for the ladies, there were the "sansflectums," in all their inflated monstrosity—happily, now, things of the past—and woodcuts of the hundred and one new inventions which tradesmen wish to bring before the public eye. In books, again, from Benson's Watches to the Surplice Shirt, from Mr. Foster's "gentleman" squinting at his glass of "Natural Sherry," to the ulcerated leaden pipes, corroded by the action of water, there is not a thing that we should "eat, drink, or avoid," or use in any earthly fashion, that the advertiser does not make us read with the eye as well as with the mind. It cannot be said that in these days the tradesman does not utilise the special sense of sight. The old sign may be gone; we no longer require to be guided to a certain house by the emblem which hangs on creaking hinges over our head; we now take the sign home, or by means of the post distribute it broadcast through the land. Even colour is not wanting to our pictorial puffs. In one of the magazines there is a picture of the cocoa fruit done in chrome tint so delicately, that it forms a perfect picture.

The nineteenth century in this respect has no cause to regret any of the centuries that have gone before. Those who have seen pictures of the London streets in the middle of the last century must have been struck with the multitude of the signs which hung overhead. In old print-shops we often meet with an engraving of Fleet Street in which the long perspective of that thoroughfare shows a row of gigantic signs running from top to bottom on either side of the way. We are conversant now with none but publicans' signs; but in those days it must be remembered that every tradesman hung out a sign, as did also many of the professions. It was, in fact, the only method of distinguishing one tradesman from another, for the houses were not numbered. Let us take up the *Spectator*, for January 29th, 1712. The first advertisement is as follows:—"A very neat pocket edition of the *Spectator*, in a volume, 12mo, printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and by J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head over against Catherine Street in the Strand."

This "over against" direction was a very roundabout method of distinguishing a house, and would have been of little avail, were it not

for the sign of the Shakespeare's Head; hence, we can see the necessity for the sign. But the manner in which these structures projected—in the cases of narrow streets more than half-way across—must have been a serious impediment to the light and circulation of air, and their abolition, in a sanitary sense, was a very great improvement; nevertheless, we can quite understand what a revolutionary measure it must have appeared, and how bare and uninteresting the streets must have looked when the series of picture galleries, with all the fine gilded frames and artistic emblems and supporters were swept away, and simple numbers substituted. By the law, signs were obliged to be placed flat against the faces of the house, in which position, the pedestrian could scarcely see them without straining himself; this objection, together with the absence of any necessity for their use after the adoption of numbering, led to their final disappearance, for we do not often hear of their being placed against the wall. We fancy, however, that trade emblems, such as the pawnbrokers' balls, were never removed, as they did not obstruct either light or air; at least, such was the ruling of a London magistrate some time since, when an information was laid against a pawnbroker under this very act.

Many of the best sign-painters in the last century were coach-painters, or rather decorators; for our ancestors' carriages were embellished with panel pictures, such as we now see on the Lord Mayor's state-coach, and on Her Majesty's state carriages; but there were many artists who did not disdain to practise their pencils in this way; often for a freak, as Hogarth did in his "Man loaded with Mischiefs," but, perhaps, more often by way of paying the landlord's score. There are several such picture-signs still in existence, and the reader will perhaps like to know where he may see them. There is a sign called "The Three Loggerheads," painted by Wilson for a small public-house near Mold, in North Wales. This sign we saw some few years since, and certainly it had then lost all the touches of Wilson's hand. It was a representation of two men standing up, with their backs to each other, the hint being that the spectator is the third loggerhead. They still show you the artist's seat in the parlour, and the oaken settle on which he used to smoke. Wilson ended his days in a farm-house near Mold, which has since been pulled down; and whilst in course of destruction, several of his unfinished pictures were found by the proprietor, who was about to build a house upon its site. These pictures are left to the National Gallery upon the death of his widow. "The Loggerheads" was painted to wipe off a score;

but it has done more than this, it has given a name to a village. Moreland earned many a dinner with his pencil. The Londoner may see a picture, said to have been by him, the "Goat in Boots," in the Fulham Road; the present sign may contain the board, but not the picture done by Moreland, as it is in the hard conventional style of a tyro, without any of this master's manner. We are told that there was another near Chelsea Bridge, a sign of the "Cricketers;" this was a subject more in his way. It was removed in 1824, and a copy hung up for the sign. A more genuine relic of a great painter, which happily is well preserved, is a picture of a "Royal Oak," painted by David Cox for the inn at that paradise of artists, Bettys-y-Coed, North Wales. The proprietor, with a due sense of its value, had it taken down, and it is now framed and glazed inside the inn, the admiration of scores of artistic pedestrians who make this tavern a rendezvous. The elder Crome painted a sign of the Sawyers at St. Martin's, Norwich. This has also been preserved. The late Sir C. Ross painted the Magpie at Sudbury in his early days, and when he became a court painter he made a pilgrimage to the inn to see it once more, to the great delight of the landlady. We are more surprised to hear that Millais painted a "St. George and the Dragon" for the Vidler's Inn, Hayes, Kent, and if we are ever in that part of the country we will certainly go and see it. Herring is credited with having painted a Flying Dutchman at Cottage Green, Camberwell, and a White Lion at Doncaster. We suspect that, besides those mentioned, many other artists indulged in these erratic efforts of art. We fancy Müller may have done so in some of the Somersetshire villages in which he lingered, as in his early days he was very free with his pencil. Foreign painters wiped off their scores with their brush in a like manner, and we are told that the "Mule and Muleteer," in the Sutherland collection, was painted by Corregio as a sign; that Watteau executed a sign for a milliner on the Pont Notre Dame; and, more singular still, that Paul Potter's splendid picture of the young Bull, now in the Museum at the Hague, was originally painted as a butcher's sign-board. If this butcher had only known at what a price this picture would have afterwards sold, he certainly never would have disposed of it. The very value of a good sign is sure to cause its withdrawal sooner or later; but what became of all the thousands of bad ones that less than a hundred years ago hung in the London streets? We may walk the town over and find scarce a single specimen.

It was different with bas-reliefs, which

were sometimes substituted for them. The stranger in London is greatly struck with some of these picturesque specimens of the modeller's art. There is the "Bull and Mouth" at St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the façade of the Queen's Hotel, once the "Bull and Mouth" Inn. This curious relief represents a large mouth and upper part of the face foreshortened, with a bull standing across it. This grotesque sign affords one of the most curious examples of the manner in which phrases have become corrupted in this country. Originally the sign represented the Boulogne Mouth, otherwise the entrance to Boulogne harbour, which seaport town was captured by Henry VIII.; but in less than a hundred years, we are told, the original meaning became changed into the absurd figure that we see at St. Martin's-le-Grand.*

In East Cheap there was another stone sign, the Boar's Head. This famous old inn, immortalised by Falstaff, was destroyed by the great fire, and upon the removal of a mound of rubbish, the refuse of this great conflagration, "a carved box-wood bas-relief boar's head was found, set in a circular frame, formed by two boars' tusks mounted and united with silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked in the back:—"Wm. Brooke, Landlord of the Bores Hedde, Eastcheap, 1566." This curious Shakespearian relic—for we are told that Prince Hal really visited this inn, and, together with his companions, raised a riot there—was purchased at a sale at Christie and Manson's, in 1855, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell. When the inn was rebuilt after the fire, a very well modelled boar's head was carved in stone, and stood as its sign until it was pulled down to make the approach to London Bridge in 1831. This well-carved head was then removed to the City of London Library, at Guildhall, where it may still be seen. The Adam and Eve bas-relief still remains in Newgate Street, with the date 1669. It may have stood on the site of an old tavern of this name before the great fire; the Adam and Eve is the arms of the Fruiterer's Company. In La Belle Sauvage yard there is a stone bas-relief of an Elephant and Castle; it represents the arms of the Outlers' Company, to whom the property belongs. There are about London a number of other imperishable signs of this kind known only to antiquaries. Among these, do not let us forget the Cocoa-nut Tree in Holborn.

There are in London very few signs that

* Under the figure of the Bull the following lines may still be read:

"Milo the Crotonian
An ox slew with his fist,
And ate it up at one meal:
Ye gods! what a glorious twist!"

express the individual mind of the painter or of the publican. There is the "World's End" at Chelsea,—the terminus of an omnibus line,—and the "Bell and Horns," at Old Brompton; but the old signs are gone. The "Goat in Boots" is also in the same locality, but it has been repainted. In turning down Charles Street, Berkeley Square, one is surprised by a sign which takes us back a hundred years, and reminds us of the pompous style of our ancestors. The "Running Footman" Tavern hangs out a sign which represents a fantastically-dressed servant running at top speed. The sign is new, but it represents a custom that has long since passed away. There is another odd sign in Little Vine Street, Regent Street—the "Man in the Moon." This sign is modern, though the idea is very old. The Whistling Oyster near Drury Lane Theatre is in the old humorous vein, and is, we believe, unique. We have heard of this singular vocalist, it is true, but we think this sign is the only attempt at the embodiment of the idea we have ever encountered.

The reason why we never meet with individuality in modern signs is clear enough. Our modern public-houses are in the hands of the great brewers, and the painters of them form a part of the staff of the brewery. Of course we cannot expect individuality from a man who gets paid so much per sign; indeed, he is not allowed to exercise such a quality, even if he has it, for the name of the sign is chosen by the brewer; and to save expense the most simple object is chosen; often, indeed, there is no object represented, but merely the name of the house is written in letters, "the Sun," "the Bull," "the Black Dog," &c. Thus mediocrity flourishes, and we never by any chance look for a suggestive idea, or a grotesque or even a picturesque thought in any of our modern signboards. In the painting-room of one of the great brewers the other day, we saw a score of signs in the course of manufacture. There was a lion, a bell, a dog, a bunch of grapes, carved and gilded, &c.; the painter was clearly guiltless of the slightest gleam of originality: indeed he would have repudiated anything of the kind as an impertinence, and as an insult to his employer.

The great firms and companies of brewers and distillers are totally destructive to originality, and so are guilty of a great mistake. A truly original sign is a great attraction, and we believe it would serve the purpose of the brewer to let the publican have a voice as to his own sign. There is a feeling abroad in favour of individuality, and we should not be surprised if we were to see once more some of the old humour cropping out. Surely there

is more genuine fun in the graphic pictures of Punch than even in the old times. Anything is better than the dismal mediocrity of the present day. We wonder the teetotal movement has not been turned to account by Boniface; for there is in it capital scope for satire. If we go to the really old signs, what a world of humour and fun we meet with! At Harold's Cross, Dublin, there is a sign of "Grinding Young Again." Could a man or woman pass such a sign without a fit of laughter?—and a good laugh, good reader, is very good medicine, especially to the grave.

In Pershore, there is another famous sign,—The Quiet Woman.* It represents a headless woman, carrying her head in her hand. Perhaps this sign is more universally talked about than any other in the kingdom, for the reason, we suppose, that it can always be used as a pleasant thrust at the female sex, which they are not slow to retort.

But we must go abroad if we wish to see the old sign in its glory. Countries that have not moved forward as fast as we have, keep to their old customs. Even in Paris many trades and professions still make their whereabouts known by signs. Who has not been amused by the midwives' signs in that city, which represent the nurse in the lying-in-chamber taking, with a triumphant air, the new-born babe to the equally triumphant-looking father? In Holland there is a perfect harvest of quaint signs still remaining: but for the truly picturesque signs we must go to the Tyrol. The hostels there are invariably decorated with some picture of a saint, but the favourite sign is generally a gigantic St. Christopher, painted, or rather frescoed, on the wall. After a long ride in this mountainous country there is something charmingly pleasant in coming suddenly upon a solitary inn, and seeing the saint, perhaps thirty feet high, bearing the infant Christ upon his shoulder, whilst he is fording a river. St. Christopher is the patron saint of the poor man, hence the reason for his picture as a sign. St. George slaying the Dragon is another common sign in that country, and often, in addition to these signs, there will be pictures of the Virgin, or of Christ bearing his cross. The innkeeper in these valleys is by no means such a coarse specimen of humanity as we often meet with in country places in England; he evidently is a lover of art, for we often see in the most remote villages excellent copies of well-known pictures by the old masters, which they have adopted as their signs. In Styria signs are used for a purpose which is anything but

* Our readers will not have forgotten the Good Woman, of Widdford, Essex. See Vol. II., New Series, p. 487.

assuring to the nervous traveller. Journeying along one of the steep defiles in this country a few years ago with a very timid lady, our attention was drawn to a custom they have in this superstitious country of marking the site of every accident by flood or mountain path, with a picture depicting the nature of the casualty. Here, where the road overhangs the river, a lady will be seen precipitated into the flood; at the next sharp turn, a carriage will be seen overturned, with gashed travellers writhing beneath, or an astounding avalanche will be shown swallowing up the Eilwagen and all its passengers. Near the picture will generally be seen a box, in which you are requested to place a contribution, in order that the priest may say a mass for the repose of their souls. We suppose that the priests are the artists of these gentle reminders of our mortality, and use them as advertisements to draw alms.

But to return to the curious old hostels and taverns, famous not only in London, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, how many of them have been swept away, or are doomed in our own day? The Tabard*, the most ancient and famous, has been going to decay for these last fifty years: nevertheless, as most of us can remember it, with its long covered galleries and its projecting bulkhead-like buildings, it looks still the very type of the old English inn. It was not Chaucer's Tabard, it is true—much of it was built in 1676—but there were traditions of the old pilgrims lingering about it, which seemed almost as good as the truth.

All middle-aged Londoners can remember La Belle Sauvage, as the old coaching house from which started the stage-coaches for the west; and we can in our mind's eye see now on their blue panels the figure of the savage, with a bell in his hand, which was always taken by the coaching interest to be the real meaning of the sign. The reader may not possibly know that before La Belle Sauvage was an inn, it was a place of amusement as long back as the sixteenth century; here was a theatre, where interludes and farces were performed, and here too bear-baiting was carried on. As we have said before, there is to this day a stone sign of an Elephant and Castle of the seventeenth century, let into one of the old walls that still remain, now that the yard has been nearly swallowed up by the printing establishment of the Messrs. Cassell. What shall we say of the Cock in Fleet Street, that was famous in the days of the Merry Monarch, that was shut up and deserted in the great plague, that many a time had seen

old Pepys with that wicked Mistress Knip "right merry" there, and that in later days has inspired the lays of the laureate?

Then, there is the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill, with its fierce visage, which Selden says our ancestors so depicted because he gave them a good drubbing, and they were obliged to make him look mighty and fierce to save their credit. Like La Belle Sauvage, its glories are departed, and the yard, with its old galleries, from which, like a heart, the streams of travellers were propelled forth on the old stages day by day, and as often drawn in again, is now silent as the grave. The Bell in Warwick Lane is another great coaching hostel that has been killed by steam. If anyone had said fifty years ago, when the yards of these great inns were noisy with the impatient pawing of the teams of horses, and the surrounding galleries were full of friends wishing goodbye, that there would soon come a time when a jet of steam would turn them into deserts, and make them look like a scene in the Middle Ages, who would have believed his word? And yet there is one of these old galleried hostels remaining, the Old Bell, in Holborn, which is, we are told, about to have its old glories revived, and to hear once more the rattle of the stage-coach beneath its portals. The success of the Brighton coach last year was so great, (carrying the ghosts of the early part of the century and the roysterers of the present day, and the nervous ladies afraid of the rail,) that some old coach proprietor is about to drag forth a long-silent stage and run it on the western road. What a gentle shock will pass through the yard when the phantom coach makes its first start! If a man has any love for the past—and how few of us have not?—a more delightful evening could not be passed than in listening to the ancient echoes of the famous taverns which our ancestors loved to frequent in the olden days "when George III. was king."

AT THE CASEMENT.

I.

WHAT of her orisons? nymph of the golden hair,
Rosy lipp'd, gentle eyed, colour that flees—
What are the hopings and longings thus told in pray'r,
In the pale moonlight time, to the night breeze?

II.

Is it Sir Launcelot false to his plighted troth?
Launcelot eagle-eyed, strong-limbed and straight;
All his soft murmurings ending in blighted troth?—
Blighted troth carrying hate in its freight.

III.

Was it the eye of Maid Marian wrought the ill?
Mischievous Marian, saucy coquette!
Or was it naughty self-love that first sought the ill?
Teasing a true heart to joy in its fret?

* See Vol. III., New Series, p. 96.



IV.

Out in yon whispering old woodland, aforetime,
 When it was summer time, oh! it was fair
 To listen to Launcelot's tales of the yore time—
 Look at him, laugh with him, breathe the same air?

V.

Is it the faint heart that sinks now and sickens sore
 At its crost love-dream?—that withers and droops
 As the young heart-hopes of life darkens thickens o'er?
 Maiden-like phantoms that haunt in fell troops?

VI.

What be her orisons, friend, let us ponder here,
 Gazing a little while on the fair scene;
 Decades in plenty of wisdom and wonder mere
 Have we stored up in the years that have been.

VII.

And dull'd as we are in the tame lore that life brings,
 Yet seems there in this a sweet musical pain—
 This young woe, so tender, no afterlife strife brings—
 This shade of a spring show'r! this rosebud in rain!

G. SHEIL.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XVII. ALL BUT GONE.

DID you ever, Mr. Nomad, see Waterloo Bridge on an early summer morning? If you did not, I can tell you you have missed one of the finest sights in this world; and I have seen a good many of them in my time. Tired, and fagged, and sleepy as I was that morning, about which I told you the other day, I was struck with the exceeding beauty of the scene, which, often as I have seen it, is to me ever new. A white haze of mist floated languidly above the water in that early dawn, hiding the wharves and warehouses and the unsightly sheds which line the grand old river; and above the mist, against the pale blue sky, flushed already with the rays of the sun rising far away in the distant east, you looked upon a forest of towers and spires and pillars; and high aloft, towering them all, the giant dome of St. Paul's seemed to float in mid air, supported on the mist cloud. Descriptions of scenery are not much in my line, and I own now, I would sooner see a well laid out dinner-table than a panorama of the Alps in all their glory. A clean napkin would look more beautiful to me than a glacier; and the dull red tint of a bottle of Burgundy would please me better than all the rainbow sunsets which Turner ever tried to paint. Still, for all that, I think I know beauty when I see it; and there was beauty there in that dissolving view of cloud and water and domes and steeples; and so I leant over the parapet, gazing deep down into the river, half-dreaming, half-wide-awake, half-watching the eddies of the water. You must have been a poor forlorn waif and stray of the town, like myself, quite to know what the river is to us. It is about the one only sight in this busy city on which I, and such as I, can look to our heart's content without paying—without being hustled aside and told to move on. Unless you are rich enough to be able to hire a first floor window for yourself in a crowded thoroughfare, you cannot watch the great land-tides of life with any comfort to yourself as a looker-on; and even then you are constantly disturbed by the noise and bustle and tumult of the scene. But if you can once get into a quiet nook looking down upon the river, you can stick your hands into your pockets, and look your fill. The steamers darting from side to side, the quiet barges floating lazily along, the lighter-boats sailing slowly with the tide, the wherries plying to and fro, and, above all, the sweep of the great silent stream dashing against the arches,

beating against the piles, gurgling over the sand banks, swaying in dark masses of light and shadow—all these things are sights for the million, for you and me alike.

I hardly know, too, why it should be so, but when you are weary and wretched, sore of foot and sad at heart, there is a never failing charm in watching the motion of the stream, so peaceful, so constant, and so resistless. Somehow, as nearly as I could ever explain it to myself, the ebb and flow of the tide seems to me to teach the lesson, not an unconsoling one when things are going ill with you in life, that after all nothing matters much, whether for good or bad. Weal or woe, good times, and hard times, the tide has come and gone for ages, and will go on thus for ages. Every day, I take it, since a great city first rose upon its banks, men and women must have looked down into its dark waters, wishing that their load of sin, or suffering, or sorrow, could be laid beneath it; and still the river has flowed on, singing its eternal lullaby, that what is to-day, has been yesterday, and will be to-morrow.

Foolish fancies these, I see you think, sir, by your smile; you are too busy and prosperous a man, I take it, to have much time for fancies. But if you were thrown as much upon yourself—as a man must be who has outlived his old friends, and is cut off from new ones by want and disrepute—you would have fancies too—possibly, more foolish ones; anyhow, I have them, and I suspect others have them too. It must be, I think, because the great sweep of the river looks grander from the broad flat stretch of Waterloo Bridge, that persons who want to make an end of it all come here, and not to any other of the upstream bridges. Who ever heard, I should like to know, of a man committing suicide by jumping off Battersea or Southwark bridges? For all practical purposes, they are as good or better; but there is a fashion about suicides as about other things, and Waterloo Bridge—in playhouse jargon—is the only one which draws the suicidal public. There must be a reason for this, as for every fashion, and the only cause I can assign is, that the waters, into which the last long plunge is to be taken, look deeper and the current flows stronger here than it does elsewhere.

Well, I had leant for some time, looking over the parapet, and speculating on what would happen if I was to make a spring, and do what so many poor devils have done before. Would my body, I thought, be found? would it be placarded at the police stations as "Found drowned?" would any one identify my corpse? would a paragraph narrating my end go the round of the papers?

and if so, would any of my old chums and companions feel queer about the eyes when they read the name of poor old Jack—no matter who. I had not the remotest idea of taking the plunge; but there is an odd sort of fascination, at least, I have always found it so—in speculating how things would go on, if you yourself were dead and gone. I must have loitered there some time, for when I looked up the day was breaking fast, and the mist had risen, and the spires and domes had vanished, and the grey chill white fog hung about everything far and near. So I stepped out homewards, but before I had gone many steps, I caught sight of a man's figure kneeling on the stone seat, with his elbows on the parapet and his head sunk between his hands. Something in the figure struck my eye, and looking again, I saw that it was A, the captain of our gang; the man whose life story, in some way I did not know, was mixed up with that of Mrs. Ada Fitz-Maurice of Philomela Villas. I thought I could guess pretty well what his object was there alone at that hour; but I saw, too, that whatever he might mean to do later, he was not worked up to the plunging point yet; and so I stood aside and watched him.

His thoughts were very far away; and though his eyes gazed downwards at the eddying, seething stream, I doubt greatly whether he could have told what he was looking at. His lips, I could see, were moving; and I would wager anything he was praying. You may think it odd a man should pray who is just going to put an end to his life willingly. But at moments such as these men are not consistent, if they ever are so at any period of their lives. No matter what you believe or disbelieve, you pray by instinct when death comes close upon you, just as you strike out your arms by instinct when you feel the water closing over your head. I once knew an old man who always seemed to me, and to every one else who knew him, the most worldly, pleasure-loving, and sceptical of mankind. When he lay dying, the old heathen, to the surprise of all the world, changed his creed, and was received into the bosom of a church to which, from political and party ties, he had always been bitterly opposed. There was great exultation among the adherents of his new faith at the conversion of so notorious an evil liver. But his own explanation, given as he was sinking, was, that the best person he had ever known was his old Irish nurse; and that he liked to hear again the same prayers she had said over him as a child. "Whenever I visited a foreign country," he murmured, with a sparkle of the old biting sarcasm, "I always tried to get an interpreter

who professed, at least, to understand the language." So, as for most men, the best women they have ever known—best to them at any rate—have been their mothers, it is only natural to repeat, when life seems passing from us, the words that we were taught to pray years and years ago. Anyhow, I fancy it was so with A; and the mere effort which raised him somehow above the sordid sorrow of his later life, appeared to recall the gait, and look and aspect of his earlier and better years. It is all very well to say you would know a gentleman anywhere; but when a gentleman is covered with rags which hardly hang together, and has learnt to live unshaven, unshorn, unwashed, unkempt, when he walks about the streets with boards over his shoulders, and when he bears the unmistakeable stamp of poverty branded on his face, clothes, and manner, he grows so like an ordinary street beggar that you must be very sharp indeed to detect any difference between him and his mates. I had always fancied A had seen better days. But then, for one of us to have been a gentleman's lacquey, or a counter-jumper, or barman, would have been a height in life from which our fall would have been great indeed. But looking at A now, I knew at once that he was a gentleman born and bred. I can't say I believe much in blood. I have seen too much of the world for that; but I do believe in training; and I could see the traces of the old never-forgotten training in A's face and attitude. The solitude of the hour, the sense that the weary life struggle was all but over, the influence of the recollections which the very act of prayer had brought back to him, seemed to have refined his very outward nature, to have recalled him to himself. The rags somehow drooped from his shoulders as if they had been wont once to fit him; his strong, lithe frame slouched no longer; and on his face, so pale, so worn, so hollow, there had stolen back a look I had never seen upon it before. The wrinkles had smoothed down; the deep ugly lines had vanished; there was almost a colour on the cheek—well nigh a sparkle in the sudden eye; and I could tell that not so many years ago he had had one of those fair, frank faces with the light brown hair, and the deep blue eyes, and the pleasant smile playing about the close cut mouth, on which, if I had been born a woman, I should have so liked to gaze.

I don't know how long it was that I looked at the man thus. Broken as I am now, I have lived long enough in my time in scenes where nerve was wanted above everything, to be sure that, before he could take the spring, I would get my hand upon him. Do you know, that looking at him there, I more than

half-doubted whether I should not be doing more kindly to pass on and leave him to the fate he had chosen. He had made his peace with himself, as you could see well enough by the look upon his worn features; and who was I, hardly knowing, only at best half guessing, his life story, to say that he might not have chosen wisely and well. It so chanced, however, as I think I told you, that I had never related to him what I had seen at Mrs. Fitz-Maurice's on the night when the young Manchester fellow was cleaned out; and I thought or fancied, recalling old stale club scandal gossip, that it was possible I might have something to tell which would throw a light on the dark pages of a life that had obviously made shipwreck early. Anyhow, if he was determined to make away with himself he would do so another time, when I was not by to look on. But, for exactly that reason, I resolved to wait till he was on the very eve of taking the leap into the dark. If you stop a man while he is thinking of doing something desperate, in nine cases out of ten, you only irritate him by opposition, and make him still more resolved to go to the bad his own way. But if you can wait till he has actually worked himself up to the resolve, till the result of his decision stares him full in the face, then, if you can pull him back from the brink of the precipice, you throw a sort of cold chill over his resolution, which it will not recover for a considerable time. I don't believe any man ever actually tried to take away his life twice in the self-same day, or week, or month, for that matter.

So I waited, watching with the same keen, intent interest, as I have watched a stag come stealing down the hill side, till he had passed within my range; and, odd to say, the stimulus of the excitement made me feel younger than I had done for years. You may ask, perhaps, Mr. Nomad, how it was nobody came up during all this time. Well, the truth is, all I have told you probably only occupied a few seconds or minutes in time; and then, too, the few folks about Waterloo Bridge in the early dawn of the grey morning keep as clear of each other as they well can for the most part. Suddenly I saw A drop his hands from before his face, to which they had just been raised; his eyes looked up over the water, across the mist and haze, to the pale blue sky above, as if they wanted to carry to the grave the memory of the last scene witnessed on earth. Then the teeth clenched, and then the hands grasped the stones, and a shudder passed over his frame, and in a moment more he would have been struggling in mid air, when I grasped him by the arm. The shock, as I expected it would be to a man in

the spasm of intense excitement, was electric. His whole force seemed to pass away at once, and the old shuffling, shaky figure I knew so well, slouched, rather than stood, before me. He did not argue with me, he did not try to escape from me; he let me lead him on like a child, and all he said was, "Why did you disturb me? I should have been at rest by now." And then, half-speaking to me, half-talking to himself, he told me the story of the life that had so nearly ended.

MOUNTAIN CROSSES.*



N Alpine heights, like Mont Cenis,

Thou, traveller, may'st sometimes see

A black Cross poised upon the brink

Of awful depths; then pause, and think;

For sin, or grief, here bids thee stay

And echo rouse by one word—"Pray!"

Some mortal fled from haunts of man,

Alone 'mid glacial gloom to scan
The dread abyss of his own hell,
Hath raised this Cross, that it might tell
How faith in It can give relief
And calm the hurricane of grief.
Rest, Pilgrim, on thy toilsome way,
Rest here, and glancing backward, say
What road, be it, or thine, or mine,
But hath its wayside cross or shrine?
From heights one scans what might have been,
Thence bright points pass'd too well are seen.
Calm Retrospect makes things so clear
That few look back without a tear
From summits gain'd, wher' cruel Fate
Or sad Experience cries:—"Too late!"
But mountains upon mountains rise
To greater heights above the skies.
Ah! who on lower ground can say
What Cross shall crown the upward way?

A. E. C.

* Each of the crosses which frequently startle strangers as they journey through mountainous passes to Italy—whether by the upward wayside, or surmounting some seemingly inaccessible rock overhanging a cataract, or on some icy pinnacle that makes the beholder shudder at the desperate courage that placed it there—each has its own separate tradition of penitence for sin, of warning against danger, or of victory over difficulties physical or spiritual. Some of these traditions, possibly, are ancient enough to be protected against as superstitious fables in this day of scientific miracles; but it is, nevertheless, to be hoped that English and other pioneers of progress, such as those now triumphant on the railway summit of Mont Cenis, will not unnecessarily do away with these old landmarks of local faith, in the practical exercise of which faith consists, at present, their own best security, with regard to the good conduct of mountaineers whose laborious assistance is needed in carrying out vast enterprises like those now in course of completion not only above, but beneath Mont Cenis. And even when "Italy is won," by many a future mountain railway passenger it will be found, and not in any exclusively ecclesiastical sense, that the Cross in Northern Italy is still the time-honoured symbol of a crown of conquest, as evidenced by the *Stemma*, or coat of arms, of Milan and the modern battle plains of Lombardy, which forms the initial letter to these lines.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

It has been remarked that now-a-days no young lady's education is complete till she has written a three volume novel. Without going so far as this, we may assert that few damsels of the present day seem to reach the years of discretion without having forwarded a little poem, a short essay, or an innocent ghost story to the editor of some popular magazine. Of the general scope and peculiarities of these efforts we shall speak in the sequel, and we believe that the few remarks we shall offer will, if read attentively, and "in no carping spirit," help on the endeavours of those who aspire to the doubtful honours of appearing in print.

But first a word of warning to all who believe that, by becoming contributors to a periodical, they are ensuring a large and immediate addition to their income. In our youth there was a legend of an Etonian who, having sent a joke to Punch, received by an early post a cheque for five pounds. Who that Etonian was, we never succeeded in discovering; but the story long remained, and may still be a favourite one with school-boys; and inspired by it with a desire to be served likewise, we lost no time in forwarding to Fleet Street a batch of deformed puns and exasperating *jeux d'esprits*, under a firm conviction that we should reap in return a flourishing crop of bank notes, with "compliments and thanks" into the bargain. That we are not the only credulous mortals who have wasted time, incurred headaches, and copied and enclosed manuscripts with a superstitious reliance on the generosity of publishers, is shown by the numerous contributions and appeals that daily flood the editorial table. Evidently, it is an article of popular faith, that the proprietors and conductors of a periodical have such an unbounded supply of hard cash that they have the greatest difficulty and anxiety in the world to get rid of it. Kind or, at all events, confiding friends enclose papers, often painfully silly, from young ladies in reduced circumstances, under the plea that the writers thereof are at their wits' end for a means of subsistence. An aspiring and under-paid governess encloses three short poems, in the hope that they may be found available, and as even a trifle would be welcome, wishes to know the rate at which the editor is prepared to reward a successful effort. A gentleman has just taken a mastership in a grammar school, and having a wife and family and next to nothing to live upon, forwards a translation from the Greek, and would be thankful for any as-

sistance, in the shape of money or of advice, that the editor is in a position to offer. A curate's wife transmits per book-post, a novel in sixty chapters, which she believes will afford satisfaction; in the event of its being accepted, she feels that the sum of eighty pounds would not be considered in excess of its merits. A lady sends a short paper on life in Germany, requires a decision before the following evening, and is prepared to part with the copyright for a clear fifty pounds. Let it here be stated, once for all, that payment comes from the proprietors, that an editor is not of necessity a millionaire, and that he has *not* uncontrolled sway over the contents of numberless well-filled money bags, from which he can scatter golden favours broadcast right and left. Let it be distinctly understood that six halting lines on autumn or winter, of which three are ungrammatical, and only two will rhyme, are never, under any circumstances, rewarded with the conventional "five pounds" which have been fixed upon by the British public as the standard rate of remuneration for successful efforts. Neither is an essay, on a subject of no interest to any one living in England in the nineteenth century, and written in an illegible scrawl, and with a bold defiance of the rules of composition, at all likely to bring in twenty, or even ten guineas to its author. If people are so dreadfully pressed for money, and want immediate returns, in the shape of a cheque in the course of a day or two, they had better rest their hopes on a surer foundation than the prodigality of editors.

But some persons, like a lady of our acquaintance who shall be nameless, seem to argue with a sense of their own worth that prevents them from exercising an unbiassed judgment upon matters that touch their own productions. An amiable acquaintance offered her ten pounds for two little pictures of no great merit, but before the bargain was concluded the fair artist learnt, truly or otherwise, that Mr. Poynter had received 800*l.* for his "Israel in Egypt," and from this fact she deduced the strange corollary that if the painter named could get so large a sum for one picture, she herself deserved more than had been offered her for two. "It is the finest child that ever was born," murmurs the delighted mother when her first-born enters into the world; and authors and artists, especially inferior ones, are apt to view their own productions with like complacency.

Again, as there is usually some delay between the receipt of a manuscript and its acceptance or rejection, it is concluded that editors keep back contributions for the sake of extracting their pith and marrow—of which

there is usually little enough—to return them when they have made free of their contents to their own glorification and pecuniary advantage, but to the detriment of the original writer. It may calm those afflicted with such misgivings to be told that, at the office of a magazine, there is always a heavy press of work, and that it is to this circumstance, and not to any dishonesty on the part of the editor or proprietor that delays in the notification of a decision are owing. Every post brings in a formidable supply of plethoric envelopes, aldermanic packages, and huge rolls of paper, some of which have nearly tumbled to pieces on their journey. The work can be got through only by degrees, and upon a certain system. Each applicant must be content to wait his turn, and he may be sure that when the time comes he will have full justice done to him. But it is not always possible for an editor to form a decision at once; for, though a paper may be meritorious, the amount of matter already accepted may stand in the way of its being made available, and unless room can be found for it by a certain date, the interest of the subject may have evaporated. But half the delay complained of is owing to slovenliness and a want of attention on the part of the contributors themselves. A few simple directions are given on the cover or on the first page of each number of this magazine, and were they followed by authors, there would be a saving not only of time but of postage stamps, for the manuscripts of authors not complying with the regulations alluded to are necessarily returned unread. Why, we may ask, is there so general an unwillingness to comply with that simple and intelligible request, that the pages of a manuscript may be carefully fastened together, and that the name and address of the writer may be inscribed legibly on the first page of each separate contribution? Unless these rules were rigidly enforced, confusion would reign in the editor's basket, which overflows with papers on all sorts of subjects, from all sorts of people, with whose handwriting no one in the office is acquainted. How else could it be satisfactorily learnt from whose pen an article had come, to whom it should be returned if unsuitable; whither, if accepted, the proof should go, or to whom the remittance should be sent when pay-day arrived? And yet, if one of thirty loose sheets of every shape and size should chance to be mislaid, there would be endless remonstrances, and the angry contributor would be the last person to believe that his loss was owing to the fact that none of his pages had a number, a title, an address, or, indeed, the slightest link to connect it with its fellows.

When, we should like to know, does our author intend to write his papers legibly, and to save a wearisome delay to himself, and hours of bewilderment and trial to those whose duty it is to read them? Pity the poor editor who has to wade through a manuscript that, in the eyes of the uninitiated, might pass for Syro-Chaldee or Coptic; pity the poor compositor who has to "set it up," and blame your own carelessness and not the printer's sense of the ludicrous, when some of the passages you most cherish are perverted into nonsense of the most drivelling and despicable character. Resolve to do better in future, and when you correct your proof, write so that doubts may be set at rest, and confusion not be made worse confounded.

A great part—we might almost say the majority—of the articles received by an editor display penmanship in its crudest and most aggravating forms. Mr. Pitman and his six lessons might be patronised by the semi-literary world with great advantage. Instead of interpretable characters, we have nothing but upstrokes and downstrokes; the latter portentously stout, and the former as ridiculously lean, regardless of Lord Palmerston's advice, with flourishes, splashes, erasures, and interlineations, setting the decipherer's art at defiance. Of course, stops are sedulously avoided, or used in a vindictive pepper-castor fashion, so as to destroy the contributor's meaning whenever he is in any danger of becoming coherent. One sentence runs into another, and paragraphs are joined and disconnected so as to set the editor on a five minutes' puzzle to find out what the writer really *does* mean. Some gentlemen have a partiality for crushing their upper lines into those immediately below them, till they resemble a series of once parallel trains brought into collision by an earthquake. Your ingenious writers affect a caligraphy which is painfully suggestive of the Lord's Prayer on a sixpence; and manage to compress a novel in twelve chapters into three sheets of foolscap. Divers employ "slips," with a mournful similitude to an account for dilapidations and repairs; others use long ribbons, filling an intermediate position between the pages of a telegraph book and the panoramas of the Lord Mayor's Show that are hawked in Fleet Street on the 9th of November. Less eccentric individuals use "quarters" or "halves" of blue or white foolscap. Ladies have a weakness for delicate creamlaid, sometimes with gilt edges; and though the fair sex are behind hand in the matters of names and addresses, their MSS. are generally tied or sewn neatly together, and the worst excess of their penmanship is the coercion of letters into an upright position,

when the refined nature of the author's mind would be better exemplified by an appropriate slope in the right direction. Papers from Ireland are all so abominably written that a very large proportion have to be returned unread. Essayists of a grim, sarcastic, and cynical turn of mind dash off their productions with so reckless a contempt for the reader's comfort, as to betoken that they regard an editor as a base-born churl, whose mental provender could not be too much bespattered and mangled.

But to the generous multitude, who are not quite in the seventh heaven, or entirely forgetful of other people's feelings, and who do not want to give more trouble than they can well help, we beg to submit the recommendations that follow as worthy of adoption. Let your articles be written in a clear, legible hand, on uniform sheets, with ruled lines, which save confusion, and with a margin left for corrections. Avoid interlineations as far as you possibly can. If, on reviewing your paper, certain passages seem to need material alterations, re-write the entire page, or, at least, the corrected passage, and paste the amendment either over or on the side of the original paragraph. Again, we would urge you to write on pages of a uniform size; for, unless your papers are pretty much of a size, it is difficult to calculate the space which they would occupy in print. Details, such as the foregoing, may seem trivial; but they have far more influence than is usually supposed on a writer's success. Experience teaches that the slipshod MS., with its hasty amendments and slovenly erasures, is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a mere reflection of the confused and imperfect ideas floating through the mind of its author. Genuine talent is reasonable and painstaking; the blockhead who never succeeds is your self-elected genius, who dashes off his articles in a fine frenzy, and treats practical considerations with disdain.

We shall here pause to remark that an editor has other things to do besides reading MSS. His correspondence is voluminous, and the statements and applications that claim his notice are on widely differing subjects, some of them amusing, others aggravating, and a good many much to be pitied. Young ladies, for instance, write, avowedly without their parents' leave, and, rashly assuming the editor to be as ready for a lark as themselves, beg that answers may be sent to some neighbouring post-office. Again, materfamilias expresses to the editor her hopes that no more tales about vampires will appear, as they prevent her daughters from sleeping at night. A gentleman wishes to state that he has made certain inquiries, and that the subject matter of an article published some years ago, and

purporting to be authentic, is apparently fictitious. Nor is this all. Correspondents without number expect answers to all sorts of impertinent questions, but forget to enclose stamped envelopes. But why should the proprietors be fined countless pennies because strangers are careless?

The damsel who used to sign herself "a school-girl," and who wrote to headquarters whenever she could detect a printer's error, and obligingly pointed out mistakes when they were past rectification, has not lately been heard of. The editor returns thanks for her former suggestions, and hopes, for her husband's sake if not for her own, that she has settled down into an unliterary and un-censorious British matron. A would-be contributor is obliged for the pains taken with his MS., but sneeringly thinks it just as well to add that "being unable to get at the rule by which judgment is made, he shall not subject himself further to the disagreeables of refusals." Another author complains that the printed punctuation of some verses of his, inserted in a late number, "seems to have been studied with the intention of stultifying the whole thing, and making the idea unintelligible." An artist begs to forward some original sketches, and states that he is willing to accept any employment that may be offered; though, as he adds rather damagingly, he has not much experience in the sort of work he wants; is a tyro at figure-drawing, and has never drawn on the wood. A photographer would be obliged if the editor could assist him in procuring sittings from literary celebrities among his contributors, as the dull autumn and winter weather is approaching, and before the end of another month he requires at least two hundred good subjects. A lady presents her compliments, and, regretting that her former note was illegible, writes another (nearly as difficult to read), with the hope that it may pass muster. Some young hopefuls offer their services merely because they have a very small income and plenty of time at their disposal. An astute experimentalist hopes that, if his papers are rejected, the editor will not disfigure their margin with the term "not suited," as it might prejudice his chances of acceptance in another quarter. A pert Miss is "surprised that her story was declined, and, at the recommendation of her friends, returns it, believing that it is not worse than a tale which appeared a month or two ago;" and seems to infer, that if the editor has been taken in once, he is pledged to the acceptance of rubbish by the cartload. A clergyman would be glad to be informed whether certain MSS., which he names, have ever come to

hand, and throws out vague suggestions of compensation and lawyers.

To pass on to graver matters. A chorus of respectable Unitarians from half-a-dozen distant towns find fault with a story in which an early Christian martyr makes use of the expression "Holy three in One," and maintain that "the Doctrine of the Trinity was not formerly enunciated till some years after the date at which the event in the story is fixed."

A skit on a certain famous but fantastic novel having appeared, certain dull-brained readers wish to know "whether it is actually true that the worship of the ancient Roman divinities is being resumed in certain parts of London, and that such proceedings are approved by the editorial chair." A working man in distressed circumstances forwards a paper, with the statement that he came up to London a short while since to find employment, but without success; that he is wholly dependent on his trade, has no friends to help him, that his little capital is all expended, and that he has taken to poetry in despair, and would be glad to receive for it even a penny a line. A poor creature, literally all but starving, sends a short but hopeless article, with a note in which he declares that if it is refused, he shall commit suicide before the next day.

And here we come to the least pleasant feature of an editor's life; the necessity under which he is of turning a deaf ear to many a tale of distress and undeserved suffering. Before all things, he has to consider the success of his magazine, and for many reasons the proprietors don't care to employ those who are in want of resources, and have not bread to put into their mouths. It is not convenient to men of business to be called upon for money at a moment's notice; and men head over ears in trouble can rarely compose with the requisite *verve*; added to which, they have not the means to procure special information, and too often verify the old adage that "it's ill working on an empty stomach." But we are forgetting the young lady whose efforts have not been successful, and who, with bitter sarcasm, explains to the editor that she was emboldened to lay her first attempt before him, by the character of certain tales lately published in his magazine, and from which she gained a favourable idea of his benevolence and indulgence.

Having got back to the fairer half of creation, we may next inquire why they persist in spelling accommodate with only one *m*, and separate with an *e* instead of an *a*? Ladies, and gentlemen as well, are constant defaulters as regards the omission of the relative; both

sexes write "who" for "whom," and by an excessive use of the participle, make their papers needlessly heavy and grandiose. "As I walked, I saw," is preferable to "Walking, I saw;" a form of expression not used in conversation, from one end of the day to the other. Lastly, we have to condemn a fondness for long and unintelligible words, and pompous sentences. Be it known to all men, that pure Anglo-Saxon is pleasantest and more forcible than elaborate Johnsonese or the most sonorous medley of French, Greek, and Latin.

Why is it, we would next ask, that people are so impatient to fly before they can walk or even waddle? Young writers, both male and female, unknown to the world of letters, are strangely fond of trying their paces at starting in novels ranging in length from a dozen chapters to sixty. Now, what conception can they have formed of an editor's engagements? Unless the writer has already proved his efficiency in works of less pretension, nobody has any great inducement to tackle MSS. of a bulk so prodigious. It is perfectly true, that in the despised bundle may lie a second "Jane Eyre," but it is beyond dispute that the elaborate productions of raw beginners are almost invariably great rubbish. Now, would it not have been more prudent for the author to have announced his claims to notice in a form less ambitious and repulsive? An editor, as we have said, has usually plenty to do besides reading MSS., though the fact is one which the world of struggling authorship seems little disposed to recognise; and when unknown contributors request his immediate attention to several reams of closely written foolscap, they should remember that they are severely testing his faith and patience, and have no reason to grumble if their demands are not immediately satisfied. And yet, the longer the MS., the less does the writer seem disposed to be patient, and almost as soon as the infliction has come to hand, the editor receives a note inquiring whether it has not been mislaid, and how soon the author may expect a decision. The fact seems to be, that young writers fancy themselves in an exceptional position, and forget that thousands of others are struggling in the same path, and, consequently, that their own works are not the only ones which claim the notice of an editor.

However, if beginners will enter the list in a three volume form, in mercy let their stupendous productions be accompanied by a sketch of the plot. The plea that it is impossible to tell what a story is like till you have read it all through, is merely a tacit admission that its framework will not bear inspection by

itself, or, in other words, that the tale is worthless; for no novel with a weak, rambling plot, can possibly succeed. It is not necessary for an experienced reader to wade through every sentence in every chapter, to decide on a story's merits. If all, or most of the passages that meet his eye are ungrammatical, prosy, or badly constructed, it is not unfair to presume that the work as a whole is undeserving of attention. The author of a really good tale does himself no more than justice by providing an intelligible outline of its contents. Curiosity is aroused, the reader's sympathies are enlisted, and if the opinion which he forms be somewhat prejudiced thereby, the last person to suffer is the author. Slips of language, and offences against taste, escape the notice which they would otherwise attract; and, if the writer is as successful in his dialogue and descriptive passages as in the construction of his plot, the former acquire from that circumstance additional lustre. However, the most graphic word-painting and the raciest dialogue cannot form a story of themselves. For a novel to be even passable, it must have a framework—respectable, at all events; and it is surprising and a matter of regret the exertion and time spent by really clever writers in elaborating the details of a story, of which the main incidents are often not merely commonplace, but positively ridiculous.

However, the greater part of the first and early attempts that solicit an editor's notice are crudely constructed, as well as morbid, imitative, and silly. Those written by the fair sex have a strong family likeness. They are, for the most part, weak reflections of the works of more talented ladies, occasionally varied with a vile caricature of the mannerism of Dickens or Thackeray. The sentiment is almost invariably stilted and false. Pride or revenge serves as the main spring of action, and conjugal infidelity is turned to account largely. The descriptive passages are bombastic and tedious. The dialogue, though now and then forcible, is as a rule, flat, or turgid and incoherent. As respects the *dramatis personæ*, the heroines are weak, perverse, and doting. The "principal lovers" are, without exception, the worst form of prig, and, as might be guessed, their locks are raven, their eyes flash disdainfully, their lips curl with scorn, and their arms are folded in defiance. They despise the world by which they are rated at their proper value, and vent their spleen on their wives or *fiancées*, who worship them in consequence. The plots are almost mournful in their imbecility, and the motives, by which the characters are stirred to action, are either wholly inadequate or perversely immoral. It is a remarkable

fact, that if any one in any of these stories writes a novel, he or she never disposes of the copyright for less than a thousand pounds. If one or two of the leading personages are tolerably natural, the rest are sure to be mere dummies, or far-fetched caricatures, put in to fill up and drag out the tale to its appointed length.

And here we must protest against the common mistake of starting with an idea that a work should be made to occupy a certain space, and against the consequent introduction of subsidiary characters and incidents that weaken the general interest. For the benefit of those, who are not above taking a hint, we offer the following suggestions, which will be found useful, though they may not admit of full adoption in any individual instance:—Before you begin to write, have a clear conception of the groundwork of your story. Think it well over, elaborate it by degrees in your mind, and when it has assumed something like consistency, commit it to paper, and from time to time refer to it and jot down such modifications and additions as may seem advisable. If the principal motive power or the leading idea is a good one, a consistent and amusing, if not a very original plot will be worked out by degrees. But should the former be insufficient or the latter defective, nothing remains but to throw the sketch aside and begin another, remembering those two homely sayings "practice makes perfect," and "Rome was not built in a day." By looking at one's work with a critical and not too indulgent an eye, its crudities and inconsistencies are brought to light; alterations for the better suggest themselves, the various parts appear in their proper relationship, and it will be possible to connect the several incidents more effectively, and to make a fair calculation of the length to which the story should be allowed to run. When the plot is finished to your satisfaction, beg the least indulgent of your friends to criticize it without mercy. If it meets his approval you have an encouragement, such as it is, to persevere; if he points out faults try and mend them; if he suggests alterations, turn them over in your mind, and don't be ashamed to adopt them if good; if sound reasons are advanced for condemning the work as a whole, have nothing more to do with it, but begin a fresh plot, convinced that we learn as much by our defeats as by our victories, or possibly, even more.

In literary composition, especially of an imaginative kind, too great a store is laid on genius or natural instinct, and far too little on judgment and application. Without exactly asserting that any one who chooses can be-

come a successful novelist, we may remind the would-be author what Sir Joshua Reynolds said to his pupils, "If you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have no talent, industry will almost supply its place."

In shorter tales, occasional contributors appear to more advantage. They are less hampered with considerations of detail, and their powers of invention are not too severely taxed. In works of this description, the most noticeable faults are, undue haste, entailing faultily constructed sentences, loose and redundant phrases, vain repetitions, and offences against good taste and Lindley Murray.

Writers also show the worst of taste by selecting titles of a repulsive, or at least, a very questionable character. How can any one be so mad as to send to a decent magazine papers with such headings as "A Grunt from Hell," "Thievery, Knavery, and Harlotry," "Siren Street," and "Eve in her Bath?" yet trash of this description is constantly turning up, and the authors can never be made to understand that there has been any sound reason for declining their offers.

Again, Indian MSS. come by the score from officers, whose time hangs heavily on their hands; but the fact that a certain house at Westminster is counted out, whenever Indian topics are uppermost, may help to explain why so few of them are accepted. The ambitious have a tendency to spin out what would be a very tolerable short tale into an unsatisfactory long one. Many of the stories received show ability, but few are finished with sufficient care to justify acceptance. There is a dangerous fondness for legal and nautical phrases, details of chancery suits, or trials for murder, disquisitions on the law of lunacy, &c.; blunders on any of which topics would bring ridicule on the writer, and discredit on the magazine that contained his paper.

Authors would be largely the gainers if they would more carefully consider the tone of the periodical to which they send their contributions. It is needless to deluge a magazine, which eschews political and religious subjects, with papers on "The Compound Householder," and the "Growth of Ritualism." A serial, affecting short articles, too often receives essays long enough for a quarterly. The "heavy" magazines are pelted with light and frivolous tales of a sensational type, and the less pretentious with discussions on "Prison Discipline," and "The Origin of Man."

Again, it is a common mistake with amateurs to suppose that so long as the subject is a good one, it matters not a straw how carelessly the article is put together, that errors of phraseology or construction will be rectified by the editor, or, in other words, that the

essay will be re-written by his friendly pen, though they themselves will have the pay and the credit of it. Now, under exceptional circumstances, i.e., where the writer is the only person at all acquainted with the subject of which he treats, and where that subject is one of great general interest, much allowance will be made for indifferent writing, and possibly the article may be deemed of sufficient intrinsic value to justify its being partly remodelled; but an author should bear in mind, that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, he is not the only person who has special information, that the topic he has chosen, though agreeable, may yield the palm of interest to another, or that the editor to whom he has applied, can obtain from known authorities a carefully digested paper on the same subject, which he himself has treated with such slovenliness and carelessness.

As for the verses (so-called poetry) which are sent to magazines, the less said about them the better. Generally weak, they often won't scan, are usually ungrammatical, occasionally coarse, and more frequently than not disfigured with false rhymes, and ridiculous mannerisms. Young ladies, especially, are warned to be more sparing in their infliction of maudlin sentimentality in stanzas of "eights and sixes," or in so-called sonnets, of a more pretentious shape and style. They would do well to eschew the moon, and the stars, too, and all such rhymes as "love" and "dove," "kiss" and "bliss," "lip" and "sip," "roam" and "home."

To pass to another subject on which plain speech is pardonable and necessary: pilferings are occasionally made from one magazine and sent as novelties to another. For instance, a year or two ago there appeared in *ONCE A WEEK* a tale that had been "adapted" *verbatim et literatim* from another periodical, little more than the title and names being changed. A polite note was sent to the copyist requesting the favour of an early call. He soon appeared, all smiles and satisfaction, and evidently supposed that he was going to reap the fruits of his iniquity in the form of a cheque or bank note. The editor complimented him on the spirit and interest of his work; but enquired whether it was purely original, or if it had ever been in print before. In reply he received emphatic protestations. "Because," he continued, "I have been told that it is very like an article in a back number of ——. I have a copy of it here," he added; "perhaps you will just look over it and explain the coincidence." The pilferer was taken aback; he did as suggested, stammered, stuttered, "supposed there

was a mistake somewhere," and coined a whole string of excuses, beginning with the hypothesis that the story had escaped from his drawer, and winding up with the remark that he must have lent it to a friend who had turned it to account. "Well, Mr. —," said the editor, "shall we write to the conductor of —, and ask from what quarter it came to his hands?" Mr. — thought "it would hardly be worth while;" and so he had no alternative but to lose the money for which he had diplomatised, to submit to the confiscation of the other papers he had sent, and to the publication of his name and address in the next number as a "literary pirate" of whom all editors had much better beware.

Some people, more honest than the hero of this anecdote, but equally ingenious, have their suspicions on various subjects, and do their best to catch the editor tripping. We remember the case of a lady who, fancying that her MS. had been sent back unread, turned every fifth page of her next contribution topsy-turvy, in order to test the correctness of her theory. We pledge ourselves on behalf of the editor that, if any suspicious author will kindly try the experiment of putting a five pound note inside his article, he shall have satisfactory proof that the latter had been duly examined before being returned to his hands. For the benefit of those who reluctantly admit that their contributions have been printed and circulated in private, we beg to announce that few editors will take anything that has ever been printed at all before. Once a subtle individual had the foresight to send out duplicates, one to each of two rival magazines; but this artifice, which might have led to complications, was discovered, and both copies were speedily returned to their owner.

Many persons, and especially young ladies, are very fond of sending in pen and ink sketches as illustrations to poems and tales. Most of these are grotesque caricatures of drawings already published; but had they all the talent in the world they could seldom be turned to account. It is popularly supposed that the designs of the engravings in magazines are made on paper. This is not the case. They have to be drawn on the wood, and on a block of a certain size—a feat requiring much experience, and a knowledge of the style and requirements of the engraver. Photographs and sketches sent with topographical papers are useful as hints to the draughtsman, but they are no source of remuneration to the original artist.

Before concluding, we must beg to ask why authors are so fond of sending in their papers too late or at inappropriate seasons? A

serial goes to the press some weeks before the date of publication; why, then, have Christmas tales a knack of turning up about the twenty-third of December or in the middle of January, ghost stories in the early spring, dissertations on Fenianism when the subject has been worn thread-bare, and papers on partridge-shooting or Alpine adventures when the public is clamorous on the matter of burlesques and pantomimes?

Lastly, we would say to all would-be contributors,—depend less upon inspiration and more on common-sense, take pains, think your work over and carefully correct it, and if you fail, believe that the fault is more on your own side than on that of the editor, who, usually, if not always, is only too glad to discover any hidden gems of real talent. There are magazines, perhaps, in which favouritism is the order of the day, and where the best of papers, if it comes from an outsider, is tossed unread into the waste basket. However, in *ONCE A WEEK* the case is different. Acceptance goes by merit; and stress may be laid on the fact that the veriest tyro in literature has as good a chance as the most experienced *litterateur* of the day. Don't aim too high at the outset; don't be too touchy or sensitive of early repulses; remember that it is not every arrow that hits the mark; that success will come in the long run if you fight for it; and bear in mind that though good work deserves, and generally meets with, adequate remuneration, neither the editor nor the proprietors are in possession of a British Golconda. These recommendations being attended to, bushels of nonsense will be replaced by papers of originality and merit; the public will praise both editor and contributor; and the author, young or old, will not only be saved trouble and mortification, but will have something to be proud of and a pound or two to put into his purse besides. X.

THE FALSE LOVE.

THE white moon rose o'er the castle grey,
And dim through the misty air
It shone on the girdle of frowning cliffs
That stood like a fortress there—
Like towers and battlements, strong and dark,
With the surge of the waves below,
And that crumbling crest of the castle grey—
As the gleaming of winter snow.

No sound was heard in this breathless night,
Save the sound of the breaking wave,
And the rush and swell of the making tide
In some crystal-groined cave;
A sound as of deep mass-music, sung
When the odorous breath is shed
From swinging censer to burnished roof,
For the souls of the newly-dead.

The young lord stood where the arching cliff
O'ershadowed his dauntless face;
And the Lady Edith was by his side,
Enwrapt in his strong embrace.
The moonlight wavered about her feet,
And counted the pearls that lay
Twisted and twined in her raven hair,
As the white mist rolled away.

"To-morrow, at dawn, I must leave thee, sweet,"
He sighed in his heart, and said,
As he laid his hand, with caressing touch,
On the high-born maiden's head,
"I would that the longed-for day had dawned
Which should see thee crowned a bride,
Ere I had gone to the wars, to fight
By my sovereign master's side.

"But thou wilt be in safe keeping here;
For my father's aged arm,
And my mother's love, so true and sweet,
Will shield this head from harm.
And as a wife thou wilt wait for me,
In my own cliff-guarded halls;
And be to *them* as a daughter, love—
A daughter—if aught befalls."

And the Lady Edith answered not;
But her quivering hands were cast
About his neck in the moonshine then,
As though she would hold him fast.
And the heron's plume in his jewelled cap
Was twined in her silken hair,
As he kissed the passionate face, and took
Her wild, mute promise there.

The morning dawned, and the red sun rose
O'er the castle, old and grey,
When the Lady Edith watched him ride
From his ancient halls away.
He bore, as pledge, on his gallant breast
A circle of virgin gold,
With one long lock of the silky hair
Coiled round in a shining fold.

"Vow once again," were his parting words,
"That solemn and sacred vow;
Say you will ever be true to me—
Will ever be mine—as now!"
The velvet fingers were clasped in his,
And she whispered beneath her breath,
"Love, I will ever be true to thee—
Will ever be thine—till death!"

Twelve weary months, twelve desolate months,
Had come and had passed away;
The white moon rose, in her queenly state,
O'er the castle, old and grey.
And the Lady Edith wandered down
A rugged path to the sea,
And sat on the rocks, in the misty light,
With her head bent mournfully.

She gazed into those dark depths below,
And not at the pearly skies;
While the Kelpie peered from his coral cave
Up into her dreaming eyes.
And the mystic fingers of fancy sketched
That gallant and dauntless face—
That face so stern in its manhood's strength,
So fair in its boyish grace!

The bold, brave outlines were deeply drawn—
So deeply!—in heart and brain;
But Oh! for the light to her weary eyes,
And the sound of his voice again!
She gazed in the water so deep and dark,
And the Kelpie, creeping near,
Looked into her fair face musingly,
With a mingled love and fear.

And then she rose from her lonely nook,
And went to the mother's side,
Offering gently the service sweet
Becoming the young lord's bride.
And her last look turned to the gloomy east,
Where the morning light would burn,
As she thought of him who was far away,
And prayed for his safe return.

Long months passed by, long desolate months—
And then, in a woful day,
They said the young lord would nevermore
Come back to his castle grey.
They told how he lay on the battle field,
With his brave limbs stiff and cold;
How the silky ringlet was dyed in blood,
And the circle of virgin gold.

The Lady Edith was pale and stern,
And her eyes were dark and bright,
As, creeping down to the lonely nook,
She gazed in the sea that night.
The Kelpie laughed from his coral cave,
As he looked in the face so fair,
And saw what a wild, great grief it was
Which had suddenly fallen there.

And then he came, in the moonshine pale,
Quite close to her lonely seat;
The silver fringe of a wave was rent,
As his fond lips touched her feet.
And, sighing, he said, in his strange, low tones,
"Ah! deep in the ocean's breast,
No tempest can darken the Kelpie's home—
No sorrow disturb its rest!"

The Lady Edith looked down in fear,
With a wild light in her eyes,
And saw the Kelpie's imploring arms
In the dark, deep waters rise.
But she only whispered beneath her breath,
As she shuddered and turned away,
"Love, I have vowed to be true to thee—
Have vowed to be thine for aye."

Still, days passed by, and the lady came
To that lonely nook at night;
And ever the Kelpie would meet her there,
In the weird enchanting light.
She listened at last when he spoke of love,
Nor shuddered to meet his eyes,—
She seldom looked from the waters dark,
Up into the stainless skies!

The brooding sorrow grew fierce and wild,
But the love grew faithless now;
Dim and confused in her memory lay
The thought of her plighted vow!
The false, sweet tones of the Kelpie's voice
Made music within her breast;
And looking down in the waters dark,
She longed to lie there and rest.

And so one night, when the waning moon
 Scarce silvered the falling wave,
 The delicate face, in its pale new bloom,
 Lay low in the Kelpie's cave.
 He kissed the light from those tearless eyes
 Which the old love might not fill;
 He laid his hand on that breast of snow,
 Its passionate throb to still.

He stooped to breathe on her parted lips,
 And sealed them in endless sleep,
 Freezing the sweet, warm human breath
 That the human life would keep.
 He softly parted her shining hair,
 And, gazing on that calm brow,
 Laughed low, and said, "Will the young lord find
 A spirit that owns him now?"

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

UP A HIGHLAND GLEN.

IN these days of steam-ploughs and steam-thrashing machines, it may perhaps be refreshing to turn aside for a few moments from the beaten track of everyday life, and look at a few old-fashioned agricultural implements, still to be found existing in some of the retired glens of the old Scottish Highlands, and more especially in the neighbourhood of Skye. In spite of his Puritanism, the Highlander is good at holding by ancient customs and forms, ancient manners, and ancient superstitions, and, in the completeness of his character, he sticks fast to the ancient implements of agriculture which satisfied his forefathers, just as he does to his clan and to everybody connected with it.

We had been stopping for some time on the coast of the mainland, opposite the Island of Skye, and had become much attached to the friendly and hospitable people of the village, some of whom we had met during our previous visits to the west coast of Scotland. In bygone days there was an act of Parliament passed to prevent kilts and the rest of the national costume of the Highlander being worn, but now the latter, in that manly garb, with all the freedom of old, and in spite of the past, which is scarcely as yet fading from his recollection, never was the Highlander more devoted to England than now; in fact, he loves the English, though he hates the Lowlander. Of this we were forcibly reminded as we went, one fine day last autumn, up to the glen of Beg, for the first object of interest we passed was the ruin of the barracks of Berners, erected in 1723, after the first Scottish rising, to hold the wild McRaes, the McKenzies, and other rebels, in subjection. The grey pile is now in ruins, the roof having been taken off, to prevent that very objectionable class, the Scottish hawker, from converting it into a model lodging-house.

Soon after leaving the barracks we met an old man, stooping with age and grey-headed, and with thick, bushy eyebrows, walking along with a stick in one hand, his can of baits and lines in the other, evidently off to his fishing. This was one of the village characters, and generally known as English Duncan, because he would speak English at every opportunity, while everyone else about him spoke Gaelic. His garb, however, partook of the latter nationality; his coat of tartan, very high in the collar at the back, very short in the tail, the lapelle broad, pockets at the side, sleeves long, the pattern plaid meeting in the back seam, the whole garment very short-waisted; the waistcoat, with a stand-up collar, which buttoned nearly up to the neck; trowsers to match; and, being naturally too long for him—as their original proprietor, the former master of Scarle-saig, was a taller man—they broke heavily on the instep. The only drawback to the picturesque of his costume was his wearing an old wide-awake, but, nevertheless, old Duncan had, for well-nigh thirty years, enjoyed "*le sport*" of a private whiskey still, and many are the good stories he tells how he dodged the gaugers, and was never really taken. English Duncan had seen better days, and once had a small inn of his own; but he seems to have been born for "a small still," and evidently took to it most keenly and kindly.

One day old Duncan and a party of his friends and accomplices had been getting some malt in ready for work, and believing the gauger to be far away, they left it in a large room unwatched and unprotected. The gauger appeared, anything but opportunely, and took possession of the malt. "Ah!" said Duncan; "we are just going to have a reel, mon, and Big Sandy is here with the pipes; so, as you are good at Gillie Callum, you can sit on your sacks and see some fun." The piper came, and everybody that could be got from the neighbouring bothies was called in, so that there was a fair sprinkling of performers and spectators. The reel was danced, and Tulloch too, but Gillie Callum was not a success; so they called for the gauger to come off the sacks. He did, and right well he danced; his back step between the swords was wonderfully clean, and his cuts were quite superhuman. Cries of "Well danced, Mac!" "Bravo!" and "Now, he's at it again!" came from all; for all the spectators, from the beloved minister down to the youngest bairn, grow excited over Highland dancing. The dance over, all were delighted but the gauger. Where were the sacks of malt? They had all been carried out of the room behind the crowd of lookers-on, and whilst the excise officer was showing them how to do

the Highland Fling, Duncan was showing them how to do the gauger.

Having wished the old man good morning and good sport with his fishing, we soon came to a road, which ran for half-a-mile by the beach, before turning up the glen. On our left stood two small bothies; here the blacksmith lived, with his "smiddy" adjoining. A fine fellow was the smith—good at everything; six feet three inches in height; a good-looking fellow withal, and with a most unexceptionable manner and admirable address, Alec McRae commanded the greatest respect through all the country round. He was our chief boatman, and was to take us to the glen, and to explain to us the primitive implements shown in the illustrations. We

therefore turned into the bothie, to say good-morning to Mrs. McRae, his mother, and shake hands with her, for, in the Highlands, a good deal is expressed by shaking hands; no limp first and second finger is offered here, but a good, hearty shake, or rather, grip, sometimes almost too emphatic to be exactly pleasant. Stooping our heads, and taking off our bonnets, we entered the bothie, and soon found ourselves in that delightful atmosphere of peat smoke, which some Englishmen do not wholly appreciate. Mrs. McRae was spinning at her wheel, and singing a plaintive Gaelic song, like the gudewife in Virgil, "Longum cantu solata laborem;" her daughter Merran

was carding away at full force in front of the glowing peat fire, over which simmered the potatoes. In front of the peat fire—the peats placed on end, in the most orthodox way possible, to produce a draught)—lay a maternal Skye terrier with its wee bairns, in the blind state of the fifth or sixth day of life. Dried fish hung about; the dresser was garnished with sundry plates, and bowls, and the mud floor was nicely swept. In the back of this picture stood Alec McRae, rolling himself up in his plaid, and picking out a good stout "crom-mach" for the walk.

We soon started along the road by the beach: on our right lay the Island of Skye, straight before us the Scur of Eig, and the Sound of Sleat, looking towards Iale Oronsay and Armadale, over



Primitive Implements. Skye.

which Rum was ably represented by Ben More's majestic outline.

At the end of half-a-mile we turned up the glen, leaving behind us flocks of gulls and storks, for a beautiful narrow pass, with a rapid trout stream on one side, and on the other, overhanging rocks of igneous formation, and covered profusely with every possible specimen of vegetable life: the opening before us revealed a part of Ben Soreel. This narrow pass was soon traversed, and on our right were seen some falls of considerable height and great beauty; being in full flow, their grandeur was fully developed. One mile more, and we arrived at some Danish

forts (or Pictish Towers, as I supposed, until I recollected them in Pennant's "Northern Tour.") They are four in number, and they stand at some distance apart; their external form is that of a Leicester pork pie, with no opening outside, or martello tower; and as they are constructed without mortar in any part, it is surprising how they had resisted the action of the weather for so many centuries. The walls are hollow, with interior galleries running entirely round the building; the inner surface of the wall seems perpendicular, the outer face falling in like the sides of a ship. In one only was an entrance left; in the days when men fought with bows and arrows, instead of muskets, they must have been very difficult of access, but equally so of egress, to judge from their present state. In visiting these puzzling relics, how much we wished that we had been able to see them as they were originally used and utilised; but I fear that few of our modern men of business, who depend for their daily comfort on their morning bath and express train, would like that normal state for a permanency.

After passing these towers we found that the road, if such it may be called, came to an end, and we approach some low, long bothies. Alec's quick eyes caught a dark spec on the hill-side, and he was off like a deer after it. We soon found that he had gone after one Macbean, who was a small farmer, and who, as we afterwards learnt, was anxious to give us every welcome, for we had taken him across a loch in our boat a few days previous: so he turned back with us; for time is not much of an object in the Highlands, especially when hospitality is in the question.

We were by this time coming close to the bothies. Long, low habitations, composed of stone walls, put together without mortar, not altogether unlike the Pictish towers, but with heather-thatched roofs, kept down by fir-poles and stones, applied after the Swiss manner. Then heather-ropes, with stones at the end of them, complete the fastening; the divisions in the bothies are made of wattling stuffed with straw, and in some cases it is admirably done; the native excellence in such work no doubt arises from the great practice which they have in making their creels and basket carts, the latter of which two articles we will now proceed to describe.

This primitive sledge-carriage has several varieties, adapted to the various requirements of the country and the farm; and specimens of these we found at Macbean's. The first that we saw was the plain sledge for hay, called in Gaelic, *carn-slaoid*. The shafts continued along, with cross-pieces only to form, as it were, the body of the cart. Next came the

sledge, with wattling at the bottom, and twisted sticks, arched in front and behind, as shown in our illustration on page 480.

The basket-sledge for manure was next shown to us; this is called in Gaelic, "*lopan-an-slaoid*." This is, of course, a much stronger vehicle, and well adapted for carting manure; it is worked with thick split sticks, as in a creel. Each of these classes of vehicles is drawn by native ponies, stout, strong, and shaggy little animals, and gifted with great powers of endurance. It is only quite recently that the Highlanders have advanced so far in practical science as to apply wheels to their carts. My friend the minister told me that he remembered well when his father introduced the first cart with wheels into the Kintore country some thirty years since. To show how these people kept aloof from the outside world, I may mention an incident which occurred to him in his ministerial duties. One of the clan came to consult him on a matter of conscience, for a shepherd had come to work on a farm in McRae country from over the hills; and "would there be any harm, as he was a foreigner, in taking a shot at him from behind a hillock." "Of course," said the minister, "that would be murder." "Perchance, then, I may pop him into the bur-r-r-n," said the Highlander, thinking that this procedure would simplify the matter entirely and avoid any breach of the Sixth Commandment. The burn in this case was no common burn, but a furious, roaring torrent; part of it is known as the Arms Pool, being the place where the Highlanders threw in their arms after the battle of Glen Shiel in 1716.

Passing on from the sledge carts, we come to the ploughs. The mountainous character of the country renders this operation most difficult, and the hand-plough (or *Casharome*) is the implement usually employed. These hand-ploughs stand some seven feet high in the shaft; the strong peg on the right side of the body is used to push the plough into the ground with the right foot, the shaft, which is curved, passing over the left shoulder. The iron comes the whole length along under the sole of the implement; but it is not continued on the instep of the plough; its peculiar form will be better understood by reference to the drawing. What would Messrs. Howard, of Bedford, or Messrs. Ransome, of Ipswich, or Mary Wedlake say of our group of implements? They would doubtless wonder if and how Highlanders "bruise their oats."

We next inspected the smaller tools, of which the chief are the delvin spade for peats, and the croman for potatoes. The former is like a six feet "T" with a small iron spade

at the end, formed something like a spade in a pack of cards: it is used to cut the large peats generally employed for roofing bothies and pig-sties. These large peats are called "scraghs," the Gaelic name which is also applied to the large flat bonnet worn by the

natives. The "Croman" used for digging up potatoes is seen everywhere and every day. It is about ten inches in the blade: the blade is slightly curved, and comes down at nearly right angles from the staff.

Whilst making sketches of these simple im-



Sledge Carriage, Skye.

plements, Alec had been busy, hunting about for anything likely to interest me; but the best thing, and the most acceptable at that moment, was some oatmeal cake, with which came in a supply of good fresh butter and a little whiskey, fit to provoke the appetite of a City alderman. Verily, people may well say that "Hunger is the best sauce for all food;" and so I think, provided only there is not too much of the former, and quite enough of the latter.

By this time the day was waning, and we had to think of returning; it is curious how quickly the daylight fades when the sun goes down in these parts. We thanked Macbean for the kind welcome and hospitality which he so heartily offered, and started back towards our home.

As we approached the entrance of the glen, we witnessed an extraordinary phenomenon: namely, a mountain whirlwind. We first

heard a loud rushing noise coming down the glen; the sheep on the hill-side rushed huddling together. We wondered what the sound could be; it seemed to be coming nearer, and presently some few hundred yards in front of us we saw leaves, sticks and shingles all blowing round and round, and hurrying on to the sea; as it passed the beach the whirlwind took up some of the stones and dashed them into the sea, lashing its waves into foam, and then passing away in a white squall until its whole force was apparently expended.

By the time we had talked this all over we had reached the bothie and smiddy, and with thanks to Alec for his convoy, and having taking just a wee dram of whiskey at parting, with its usual accompaniment of "slein-gevin," we returned home to our little village with many pleasing recollections of our walk up a Highland glen.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII. CUTTING THE KNOT.



"WHEN you have read this, write to me," were the words which Agnes had appended to the secret statements confided according to promise to Mr. Martin's care, for Carlyon; and now it was the second day and yet she had received no answer. For the first and last time in her life she had written "Agnes Vane," at the foot of what was an honest narration of her unhappy father's misfortune. The old man had not concealed it from her, although her cousin had taken it for granted that he had. The threat, therefore, employed by Richard of revealing his uncle's secret had been quite without weight so far as Agnes was concerned, however it may have told with respect to others. But Mr. Crawford, naturally enough, had estimated his nephew's worth, or rather the want of it, by the baseness of the menace, and had judged his unfitness to become her husband by the very means which the young man relied upon to insure his acceptance. Whether rightly or not, we cannot tell. To secure Agnes for himself, it was true that the wretched youth had stooped to every baseness, and even to crime; but with relation to all other things he had behaved himself with honour and probity. Strange as the comparison may seem, the love of her was to him like the one vice, such as gambling or drinking, which so often deforms an otherwise noble character. If Richard Crawford had been her accepted lover from the first, perhaps he would never have strayed from the broad road of right.

By reflections upon this matter, however, Agnes was not disturbed. She was filled with remorse at having revealed, even to one single person, that disgrace which her dead father had been so solicitous to conceal. True, she could not have permitted this man to marry her while the secret remained untold; but why had she not sacrificed her own wishes (for she no longer attempted to conceal from herself that her heart was another's) to so sacred a trust? Had not Carlyon himself set her an example in preserving his own father's memory from obloquy? How weak and wicked she had been! No wonder Carlyon had sent her no reply; offended, no doubt,

less by the nature of the family disgrace than by her own selfish disclosure of it. And yet, surely he might have written to her too, even if it had been that word "No," with which a year ago she had driven him from his home at Mellor.

She could not read; she could not work; she could only sit with her hands before her and think, and think, and listen. Was that the postman's knock? No. And yet it could hardly be any visitor. Nobody had called upon her since she had been in town, for scarcely any of her acquaintance knew of her being there. Doubtless, this arrival concerned the lodgers who occupied the dining-room floor. Anything that diverted her mind from its present melancholy, even for a moment, was welcome, and she listened with attention. There must be many visitors—more than one or two—to judge by the time that they took to enter the house. Why, too, should they delay in the hall instead of— But now it was certain that they were ascending, although very deliberately, to the drawing-room in which she sat. The slowness of their movements and the frequent halts that they seemed to make, suggested that one among them, at least, must be very old or feeble—as old as her poor father, perhaps, whose secret she had so fruitlessly betrayed. The door opened, and in walked Mr. Martin, with a gaunt man, very white and shrunken, leaning heavily upon his arm.

"Mr. Carlyon!" cried she, with an involuntary cry of wonder.

"The same, miss, and no other," returned the surgeon, quietly; "and he would be obliged to you if you would offer him a chair."

In the extremity of her astonishment she had forgotten how much this exertion must have cost the invalid; but in a moment she was herself again, and had wheeled round the sofa and arranged the cushions as she had done so often for him in his own chamber.

"I thought it was better, Agnes, that I should come and see you myself——"

"I didn't; mind *that*," interrupted the surgeon. "I thought it was madness."

"Better to tell you what I had to say by word of mouth, than to offer any explanation by letter," continued Carlyon, feebly. "You must have thought me very brutal, Agnes, these last two days."

"Brutal, Mr. Carlyon! Why so? I blamed myself, but not so much as I do now, seeing that I have caused you to be so imprudent as to venture hither."

"I should have come yesterday, if Mr. Martin would have let me out; he kept me prisoner against my will, until I threatened to apply for a writ of Habeas Corpus. Sit down here, Agnes, close by me, for my voice is weak."

"Mendacious hypocrite," muttered the surgeon; "he bawled at my coachman to drive faster, until I expected the man would have given me warning on the spot."

Agnes took her seat, as Carlyon requested, very white and quiet. He had come, she thought, like a brave man as he was, to tell her face to face, that he was too proud to marry a woman who, because of a family disgrace, bore a name that was not her own. How rightly was she about to be punished for her selfish conduct!

"Our excellent friend, Mr. Martin yonder, has placed in my hands a document written by yourself, Agnes, and relating to certain private affairs connected with your family. He did so with a good motive, I am sure; but he did not know me."

"It was I myself who told him to give it to you, Mr. Carlyon."

"I know it. It was not unnatural, perhaps, that one, with so delicate a sense of duty, placed in your position, should have done so. Otherwise, and supposing you had been in his place, you would have known me better; you would have said, as I hope and believe, 'John Carlyon will never read it.' Here it is, Agnes, with the seals unbroken. If the secret it contains be any misfortune which it is within my power to remedy, or mitigate; if it be any sorrow, which may be lightened to yourself by another's sympathy, I will hear it from your lips. If not, let it remain unrevealed. Of whatever nature it may be, the knowledge of it could no more weaken my devoted love for you, my ardent hope (presumptuous as it seems) that you may become my wife, Agnes, than some small stream of brackish water newly set a flowing could alter the saltiness of the sea into which it runs; but I do not wish to hear it. If the telling of a secret be the proof of some women's love, let the keeping of one be yours for me. Take it; burn it. And when it is burnt, be sure that the evidence of its existence is thereby not more surely destroyed than any—the least misgiving of what it may have been has vanished from my own bosom. Agnes, dear Agnes, you have blessed me beyond all that words can tell; but I still ask for more. Say, tell me: Will you be my wife?"

There was no verbal response; but nevertheless she answered with her lips.

"Really," murmured Mr. Martin, after he had stared discreetly out of the window for a considerable period, "I am hanged if they have not forgotten I am in the room.—Mr. Carlyon," exclaimed he, aloud, "I have got other patients besides yourself and this young lady (for I consider that I have prescribed for her, and with considerable success), and I can't afford to keep my horses standing still here all day. It is time for us to be off. My dear Miss Agnes, whom I beg leave to most heartily congratulate, you cannot use your newly acquired supremacy to better purpose than to order this sick man home."

"My good friend," remonstrated Carlyon, coolly, "I tell you what you'd better do, if you really *have* got other patients to attend to. Go and see them, by all means, and then come back and call for me. I assure you I feel much better since the morning and in perfectly safe hands."

So the good surgeon, laughing very merrily, left patient and nurse together, and started off on his professional round.

"He looks quite another man already," chuckled Mr. Martin, when he found himself alone in his brougham, with its pockets stored with cases of horrid implements; "upon my life there may be something in physician's prescriptions after all. I never saw such a satisfactory result from a mere external application of lipsalve before."

CHAPTER XXXIII. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE first person to whom Carlyon wrote to tell of his approaching marriage with Agnes was sister Meg; and she wrote him back a letter, filled half with good wishes and half with good advice, the last solely with reference to the economy of a household; "for," said she, "with respect to your spiritual welfare it is impossible that you can have a better teacher than she whom you have chosen; whereas, as respects pecuniary expenditure, she is culpably lavish."

To Mr. Carstairs, the convalescent, out of the exuberance of his spirits, could not help sending a mourning card with,

JOHN CARLYON.

Friends will please accept the intimation,
on one side; and on the other,

Of his marriage in September next.

In return, he received the most disinterested congratulations from the kind-hearted doctor, and a budget of country news. "I am sorry to say," wrote he, "that these insatiable sands

of ours have been devouring more victims. Old Stephen Millet and his son were both lost some nights ago during a dense fog; the former, they say, was not himself—having fallen of late more than ever into his old habits—and that William perished in the attempt to get him home. Heaven only knows how it was; but a nobler or more self-sacrificing soul than that young man never drew breath. I have just seen them laid in the same grave. There is another vacancy among us here, which, in my opinion, is by no means to be so regretted. Mrs. Newman and I agreed to keep it to ourselves while Miss Agnes was in trouble about other matters; but there is no reason why she should not be told now. The second morning after her mistress left Mellor, Cubra suddenly disappeared. As she never goes upon the sands, I did not apprehend any danger from that source; after much inquiry, I came to the conclusion that she had been sent for by that unhappy young man to accompany him in his flight; and on application to the shipping-office, I find that a person answering to her description embarked in the same vessel as Richard Crawford. Thus, the poor old woman has been faithful to her young master to the last, according to her lights, sad will-of-the-wisps though they were. I am glad for both your sakes that they can now lead neither him nor her so dangerously astray; and for poor Richard's sake, that he has some one who will cleave to him whithersoever he has gone."

Poor Richard! That was how Carlyon and his wife always spoke of her unhappy cousin—never with anger or uncharitableness. To believe him mad was the most consoling creed which they could hold.

The newly married couple did not make their home at Mellor. There was an association connected with that place that made it painful to Carlyon to do so. Though he was far from entertaining an un-Christian despair respecting any man's future, though the more he experienced of God's love and mercy (and he experienced much) the less was he prone to plumb their depth, and say "It ends here—or here;" yet, he could not now regard that tombstone in the churchyard with "Gone to join the majority" upon it, with the old sardonic indifference. It was curious enough that *that* should be the bitterest drop in Carlyon's cup after all; but so it was.

He and Agnes made their home in another part of the country; but paid a yearly visit to Mrs. Newman, now installed at Woodlees, which he had settled upon her—the gloomy place having fortunately found no purchaser—for life. She gave one dinner party in their honour on each of these occasions; but it cost

her a great deal—not in money, indeed, for it was the reverse of an expensive entertainment, but in many a mental pang.

Robin and the rest of the household suffered for it when the Carlyons went. Having at last reduced her expenditure to a minimum, this good lady determined to give the public the benefit of her experience, and has occupied her spare time of late in composing those well-known and useful little volumes, "How to live on forty pounds a year—and passing well;" and "Enough is as good as a Feast; or how to make a leg of mutton last a week."

Carlyon put in his protest once or twice for Robin's sake; but sister Meg only replied, "My dear John, you have no idea what that old man eats, although he has not a tooth in his head." Where, however, her brother made a resolute stand and carried his point, was in the stable arrangements. Red Berild had his two feeds of corn per diem, while at Woodlees, in spite of all her protestations; and generally received them, scarcely less from affection than for security, from Agnes's own hand.

As years went on, two little children—first a girl, then a boy—began to hold as the highest treat a ride upon the good old horse, which, they were told, had saved dear mamma's life years ago from the hungry tide. There is no fear of the faithful creature's not being affectionately cared for in his old age, even though his master should die before him. As to that, John Carlyon was no worse when we last heard of him than during that period when Mr. Carstairs put so exact a limit to his days. That gentleman, however, holds to his own opinion that the squire ought to have died years and years ago, and that he owes his present existence only to the heretical nature of his disposition.

"He flew in the face of Providence in his youth," says he, "and having been converted from that error, he now flies in the face of Science."

He has the magnanimity to add, however, "Long may he fly."

And all who are acquainted with John Carlyon as he now is, have good cause to say, Amen.

THE END.

"NULLA POTEST FIDOS DISSOCIARE DIES."

I.

Though hours divide us, and long miles sever,

And lonely our life from sun to sun,

Yet I know nor time nor distance ever

Can part two souls that from twain are one:

For thy song in the surf's low voice I hear,

I mark thy smile in the sunny air,

And I feel that thy light form hovers near

When the earth and the sky and the sea are fair;

And I know I am loved by only thee—
Thou told'st me the tale with thy parting breath—
And the bond that no hand in life may free,
Shall yield its clasp to no power but Death!

II.

We have tasted the joy of the summer days,
But the clouds of Autumn are gathering fast;
And it were not well to grow warm in the rays,
For chiller then is the bite of the blast:
But memory brings, on her myriad wing,
A charm that is stronger than wind or frost,—
The joy of an hour, when the glad arms cling
Round a form that for days our eyes had lost:
The meeting at morn and the evening tale,
And the whispered tones and the merry song,
And love that will live till the cheek grows pale,
As we hear the call to the vanished throng!

III.

Are the tears still wet on thy cold, pale cheek,
The tears that from under the dark lash started?
Is the voice still spent that faltered to speak
The words scarce heard when in grief we parted?
Go, make strong thy voice and make dry thy tears,
And sing thy old songs with thy might again,
And dream no more of the past's sad years,
Nor think that the present will bring but pain:
But cheer thee till spring's bright dawns shall gleam,
And the violet and primrose are out in bloom,
And the sunbeam leaps on the leaping stream
With a gay farewell to the winter's gloom!

IV.

For then, perchance, we may meet in gladness,
Who have known what a winter's grief may be,—
I may bid "God speed" to the present sadness
Which thralls me here by the leaden sea;
You may love with no other love to charm,
No other bonds that to duty bind;
And my sin-spent years a soothing balm
In your heart and trusting voice shall find.
We will walk the world, hands clasped together,
The thorns of life will grow red with flowers;
And through winter's frost and the bright spring
weather
No days will be golden-bright as ours.

K. S. B.

A CHAPTER ON SERPENTINE.

AMONG our native rocks, serpentine deservedly holds a high if not the highest rank for beauty. The first glance shows how this siliceo-magnesian compound obtained its name. Its dark ground is curiously mottled with lustrous white streaks, or zigzag veins of deep claret and brown. Some specimens abound in lovely green patches, broken, contorted, and interrupted as if all the snakes of the furies had been suddenly petrified, and with every convolution of their writhed horrors, enclosed in a crystalline setting. If a fragment of this substance taken up from the road in a serpentine district give such impressions, the likeness is much increased when the eye falls upon a mass which has been exposed to the action of the waves. The rounded lips of the caverns at the Lizard eaten out of

serpentine, as they glitter in the sunshine, resemble the speckled folds of monstrous tropical snakes basking in the heat, and remind us, in their gorgeous colouring, of Virgil's lines:—

Adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
Septem ingens gyros septena volumina traxit,
Ceruleæ cui terga notæ maculosus et auro
Squamam incendebat fulgor, oeu nubibus arcus
Mille jactat varios adverso sole colores.

[ENIED, v. 84.]

Serpentine is a plutonic rock found amongst gneiss and mica schists, and manifesting itself in several different modes. At the Lizard, (where the largest English deposit of it is to be found), in conjunction with diallage-rock, it forms a mass overlying the hornblende slate of the district. The diallage-rock occurs mostly in the form of veins, traversing the serpentine on the east of this patch, and is of a more lustrous and laminated structure. In the granite of Aberdeenshire, serpentine occurs as nodular aggregations or detached hills, and forms a dyke at Portsoy. Silica and magnesia largely predominate in its composition, forming more than three-fourths of its mass. It holds water, also (which may be driven off with heat), a little carbonic acid, and protoxide of iron. The following is the exact analysis:—

Silica	42.3
Magnesia	44.2
Protoxide of Iron	0.2
Carbonic acid	0.9
Water	12.4
	100.0

In conjunction with limestone it forms the beautiful verd-antique marble of Italy. A simple experiment shows how essentially serpentine differs from marble, much as it resembles it when polished. Pour a drop of acid on serpentine, and no visible result follows any more than were water dropped on it; pour it on marble, and immediate effervescence ensues, owing to the large amount of carbonic acid it contains being thereby set free. Serpentine is found in Connemara, in the Shetlands, as in Unst, the most northern of the British Islands, and on the west side of Anglesea, where it is associated with talcose slate. It abounds in the Alps, Italy, and Limousin. The Roth Horn in Switzerland owes its name to the serpentine of which it is composed becoming a deep red colour, from the atmosphere oxidising its iron. The Sierra Nevada in Spain furnishes it in profusion. There are also famous quarries of it at Saldbergh in Sweden, and Zeoblitz in Saxony, where trinkets and ornaments are made.

Such being the composition and distribution of serpentine, we will now consider its beautiful colouring. This is due to the presence of iron, the great colouring agent by which that arch magician Nature produces so many of her marvellous hues. Here are two dozen specimens, purposely selected on account of their variation in colour, from different localities at the Lizard. Their diverse shades may all be referred to two colours, green and red. The latter, and perhaps more common kind, has a great tendency to pass into black, veins and blotches of black or reddish grey running through it and occasionally blending in patches of the deepest and most glowing hues. The green ranges from rich olive green to the tint of malachite, with many dark scratches and white flaws, as it were, and with interlacing veins of steatite pervading the mass. It has somewhat more of a laminated structure than the darker varieties, which renders it more difficult to work, so that the bulk of the polished articles composed of serpentine in a lapidary's shop are generally shades of the redder varieties. The Lion Rock off Kynance supplies serpentine largely blended with *star-steatite* (so called from its characteristic markings). *Steatite* (soapstone) is itself a soft greasy, whitish substance, much resembling the Cornish dainty, clotted cream; it was formerly used for the manufacture of china, but is now superseded by kaolin.*

On entering the Lizard district, the botanist may at once know when he has reached the serpentine area by finding that beautiful plant, the Cornish heath (*Erica vagans*); its limit is contemporaneous with that of serpentine, as it can only flourish in earth strongly impregnated with magnesia. With the exception of the coast scenery of the Lizard, this rare heath with its pretty white flowers, and the serpentine on which it grows, are almost the sole natural attractions of what is otherwise a bleak, barren-looking table-land.

Here serpentine is everywhere around you; the roads are mended with it, and the fences at their sides consist of blocks of it; we hope the farmers will forgive us for knocking specimens off them. Cottages and church towers are built of it; St. Ruan Major has a tower of serpentine and granite. Llandewednack tower (the most southerly church in England) is edged with serpentine. In its yard are polished serpentine grave-stones, but they have by no means so good an effect as the lectern and pulpit within the little church, which are of the same material. Within your lodgings the chimney ornaments are sure to be of serpentine, it pursues you so remorselessly in the little peninsula that at length

you begin to fancy the very natives have acquired a snake-like method of progression from the nature of their soil.

To see serpentine to perfection, however, a visit must be paid to Kynance Cove. This is the great sight of the Lizard, and the Fairy Queen, when seeking (as Shakspeare describes her)—

the beached margent of the sea,
To dance her ringlets to the whistling wind,

could wish for no more lovely grottoes than the curious rock-caves opening into one another which here face the sea. It is impossible for language to do justice to the magnificence, and variety of colours on these rocks; and a painter who should succeed in faithfully transferring their tints to his canvas, would be deemed a dreamer by those who had never seen this spot. The moor suddenly dips to a ravine where huge blocks of serpentine and other primitive rocks are piled in wild confusion on every side; under some of these, and over others, a little rivulet forces its tinkling course through a belt of greenery and flowers. *Ky* is Keltic for "dog" (the same word as *canis* and *chien*) and *nan* for "valley:" and this spot with its desolate grandeur is fitly connected with legends of the "wisht hounds," which form so universal a superstition of the old Keltic race. The large blood-red flowers of the *Geranium sanguineum* in summer peep here over masses of Cornish heath, bright yellow lichens star the grey boulders which edge the water course, thickets of clustering ivy, privet, and honeysuckle cover the larger rocks, amongst which tormentil and loosestrife flaunt their purple and yellow hues. Tall sedges spring up here and there among the solemn piles of rock, and the soft sea-breeze sighs through them, as in that enchanted vale of Lyonnese where Sir Bevidere so tardily performed the dying king's last wish. All at once the valley opens, and instead of a lustrous blue sky, the eye falls on yellow sands edged with the white foam of a light green sea, exquisite in its purity, and every here and there deepening into an amethystine purple as it rolls over a block of serpentine. Beautiful as this is even to eyes accustomed to the seas of the Cornish coasts, it is as nothing to the brilliant background of caves into which the cliffs are split, left wet by the receding tide, polished into rounded edges by the waves and positively glowing with colour in the sunshine. Green is the predominant hue, streaked with pink, white, and cream colour, branching into black or grey, or subsiding into a rich claret ground. To describe the manifold shades, the glittering patches of reflected light, the crystalline

* See ONCE A WEEK, New Series, vol. ii. p. 542.

lustre which floats over these splendid rocks or breaks into a thousand sparkling points on their angles, is impossible. Imagination at once compares it with Aladdin's palace, or the valley which led Thalaba to Paradise. Kynance Cove is the finest example of natural colour to be found in Great Britain.

Having thus seen serpentine in all its native beauty, let us adjourn to a lapidary's and note its economical uses as a material capable of receiving the highest polish, and being fashioned into the most elegant shapes by the turning lathe. At Penzance we shall find two serpentine manufacturers, where numerous useful articles, such as ring-stands, pen trays, paper weights, &c., may be seen formed of this material, to say nothing of many ornamental objects, vases, obeliaks and brooches. Cornish art, however, has applied serpentine with most taste to illustrate the antiquities of the country. The many granite crosses that meet the wayfarer in Cornwall, and the ancient fonts which abound in its churches, when reproduced in miniature from this material, form appropriate mementoes of the west of England. Pillars for vestibules, and a variety of large objects may also be procured, but as a rule the smaller ornaments look better. In ecclesiastical decorations, fonts, shafts, and reredos, are frequently formed of serpentine. By the kindness of one of the above mentioned manufacturers we are enabled to supply our readers with some additional information on Cornish serpentine. Together with them a company whose works are at Poltesco, and whose quarries will be found by the visitor on the east of Lizard Head commanding a noble sea-view, are at present the only regular manufacturers of the stone, leaving out of account the men who sell small trinkets they have themselves fashioned at Kynance Cove.

The price of serpentine in the quarry is, for small stone 1*l.* per ton, for stone less than one cubic foot 1*l.* 10*s.*, and for stone of that size 2*l.* Larger blocks are charged for according to their size and quality; after it has passed through the workman's hands, a cross six inches high is worth from 8*s.* to 20*s.*, according to workmanship. When the late Prince Consort visited Penzance, he was much struck with the beauty and economic uses of serpentine, accepted six vases formed of it, from the Corporation, and landed at the Lizard purposely to see the stone in its native quarry. A great impulse was given to the manufacture by the Exhibition of 1851, when articles of it were shown valued at more than 2000*l.* The Lizard Serpentine Company received the Exhibition medal. Serpentine was also represented at the Dublin, Paris, and American

Exhibitions. A large trade in this material is now carried on with summer visitors to Cornwall, and a brisk demand exists in the Colonies, for articles formed of it. Now that the west of England is so accessible by rail, among the increase of wealth that must accrue to it by the development of its mineral resources, it seems likely that serpentine will form no inconsiderable element in augmenting the county's revenues.

There is nothing new under the sun. While we fashion serpentine vases for our rooms and hang small crosses of its deep rich hues on the neck of beauty, the New Zealand Maori and the South African savage, have for ages used a kind of fine translucent green serpentine for personal ornaments and weapons. When Lord Macaulay's New Zealander takes his station in some post-historic period over the ruins of London, a trinket of Cornish serpentine picked up from what was once Regent Street, may awake in his mind the same train of thoughts and inferences respecting the long-departed race of English barbarians, as the handful of glass beads collected from a prehistoric barrow now evokes with respect to their brachycephalic (and possibly 'cannibal') ancestors from the scientific societies of 1867.

M. G. WATKINS.

PLANCHETTE.

LAST autumn I was enjoying the hospitality of an old friend in the north of Scotland. The weather was charming; game plentiful—grouse, black game, partridges, hares; the moors blooming with heather; the fields dotted with corn-stocks; the river, flowing just below the old baronial hall, was full of salmon; and so lovely in itself that to fail to catch them there was better than good sport in many tamer waters. There were croquet parties, pleasant companions, excellent fare, and all, in short, that could conduce to make a visit delightful. But there was still another source of amusement, mysterious and novel, at least in this country, which is, I believe, well known across the Atlantic. Perhaps some trans-Atlantic contributor may be induced to give a fuller and more satisfactory account of it than the following imperfect sketch.

When I reached my friend's house, I found among the guests my old friend Mr. B., who had lately returned from a tour in the States, and was full of all he had seen there. After dinner, when we "joined the ladies," the pianoforte was open, and my friend B. was apparently persuading a young lady to sing.

* See Laing's "Prehistoric Remains of Caithness," p. 54.

I heard him say imploringly, "Planchette!" which I assumed to be some favourite song of his, though unknown to me. Miss A. gave a gesture of dissent, and then proceeded to "Call the cattle home across the sands o' Dee," a song much more familiar to us all, certainly to me, than the mysterious "Planchette." The song over, the fair songstress and Mr. B. betook themselves to a retired part of the drawing-room, and soon were intent over what appeared to me some game. They leant over the little table which separated them, and whatever their occupation was, it appeared to be very engrossing.

The evening terminated in the usual gathering of male guests in the servants'-hall, where, over toddy and cigars, we shot our grouse and caught our salmon over again. B. left us early, having to pack up, as he was to take his departure next day; and as, some time after, I went along the corridor leading to the bachelors' quarters, I found his door open, and him, standing in the midst of open port-manteaus, engaged in the pleasing occupation of planning how to put into them again all the things that had been taken out of them some weeks before.

Of these possessions, one attracted my especial attention.

"What's this, B.?" I asked.

"Oh, that's 'Planchette'!"

"'Planchette'! I thought 'Planchette' was a song!"

"Haven't you seen it? Oh, I forgot, you only came to-day. 'Planchette' is not a song," he said, laughing, as I explained the origin of my blunder. "This is 'Planchette.'" And this is what I saw.



"Well, but what is it?"

"What you see."

"And its use?"

"Well it will write down the answer to any question you like to ask it."

"Of course it will," I replied; "as would any pencil in your hand or mine."

"No. I mean that without any voluntary action on anyone's part, it will write down on paper an answer to any question—I don't say necessarily the *proper* answer, but an answer."

I looked naturally incredulous, and my friend then proceeded to tell me that he had brought "Planchette" from America, where, he said, it was not only common, but was

by many implicitly believed in as something preternatural.

"No canny, eh?" I remarked as I held it in my hand. "Why, you have had this made specially for your visit to Scotland, for anticipating that *here* it would be called *the Deil*, you have met the charge by having it made of oak."

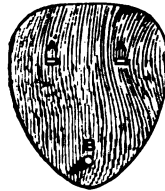
"Ah," said B., "you don't believe it."

"Believe what? That it will write without the direction of human hands? Certainly not."

"Nor did I till I had tried it. Now you give it a fair trial. I have left one with our friends here. I don't think they quite like it, but it will write for Miss A., and you try it with her to-morrow."

I examined the machine, as he explained the mode of using it.

It is made of any wood—oak, in this instance—and is shaped thus:



Board, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 7 inches in its widest part; $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick.



Pentagraph wheel, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch from A to B.

At A A are two pentagraph wheels. In the hole B is fixed a soft pencil, which is so adjusted as to form, as it were, the third leg. The "little plank or board" is then placed upon a sheet of paper—common white cartridge paper is the best—and two persons lay their hands very lightly upon it, not in any way influencing its motion. Then one of



them, or a third person, asks a question, and the wheels move. "Planchette" traverses the paper, and the pencil, of course, following the motion of the wheels, writes the reply.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that it always does so with any one?"

"No, it rarely writes, at first, for any one, but generally runs about the paper, round and round, or up and down, but it will almost always write in the end, if the operators persevere. But for some people it won't move at all. I must say," he continued, "that the answers are generally wrong, and that its prophecies—it's fond of prophecy—are generally false; but is it not strange that it should write at all?"

"Very," I remarked, drily.

"Ah! you don't believe it, and I don't wonder."

And then he told me his experiences of it in the States, far too numerous to mention, and dwelt particularly on the first specimen he had of its powers.

"Two ladies," he said, "had their hands on it, and I was asked to question it. I was as incredulous as you are; so I resolved to ask a puzzler. I had been to hear Spurgeon preach shortly before leaving England. I was struck with his text, the words of which I distinctly remembered, though I had forgotten where they came from. So I asked Planchette. It instantly wrote '2nd Cor.,' and mentioned chapter and verse. We looked it up, and it was right! Now that was extraordinary, was it not?"

"No. I suppose you repeated the words of the text, and the young ladies recognised it, and wrote the reply."

"Not at all; I asked where the text came from without repeating it."

I could not deny that the circumstances, as stated, were extraordinary; but I contented myself with making the very original remark, "I should like to have witnessed it myself."

He continued that it was not necessary to ask the question aloud, a mental question was quite sufficient; and that all languages were alike to it.

"Now," he said, "don't suppose I am such a fool as to believe that there is anything 'spiritual' or supernatural about it. I merely tell you what I have seen, judge for yourself. But as it is getting into the small hours I must go on packing."

"Planchette" was restored to its usual place—B.'s hat-box—and I went to bed.

It was impossible not to feel some interest in this curious and altogether novel subject. Here was a man whom I had known intimately for nearly twenty years—a man of scrupulous truth—his perfect straightforward truthfulness was proverbial among his friends; a man of great ability, but without one particle of imagination—in short, the very last man to take up a question like this with enthusiasm

or credulity. What was I to think? He gave me his word, which I knew I could trust, that there was no trick in it—that what he told me he had seen; and he challenged me to give the matter a fair trial, and judge for myself. Now, there are hundreds of men, and more hundreds of women, from whom one would receive a statement of this sort with many grains of salt, not because they are unworthy of credit, but because their temperaments would incline them to be "led captive" by the wonderful and the mysterious—"omne ignotum pro magnifico." But my friend, as I have said, was not one of them—not one to be carried away by any speculative or imaginative question. He is essentially clear-headed and hard-headed, and it would be a very poor compliment to his common sense to suppose that he believed in the spirituality of "a little board." My curiosity was piqued, —and I fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast I referred to "Planchette." Miss A. was evidently a convert. My host said nothing. My hostess confessed she did not "quite like it." Others ridiculed it, and the subject dropped.

Most of the guests left that day to make way for a new batch; and when evening came Miss A. and I sat down to "Planchette" with two, at least, of our lookers-on, who had never heard of the "crittur" before.

We placed our hands on "Planchette," and asked some question. For a while, it was stationary; then it began to move under our hands, and to run about the paper, scoring lines up and down, sometimes fast, sometimes slow; our hands scarcely touched it. "It is merely the effect of pulsation," I said. But we persevered, and presently it began to form letters.

Our first question was, "What letters are engraved in this locket?" The locket was mine, and I of course knew the letters, though I had not opened the locket for a long time. Miss A. was ignorant of them. There were four letters, of which K and B were the two last. Planchette wrote "K B." I observed that the K was formed differently from the manner in which I write the letter, and I asked Miss A. to write it in her ordinary way. She did so, and this was unlike the K written

by Planchette—which was thus *K*—and on examining the letter in the locket, it exactly corresponded with it.

Now, as I knew the letters, and Miss A. did not, the influence which produced them must, I presume, have been mine, not hers, yet mine involuntarily, for I certainly did not consciously direct the pencil. Indeed, had I been dishonest, and intentionally influenced it,

I should, I imagine, have written all the letters and not two only.

I gave my hostess five letters, which I had received that day, and begged her to select one without our knowledge, and question "Planchette." She did so, asking the initials of the writer. The reply was again K. B. It proved that the letter selected was not written by K. B., but by one of our most distinguished general officers; but it was placed in an envelope (not seen by us) directed by the owner of these initials.

That the action of the pencil is generally influenced by those whose hands are on the board, I have no doubt; but assuming these persons to be honest, and to abstain from any voluntary movement, it is equally beyond doubt that this influence, whatever it may be, is involuntary. It is, of course, perfectly easy to make the pencil write, pentagraph-wheels being, as every one knows, most sensitive. Let us suppose that A. and B. *intend* to make it write, one of two things is necessary, either they must be confederate and agree to write the same word, or one must be passive, and must *allow* the other to write it.

Assume, for the sake of argument, this to be the way in which answers are produced, how will the following admit of explanation?

One of the guests, who had just arrived, on the occasion referred to, asked—"At what town did I purchase these sleeve-links?" Neither Miss A. nor I knew.

"Planchette" instantly, in a great hurry, wrote, "Aberness!"

"Wrong," exclaimed the inquirer, triumphantly; "I bought them in Paris."

But wrong as the answer was, it was, in my judgment, an exceedingly curious answer, showing, as I think, that the influence of those whose hands are on the board is unconscious and involuntary. I certainly was not thinking of any place in particular, nor was Miss A.; but we both *knew* that the gentleman who put the question was an *Aberdeenshire* man, and that he had just come from *Inverness*. Here then, was a conglomeration of two places with which he was connected, and this, I think, proves that Miss A. and I were perfectly *honest* in the matter. Had we either of us *intended* to write Aberdeen, or Inverness, we should scarcely have produced such a quaint combination of the two.

We put many more questions that evening, the answers to which were, some right and some wrong; but I am bound to say that all the answers were wrong when the questions related to subjects unknown to us, and put by a third person. And in almost all cases, this has been the result of my experience; but not in all, as I will show afterwards.

I was sufficiently interested in this curious little machine to make every kind of experiment afterwards, that I could think of, my friend B. having presented me with one, which a London instrument-maker had made for him from his American pattern.

I found it most amusing in replying to answers relating to the future, all the answers proving wrong, of course; but some were so unexpected, and so absurd, that they caused the greatest possible fun. It replied equally willingly in French or Latin, and in Oriental languages. In all cases where the experiment was honestly made, the operators did not consciously influence the pencil.

The following is a curious, and, supposing me to be incapable of falsehood in the matter, a conclusive instance of this:—

A bracelet was lying on the table. On the clasp was a word in Oriental characters; on the back of the clasp were initials in English. I had my hands on "Planchette," a friend joining me. I knew the language to which the word belonged; my friend did not. The question was, "What are the *English* initials on the back of the clasp?" "Planchette," instead of writing the English letters at the back, wrote the initial letter, in the Oriental character, of the word on the front of the clasp. Now here was a reply certainly contrary to any expectations which I might have been supposed to have formed. I knew what was written on either side of the clasp, my friend did not. If I had formed any expectation, it would have been that "Planchette" would have written what I asked. I certainly should not, had I wished to astonish my friend by making it appear that "Planchette" would answer the questions put to it, have written a reply so inappropriate. What produced the answer? At least, there was no collusion.

Often "Planchette" misspells. Once it insisted on spelling "commander" with one "m"; again and again, we *wished* it to spell it right; but no. We tried it letter by letter, pausing between each letter; but only one "m" would it write.

Had we intentionally influenced its action, we surely should have made it write *two*, which we fully expected it would do.

Generally, its blunders in orthography are the blunders of those whose hands are on it. For example, it wrote a French word for me, and put an accent on it, which should not be there, because I believed it should be there; and in writing a Latin word for a lady, it spelt it as the lady thought it should be spelt—wrong.

To sum up, then: my experience of "Planchette" is that generally "its utterances are

unmistakeable emanations from ourselves," without any conscious effort of will on our parts, as a friend to whom I introduced "Planchette" excellently puts it. But, believing, as I of course do, that the influence, whatever it be, is a purely natural one—for I need not say that I should deem it an insult to my intellect were it supposed that I believed it a supernatural influence—the fact that its utterance is a mere reflex of the mind of the operator, does not detract from the interest it is impossible not to feel in it.

Is it any natural power not yet fully understood?

Why does the pencil move? and if it moves why does it form letters? Why does it put these letters into intelligible words, whatever sense these words may have? Why will it move for one, write for another, and do neither for a third?

Another peculiarity is, that if it writes a word you can't read, it re-writes it—manifestly the same word—the same in up and down strokes, in every twist and turn—over and over again, if you will that it should do so. It will even repeat the scribbles which it makes when it declines to write; and if the pencil is taken up in the middle of a word, and put down again at the same spot, it will resume its writing and finish the word. When in its course it arrives at the edge of the paper, it will often continue its writing, turning round and writing upside down, thus, 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 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of the ladies for whom I said "Planchette" would write alone, of course, was present. I begged her husband to arrange with any of the guests a question which they should address mentally to the lady. He selected a clergyman, and after conferring together in a whisper at the side of the room opposite to "Planchette," Colonel G. announced that he had put the question mentally.

"Planchette" wrote, "Town."

The question was then communicated to the party. It was, "Where is — (myself) going to-morrow?"

I was going to town.

Now there could be no collusion here. The lady who had her hands on "Planchette" did not hear the question, and there was the corroborative testimony of the clergyman as to what that question was.

I do not profess to understand this, and can only assume that the husband possessed some magnetic power over his wife, for in the three cases cited, "Planchette" replied correctly, when Mrs. G.'s hands were on it, to questions, the answers to which she was ignorant of.

Can the utterances of "Planchette" be explained by natural electricity and animal magnetism? I commend the matter to the attention of Dr. Radcliffe, who has so closely studied these subjects.

I am too ignorant to know whether it is possible that the nerves having their seat in the brain could thus act, as it were, in concert with the brain, and without any conscious effort of the mind or will, produce the formation of letters and words, such as are formed when the hands are laid, as I have described, on "Planchette."

This I do know—that the hands will, under certain circumstances, write without any conscious effort on the part of their owners, for I have more than once, when oppressed with fatigue, heat, and over-work, fallen into a doze with my pen in my hand, and when I have recovered consciousness, I have found that in the temporary unconsciousness of sleep I have still been writing, although I am bound to say that my writing under these circumstances was never as coherent as the performances of "Planchette."

If the cause of the motion and of the formation of letters, words, and sentences be explained, the words themselves need not, I think, be deemed mysterious. None but savages consider dreams preternatural, yet there is no conscious effort of the will. No one considers sleep-walking or sleep-talking "spiritual," yet it is involuntary. Once establish the motion, and the connection, if it exist, in the sense I have referred to, between

the nerves and the brain—once, in short, explain the act of "Planchette's" writing, and the matter of it need excite no surprise. What is more unexpected or more sudden than a change in the current of our thoughts? What more wonderful than the human mind?

But I am getting out of my depth. I have given a plain and thoroughly truthful account of my own experience of "Planchette." There are, doubtless, many others equally trustworthy, who could cite experiences even more interesting. My object in recording mine is to draw the attention of scientific men to a very curious subject—to what may be a new natural power, or rather a new development of a natural power. It is worthy of careful examination by unprejudiced men of science, and I hope my slight sketch may induce some of them to give "Planchette" "a fair field, and no favour."

J. B.

MARGARET'S DREAM.

Margaret to William.

WILLIE, come and sit beside me,
Hold my hand in thine once more;
Listen, while I tell the story
Of the happy days of yore.
Listen well, for I am weary,
And I chafe at each delay;
For I have my task assigned me,
And I have my part to play,
Ere I close another chapter
Of the fitful tale of life,
Ere I snap the cords asunder
Which were strung to bitter strife!

Do not sigh, Will; do not fancy
I have sought for which to chide,
For *true* love can find excuses,
Which *false* love might scarce provide.
Since that day when I had plighted
Love and faith to thee alone,
Ne'er could I be taught to fancy
Deed of thine were evil done.
Rather, every dart I venture,
Barb'd with anger, scorn, or blame,
Finds no spot so fit to light on
As the heart from whence it came!
Long the bitter fruits I've eaten
Of Remorse's leafless tree—
Better thus, than live to cherish
One reproachful thought of thee.

Hear me, Will—on such an evening,
E'en as this—long years gone by;
Such a gleam was o'er the woodlands,
Such a glory in the sky,
Such a calm spread over Nature,
As she wears in Autumn hours;
Like a matron, sadly smiling
O'er her slowly fading powers.

Then, as now thou bendest o'er me,
Vainly 'gainst the spell I strove—
For the glance that fast enthral'd me,
Was the impassioned glance of Love!

And thy breath came fast and hurried,
Shook thy hand with groundless fear,
And wild words, but half-coherent,
Fell on my enraptured ear.
Still the gleam was o'er the woodlands,
Still the autumn winds sighed low ;
Sighed, as guessing at the story
Which from out that night should flow !
Fell the dead leaves from the beech-trees,
Rose the grey mist from the ground ;
Still the gleam was o'er the woodlands,
And my life its light had found !
Once it found, and still it hoards it,
Though I near Life's twilight grey—
Yet the radiance of that hour
Cannot wholly pass away.

Then, ere half our vows were spoken,
Ere from off my brow could fade
Sense of passionate love-token,
Lips importunate had laid,
Little Amy came to seek me,
Amy, the glad hearted child,
Singing, smiling through the woodlands,
Heedless why she sang or smiled.
On her golden hair the sun shone
With its brave declining ray,
And the red leaves thickly clustering
Spread a glory on her way !
Such a glory well might suit thee,
Nature's child, of Heaven caressed ;
Who should grudge the rose its beauty,
Or the wave its silver crest ?
Who should grudge the lark its gladness,
Or the thrush its sportive lay ?
Why should brief November languish
For the sunny hues of May ?
But I linger in my story,
And my tale is aye too long,
For a meditative sadness
Swells the burden of my song.
Seven long years had passed, beloved,
Ere our home was thine again—
Years, which Time's rough hand had borne me,
Swathed in sorrow, wreathed in pain !
On their tremulant horizon
But two points arrest mine eye ;
One, the hour when thou didst leave me
Bowed in tearless misery ;
And that other hour, when gaily
Sprang thy footstep to our door,
And I deemed the joy was coming,
And I dreamt the pain was o'er !

Then did Amy spring to meet thee ;
Laughing still, she sought to cheat thee ;
Mischief sparkling in her eye,
On her lips quaint mimicry.
She will seek thee fond, caressing,
On thine arm soft fingers pressing,
She will learn if Lover's eye
Can detect her trickery ;
Or if Lover's ear could own
Voice and air so like mine own !
For the great Creative Hand
In one mould us twain had planned ;
Amy's face and Amy's hue
Were but Margaret's cast anew ;
Cast, but in a later hour ;
I had leapt into the years,
And my heart had felt the power
Which the phantom Sorrow bears.

All my backward path was strewed
With the gems I once had worn,
And which Care, in ruthless mood,
From my aching brows had torn.
Amy now the point had won,
Which I held long time before ;
But the magic in her tone,
And the fairy grace she bore,
Made me doubt if I had been
Half as fair and blithe as she.
But that picture in thy hand
Sang no flattering song of me !

Know ye, Will, on southern shores
How the daylight streams away,
And the night no herald sends
Mellowing tints of twilight grey ?
Suddenly, while still the eye
Blinks 'neath sunset's golden strain,
Ebon fingers touch the sky,
Dusky mantle wraps the plain.
So, from out my life did fade
Suddenly the summer glow,
Which thy love had o'er it spread,
Making gladness to o'erflow.
All my being,—not a prayer
Breathed to Heaven in dead of night,
Not a hope or vision fair,
Not a dream of pure delight,
But was wov'n with thought of thee,
Friend beloved—and thus was stayed
All my blind idolatry.
Thus was all my love inlaid
With error—thus sank fast away
With a premature decay ;
With no mellowing twilight grey,
By the lips unbid to stay
Sunk my golden dream away !

In my arms thy dead love lies,
Should I rest content with this ?
Or accept Love's mimicries
For my hard-attained bliss ?
Shall a frozen form be warmed
By an empty painted flame ?
Or can shrivelled roses know
Aught of beauty but the name ?
Nay, weep not—my fate, not thine,
Wrought the change which bore this ill,
And in Amy's tenderer mien
I may be thy loved one still !
Well, I know that all things change,
Swiftly now Life's currents hie ;
Yet some hearts, for lack of sun,
Cling to grief and petrify !
Woman now hath parts to play
Other than in by-gone years ;
Jostled in Life's crowded way,
Born alike to toil and tears,
Though her heart would fain refuse
Sound of wrong and sight of ill,
Yet in pitiless abuse
Sight and sound beset her still !
Shall we mourn the olden time
And the wise chivalric lore ?
Nay, " the world is in its prime,
And those childish days are o'er."

Now, Will, wide the casement throw,
See what life the wood receives ;
Nature spreads her daintiest show,
Sunset gleam o'er Autumn leaves.

In the field the gleaner sings,
 Bending o'er the scattered ears;
 Buoyant notes the plough-boy flings
 As his low-built home he nears.
 Burdened hearts throughout the day
 Still may bear, and lives oppressed
 Wrestle; but when night is nigh,
 God of love! Oh give them rest!

C. S. G.

THE FOREIGN DOCTOR.

I HAVE often pondered upon the wonderful adaptation of different minds to different employments and pursuits; how one finds enjoyment in what is positively irksome to another; how one, indeed, will take actual pleasure in what would cause another, differently constituted, an emotion of pain.

A sailor wonders how anyone can be found to stay on land, whilst a landsman is in equal astonishment that men can be found who prefer the sea. A painter wonders that all men are not painters; a musician understands not how any can be heedless of harmonies; a skilful surgeon marvels that any should be surprised at his intense appreciation of the dexterous amputating of a limb; in fact, to use the jingling rhyme of the old nursery charm, "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, doctor, clergyman, thief," &c., &c., are each of opinion that his own vocation is the one vocation interesting and desirable above all others.

So I pondered; and the cause of my pondering was an old yellow-stained manuscript that my landlady put into my hands the morning after I had taken up my abode at The Pestle and Mortar, for such was the sign of the inn at which I had put up to get a fortnight's breathing-time after some hard work that I had been getting through in London.

On one side of the Mortar was painted a razor, on the other a rude approximation to a lancet, which might, or might not, have intimated that in former days shaving and bleeding were added to the business of hospitable entertainment.

Perhaps this idea was suggested to me by the remark of my hostess, as she showed me into the only private apartment she had to let.

"You shall have the doctor's room, sir; it's the pleasantest one in the house."

I had no reason to complain of the choice that was thus forced upon me; indeed, I made up my mind at once that here I could transform myself into a model-courtier of the time of the maiden-queen, for I already "delighted in study," and I looked through the open window on a garden, in which one of the denizens of Arcadia might have revelled, all flushed as it was with beauty and in the height

of its summer glory: and my landlady assured me that there was capital fishing to be had in the river close by,—"Just across that meadow, sir," said she, pointing to a silver line that wound in and out among the trees.

And when I sat down to the tea that my hostess prepared for me, with the delicious cream (yes, it *was* cream), and the golden butter, and the new-laid eggs, and the dish of giant strawberries; whilst the scent of the flowers stole in at the casement, and the birds twittered a serenade, as if to welcome me; I felt, that here I could be content for the rest of my days, and I wondered that everyone did not live in the country. And then came the thought that every one did not care for the country; that some cared not to drink of its beauty as I did—cared not for the pure fresh breezes, nor for the fragrant flowers; and that for some the indescribable loveliness of nature had no charms.

But I had no mind to cavil at these people, I merely said in my heart, "Heaven help them!" and sank back on my chair almost overpowered with the exquisite sensations that crept over me.

"Why do you call this the doctor's room?" I asked of my landlady, the following morning.

"La, sir, have you never heard of the doctor?"

"How should I? I am a stranger in these parts."

"True, sir, I had forgotten. Well, this is the room the doctor used to work in, and do all his magic; and this was his table," she continued, pointing to a heavy black wooden table with curiously carved legs, that stood in the middle of the apartment; "and there's a queer old chest upstairs that belonged to him, and some old papers of his in it."

"Papers?" I said; and then reverting to the gist of my former question, I asked, "but who was the doctor, and when did he live here?"

"I can't give you a straight answer to either question," returned my hostess; "but I'll tell you what I can: The doctor came from foreign parts, and he brought his daughter with him, but I won't be sure what country he came from. It's over two hundred years since he died, and the clerk could tell you all about it if you could only make him understand what you want to know; but he's gone very deaf of late years, and Leeds no voice save the rector's. Or, maybe you'd like to see the old book itself; not that it's much like a book, for it's queerly written, so that not even the clerk himself can read it. But a curate who was once here made it all out,

and told the story to the clerk, and the clerk has told the story over and over again to scores and scores, who have been ready enough to listen to it at the Pestle and Mortar. It was the doctor's sign, so that the people might know he was a doctor. And when the house was turned into an inn, the sign was kept on for old times' sake. Perhaps you'd like to see the book, sir?"

"By all means," said I; and thus it came to pass that my landlady put the time-stained manuscript into my hands, and set my train of thought in motion.

For I had not proceeded very far in puzzling through the oddly shaped letters ere I perceived that the doctor, though a man of learning, strongly favoured the occult sciences, and was at a loss to imagine why the minds of others should not run in the same groove as his own.

The manuscript was in Latin, and during my stay at the Pestle and Mortar I amused myself with making extracts from the papers in the old chest and framing therefrom a consecutive account of one portion of the doctor's life. I give it, as I found it, in the form of a diary, and shall call it,—

"SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE
WORSHIPFUL DOCTOR JOHANN REICHEN-
BACH."

St. Walpurg's Eve. Just sixteen years ago to-day since I left my beloved Germany. Sad events connected with the death of my wife induced me to abjure a country in which I had reason to believe that neither myself nor those belonging to me would ever thrive.

I drew the horoscope of my beloved Aennchen at the bedside of her dying mother, and I found therein that dangers threatened her from home, and the planet of love appeared in the quartile aspect. Therefore was I prompted to fly from my home and in another land endeavour to ward off the perils that threatened in our own, that threatened her, Aennchen, my only living child.

Charmed by the accounts that Desiderius Erasmus had written down of England, I resolved to try if I too might not find a favourable reception there. Princes had before now taken an interest in those sciences which, in addition to my profession as leech, I took an interest in.

Michael Scott had in former days been knighted by a Scottish monarch, and had passed at foreign courts with honour. And had I not studied deeply the writings of Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa, and am, as it were, overshadowed by the mantle of Dr. Faustus?

Also I knew that that celebrated doctor and

scholar John Dee, who hath caused so much noise on the Continent, was in no mean repute with the English queen. And yet it was not to court favour that I aspired; I should be content to live out my life quietly with my daughter in some country district, and leave to posterity to profit by the great discoveries that I had made. So when I noted the words of Desiderius Erasmus, I believed that England was the land best suited to my purposes, and I thought that I perchance might make acquaintances as he had done; but I took not into consideration that he was a man of brilliant parts, and wondrous affability and pleasantness; also that years had passed away, and that much had happened since Desiderius found rest in the grave.

There have been troublous times in England; but now it seems at the heyday of its prosperity, and it hath so many great and noble scholars of its own that it is not strange for a poor foreigner to be overlooked.

Yet posterity may do me justice. It is not till a man dies that his greatness is fully recognised, and no man of note is so famous in his own time as he is in times yet to come.

There is a poor play-writer in this country, whose plays are in some favour at court; and yet methinks from what I have heard, there is much in them that this nation cannot yet grasp; and that if I could bring my Elixir to perfection, and so prolong my life indefinitely, I should hear in more advanced ages his praises sung in never-ending psalms.

I believe that it rests with me to bring the Elixir to perfection. Many have all but accomplished it, and yet at the last moment they have been baffled. Yet each has added to the knowledge of his predecessor, until the cup is filled almost to overflowing, and who shall say but that it is mine to crown the goblet and quaff of earthly immortality. Oh, that my life may be spared to do this, then shall I have kings and princes at my feet. O spirit of Faustus, that I could summon thee! Where art thou? But in vain: I know not the form of conjuration that would bring thee hither.

My cat hath a strange look this evening. Grimalkin; answer, art thou my own beast, or art thou a witch in disguise?

Aennchen has come to me with a sore scratch on her white arm. Grimalkin, it is not in thine own nature to hurt thy gentle mistress. Hence, witch! hence! Away with thee to the Blocksberg to join thine accursed sisters. And I opened the door and sent the beast flying, for it is well not to trust the feline tribe on St. Walpurg's Eve.

But an hour later Aennchen has made a warm bed by the fireside for the animal, for its whines were piteous to hear, so that Aenn-



FETCHING THE DOCTOR.—BY H. S. MARKS.

chen could not bear them. My mind misgives me, and yet Aennchen has no thought of such evil, and I dare not fill her mind with the wild unlawful knowledge that has fallen to my share. May innocence be her shield!

May.—I have had a hard day among the poor to-day: there be many down with a strange fever, the like of which I have never seen before, but yet which I think my skill in medicine will baffle. They say that his grace the Duke shows symptoms of it, so that perchance the foreign leech may be in request at the great house.

Heaven keep my Aennchen from it, for it is a terrible wasting sickness, that brings down young and old in a few hours. And when illness comes home to a man's own house he seems to have less hope of it than when he sees it dealing with strangers.

Another day and Aennchen is still in health: how fair and rosy she is, like to a half-blown flower! Truly her mother was scarce more beautiful in my eyes. I think she will be spared to me; she is my only comfort. She comes to me now like a sunbeam stealing along the dark passage, darting a brightsome ray into my laboratory.

"Aennchen, darling, what is it?"

And Aennchen answers that a poor, ragged boy is at the door, begging the doctor to go to a dying man.

"Thou didst not go near to him, Aennchen, my heart's treasure?"

"I spake to him through the window," answers Aennchen. "I threw him a saffron cake and bid him tarry, and he ate it as though he had eaten no food to-day. He waits for thee now, my father."

So I took my medicine-chest, and followed the boy; but I found the "dying man," as he had been called, was not affected with the fever. He had been severely wounded, how he would not say, and was swooning from loss of blood. Neither would he tell me his name, but by his speech I found him to be a countryman of my own, and my heart leaped to hear my native tongue once more. It was like music from paradise, and I was drawn unto the stranger. The room wherein he was lying was very wretched; I would have him at my own dwelling and there tend him properly.

And when I spoke to him in his own mother-tongue he opened his eyes and gazed steadfastly upon me, but he was too weak to make much reply.

He was a noble-looking man, with masses of dark hair, and yet there was a stern, for-

bidding look on his features, even as he lay there so powerless. But he was my countryman; he had spoken to me in speech that I thought never to hear again, and his accents sounded sweeter to me than the sweetest music.

Aennchen maketh a rare nurse, she hath tended the wounded man, and he is fast recovering.

He lieth in the state-chamber above my laboratory, and the window which looketh over our garden is open. The hawthorn has been late this year, and the air is still perfumed with its heavy masses of snowy blossoms. Beyond one can see the orchard, which hath shed its pink and white, and is now robed in full suit of tender green. Everything looks so fresh, so cool, it seems as if Nature could scarce be fairer, even when she dons her gorgeous embroidered garments in summer.

My patient and I have had many conversations about my own land, and I have told him much of my history; but he seemeth marvellously shy as to his own parentage and belongings. He says he is a wanderer, seeking his fortune, and at times appears half-disposed to join me and share my studies. And then he seems restless and impatient to get away, but his wounds will not yet permit him to do so. Can he have committed any crime? Surely not, or Aennchen would not have been so attracted towards him. Surely innocence could have no sympathy with guilt. The laws of nature would not admit of it.

What if this stranger should steal Aennchen's heart from me? And yet she would never forget her old father. And then, too, this stranger in his better moods seems inclined to stay.

My forebodings are true. I entered the room and found Aennchen in tears kneeling by the stranger's chair, and he was smoothing back her shining hair.

I closed the door again and retreated to my laboratory. I knew it would come, and it had come, and I tried to bring myself to feel that it was but natural, and that I myself had been instrumental in bringing it to pass.

And then the horoscope that I had drawn flashed into my mind, and I remembered that danger threatened my child from home. Was it to be fulfilled in this wise? Had home found me out though I was a sojourner in a strange land? And I remembered, too, that Venus was unpropitious. It was impossible to defy the stars, those wonderful fortune-tellers, that take note of us in the daytime as

well as in the night season, though we see them not.

Aennchen has made me forget the stars, she is so happy, and Hildebrand also. He has asked to be my son-in-law, and says that the object of his life is accomplished.

I cannot be mistaken. All is happiness before us. Hildebrand will live with us in this beautiful place, and he and I will pursue our scientific researches together, whilst Aennchen will be a living ray of sunlight to us both.

Alas! alas! how shall I tell Aennchen? The stars are true prophets. The bitter blow is struck—from home! from home! The star of love is cruel—very cruel. How could I be so blind? Why did I not see some look, some resemblance. But no. There was no shadow of likeness to her who has passed away. Oh! Aennchen, Aennchen, my treasure, how shall I tell thee?

Hildebrand left us three days ago, and this evening I have received a missive from him.

"Old man," he says, "I am Ludwig von Erlstein. Our house hath never forgiven thy marriage with my father's sister. It was a blot upon our escutcheon that she should link herself with one of the *bourgeoisie*. We swore to avenge it, and I have now stabbed thee with as bitter a sword as that which bowed down my father, when he learned that his only sister had fled with one who was deemed a sorcerer.

"Old man, thy daughter loves me with a love that will be a blight upon her for the rest of her days. I willed it so. I saw the silly fly drawing nearer and nearer the web, and I laughed that it should be so.

"I love her not. My love is given to another, and our wedding is not far distant.

"The Von Erlsteins are avenged, for thy daughter's grief will be the cruellest blow to thee that hand can strike. Farewell."

Coward, knave, traitor! Lost to all humanity. How shall I bear it? He ate of my bread and he drank of my cup. I poured oil and ointment into his wounds, and he was healed. It might have blotted out the old grievance.

I gave him life, and he hath taken mine away. Her kinsman, too! her mother's brother's son! The thrust is truly a home-thrust. How can I tell her?

Ha! am I mad? I dash away my elixir. It is perfected; but who would drink of it? Hence I dash thee to the ground, subtle temptation of the Evil One. To drink and live in endless misery. Ha! what thought is that? I am not mad. No; death is very sweet—

sweeter than life, sweeter than misery. Her life has been a pure and innocent one—a joyous one. Say, shall the flower be plucked ere it has time to droop? Surely it were no crime, but an angel's act of mercy. It were a greater crime to let it slowly wither away. Better gather it in all its beauty, ere the canker hath blighted it; ere pain hath pierced that gentle heart. O Aennchen! Aennchen! my daughter, Aennchen, I would save thee from all sorrow.

How peacefully she sleeps! She has no thought of care. Wearied, she sank down at my feet. There is a cushion to rest thy head upon, poor child.

Good night—good night! for the last time, good night! There is no waking for thee, no heart-stricken morrow.

The doors are closed; there can no breath of air steal in. The charcoal burns—burns—burns. It is no pain. She sleeps, and dreams of Hildebrand, and, perchance, of her poor father.

Sleep creepeth over me. My daughter! Aennchen! Good night!—good night!

JULIA GODDARD.

WHAT ARE WOMEN MADE OF?

In the palmy days of childhood, we were taught in nursery jingle, and we implicitly believed, that little girls were made of

Sugar and spice
And all that's nice.

But, growing older, we learned to our disappointment that they were produced from Adam's rib; and when we asked why woman was made of that particular bone, we were told because it was the most crooked in Adam's body.

"Observe the result," preached Jean Raulin, in the beginning of the sixteenth century: "man, composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but woman gives evidence of her osseous origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it makes no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clitter-clatter."

This observation did not fall to the ground; it was repeated by Gratian de Drusac in his "*Controversies des Sexes Masculin et Féminin*," 1538. The learned in mediæval times did not spare women. Jean Nevisan, professor of law at Turin, who died in 1540, is harder still on them in his "*Sylva Nuptialis*." Therein he audaciously asserts that woman was formed by the author of Good till the head had to be made, and *that* was a production of the great enemy of mankind. "Permisit Deus illud facere dæmonio."

But the Rabbis are equally unsparing. They assert that when Eve had to be drawn from the side of Adam, she was not extracted by the head, lest she should be vain; nor by the eyes, lest they should be wanton; nor by the mouth, lest she should be given to tittle-tattle; nor by the ears, lest she should be inquisitive; nor by the hands, lest she should be meddlesome; nor by the feet, lest she should be a gad-about; nor by the heart, lest she should be jealous; but she was drawn forth by the side; yet, notwithstanding these precautions, she has every fault specially guarded against, because, being extracted sideways, she was perverse.

Another Rabbinical gloss on the text of Moses asserts that Adam was created double; that he and Eve were made back to back, united at the shoulders, and that they were severed with a hatchet. Eugubinus says that their bodies were united at the side.

Antoinette Bourignon, that extraordinary mystic of the seventeenth century, had some strange visions of the primeval man and the birth of Eve. The body of Adam, she says, was more pure, translucent, and transparent than crystal, light and buoyant as air. In it were vessels and streams of light, which entered and exuded through the pores. The vessels were charged with liquors of various colours of intense brilliancy and transparency; some of these fluids were water, milk, wine, fire, &c. Every motion of Adam's body produced ineffable harmonies. Every creature obeyed him; nothing could resist or injure him. He was taller than men of this time; his hair was short, curled, and approaching to black. He had a little down on his lower lip. In his stomach was a clear fluid, like water in a crystal bowl, in which tiny eggs developed themselves, like bubbles in wine, as he glowed with the ardour of Divine charity; and when he strongly desired that others should unite with him in the work of praise, he deposited some of these eggs, which hatched, and from one of them emerged his consort, Eve.

The inhabitants of Madagascar have a strange myth touching the origin of woman. They say that the first man was created of the dust of the earth, and was placed in a garden, where he was subject to none of the ills which now afflict mortality; he was also free from all bodily appetites, and though surrounded by delicious fruit and limpid streams, yet felt no desire to taste of the fruit or quaff the water. The Creator had, moreover, strictly forbidden him either to eat or to drink. The great enemy, however, came to him, and painted to him in glowing colours the sweetness of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the succulence of the orange. In vain: the first man re-

membered the command laid upon him by his maker. Then the fiend assumed the appearance of an effulgent spirit, and pretended to be a messenger from heaven commanding him to eat and drink. The man at once obeyed. Shortly after a pimple appeared on his leg; the spot enlarged into a tumour, which increased in size and caused him considerable annoyance. At the end of six months it burst, and there emerged from the limb a beautiful girl.

The father of all living turned her this way and that way, sorely perplexed, and uncertain whether to pitch her into the water or give her to the pigs, when a messenger from heaven appeared, and told him to let her run about the garden till she was of a marriageable age, and then to take her to himself as a wife. He obeyed. He called her Bahounna, and she became the mother of all races of men.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to the size of our great mother. The French orientalist, Henrion, member of the Academy, however, fixed it with a precision satisfactory, at least, to himself. He gives the following table of the relative heights of several eminent historical personages.

Adam was precisely	123 feet 9 inches high.
Eve	118 " 9.75 in. "
Noah	103 " "
Abraham	27 " "
Moses	13 " "
Hercules	10 " "
Alexander	6 " "
Julius Cæsar	5 " "

It is interesting to have the height of Eve to the decimal of an inch. It must, however, be stated that the measures of the traditional tomb of Eve at Jeddah give her a much greater stature. "On entering the great gate of the cemetery, one observes on the left a little wall three feet high, forming a square of ten to twelve feet. There lies the head of our first mother. In the middle of the cemetery is a sort of cupola, where reposes the middle of her body, and at the other extremity, near the door of egress, is another little wall, also three feet high, forming a lozenge-shaped enclosure, there are her feet. In this place is a large piece of cloth, whereon the faithful deposit their offerings, which serve for the maintenance of a constant burning of perfumes over the midst of her body. The distance between her head and feet is 400 feet. How we have shrunk since the creation!"—*Lettre de H.A.D., Consul de France en Abyssinie, 1841.*

But to return to the substance of which woman was made. This is a point on which the various cosmogonies of nations widely differ. Probably the discoverers of these cosmogonies were men, for they seldom give to

woman a very distinguished origin. But then the poets make it up to her. Nature, the singer of the land of cakes tells us,

Her prentice han'
First tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, Oh !

Guillaume de Salluste du Bastas (b. 1544 ; d. 1590), composed a lengthy poem on the Creation, in which he does ample justice to the ladies. His poem was translated into Latin by Dumonin (Joan. ed. Dumonin: *Beresithias, sive Mundi Creatio, ex Gallico Sallustii du Bastas expressa. Parisiis, 1579*), and into German, Spanish, Italian, and English.

A specimen will suffice:—

The mother of mortals in herself doth combine
The charms of an Adam, and graces all Divine.
Her tint his surpasses, her brow is more fair,
Her eye twinkles brighter, more lustrous her hair ;
Far sweeter her utterance, her chin is quite smooth,
Dream of Beauty incarnate, a lover and a love !

Our own Milton has done poor Eve justice in lines which need not quotation.

Pygmalion, says the classic story, which is really a Phœnician myth of creation, made a woman of marble or ivory, and Aphrodite, in answer to his prayers, endowed the statue with life. We do not believe it. No woman was ever marble. She may seem hard and cold, but she only requires a sturdy male voice to bid her,

Descend, be stone no more !

to show that the marble appearance was put on, and that she is, and ever was, genuine palpitating flesh and blood.

"Often does Pygmalion apply his hands to the work. One while he addresses it in soft terms, at another he brings it presents that are agreeable to maidens, as shells, and smooth pebbles, and little birds, and flowers of a thousand hues, and lilies, and painted balls, and tears of the Heliades, that have distilled from the trees. He decks her limbs, too, with clothing, and puts a long necklace on her neck. Smooth pendants hang from her ears, and bows from her breast. All things are becoming to her."—*Ovid. Metam. x. vii.*

There is something tender and kindly in this myth ; it represents woman as man would have her, pure as the ivory, modestly arrayed, simple, and delighted with small trifles, birds, and pebbles, and flowers—a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. But Hesiod gives a widely different account of the creation of woman. According to him, she was sent in mockery by Zeus to be a scourge to man :—

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had spoken ; laughter fill'd his secret soul :

He bade the crippled god his heat obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay ;
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic, and the breathing breast ;
Fair as the blooming goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colours in the gliding threads ;
He call'd the magic of love's golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame ;
Bade Hermes last endue, with craft refined
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind."

Hesiod. Erga, 61—79.

If such was the Greek theory of the creation of woman, it speaks ill for the Greek men ; for woman is ever what man makes her. If he chooses her to be giddy, and light, and crafty, giddy, light, and crafty will she become ; but if he demands of her to be what God made her, modest, and thrifty, and tender, such she will ever prove. This our grand old northern forefathers knew, and they made her creation a sacred matter, and fashioned her from a nobler stock than man. He was of the ash, she of the elm ; they called the first woman *Embla*, or *Emla*, which means a laborious female—from the root *amr*, *aml*, *ambl*, signifying "work." "One day as the sons of Bór were walking along the sea-beach, they found two stems of wood, out of which they shaped a man and a woman. The first, Odin, infused into them life and spirit ; the second, Vili, endowed them with reason and the power of motion ; the third, Ve, gave them speech and features, hearing and vision." ("Younger Edda," 9 ; cf. also "*Völuspá*," 17, 18.) This reminds one of the ancient Iranian myth of Ahoura Mazda creating the first pair, Meschia and Meschiane, from the Beivas tree. But the Scandinavians also spoke of three primeval mothers: Edda (great-grandmother), Amma (grandmother), and Mother, from whom sprung the three classes of thrall, churl, and earl. It is noticeable that these primeval women are represented as good housewives in the venerable *Rígmál*, which describes the wanderings of the god Heimdal, under the name of Ríg. The deity comes to the hut of Edda, and at once—

From the ashes she took a loaf,
Heavy and thick, with bran mixed ;
More beside she laid upon the board ;
There is set a bowl of broth on the table ;
There is a calf boiled, and cates the best.

Then he goes to the house of Amma, the wife of Afi.

Afi's wife sat plying her rock
With outspread arms, busked to weave.
A hood on her head, a sark over her breast,
A kerchief round her neck, and studs on her shoulders.

He next enters the hall of Mother.

The housewife looked on her arms,
Smoothed her veil, and fastened her sleeves,
Her head-gear adjusted. A clasp was on her bosom,
Her robe was ample, her sark blue;
Brighter her brow, fairer her breast,
Whiter her neck than purest snow-drift.
She took, did Mother, a figured cloth
Of white linen, and the table decked.
She then took cakes of snow-white wheat,
On the table them she laid.
She set forth salvers, silver adorned,
Full of game, and pork, and roasted birds.
In a can was wine, the cups were costly.

Not a word of disparagement of woman is found in those old cosmic lays. The sturdy Northerner knew her value, and he respected her, whilst the frivolous Greek despised her as a toy.

The Provençal troubadours caught the classic misappreciation of woman. Massilia was a Greek colony, and Greek manners, tastes, and habits of thought prevailed for long in the south-east of France. They idolised her, as an idol-puppet, but they knew not how to commend, and by commending develop in her those qualities which lie ready to germinate when called for by man—devotion, self-sacrifice, patience, gentleness, and all those homely yet inestimable treasures, the domestic virtues. Pierre de Saint Cloud, in the opening of his poems on Renard, has his fling at poor Eve. He says that Adam was possessed of a magic-rod, with which he could create animals at pleasure, by striking the earth with it. One day he smote the ground, and there sprang forth the lamb. Eve caught the rod from his hand, and did as he had done; forthwith there bounded forth the wolf, which rent the creation of Adam. He struck, and the domestic fowls came forth. Eve did likewise, and gave being to the fox. He made the cattle, she the tiger; he the dog, she the jackall.

Turning to America, we encounter a host of myths relative to the first mother. The sacred book of the Quiches tells of the gods Gucumatz, Tepu, and Cuz-cah making man of earth, but when the rain came on he dissolved into mud. Then they made man and woman of wood, but the beings so made were too thick-headed to praise and sacrifice, wherefore they destroyed them with a flood; those which escaped up tall trees remain to this day, and are commonly called monkeys. The three gods having thus failed, consulted the Great White Boar and the Great White Porcupine, and with their assistance made man and woman of white and red maize. And men show by their headstrong character that the mighty boar had a finger in their creation, and women

by their fretfulness indicate the great porcupine as having had the making of them.

The Minnatarees have a story that the first woman was made of such rich and fatty soil that she became a miracle of prolificness; she came out of the earth on the first day of the moon of buffaloes, and ere it waned, she had a child at her breast. Every month she bestowed upon her husband a son or a daughter, and these children were all equally fertile with their mother. This was rather sharp work, and the Great Spirit, seeing that the world would be peopled in no time, at this rate, killed the first parents, and diminished the productiveness of their children.

The Nanticokes relate that their great ancestor was without a wife, and he wandered over the face of the earth in search of one; at last the King of the Musk-rats offered him his daughter, assuring him that she would make the best wife in the world, as she could keep a house tidy, and was very shrewd and neat in her person. The Nanticoke hesitated to accept the obliging offer, alleging that the wife was so very small, and had four legs. The Micabou of the Musk-rats now appeared, and undertook to remedy this defect. "Man of the Nanticokes," said the spirit, "rise, take thy bride and lead her to the edge of the lake; bid her dip her feet in water, whilst thou, standing over her, shalt pronounce these words:

For the last time as musk-rat,

For the first time as woman.

Go in beast, come out human!

The spirit's directions were obeyed to the letter. The Nanticoke took his glossy little maiden musk-rat by the paw, led her to the border of the lake, and, whilst she dipped her feet in the water, he used the appointed formula; thereupon a change took place in the little animal. Her body was observed to assume the posture of a human being, gradually erecting itself, as a sapling, which, having been bent to earth, resumes its upright position. When the little creature became erect, the skin began to fall from the head and neck, and gradually unveiling the body, exhibited the maiden, beautiful as a flowery meadow, or the blue summer sky, or the north lit up with the flush of the dancing lights, or the rainbow which follows the fertilising shower. Her hand was scarce larger than a hazel-leaf, and her foot not longer than that of the ringdove. Her arm was so slight, that it seemed as though the breeze must break it. The Nanticoke gazed with delight on his beauteous bride, and his gratification was enhanced when he saw her stature increase to the proportions of a human being.

Other American Indian tribes assert that the Great Spirit, moved with compassion for man,

who wasted in solitude on earth, sent a heavenly spirit to be his companion, and the mother of his children. And we believe they are about right. But the Kickapoos tell a very different tale.

There was a time throughout the great world, say they, when neither on land nor in the water was there a woman to be found. Vain things there were plenty—there was the turkey, and the blue-jay, the wood-duck, and the wakon bird; and noisy, chattering creatures there were plenty—there was the jackdaw, the magpie, and the rook; and gad-about there were plenty—there was the squirrel, and the starling, and the mouse; but of women, vain, noisy, chattering, gad-about women, there was none. It was quite a still world to what it is now, and it was a peaceable world, too. Men were in plenty, made of clay, and sun-dried, and they were then so happy, oh! so happy. Wars were none then, quarrels were none. The Kickapoos ate their deer's flesh with the Potowatomies, hunted the otter with the Osages, and the beaver with the Hurons. Then the great fathers of the Kickapoos scratched the backs of the savage Iroquois, and the truculent Iroquois returned the compliment. Tribes which now seek one another's scalps, then sat smiling benevolently in one another's faces, smoking the never-laid-aside calumet of peace.

These first men were not quite like the men now, for they had tails. Very handsome tails they were, covered with long silky hair; very convenient were these appendages in a country where flies were numerous and troublesome, tails being more sudden in their movements than hands, and more conveniently situated for whisking off the flies which alight on the back. It was a pleasant sight to see the ancestral men leisurely smoking and waving their flexible tails at the doors of their wigwams in the golden autumn evenings, and within were no squalling children, no wrangling wives. The men doted on their tails, and they painted and adorned them; they platted the hair into beautiful tresses, and wore bright beads and shells and wampum with the hair. They attached bows and streamers of coloured ribbons to the extremities of their tails, and when men ran and pursued the elk or the moose, there was a flutter of colour behind them, and a tinkle of precious ornaments.

But the red men got proud; they were so happy, all went so well with them that they forgot the Great Spirit. They no more offered the fattest and choicest of their game upon the memahoppa, or altar-stone, nor danced in his praise who dispersed the rains to cleanse the earth, and his lightnings to cool and purify the air. Wherefore he sent his chief Manitou to humble men by robbing them of what they most

valued, and bestowing upon them a scourge and affliction adequate to their offence. The spirit obeyed his Master, and, coming on earth, reached the ground in the land of the Kickapoos. He looked about him, and soon ascertained that the red men valued their tails above every other possession. Summoning together all the Indians he acquainted them with the will of the Wahconda, and demanded the instant sacrifice of the cherished member. It is impossible to describe the sorrow and compunction which filled their bosoms when they found that the forfeit for their oblivion of the Great Spirit was to be that beautiful and beloved appendage. Tail after tail was laid upon the block and was amputated.

The mission of the spirit was, in part, performed. He now took the severed tails and converted them into vain, noisy, chattering, and frisky women. Upon these objects the Kickapoos now lavished their admiration; they loaded them as before with beads, and wampum, and paint, and decorated them with tinkling ornaments and coloured ribbons. Yet the women had lost one essential quality which as tails they had possessed. The caudal appendage had brushed off man the worrying insects which sought to sting or suck his blood, whereas the new article was itself provided with a sharp sting, called by us a tongue; and far from brushing annoyances off man, it became an instrument for accumulating them upon his back and shoulders. Pleasant and soothing to the primeval Kickapoo was the wagging to and fro of the member stroking and fanning his back, but the new one became a scourge to lacerate.

However, woman retains indications of her origin. She is still beloved as of yore; she is still beautiful, with flowing hair; still adapted to trinketry. Still is she frisky, vivacious, and slappy; and still, as of old, does she ever follow man, dangling after him, hanging on his heels, and never, of her own accord, separating from him.

The Kickapoos, divested of their tails, the legend goes on to relate, were tormented by the mosquitos, till the Great Spirit, in compassion for their woes, mercifully withdrew the greater part of their insect tormentors. Overjoyed at their deliverance, the red men supplicated the Wahconda also to remove the other nuisances, the women; but he replied that the women were a necessary evil and must remain. (*Jones, Trad. N. American Indians, 1830, vol iii. 175.*)

This is worse treatment than that which the ladies received from Hesiod. We have heard of a young and romantic lady who was so enraptured with the ideal of American-Indian life as delineated by Fenimore Cooper, that she

fled her home, and went to the savages in Canada. We hope she did not fall to the lot of a Kickapoo.

Poor woman! it is pleasanter to believe that she is made from our ribs, which we know come very close to our hearts, and thus to account for the mutual sympathy of man and woman, and thereby to account for that compassion and tenderness that man feels for her, and also for the manner in which she flies to man's side as her true resting-place in peril and doubt. But we have a cosmogony of our own, elucidated from internal convictions, assisted by all the modern appliances of table-rapping and clairvoyancy. According to our cosmogony woman is compounded of three articles, sugar, tincture of arnica, and soft soap. Sugar, because of the sweetness which is apparent in most women—alas! that in some it should have acidulated into strong domestic vinegar; arnica, because in woman is to be found that quality of healing and soothing after the bruises and wounds which afflict us men in the great battle of life; and soft soap, for reasons too obvious to need specification. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

BREO-TAN.

THE kindlers of the "bonfires," as they were termed, of other days, had, it must be allowed, a measure of good sense as well as kindly feeling, for which we look in vain at the present day, when the "golden gorses" crowning the heights around our ill-used metropolis are wantonly burned to keep up a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance." The vigils of festivals, as well as the night celebrations of the same, were formerly conducted in an orderly spirit; and into the arrangements for public rejoicing, the destruction of England's most lovely places of "pleasaunce" was certainly not an admitted feature. Bonfires were, indeed, built up in our very streets, and every man gave his labour freely, and brought his supply of wood to add to the general mirth-making; but the people gathered together without riot or disorder. At these harmless assemblies the richer classes set out tables before their doors, "furnished with sweet bread and meat and drink plentifully:" the stranger as well as the neighbour was besought to take a share in the good things of the day, and all sat together "in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits." The name of "bonfire" was given to this kind of *feu de joie* as thus affording a medium of bringing back to a more Christian state of feeling those who might previously have been at enmity; since, in the light of the cheering blaze, they would natu-

rally look each other more kindly in the face, and "be made from bitter enemies loving friends." Nor were those who fostered this custom unmindful of the benefit arising from it to the bodily health of the people through "the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air."

From the earliest times of which we have any record, England has been famous for its hill-fires. These seem to have been used chiefly for the purpose of war-signals, for the scaring of wild beasts, and as beacons to seamen. Among the numerous derivations given of the name of Britain, none of which are wholly satisfactory, one of the best is, perhaps, that which designates our island as "a land of flaming fires," or Breo-tan; breo having the especial meaning of a flame, or that kind of fire of which the blaze is seen at a vast distance, and tan being a word denoting a district. Irish writers, who contend warmly for their Scythian-Iberian origin through those colonies which settled in that part of Spain called by themselves "Gael-ag, or the possession of the Gael," and known to us as Galicia, tell us that on all the headlands of that district, fires used to be lighted for the guidance of mariners. These headlands, in the language of the early colonists, said to be derived from Sidon, and retained by the Irish to this day in almost its first purity—according to their own account—unmixed with the British, which they ignore, and the "Saxon," which they detest, were called "Flame-heads," or Breo-cean. This Breo-cean, they assert to have been converted by the Romans into Brigantia. The same custom is said to have obtained on the coasts of this island "opposite Gael-ag for the purpose of guiding the Phœnicians to their new and profitable acquisitions, which they are presumed to have colonised to some extent;" and from this ancient usage is said to have arisen the name of Britain, or Breo-tan.

Another word in the same tongue, bearing an even closer resemblance to Bretagne, is Britethgne, from *bri*, a mount, and *tethgne*, another word for fire. This fire-mount was a hill on which a fire was kindled whenever a community were required to assemble for public affairs, and is said to be the same word with the *prytaneum* of the Greeks, as the name Amhan Tethgne or Avantine, meaning "the fire-hill on the river," is with that of Aventinus, the two languages being but different dialects of an original tongue. Classical authors give us other derivations of Aventinus, making it come variously from the name of an Alban king, and from *ab avibus*, as if named "from the birds that flew thither from the Tiber." But it is somewhat curious that

the place had another name, that of Remonius, signifying, we are told, the mount of Re, or the moon, like that of Rimmon, in Palestine, and elsewhere through the land of Canaan, where "the sacred fire to Re, the moon, was lighted and venerated." The names of the fire-goddess, Estia, of the Greeks, and Vesta, of the Latins, are but other forms, it is asserted, of the word Asti, which originally meant no more than the "dwelling or hut of the Feros, or guardian of the sacred fire," from which the tethgne, or common fire, was kindled on the bri, or mount, to assemble the congregations of the people; and which tethgne continued to burn as long as they remained together. From this Asti is also derived the Asturia, of Spain, where was the "dwelling of the chief Asti, and principal fire-mountain, the great congregation of the land." The name of the Vulcan of the Phœnicians and Latins is still given in the native Irish as Bael-cean, "the chief of fire," and the Sidonian name for his son, Gingris, is retained in Gein-gris, "of the race of fire," gris meaning that particular kind of fire which flies in sparks from heated metal struck by the hammer. Moloch becomes "in the language of Erin," Molc, "a great strong fire," Baal remained Baal; we have it familiar to us in the word Beltane, a corruption, evidently, of Baal, or Bel, and tethgne, since it is known as "Bel's fire," corrupted again into Bealfire. Carna-gael, which is given as the name we now know as Cornwall, is translated, "the carn, or altars of the Gael," and said to be pure Phœnician. Karn Lhechart, we are told should be Carn Leicard, "the carn of the great flat high stones;" the carn, or heap of small stones being in this case a beacon or fire-light, and Leicard, "high stones," a monument. The monument is described as standing within the heap of smaller stones, which are disposed round it in the form of a circle. Pen-von-las, the name of the Land's End among the natives of the place, is adduced as a form of the Phœnician Bun-fonn-las "the light at the extremity of the land," or the last light of all Breo-tan; as, also, Caracon, of Coraig-ong, "the fire rock." Hurles, of Ur-las, "the illumination of fire," Ur being the word for the elemental fire; and Brentorr, of Breo-an-tor, "the illuminated tower," denoting that the blazing beacon was in this instance confined in a tower.

Brecon, judging from the above, and more especially from its situation in the neighbourhood of the mountain still retaining the name of the Brecknock Beacon, would seem to have been derived similarly to the Breo-cean, or "flame heads," of Galicia. A like suggestion may, perhaps, be ventured with regard

to Brechin on the east coast of Scotland, in Forfarshire, at which place is found, with a solitary exception, the only round tower resembling the supposed beacon towers of Ireland existing in the more northern country; it being worthy of note, by the way, that in both these places, Brecon and Brechin, the names of the rivers, the Usk in one, and the Eek in the other, retain much of the form and sound of the equivalent word Uisge, "water," the running water of a river, in the same language—from whatever source such language may have originally sprung. The other exceptional erection of the kind in North Britain is at Abernethy, in Perthshire, the conjectured capital of the old Pictish kingdom, near the mouth of the river Earn. This tower is judged, on admitted authority, to be the work of the Scots of Dalriada, or Dal-rig-fada, "the possession of the long-armed," or of Rigfada, otherwise Eocaid Cairbre, who, with his followers, established themselves in Ard-gael, "the highlands of the Gael," or Argyle.

While on the subject of hill-fires, one more derivation may be given from a quarter more close to the fountain-head of a language which is assumed to have extended itself so far and wide. The original name for the Caucasus is said to be Gaba-casan, "the Smith's Path," and is accounted for thus. Some of the tribes living among those mountains, after having wandered within their rocky fastnesses for a period of 450 years, at length, either because they found their numbers had increased to such a multitude as to require new places of settlement, or because, like Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, they became curious to see with their own eyes what lay beyond, resolved to break their bounds. But they were at a loss to find a passage which would lead them to the outer world. A certain smith, however, advised them to kindle large "fires" in a spot rich in iron ore, so as to melt the metal. They did as directed, and a wide passage was opened for their egress. In commemoration of the event, "their descendants celebrated an annual feast, observing the ceremony of heating a piece of iron red hot." On this iron, the Ceann or Khan, the head or chief of the tribes, struck a blow with a hammer, which was followed by other strokes, dealt by the other chiefs. Caucasus, it will be seen, is the assumed corruption of Gaba-casan. The custom is said by an eye-witness to have been retained up to modern times. The name of the Pyrenees has led to a story in some respects similar, to account for it. An enormous fire is said to have raged there for several days, kindled by a shepherd. "So intense was the heat that all the silver mines of the mountains were melted and ran down in rivulets."

The custom of divination by fire may be here recorded as conducted in Perthshire, and probably in other places. On All Saints' Day, November 1, bonfires used to be made. As soon as the fuel was consumed, the ashes were carefully collected and arranged in the form of a circle. A stone was then placed on the extreme edge of the circle for each person desirous of learning his fate by means of the fire-oracle. If, on the following morning, any stone was found moved out of its assigned position or injured, the person so represented was pronounced devoted, or *fey*, and was expected to die before the next return of All Saints' day. Other such usages connected with remote superstitions were long kept up in the more primitive districts throughout the United Kingdom. On some occasions where bonfires were lighted, young men leaped through the flames, and women have been known to pass their children rapidly through them. At such celebrations a particular kind of cake was made and eaten. After the introduction of Christianity, these cakes were still permitted to be made; but they were converted into Soul Mass cakes, and at the festival or celebration of All Souls' Day, November 2, were distributed among the poor, in return for which, it was usual for them to call down blessings on the produce of the land, and to pray for the soul of the giver.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

THE MAID AND THE FISHER.

From the German of Chamisso.

I.

THE purple shades of night came down and darkened all the sea;

"Up, up, my maid," the fisher said, "and sail the waves with me."

II.

"More glad to go am I than thou," the fisher's maid replied;

"Hold thou the sail in air! I'll hold the rudder in the tide."

III.

"My maid, steer clear! The boat draws near the sunk reef's deadly brink!

"Steer clear, my maid! Thy love's afraid the little boat will sink!"

IV.

"I trust thy little boat, my love, as I have trusted thee; Its spars are strong and trusty, like the troth thou gavest me!"

V.

"Put down the helm! The great waves whelm the boat! Mad maid, we're tossed,
Like plaything waifs that tempests drive along the surge! We're lost!"

VI.

"Let surge and tempest have their sport, it matters not to me!

Let sail go loose! Let rudder drift! I am alone with thee.

VII.

"O Fisher, thou hast lied to me; but I have learnt thy lie!

Sue God above, my traitor love, for thou shalt surely die.

VIII.

"Thy fingers shake. I see thee quake before my whetted knife;

But death, I ween, cuts not so keen as the grief that kills my life.

IX.

"Some maids, they say, that men betray, fade quietly to sleep;

No rest for me till the hissing sea thy cursed corpse shall keep!"

X.

The man half dead with guilty dread his palms together prest;

But she plunged her knife to take his life, and sheathed it in her breast.

XI.

Next time the morning dawned it lit a wreck upon the flood,

And ere they blushed to greet the sun the waves were red with blood.

B. JACKSON.

WHERE SHALL WE DINE?

It really does seem very sad that when money, as the City article continually informs us, is a drug in the market, any should perish for want of a small dose of it. The unpractical man, who has not quieted his conscience with the study of political economy, feels uncomfortable somehow or other on reflecting that, in the zenith of our national prosperity, such multitudes are shut out from the warmth. The worst of it is that the moraliser never suggests a remedy; the present writer is in a similar fix. A sensitive conscience going home from the City might indeed find some solace in entering a pudding shop, and standing slices round to the hungry little Arabs flattening their noses outside; and though that would not go far towards solving the problem of London pauperism, it would, at any rate, be better than pompous phrases. It is so much easier to give folks votes than chops. Still, after thinking of the heirs of Lazarus with shame or pity, after distributing eleemosynary pudding, the question recurs: "Where shall we dine?"

The consideration is a very pleasant one; no doubt matrimony is a happy as well as a holy state; wealth must be worth some portion of the covetousness expended on it, and life in the country is conducive to a placid state of mind and robust condition of body which the wearied pale-faced citizen may well envy, but still the married, the rich, and the rustic, have for the most part fixed feeding times and places, and are strangers to that cheerful,

hopeful half-hour when the London bachelor of moderate means has finished his day's work, and an inward monitor insinuates that half of him is animal. The town is all before him where to chew; he may indulge in turtle, iced punch, whitebait, venison and wines to match (paying about half the price he would for a repast of corresponding luxury in Paris), or he may content himself with a chop and kidney, a piece of cheese and a pint of stout.

I wonder whether B. as he sits in his oratory of a Friday, or towards the end of Lent, ever thinks of those last days of term when we used to run up to town in an absurdly excited state, put up at the old Hummums, and dine early at S.'s, preparatory to going to the theatre. He was a benighted heretic then, and did not know what fasting meant. Alas, alas, the Old Hummums is no more, and S.'s is a company. What does this last fact signify so long as the joints are as succulent, and the carving as admirable as of yore? you may well ask, and no satisfactory reply can be offered; but a few fogies remember the original proprietor and his urbanity with a sigh. "A little bit of the fat?" he would ask with tender interest. "Yes. And the gentleman would like a slice from that juicy side; yes. And I think this is a flowery potato. Is that the sherry you prefer, or would you like it a leetle drier?" And the look of tender interest with which all this care was accompanied!

Now how can a company sympathise with the palate and digestion of an individual customer?

Some shreds of Mr. S.'s mantle cling to at least one of the carvers of the establishment at the present day; a very excellent carver must be a man of tender heart and philanthropic yearnings, or else he would never acquire the art of helping his fellow creatures to tit-bits. Never dine "off the joint" at a restaurant where the meat is cut out of the room. In order to help delicately and artistically the performer must have the guest before him; his skill will not half avail him unless he is under the influence of the interested eyes and the watering mouth.

There are houses famous for specialities; I do not know whether the Scotch are particularly fond of braised beef, calves' heads, curried mutton, and fresh herrings, but there is a West End dining-room professedly Caledonian, where these seem to be always the prevailing dishes. The walls are covered with pictures representing incidents in the history of Scotland, and with portraits of Scottish worthies, including a full length, life size representation of Eve of that ilk, in the costume of the period. If the likeness is a good one, I

do not think that Adam would have very much liked being left in Eden without her. The picture, however, is badly designed for the purposes of advertisement, for our charming ancestress is represented as being driven out of paradise towards the dining-tables.

It is a proof of the admirable management of London dining establishments that you pay no more than you do at a club, which is conducted simply with a view to the convenience of its members, and not for profit; and yet the proprietors are always making their fortunes. There is a nut for an economical club committee to crack.

Cleanliness is not to be had gratis at the West End of London; if you are indifferent about the accessories of the table being nice, you may eschew the ten or fifteen principal dining-rooms, and get much the same meal for two-thirds of the price; but your tablecloth will be soiled and porter-stained, the glass will be dim and fluffy, the salt damp and speckled, the mustard smeared over the outside of the pot (inside which you will probably find a fly), the thumbs of the waiters revolting to look upon, and you will not have a napkin.

They have a curious rule about napkins at a capital old inn on Hampstead Heath, whither I strayed one summer's day with a pedestrian friend. The walk had been a long one, and we were so famished as to order beef steaks. The room was large and comfortable; the window at which we sat commanded a charming prospect—donkeys and servant girls in the foreground, London in the distance; the ale was brought in one of those jolly old brown jugs which represent a stout toper sitting on a barrel, tankard in hand; everything was charming, in fact, but the napkins, which were not visible. My friend, who is so hairy that, if he were to slouch his hat sufficiently over his intelligent eyes, you would not be able to tell the back of his head from his face, demanded the absent articles.

"Napkins, sir? no sir."

"But how is that? those gentlemen at the other table have them."

"Yes, sir; they 'ad soles, sir; fish, napkins; no fish, no napkins; rule of the 'ouse, sir."

By promising to drink plentifully afterwards of a capital port wine, bottled in pints, for which the house was famous, we carried our point, and procured our napkins; but upon the understanding that this was not to be taken as a precedent.

Those who prefer light claret to beer or sherry, and French cookery to English, can be accommodated in London at any price, from eighteen-pence up to fifteen or twenty

shillings; but for my part, I have a firm belief that the feeding of every country is regulated by natural hygienic selection; that dishes, like proverbs, are the epitomised wisdom of nations; therefore, I adopt the meat and drink of the land I am living in for the time being, and no more think of frequenting a French restaurant in London (unless asked to dine there at some other person's expense), than of seeking out an English eating-house in Paris.

How much more healthy people would be if they only followed out this simple rule; oleaginous food supplies warmth; therefore, the Laplander eats seal, and if you must needs go to Lapland you ought to eat seal, otherwise your constitution will not resist the cold. Why do English people, living in hot climates, get liver complaints, but because they will not content themselves with farinaceous food like the natives? We shudder with horror at the habits of the poor Fans, but I have no doubt that a little cannibalism is necessary to the health in that particular district. The Americans have not yet struck out a diet of their own, but have been obliged hitherto to follow that of Europeans. What is the consequence? They suffer from indigestion, every Yankee of them, and will until they return to maize and buffalo.

Do not pooh-pooh my theory, but test it; take a trip to the Highlands, for example, and just see what a quantity of whiskey you can drink.

Certainly, those cheap Paris dining places are very wonderful; you get a cheerful seat next a window, looking out upon the gardens of the Palais-Royal; you hear a band; the room is handsomely decorated; the table-linen unexceptionable; you have three courses and a dessert, with a pint of sound wine; and you pay two francs, fifty centimes, waiter included; you also enjoy the healthful privilege of rising from the table hungry. But still I fancy that the English fashion of dining *ad libitum* off a joint, and finishing up with bread and cheese, washing the whole down with beer, is more suitable to our climate. If you desire a really good dinner and fine wines, you can be accommodated just as well in London as at the Trois Frères, or the Maison Dorée, and at about the same price. Let us be just, however: the Parisian epicure, of moderate income, has one immense advantage over his English brother; he can dine at a table d'hôte, an institution which has no London parallel. At some small clubs, indeed, there are weekly house-dinners, which somewhat meet the case; but these are confined to the few members, and do not benefit society at large.

There are ordinaries; but, as far as my experience goes, they are not very luxurious affairs; the name does not lead you to expect much, indeed; all you have a right to hope for is a solid, wholesome meal, and that you will get. The gourmand who wants something extra-ordinary must obviously apply elsewhere.

My experience is fresh, for it was only last week that I met Finney on Ludgate Hill, when he persuaded me to dine with him at his favourite fish ordinary in the City.

"The charge is only eighteen-pence, and you get every fish in season in perfection," said Finney, as we walked eastwards. "We must make haste, though, for dinner is at five, and we ought to be there by a quarter to, or all the places will be taken."

So we jostled on rapidly through the crowded streets, turned into a paved court, and were finally landed in an old inn.

"You hear your dinner," observed Finney, as we passed the bar; and indeed the hissing and frizzling which issued from the inner kitchen rose almost to a roar.

"I also smell it," I replied.

The odour of frying fish is not appetitising, like that of a stew, so we hurried up-stairs.

The ordinary was evidently a popular institution, for the partition walls of several contiguous apartments had been broken down to form a room large enough for the accommodation of the guests, who were consequently put in some apparent jeopardy of having their busts taken in plaster of Paris in the middle of dinner, for the numerous wooden pillars, which supported the bulging ceiling, were not calculated to inspire a timid gourmand with unlimited confidence.

Finney was right in coming early. Although it was twenty minutes to five, the place was nearly full of middle-aged, respectable citizens, who sat gravely at the unfurnished table, reading the evening papers, rapidly opening bundles of letters drawn from the breasts of their coats, or studying awe-inspiring parchments. We secured good places, however, and conversed in whispers.

As the dinner hour approached, eighteen-penny fish-eaters arrived in shoals; the cry was "Move up, move up;" and our ranks were so serried that I began to fear that it was the custom of the house to feed like horses, without using the hands. Immediately opposite to me a long, lean, hungry-looking man had wedged himself into the only available place left him; at first sight it had seemed to be already occupied by one of the pillars, but, by passing his legs round the pole, which he embraced with his arms, and sitting on the edges of the forms which came up to it on

either side, he managed to secure an uncomfortable position at the festive board.

As the negro preacher, who was so badly up in his Scripture History, observed of Jonah, whom he supposed to have swallowed the whale, "he must have been very fond of fish!"

At length the table was declared to be full; the waiters had arranged little supplementary tables in every available corner of the room, and these were likewise filled. So all fresh applicants were refused admittance, grace was said, and the dinner served.

We had none of the intricate artistic delicacies of Greenwich, it is true; the fish was all plainly fried and boiled, but it was fresh, there was plenty of it, and of every kind. By disregarding the rules of politeness, and working one's elbows without thought of neighbouring ribs, arms, and glasses, it proved quite feasible to convey the food to one's mouth in the ordinary way; but a more serious impediment to my getting on with my dinner was my pillar-embracing *vis-à-vis*. With his head thrust round, first on one side then on the other of his pole, as the discomfort of a cramped position suggested a change, and an arm on either side of it, the appearance he presented was indescribably grotesque, and I was nearly suffocated by the combination of suppressed laughter and fish-bones.

Of the multitudes who earn their living in the City of London, a large proportion are so mercilessly nailed to their chairs or stools, that they find that rest and relief in standing which ordinary mortals seek in sitting down. The only opportunity which thousands of clerks have of stretching their legs between nine and four is during the mid-day half-hour allowed for dinner; and to meet their wants, there are eating-houses where the customer can be served with chops, steaks, or a plateful of meat and potatoes at a counter, where he can eat it standing. From half-past twelve till two you may see crowds of men and lads availing themselves of this provision for their peculiar needs; a melancholy spectacle for one who looks upon dinner as the barrier interposed between the hours of toil and those of enjoyment—the reward of the day's industry—the oasis in life's desert, to see his fellow-countrymen eating merely to live—swallowing their principal meal as Jews do the Passover. But it is a consolation to reflect that the poor fellows enjoy their teas.

Not that I object to the old-fashioned chop-houses; on the contrary, I prefer them on the whole to more pretentious dining-rooms. Those in the denser parts of the City are, indeed, too bustling and crowded for my taste; but the historical haunts of Fleet Street have

a peculiar charm for those who are open to the influences of association. The bench may be hard, but Doctor Johnson has sat upon it; the oak panelling is not luxurious to lean back against, but the periwigs of Steele and Addison have pressed it; the little room may be dingy, but the peach-coloured garments of Goldsmith once lent it a temporary brilliancy. The ghosts of wits and sages are gathered round the board.

And then the cookery, though simple, is excellent of its sort. You demand a couple of mutton chops; "chop and follow," shouts the waiter through the speaking-tube, and presently the first is brought you perfectly cooked, and hissing on the plate; and by the time you have finished it the second is ready. Where else will you get a steak so juicy, so tender? Where else do they understand how to cook a kidney on toast?

The drink should be stout for the strong, porter for the weak, a mixture of the two termed "cooper" for the majority; and nowhere else in the world is such glorious beer to be tasted. That is a mystery; you may have the identical liquor at your private residence, but it never possesses the same flavour.

The man who sneers at my enthusiasm is no true epicure, for perfection of its kind is what the latter looks for.

The Cock, immortalised by Tennyson, will live for ever in poetry; but the architects of Justice have decided, alas! that it shall vanish from the world of prose. But there is a favourite haunt of mine higher up Fleet Street. There you can feast upon marrow-bones; on Saturdays the *pièce de résistance* is a wonderful pudding, compounded of beefsteaks, oysters, kidneys, and other unknown delicacies; there is a smoking-room up-stairs where punch is served in an old-fashioned bowl, with glasses of the pattern in use in the last century.

Perhaps the majority of diners who frequent these old-fashioned chop-houses are influenced by economy rather than sentiment. On paper, indeed, many of the modern establishments are just as cheap; but there are weak mortals who, when they see other people indulging in expensive delicacies, find that these are necessary items in their own repast; the popping of a champagne cork exercises a peculiar sympathetic influence over them, and a green glass on the table suggests too powerfully the propriety of hock. But when these luxuries are out of sight they are out of mind, and they dine happily and contentedly off chops and beer.

For those who are either strong-minded or rich, the case is different.

Another great charm about a chop-house is that you see the actual waiter who ministers to your wants.

Poor John Bull should never attempt an economical reform; he always gets the worst of it. When he finds himself in the meshes of an imposition he had better keep quiet; the more he flounders the less likely is he to get clear. When I see the Times flooded with indignation letters I groan, for I know the matter will be made worse.

The waiter question is an example. Some five years ago certain short-sighted old gentlemen got excited on the subject of feeing waiters, and demanded that a fixed charge should be included in the bill. The daily papers took the matter up, published the complainants' letters, and wrote leaders enforcing their suggestions; so that, at length, such an outcry was raised, that the first-class dining-rooms throughout the land adopted the plan of charging three-pence a head for attendance, which was just what the majority of people were in the habit of giving before. But this three-pence goes into the proprietor's or head-waiter's pocket; the man, upon whose diligence and attention the diner's comfort depends, gets no share of it, and the result of the reform is, that if you dislike being thought stingy, or wish to be well waited upon, you have to pay your three-pence *twice* instead of *once*.

LEWIS HOUGH.

DOWN THE VÁG.

THE Vág or Waag, is the great commercial road of North Hungary, carrying on its swiftly flowing waters, the timber and other products of the Carpathians, down to the plains, and bringing back in return many of the necessities of life from Komárom, where it joins the Danube. The course of the Vág is extremely varied and picturesque, taking the traveller now through romantic mountain gorges, past bare, desolate-looking cliffs with castle-crowned summits, now into a quiet lake surrounded by villages nestling in the dark woods; now showing him glimpses of endless mountain-peaks, rising one above another in the dreamy distance, their snowy heights gleaming brightly in the sun; and now, directing his gaze to boundless plains rich with all that the husbandman can desire. With so much that is attractive, with castles and legends, rocks and ruins, wood and water, to delight artists of every type, how is it that the beautiful Vág is so little known out of Hungary? Partly, perhaps, because it is not like the Rhine, blessed or cursed with steamers. No, if you wish to go "down the Vág," you must trust yourself and your for-

tunes to a raft; for the river is too swift and too shallow to carry any other craft.

Ten or fifteen trees are, in the first instance, fastened together, a small hut is constructed in the centre, and the raft sets off, guided by a man at the end, wielding a long oar. Somewhat lower down the river, two of these rafts are fastened together; and, at Komárom, before entering the Danube, they are again doubled, or they would not be strong enough to cope with the waves of the great river.

Passing by Hradek and Lehota, industrious little towns, at the former of which the rafts are inspected and furnished with a pass, we come to a fortress built by Béla IV. against the Mongols; then, issuing from a narrow gorge, we see the pretty little village of Szent-Ivány.

The church is built upon a rock which has the singular property of preserving from decay the bodies deposited in it. In the neighbouring valley is a rock, from which rise twenty springs of varying temperature, some hot, some tepid, others again perfectly cold.

Not far off are the grottoes of Deménfalva, the most celebrated of which, Csierna (black) is half-way up a mountain, covered with water-worn pebbles. The opening is so low and narrow, that one must bend one's head to enter, and the ravines on either side are so many and deep, that the guide and his torch are by no means to be dispensed with. Soon we see strange shapes and figures all around; winged demons grin at us, huge giants, lions, crocodiles peep out at us from every corner, while other enormous petrified masses take the form of columns, and seem to support the vaulted roof above. Presently, in the black depths of the cavern, we see sparks of light, like gleaming many-coloured stars; and our torch soon reveals to us that they are emitted by a huge block of ice occupying the centre of one of these subterranean halls. This is the natural, never-failing ice-house, which supplies the whole neighbourhood, and is apparently inexhaustible.

At St. Maria, the hills on either side the river draw so close together, that, at first sight, it seems as though there could be no passage between them. On the height above, rise the spires of the village church, surrounded by white houses and green gardens; the Vág foams past down below, and, in the distance, rise the snowy peaks of the Carpathians.

A convent, at the foot of Mount Mnich, formerly belonging to the order of the Templars, next attracts our notice; and then comes the little town of Rosenberg, founded, as its name indicates, by a colony of Germans, who settled here to collect the gold-dust

washed down by the little river Revutza. There appears to be no gold nowadays, and the inhabitants gather wealth chiefly by the Polish salt trade.

Winding along between the rocks, suddenly we see a foaming mountain torrent dashing down to join the Vág, over the great blocks of stone which impede its course. This is the Arva; and, no sooner are the two rivers united than they form a most lovely and picturesque lake, where the waters seem to rest after their hasty course, and give themselves time to reflect the woods and hamlets by which they are surrounded. The lofty inaccessible mountains still appear in the distance, to make a back-ground to the picture.

The castle of Arva is at some little distance from the river, and as soon as we have crossed its threshold, we feel that we have left the nineteenth century far behind us. The interior is just what it was two hundred years ago. In the gothic chapel is the Prie-Dieu, at which the noble mistress of the castle so often knelt to entreat the protection of heaven for her gallant lord who was away fighting against the Turks; and here is the great hall where such joyous banquets were given to celebrate his safe return. The walls are still covered with the armour, lances and swords used in repelling the invader. In this little boudoir, the mother and her daughters used to sit at their embroidery, waiting for news from the army; and here, in the master's room, hang the portraits of the great Thurzós whose names occupy such frequent and prominent places in the history of Hungary.

Near the castle of Szlabina, the river again enters a narrow defile, made dangerous by the numerous rocks in its bed. Tradition says that one man must lose his life here every year; and until the place is safely passed, the raft-men can think and speak of nothing else. Once in safety, however, they will relate the story of Margita, who was thrown down the precipice into the river by her step-mother, in a fit of jealousy. There is something weird and gloomy in this Margita rock, as it is called after the unhappy victim, and we breathe more freely when we have left it behind us.

On opposite sides of the Rhine are two castles, called Cat and Mouse, from the mutual enmity of their respective lords; and on the Vág, are two castles similarly situated, and not less picturesque. One is called Ó Vár, or "Old castle," the date of its erection being uncertain; and the other, Sztrecsén, which belonged at one time to the Palatine Vesselényi. Both are most romantically situated on the summits of steep rocks overhanging the Vág, with beautifully varied back-grounds of hill and mountain.

We continue our course by moonlight, when floods of silver light are poured out upon the surrounding landscape and sparkle like diamonds on the blue waves of the Vág; when the raft glides swiftly onwards and not a sound is to be heard save the stroke of the oar as it cleaves the foaming waters. In the uncertain, mysterious light, the fantastic summits of the rocks on either side, look like towers and ruined castles; but the morning sun dispels the illusion, while it discovers to us the old manor house of Hricsó, the ancient family residence of the Lahárs.

The last of the Lahárs, dying childless, had left all his property to his wife, who was no sooner a widow than she was wooed by Thurzó Ferenc, lord of the neighbouring castle of Lietawa. Her heart was touched, but she was of a "certain age," and Thurzó was so young a man that the match did not commend itself to her better judgment. Finally, after some hesitation, she decided upon adopting Thurzó her son and heir, a course which seems to have satisfied the lover, who was more ardently attached to the castle and lands of Hricsó than to the lady herself. For a time, things went well; but Thurzó grew weary of waiting, and the widow's health was provokingly good. One night he entered her room, and, with the assistance of one of his own servants, carried her off and consigned her to a dungeon. The following morning he announced that she was insane, and unfit to manage her property; and then caused himself to be acknowledged lawful owner of Hricsó and its lands. But the once light-hearted Thurzó became sullen and morose. He fled from the society of men, and shut himself up in gloomy solitude. One day a monk, with stern countenance, came to the castle and asked to see its master. He reproached Thurzó with his base crime, exhorted him to repentance, and added awful threats of evil to come, should his warning be despised. Thurzó had the unwelcome visitor driven away. All in vain! there he was again before the gate, uttering his threats and warnings night and day. Thurzó threw him into prison; but the next morning there stood before the gate a colossal monk of stone; which, however often it was destroyed, reappeared in the morning, each time of larger size and more menacing aspect. Everyone who could, now left the castle. Even the servants would not stay, for terrible voices were heard, and they said Hricsó was given over to demons. Thurzó was at last overcome, he determined to release his victim; but alas! when he opened the dungeon, he found that she had just expired. Shortly after the castle was consumed by fire, and all attempts to rebuild it utterly failed.

The peasants still look on its ruins with fear, and will not willingly pass them after dark.

A little farther down the river, at the foot of a steep mountain, lies the pretty village of Vág-Besztercze, with a many-turreted castle rising on the height above. There are some curious monuments in the village church. Rővnye is a remarkably beautiful country-seat, built by the ancient Count of Aspromonte. It is surrounded by woods, avenues, ponds, cascades, Greek temples, rustic cottages, picturesque ruins, cool grottoes, a Dutch dairy, Turkish kiosks, Indian pagodas, &c.

After passing Lednitz, an estate belonging to the Rákóczi family, we find the height of the mountains on either side diminishing. At Kossa, there was once a castle, of which not even the ruins now remain, though the events which took place there, and, indeed, caused its demolition, will not soon be forgotten. Here Tököli, Vesselőnyi, and Petrőczy, conspired to oblige Leopold to respect the liberties of Hungary.

The castle of the Lion's Rock follows. It is only a ruin now, and is said to owe its name to a traditional lion which once lurked among the rocks. Illawa belonged to the Hungarian Ajax, Paul Kinizsi, who fought with a sword in each hand, took active part in forty battles, was never wounded or made prisoner, and, after the battle of Kenyermező, danced the national dance with a Turk in his teeth, and one under each arm. He is called the "great dancer," in many of the ballads, and was commander of the famous Black, or Death Legion, formed by Mátyás Corvinus, of glorious memory. Teplitz, which lies not far from the Vág, is remarkable for its abundant sulphur springs. In an enormous public bath, ladies and gentlemen may be seen, attired in droll costumes, wading about very much at their ease, some smoking, some drinking their allowance of mineral water. The temperature is from thirty-three to thirty-five degrees Réaumur.

Returning to our raft, we soon reach the fortress of Trencsin, which is built on a mountain with three peaks. The middle part consists of a square tower, supposed to be of Roman origin, and attributed to the general Terentius. In the fort is a very deep well, called the "Lover's Well."

On his return from warring with the Turks, Count Szapolyai brought with him great booty, and a large number of prisoners, among whom was a young girl of noble family, named Fatima, whom he presented to his wife. Trencsin was a very strong fortress, and the count had spared no pains to render it proof against all attack. The one thing it

lacked was water, and water was nowhere to be found. While the count was considering how to remedy this evil, a Turkish caravan arrived to treat for the ransom of the prisoners. Omar, the chief, makes the count the most splendid offers, which are graciously received. Szapolyai professes his willingness to part with all the prisoners but Fatima, and, of course, it is she whom Omar is seeking. No offers of ransom, no prayers or tears, will induce the count to part with her. "Fetch water from this rock," cries he, "and she shall be yours without ransom." Omar accepts the hard condition, and, for three years, he and his companions labour in vain at the hard rock. But, at length, when, with exhausted strength and failing health, they are on the brink of despair, suddenly their perseverance meets its reward. Omar returns joyfully home with his bride, and Trencsin is henceforth invulnerable.

Beczko, a castle perched upon a barren rock of some seven hundred or eight hundred feet in height, owes its origin to the jester of Stibor, a celebrated Pole in the time of King Sigismund. Stibor and his hunting-party were resting and dining in the shade of this rock, when he begged each of his guests to ask a favour. The jester asked for a castle on the summit of this apparently inaccessible rock. All laughed at him but Stibor, who invited the party to meet him at the same place that day year, and behold the castle. The jester, however, was none the better for Stibor's determination to overcome all obstacles, for his lord liked the castle so well that he kept it for his favourite residence. Stibor did not, however, enjoy it long. In a fit of madness, caused by the bite of an adder, he threw himself down the precipitous rock, which, only twelve months before, he had pitilessly stained with the blood of an old and faithful servant.

The castle of Czeitha recalls the cruelties of Elizabeth Báthori, who bathed in human blood to improve her complexion; and the ruins of Temetvény remind us of the celebrated Count Bercsényi, one of Rákóczi's most distinguished generals in the eighteenth century.

At the village of Guta, we meet one branch of the mighty Danube, here divided by the island of Csálókőz, at the end of which rises the renowned fortress of Komárom (Komorn).

Here, our rapid journey comes to an end. We have omitted to notice many picturesque spots, many interesting historical legends; but to mention all would be to write a volume, when every rock and castle has its story to tell.*

* *Vide* "La Hongrie Ancienne et Moderne," par M. Boldényi.



ALL HALLOW EVE.

THROUGH all hearts runs a vein of superstition,
A wish to lift the veil; the stars to read;
And each clings fast to some time-worn tradition
Which with the bent of his own mind's agreed.

'Twas Hallow Eve, the fire was
burning brightly;
The lads and lasses gathered in
a row,
Over their christened nuts were
laughing lightly,
As in the embers they began to
glow.

"To be or not to be?" These
burn together,—
"A happy wedding when the
wooing's done."
Those start asunder—"Ne'er
shall Hymen's tether
Harry and rosy Kate bind fast
as one."



Then Kate turns pale, and Harry nigh her stealing
Whispers, "Ne'er mind the nuts, have faith in me;"
Whilst through the room bright childhood's laugh is
As apple-divers dip with boisterous glee. [pealing,

Despite the mirth, up-stairs sad
Kate is creeping
By one more spell her fortune
to decide;
In the lone chamber in the glass
she's peeping,
Determined by the omen to
abide.

A start—A cry—His face! For
o'er her shoulder
She in the mirror doth her lover
see.
Harry himself doth in his arms
enfold her,
"Ne'er mind the glass, sweet
Kate, have faith in me."
JEAN BONCEUR.

UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

A Story of a Lodging-House.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.—THE SECOND FLOOR.



DOUBTEDLY I ought not to have hated him so thoroughly as I did. I might just as well have contented myself with simply disliking him. After all, he was nothing to me. There would have been little difficulty in keeping

out of his way; in avoiding him; in restraining my contemplations from turning in his direction. But then I was a very young man at the time; and youth is liable to rather a luxuriant and excessive growth in the matter of its emotions. It often hates when it should merely object, and sometimes it loves fervently when a feeble kind of liking would be a much more appropriate sentiment, and quite sufficient for the occasion. And then it hasn't its thoughts very well in hand, so to speak. They are not thoroughly broken to harness, as it were; but are apt to jib and shy, and sometimes taking the bit between their teeth, to bolt wildly away altogether, just as seems good to them at the moment, after a very reckless and ungovernable manner indeed.

It would not be easy to explain *why* I hated him, without confessing to more uncharitableness of feeling than I care to allow—or than indeed, as it seems to me, would be really within the facts of the case. Perhaps a number of small disapprovals added together made up a tolerably substantial total of aversion. I know at the beginning I started with a sort of objection to him which I could not find to be exactly reasonable or justifiable even from my own point of view. I was satisfied at once that the man wasn't a gentleman; though at the time I was not so circumstanced myself that I could set up for being very particular in that respect. I was at the outset of life, and my own prospects were of rather a precarious kind. I was living in London alone in obscure lodgings upon a small allowance from my family. I was a student of medicine at the Middlesex Hospital. My name, I may as well mention—though it is without any real

importance in connection with the facts I am about to narrate—is David Collier.

The man of whom I have been speaking called himself George Vaudel. He described himself as an Englishman, though he admitted he was of French extraction. I know he spoke French with a fluency and a confidence which I greatly envied when I remembered the stumbling and incoherent way in which only I was able to express myself in that language. He was of an olive complexion with regular and handsome features. I am afraid I was weak enough to like him the less on that account. Youth is prone to be overheedful on the subject of its personal appearance and to regard somewhat jealously superior advantages of that kind enjoyed by others. I was aware that my own pale and immature aspect compared disastrously with the assured good looks of George Vaudel. I own I observed covetously his grand thick glossy moustache. His cheeks and chin were closely shaven, yet by their blueness of tint they proclaimed ability to put forth almost any amount of beard. For my part, I think at the time I am writing about, I only shaved twice a week, and perhaps then somewhat superfluously; the hair upon my face being of a very colourless and feeble, not to say "fluffy" growth. Further I must admit I envied him the appearance of prosperity which ever seemed to attend him, and the amount of money he had always at command; his smartness of dress and tight-fitting light gloves; his cigarettes of scented tobacco; his perfumed handkerchiefs; his dapper canes and lacquered boots; his careless ease and boldness, perhaps I may say his insolence of manner, and his abundance of leisure which enabled him to go in and out, hither and thither, just as he pleased,—while I was a sort of slave to my professional studies: compelled to hurry to every lecture, toiling at the hospital throughout the day, and at night poring over medical authorities, preparing myself for my examination at the college.

In two respects, however, I enjoyed within myself a kind of triumph over him. He was undersized; at least he was some inches shorter than I was. And when he did any work at all it was said to be in connection with a foreign wine merchant's house, for which he occasionally travelled to obtain orders. Mentally,

therefore, I ventured to designate him "the little bagman"—and the sobriquet afforded me much solace and satisfaction. I was careful, however, not to express myself too openly on this subject. I by no means desired that he should be informed of the liberty I had taken with him. He once hinted to me that on the Continent, on a certain occasion, he had called out and fought a duel with a man who had ventured to insult him. I think he conveyed also that his opponent had not survived the combat. I came to the conclusion that it would not be at all expedient to affront George Vaudel, by calling him to his face "the little bagman;" or, indeed, in any other way. Still the fact remained that he was really, with all his advantages, what used to be called "a bagman;" though the more high-sounding name of "commercial traveller" is now generally substituted for that term. On the other hand, I was a member, however humble, of a very noble profession. Socially considered therefore, my position was decidedly superior to that enjoyed by George Vaudel. I found it agreeable to reflect upon that circumstance.

The house in which I lived—it was not a nice house—was situate in a small street—not at all a nice street—in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. A brass plate on the door was inscribed with the monosyllable "Judd," the name of my landlady. In point of architecture the house may be said to have been Hanoverian. It was erected probably in the reign of George III., and was simply a dark brick-built thoroughly London-looking abode, of as ugly a pattern as could well be found upon the whole face of the habitable globe. For a moderate weekly payment I became the tenant of two rooms on the second floor. These were shabbily furnished with the usual crumpled, dragged chintz curtains, faded, threadbare carpets, dented rickety tables, and the hard and prickly horsehair-covered chairs and sofa, which have been for so long the cherished possessions of landladies and the prominent and unprepossessing characteristics of rooms in a lodging-house. It is hardly necessary to add that the paper on the wall, originally of a very cheap and thin texture, was much greased and soiled, that the ceiling was black as with storm-clouds, that the chimney smoked, and that the cord having snapped, the window could only be kept open by propping up its frame with walking sticks, fire-irons, piles of books, or by recourse to such other methods as the emergency of the case might suggest or the chance of the moment provide. Altogether they cannot be said to have been comfortable lodgings. But then they suited me, inasmuch as they were low-priced and conveniently near the hospital.

Mrs. Judd was fond of saying that although she let part of her abode furnished, she did not wish it to be understood that she kept a lodging-house. I confess I never appreciated the niceness of the distinction she desired to draw in this respect. To me it appeared that a house, the rooms of which were divided among divers tenants, was to all intents and purposes a lodging-house and nothing more or less. I apprehended, however, that the object Mrs. Judd had in view was the assertion, in however obscure and devious a manner, of her own exceeding respectability. She sought to convey the impression that she was not the kind of woman, whether considered in the light of a landlady or otherwise, who was to be met with every day; that her establishment was by no means one of a conventional sort; and that the persons she consented to receive under her roof were on no account to be confounded with ordinary members of the community to be encountered elsewhere about the world.

The basement of the house was occupied by Mrs. Judd and her husband—her "good man," as she preferred to call him. I never actually disputed the appropriateness of the designation, though it always seemed to me to point to a severance of goodness from other valued qualities after a fashion I had not theretofore become acquainted with. For all he was her "good man," Mr. Judd occasionally beat his wife, and was frequently far from sober. By trade he was reputed to be a French polisher; but all the time I knew him, he was "out of work," as he described his state. He wished it to be believed that this was attributable to no fault of his own. Upon that head I think there might be two opinions. He assisted Mrs. Judd in the performance of her household duties, or perhaps, I ought rather to say, he was supposed so to do. The cleaning of the boots and knives and windows, presumably done by Mr. Judd, could only be regarded as a very incomplete kind of work; sketchy achievements, as it were, mere smears and smudges, in fact, in which a master hand was in no way perceptible. For the rest, I think, Mr. Judd passed his time sitting in the coal-cellar or in the front area on a decayed hamper smoking a blackened clay pipe. It was always a question with me whether he was journeying to or from intoxication. He never appeared to be more than the distance of a stage or so away from it, but he might be either travelling to or returning from that bourne. It was never quite clear which he was doing.

Mrs. Judd—to use her own word—"did" for her lodgers herself. But inasmuch as she was recommended by her medical man—according to her own account—not to mount or

descend the stairs more than she could possibly avoid—while she held any expectation that she would answer bells as derogatory to her respectability and dignity, if not indeed in the light of a direct assault upon her feelings, it may be conceived that what is called the “attendance” of the establishment was not of an adequate or satisfactory nature. Occasionally the kind of servant popularly described as “a dab of a girl” was added to the household—and a scared-looking and panting young person in black stockings and shoes that did not adhere to her heels but flapped noisily on the floors and staircase as she moved hither and thither, providing a sort of castanet accompaniment to her proceedings, might have been observed pervading the house and distracting the inmates by industrious misconceptions of their wishes, and flagrant disregard of their habits and customs. But the “dab of a girl” soon disappeared again, being engaged apparently for as limited a number of performances as a great star at a minor theatre. Still Mrs. Judd always proclaimed herself as on the look out for “a gal,” as though that kind of domestic assistant were a missing ship that might at any moment turn up on the horizon, and for the occurrence of which event it was advisable to keep all telescopes ready prepared at the proper focus; while at the same time she did not hesitate to assert that “gals” were much more difficult to meet with than they used to be. In the interim, Mrs. Judd, as I have said, “did” for her lodgers herself. And under the head of “sundries” in her weekly bills, I am inclined to think she charged what may be called “a fancy price” for her exertions in this respect, and any sacrifice of her own comfort and predilection thereby involved.

The house was fully occupied. I tenanted, as I have already stated, the second floor. Mr. Vaudel occupied the drawing-rooms. The ground floor and some other rooms at the top of the house were let to a Mr. and Mrs. Murgatroyd. It may be to the credit of Mrs. Judd's arrangements, or a reflection upon lodging houses generally, but still the fact remained, that for a very considerable time there was no change among the tenants. We were resigned to the state of discomfort in which we lived, or we feared that worse things might happen to us if we quitted the house in quest of more complete accommodation. We continued under Mrs. Judd's roof, therefore, submitting to her not very kindly or considerate system of government, grumbling a good deal thereat, and probably always contemplating and threatening departure, without however taking active measures in that di-

rection. In the well-established English way we were for ever declaring that the state of things couldn't be tolerated any longer; and yet we went on tolerating the same with wonderful meekness and patience upon the whole.

CHAPTER II.—THE FIRST FLOOR.

I MIGHT of course have gone on living at Mrs. Judd's and knowing nothing of my fellow lodgers—after the manner which prompts all dwellers in London to shrink from rather than to court acquaintance with their neighbours—but for certain chance occurrences which brought me into closer connection with them. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say that I first met and interchanged converse with Mr. Vaudel at a billiard-room in the neighbourhood of my lodgings. I can only plead that, although but an indifferent player, I was very fond of a game at billiards, and I was leading so very solitary a life that some recreation of that kind—even though it brought me in contact with people I by no means liked or approved of—was very grateful, as it was almost indispensable to me. A young man living alone, as I was, and with very few friends about him, is in a measure constrained to make acquaintances of rather a disadvantageous or, at least, a questionable sort. He is not perhaps predisposed to discretion in the matter, and the force of circumstances does the rest. Visiting the billiard-room in company with one or two of my fellow students, I came to know and to play with Mr. Vaudel, who was to be found there pretty constantly in the evening. He played uncertainly, yet with considerably more skill than I could command. I have often thought since that he underplayed designedly, and that his unsteadiness was more methodized than I and others were quite conscious of at the time. He, of course, allowed us points, and only appeared to win after a struggle. Still it was noticeable that he generally did win.

Meeting him in this way I could hardly help treating him civilly, and being in some degree on a friendly footing with him when I encountered him on Mrs. Judd's staircase or about the passages of the house. Still I disliked and distrusted him. I did not at all want to be on terms of intimacy with him. Though frequently solicited so to do I seldom entered his rooms. On one or two occasions when he was confined to the house by illness I complied with his earnest request that I should visit him by way of cheering him up a little. It seemed unkind to refuse in such case; and he had never, so far as I could see, treated me with any intentional want of courtesy, though his manner towards me was rather

off-hand and assuming, with a certain patronizing character about it that I particularly disrelished, because it seemed to me to depreciate me and force upon me an inferior and subservient sort of position. I felt bound, however, to be of use to him in the small matter of sitting and smoking cigarettes and chatting with him when he was unwell. It was on the occasion of one of these visits, I remember, that he began to teach me *écarté*. After I had learnt the game we played together for small stakes. My losses did not amount to very much, still I remember that they were more than at the time I could conveniently afford. He did not at all press me to continue playing, however, when I evinced some disinclination for further games. Indeed he seemed rather to blame himself for having introduced the subject. He said casually, by way of excuse, that it was perhaps a good thing to know how to play *écarté*—that it was a pretty game for two—and that a man might as well acquaint himself with it as not, for he could never tell but what his acquaintance with it might come in useful to him some day. I admitted that I quite agreed with him in that respect. I was rather anxious that he should not think I regretted learning the game, or that I was concerned unduly about the sum of money I had lost at it.

It was on one of these occasions that he permitted himself to speak with what I conceived to be very unbecoming levity on the subject of Mrs. Murgatroyd on the ground floor. It was then, I think, that I first really began to hate him. For I had for some time admired Mrs. Murgatroyd, if with a young man's superfluous fervour, still also, I should say, with a young man's perfect honesty. And I couldn't bear to hear him speak of her disrespectfully. He had no right whatever to do so. It was really shameful. I said as much—or very nearly as much.

"So you are caught by the fine eyes of '*la belle Murgatroyd*,' are you?" he asked with a sneer. And then he laughed: a most disagreeable laugh. "Well, well, perhaps it's not so very surprising, all things considered," he continued. By the way in which he looked at me he made me feel that I was a very young and indiscreet and possibly fatuous person. Further, he seemed to suggest that if he cared to do so, he might occupy a far higher position in Mrs. Murgatroyd's regard than I could ever hope for. It was just like his insolence. I thought his treatment of the subject very shameful. I determined that I would have as little as possible to do with him after that. I was sorry that I had ever been on any sort of terms with him.

"Come," he said, "have another cigarette." I suppose he saw that I was annoyed.

But I declined. It was late, I said, and I wanted to go to bed. I had to attend an early lecture in the morning. He asked, with another of his hateful laughs, whether it was "a lecture on the Heart?" I said no, it wasn't. I thought afterwards it would have been better if I had told him it was "on the Brain," and therefore a subject about which he couldn't be expected to know anything or to feel any interest. It didn't occur to me to say so at the time. I have always found a difficulty about timing my repartees. I never as a rule have them ready until some hours after the proper moment for their utterance. I daresay the same sort of thing happens to other people.

As I left the room, I fancy—I wasn't quite sure—that he said something to the effect that he supposed early hours were best for growing lads. I did not make any reply, not being quite sure that I had heard him correctly. Perhaps, also, I wasn't quite sure what reply to make. I know that he told me "not to dream about Mrs. Murgatroyd." I simply said, gruffly, "good-night," and banged the door after me. When I got to my own room I thought I might as well have assured him that I shouldn't dream of him, at any rate. It would have made my exit rather more effective. But that reply also did not occur to me quite at the right juncture.

CHAPTER III.—THE GROUND FLOOR.

MR. MURGATROYD was an engraver. There was very often to be seen at the parlour window the framed screen of tissue-paper, by means of which he subdued the glare of light, and, as it were, filtered it on to the plate of shining steel or copper upon which he was employed.

He looked sixty years of age at least. He was a very pale, slight, spare man, and would, perhaps, have been tall if he had ever stood upright. But his head was ever bowed forward, and his shoulders were rounded from constant stooping over his work. He dressed carelessly and shabbily, and shuffled noisily as he walked. He wore a closely cut beard, iron grey in colour. He was very bald, and his head was in form so steeply arched that it always reminded me of an egg; it seemed to invite someone to tap it, egg fashion, with a spoon. Sometimes he appeared in a black velvet skull-cap, in which his appearance was rather picturesque. I have seen a painting of a miser, by an old master, much resembling the pallid, worn, anxious looking face of Mr. Murgatroyd with his skull-cap on. It must have been for that reason I first set him down

in my own mind as an old miser married to a young wife.

Mrs. Murgatroyd, of course, looked like his daughter. Who could have taken that pretty, lithe, graceful woman to be the wife of a man who was so many years older? Why, she seemed quite a girl by his side. She was fair, with delicate features, and a profusion of curling light hair, always bound up by narrow lines of blue velvet ribbon. In other respects her dress was simple enough: fawn-coloured merino for the most part, with, perhaps, black silk now and then on Sunday afternoons and state occasions. Yet her dresses fitted her perfectly; and she seemed to be dainty about the whiteness of her cuffs and collars, so that there was always about her aspect a pleasant air of finish and completeness. Though her look was brightly intelligent, it was yet grave and staid. She moved about in a gentle, noiseless manner I always thought very charming. She had dark, well-defined eyebrows and lashes, notwithstanding that her hair was decidedly blonde. Her eyes were a luminous grey. She was altogether a very pretty woman. There could be no question about it.

Of course, I knew the Murgatroyds very well by sight, and was possessed of certain information in regard to them long before I had ever spoken to them. The dweller in lodgings, somehow, almost in spite of himself, invariably gathers knowledge concerning his fellow lodgers. The second floor becomes informed about the first floor, and the first floor is curious about the ground floor, and the ground floor acquaints himself with particulars in relation to the persons living over their heads and apart from him, although under the same roof. All know a good deal of each other, although they may not know each other upon anything approaching to speaking terms. Much is picked up no doubt by inevitable observation; and then the landlady, as she goes from one to another, is a kind of link in the chain that brings them *en rapport*, and makes them acquainted with each other's methods of life, and manners, and customs. I was well aware that I was spoken of by Mrs. Judd to her other inmates as "a young medical gent,"—I did not approve of the description, but I could not amend or avoid it,—just as she occasionally, in my presence, referred to Mr. Vandel as "the fust floor, half a furriner, but still quite the gentleman;" by which last designation I understood that Mr. Vandel met Mrs. Judd's weekly demands with regularity, and without any over-nice inquiry into their justice or accuracy. Of the ground-floor lodgers Mrs. Judd always spoke rather pittingly, if not, indeed, contemptuously, and with the adjective "poor," which she

pronounced "por," prefixed to all mention of their names. I gathered therefrom that "por Mr. Murgatroyd" was not in very affluent circumstances; had some little difficulty, perhaps, about paying his way, and did not, on that account, stand very high in the estimation of his landlady. Still he had managed to struggle on somehow, for he was the tenant of the longest standing in the house, and, from what I knew of Mrs. Judd, I was convinced that she was not a person likely to suffer her just dues to remain unsatisfied, or to deal very mercifully with a lodger who suspended his disbursements for any protracted period. Probably, though he was liable at odd times to embarrassment, he was able to tide over the evil days, and, by dint of frugality and good management, to retrieve his position: the while there could be little doubt that his means were straitened, and that that great problem of existence, known popularly as the "making the two ends meet," was by no means more easy of solution to him than it has been, time out of mind, and is, and is likely to be, to very many other people to be found in the world.

My more intimate acquaintance with the Murgatroyds began in the following manner.

I was sitting alone one afternoon, reading, when Mrs. Judd entered the room with even more abruptness than was usual with her. She was breathless, and her face was flushed. She was altogether agitated and excited. She spoke incoherently.

"Knowing you to be a medical gent, sir," she said, "you'll excuse the liberty I'm taking,—but would you just step downstairs for half a minute? 'Por' Mr. Murgatroyd has been taken that bad I don't know what to do with him. And Mrs. M. aint in, and he's by hisself, and quite a sight to look at. He's fainted right away, and won't be brought to, do what I may. If you'd kindly come and look at him, sir, I should feel easier in my mind if anything was to happen. He don't take half enough to support hisself, it's my belief, for hard boiled eggs is next to nothing to a grown man in the way of a meal, and that's all he can be got to eat. It's no use for people trying to live on air, because, though cheaper than butcher's meat at its present price, Heaven knows, we're all well aware it can't be done; and what 'por' Mrs. M. would do if he was to be taken from her is more than I can say. I'm sure she ought to be thankful there's no family. No doubt children is a blessing sometimes, but oftentimes they ain't, but quite the contrary. If you would be so good, sir. It won't take you more than half a minute, I dessay, being a medical man, and used to the kind of thing at the 'orspittles,

and knowing what ought to be done better than anybody else can be expected to do. I'll lead the way, sir, if you'll allow me. I'll lead the way. He's in the front parlour, which he uses it as his workshop."

It was somewhat after this fashion Mrs. Judd addressed me. I, of course, hurried downstairs immediately. I found that Mr. Murgatroyd had been seized with a fainting-fit, from which he was just recovering. He was lying upon a small sofa, and was evidently in a very feeble state. He breathed with difficulty, and the colour was quite gone from his face. He was always pale, but his complexion was now of an ashen-grey hue. His pulse was low and weak. He shivered now and then as from cold. I sent at once for some brandy, and resorted to the simple remedies appropriate to the occasion. There was little danger or difficulty about the case, only it was evident that the patient's condition of health was very bad. The fainting was only the result of prostrated strength.

Soon he had recovered sufficiently to be conscious of where he was. He was greatly bewildered at first, and apparently much annoyed at the idea that he had been giving trouble to anyone. He looked round him anxiously.

"Where's Nelly?" he asked.

Mrs. Judd, who had been standing by a useless, and rather frightened spectator of the scene, took upon herself to explain to me that he referred to his wife, and to answer for Mrs. Murgatroyd that she had only stepped out for a few moments and would return very shortly. He nodded his head, and appeared satisfied with the explanation. I then dismissed Mrs. Judd, assuring her that I would do everything that was necessary for the invalid.

I glanced round the room. It was poorly furnished; partly as a sitting-room, partly as an office or workshop. Upon the walls, not in frames but simply pinned to the wall-paper, appeared several proofs of engravings in various stages; some mere outlines, others finished etchings, and others carried still further towards completion in the mixed style of line and mezzotint engraving now generally adopted. In the window, under the silver-paper screen, stood a raised table, or desk, and a plate upon which the artist had lately been at work. Close by appeared a painting in oil colours, which it was probable he had been employed in copying, with a looking-glass at a proper angle and distance from it so that he might study its reversed image, and transfer it correctly to his plate. A frame of crossed threads at regulated distances was spread over the face of the picture, corresponding to lines

of a reduced proportion upon the plate. A careful drawing of the picture, on the scale of the engraving to be executed on the plate, rested on a small table-easel to the right hand of the engraver's chair or rather tall office-stool. The room seemed strewn with the delicate little implements of the artist's craft: gravers, etching-needles, burnishers, scrapers, callipers, &c. The mantel-shelf was crowded with bottles of oil, varnish, acids, &c. Above the desk reached out an arm of gas-piping, a strong reflector crowning the burner, for night work.

Mr. Murgatroyd grew gradually better. He spoke but little, and seemed still very weak. But the beat of his pulse was stronger, and his hands were less cold. The brandy had done him good. I gave him sips of it, diluted, of course, from time to time.

"I am a great trouble to you, I fear, sir," he said, faintly; "but I'm not often taken like this. I don't know what's come to me to-day. I felt my head swim and the room turn round; I only just had time to reach the sofa when I fell. It was very sudden."

Presently his wife returned. She was seriously alarmed at first, but I was able to assure her that there was no reason now for apprehension; and by this time, indeed, Mr. Murgatroyd had nearly recovered himself. She thanked me over and over again, very needlessly, for my kindness, as she called it, in assisting the sick man. It was pleasant to hear her for one reason. Her voice was singularly musical, with a plaintive note in it I found very moving. It was the first time she had ever spoken to me. I remained some little time—perhaps longer than there was any real occasion for—to see if I could be of any further use. But nothing more remained to be done; so, with some reluctance, I took my leave.

(To be continued.)

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

Go, silvery dove, my message bear
Into yon skies of boundless blue,
Until thou come where beam more fair
Ianthe's eyes of heavenly hue.

Dart swiftly through the air that strays
Perfumed with summer's flowery wreath,
Until at length upon thee plays
The maiden's balmier, purer, breath.

Pause not to gaze on Nature's face:
The thousand charms by her devised
To captivate us with her grace,
Are in my goddess all comprised.

An augury thyself thou art
Of happy fate, O gentle dove.
Then bear the secret of my heart,
Best messenger, to her I love.

L. G.

DINNERS ON THE CHEAP.

Is it possible to establish in the heart of the City of London—where land is worth we know not how many thousand pounds per acre, and where rents are fabulously high—places in which a substantial dinner of wholesome, well-cooked food, may be obtained for the sum of one shilling, or even less, say nine-pence?

Such is the question now occupying the attention of mercantile London. To the great majority of city *employés* who are compelled, by reason of their daily avocations, to dine from home, the cost of their meals is a matter of no slight importance. They have to dress well, pay railway or omnibus fare to and from their residences in the suburbs, and maintain a respectable position in society, on comparatively small salaries, and are, consequently, necessitated to live in a most economical manner. To these the idea of cheap dining-rooms in the very midst of London, within a stone's throw of the Royal Exchange or the Mansion House, however desirable such a result might be, seems almost as illusory as the ancient alchemist's dream of the philosopher's stone. The bitter experience of past failures has completely discouraged them, and they naturally regard with distrust the sanguine anticipations of the chivalrous few belonging to their own class who have undertaken to ascertain how far the co-operative principle can be applied to the establishment of cheap dining-halls in the central portion of the metropolis.

Yet why should there be any difficulties at all in the matter? It is simply a question of economy of production. When woollen-cloth was made by hand, and in small workshops, it was extremely dear and could be purchased only by the wealthy few; but when improved mechanical appliances were introduced, enabling it to be woven more cheaply, more rapidly, and in larger quantities, the price—irrespective of the cost of raw material—fell, until it came within the reach of the many. And so with our present system of public dining. So long as we have a large number of small dining-rooms, necessitating an extensive staff of cooks, waiters, and miscellaneous servants, and involving very heavy charges for rent, taxes, rates, and other unavoidable expenses, so long shall we find a minimum of food, in the shape of dinners, produced at a maximum of cost. As Mr. William Chambers well puts it:—"Any considerable cheapening of meals in public establishments must depend on two things alone:—first, a large number of customers; and, second, the preparation of a few simple dishes, and no others. The

object to be attained is mechanical reiteration. Just as a power-loom will go on working at the same kind of cloth without intermission, or as a printing-machine will turn out an endless quantity of one newspaper, so, by the like principle of mechanical reiteration, may a few ordinary articles of food be cooked and served up on a gigantic wholesale plan, at the merest shade of profit over the first cost of the articles. If variety is wanted, the principle would as effectually break down as if a power-loom had to be stopped and arranged for a new kind of fabric."

Plain roast, boiled, or baked meats, soups, broths, and vegetables, together with bread and cheese, would form the staple fare in a dining establishment conducted on such principles as those above described, and the larger the consumption of these, the more cheaply could they be supplied. The famous establishment of M. Duval in Paris, is conducted on these principles. The dishes are few in number, but the food is of the best possible quality, and sold at the lowest possible charges. Many of the large Paris restaurants are conducted in a similar manner; thus considerably lessening the cost of dining in a city where the price of provisions is considerably enhanced by a most oppressive system of taxation. It is in Glasgow, however, that the system of cheap dining has reached comparative perfection. The dining-halls established in that place by Mr. Corbett, afford an illustration of what might be accomplished elsewhere. Their principal characteristics are cheapness, comfort, and cleanliness; in the possession of which requisites they are not excelled by any establishment, however large or pretentious, in the whole kingdom. As we stood in the Jamaica Street Dining-Hall, and dined, by way of experiment, on the plentiful and wholesome fare provided us, it was impossible to avoid contrasting the neat, cheerful, *café*-like aspect of the apartment, with the close, reeking, and untidy appearance possessed by many, even of the more expensive class, metropolitan dining-rooms. The staff of waitresses in attendance were cleanly attired, and most obliging in their demeanour, and, although there was not the least appearance of hurry on their part, the wants of each customer were attended to in an almost incredibly quick period of time. On entering, the visitor proceeds to a ticket-box near the door, where he pays his money; one penny, twopence, or more, as the case may be, receiving in exchange a brass token representing the sum paid, which token is handed over to the waitress on delivery of the articles ordered. Fees to attendants are unknown.

To those accustomed to the small, dark

rooms, divided into close boxes, with hard, narrow, inconvenient seats, and equally unmanageable tables, which distinguish so many of the metropolitan eating-houses, the comfort, nay, the luxury, of the Glasgow Dining Halls is a thing to be thought of with regret. Imagine a large room, scrupulously clean, laid out with rows of neat tables, each about six feet long, of proportionate width, and covered with painted cloth of mahogany colour, fixed tightly to the wood-work, and kept marvellously bright and clean. Each table is provided with a glass carafe, filled with clear, sparkling water, and with from four to six glittering glass tumblers for the use of the customers. Salt, pepper, and mustard are also provided. Each table has two forms, fixed in strong cast-iron supports, and having comfortable wooden backs. Add to this, abundance of light and pure air, and the whole affair may be pronounced perfect. Well might it be observed, that, compared with our "dingy, old, odorous, saw-dusty eating-houses, the Glasgow cooking dépôts may be pronounced revolutionary; light, pure air, and cleanliness, even a degree of elegance, not being thought luxuries too great for a workman," although in London they are generally beyond the reach of people who cannot afford to pay a couple of shillings for a single meal. Here we obtained a basin of hot broth, plate of hot boiled beef, plate of hot potatoes, and plate of hot plum-pudding for *five pence*! Two years ago, the same meal could have been procured for *four pence half-penny*; but the increased price of meat necessitates a slightly advanced charge. In London, at any ordinary dining-room, the same meal would have cost, broth, four pence, beef, six pence, potatoes, one penny, plum-pudding, three pence, waiter, one penny, total, *one shilling and three pence*! Then, again, for *three pence* a good breakfast may be obtained, consisting of a basin of porridge, a basin of best milk, cup of coffee, roll, and butter! Is it not a difficult matter for the London clerk to refrain from envying the good luck of the Glasgow artisan?

When the cotton famine in Lancashire had reached its height, the Glasgow dining system was introduced with success into Manchester. Large premises were procured in various parts of the city, and fitted up precisely in the same manner as Mr. Corbett's establishments in Glasgow. One of the principal Manchester dining-halls was situated in a portion of a large disused cotton-mill, in Gaythorn, a densely-populated district. The transformation effected in the appearance of the room selected for the dining-hall was, in its way, almost as complete as that which took place when the Agricul-

tural Hall at Islington, was converted, on the occasion of the visit of the Belgians, into a fairy-like palace. The apartment, which was of considerable size, had, with the aid of soap, water, whitewash, and paint, been transformed into a neat and even attractive-looking place. The windows were painted to resemble ground-glass, the walls were ornamented with landscapes painted in distemper, and the gaseliers rendered smart by the addition of silvered-glass reflectors. The prices of the articles sold were as low as in Glasgow, everything being of the best quality. Although the hall was established principally for the use of artisans and others whose means had become limited through the prevalence of the distress, yet its superior cheapness and excellence caused it to be largely patronised by book-keepers, clerks, and others of a similar class.

Another of the Manchester establishments was situated in Heyrod Street, where a large hall, long known as the "People's Institute," and which in the palmy days of Chartism had been erected from funds subscribed by working-men, had been converted into a comfortable dining-room. The platform from which Fergus O'Connor, and others of that "ilk," had so often delivered fiery harangues amid the lusty cheers of their excited supporters, had disappeared, and was replaced by a dining-bar, behind which stood the presiding goddess of the culinary department. A separate room was provided for females. Here, as in the other Manchester dining-halls, a good-sized plate of cold meat, together with a plate of hot potatoes, might be obtained for *three pence*; just half the cost in the ordinary dining-rooms. For *two pence*, a large basin of excellent soup or broth, and a large slice of bread, were to be procured. In New Bailey Street, Salford, the premises now occupied as a dining-room, were formerly used as a concert-hall and dancing saloon. Here more than 200 persons can be accommodated at one time.

In London, there have been several attempts at introducing a cheaper system of dining, but in none of these have the principles laid down by Mr. Corbett been adopted. The Brougham Dining Halls in Fleet Street and the New Cut Dining Rooms in nowise resembled the Glasgow dining-halls. They were not even to be compared with them. Whether the Dining Associations now being formed in the City, will meet with better success, remains to be seen, but they will certainly fail, or sink into ordinary dining companies, unless their operations be based upon the Glasgow principle. Before they talk about billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, and so forth, let them practise Mrs. Glasse's shrewd maxim, and "first catch their hare;" in other words, first establish a

system of cheap and comfortable dining. Other conveniences will follow in due course. With a capital of 25,000*l.*, as proposed to be raised by one of the associations now in course of formation, the metropolis ought to possess one of the largest, most commodious, comfortable, and cheap dining-halls in the world; but everything depends on the character of the proposed scheme. Should it aim at the practicable—at supplying the plainest articles of food at the lowest possible prices—it will have solved the problem of cheap dining in London. If, on the contrary, it aims at accomplishing too much, at supplying luxuries at the cost of necessities, it will fail, and throw back for another generation the accomplishment of the great metropolitan desideratum—a good dinner for one shilling.

JOHN PLUMMER.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER V. ITALY.—EN ROUTE.

HONOURED SIR,

You have, I doubt not, sitting with my beloved and honoured mother—between lights, as your countrymen, sir, would express it, *entre chien et loup*—now and then set your fancy travelling towards your unworthy son. At least he is comforted in his wanderings by the belief that this is his happy lot. For, blessed indeed is the son, I say, of whom, in his absence, his father and mother are speaking lovingly. My light deserts appear as laches when set in the balance against the love with which you and my mother have sweetened my life.

The good ship rolls somewhat lazily, under the Italian blue, and fanned by the balmy wind; and I have not a sea-pen yet. The lurching disturbs the current of my thoughts; albeit they all tend earnestly towards the hearth where I have lain and romped at the feet of the two human creatures who are the world to me. We have Italy at the prow, and Africa at the helm, I thankfully remember at every turn upon the deck. The good ship bears me with every pulsation of her mighty engines towards, but alas! not yet to, you.

I have barely entered on my mission. At this writing, which finds me bronzed and weather-stained, I have only to confess the barrenness of my travels. You have, possibly, received the Catawba, and Isabella, I made bold to send to you during my American experiences, in the hope that you would approve my verdict, Lord High Chancellor as you are, and must ever remain, of my judgments!

May we say of the Catawba that it neither stains nor inebriates, as at Anet, Vendôme's

bibulous set said of Sillery? It is not Sillery after all, is it? The Champenois may, for the present, contentedly labour in his vineyards. Isabella is delicate; but the widow Cliquot has charms richer, if I may say so—more generous, than pale—no, I will not say tame, Isabella. Senator O'Grady, who was not wedded to his native wines, and unhesitatingly passed Catawba for Heideseck, said of Isabella, with her dainty sparkling, "I guess I have it, sir; Isabella—Wall, she's just widow Cliquot in a consumption; am I right, stranger?"

I made no answer; and shall make none at this moment. I shall hope to hear from you, sir, some better judgment when it shall please Fate to cast me at your feet again. I have a warm place in my heart, and a not ungrateful stomach, I trust, for my American friends who feasted the traveller among them, roughly I shall ever be bound to say, but heartily,—

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.

Some half century ago certain authoritative companies of French gentlemen who assumed the airs of knife-and-fork potentates: who ruled the roast (in those times the *rôtisseur*, you have taught me, was a noble gastronomic presence) with a rod of iron, made bold—I think I have correctly housed your teaching in my brain—to lay down rules, whereby the grateful guest was to measure his gratitude. It was not, as in Lord Timon's day, "Feast won, fast lost." The gourmand was bound not to speak evil, nor to hear evil, of his host, for a time following the banquet, which was carefully proportioned to the richness and perfect presentment of the dinner. A truffled turkey cooked *à point* carried with it a moral obligation. It was a letter of credit issued by the host, entitling him to a registered quantity of the good graces of his guests. I have mused on the order of our neighbours in this, as in less momentous affairs.

It is with unfeigned trepidation that I venture any reflections on the great race from which we have sprung. Yet I will confess to you, sir, into whose loving bosom I teach myself to pour my mind without let or hindrance or after-thought, that I cannot always like the exact measurement of duty to my neighbour, and loyalty to my friend. I protest that it is no hardship to me to keep a honeyed tongue for him who has bowed me within his gates. I fear the gourmands who digested under the first empire were not an over-kindly race. The barbed shaft that tore the flesh of a brother was not abhorred of them, or their rules would not have been—as in their own almanac they were—reduced to a code;

lest their late *convive* should over-do his penance of loyal reticence for the feast of which he had partaken.

You will say that I digress, or overlay my thoughts. I find that the swerving of the ship upon these soft Mediterranean waves rocks the brain to and fro somewhat. Since writing the above, I have been idling with a book in the land of wines, and musing on the rapid changes time brings over the fortunes of mortal man. Many men whom I have accosted, or who have accosted me, on my travels, have, I remark, smiled at my ardour in pursuit of the unknown, or little known, of the grape's produce. Some have said,—

"We have wines enough, in all conscience, Monsieur de Montmaur. Let us rest in the vineyards which have been blessed, and be thankful."

I have bowed, and passed to another subject. But into your indulgent ear, beloved parent, I shall be admitted to pour the random thoughts on this, as on other heads, which surge within me, to my repeated disquiet.

In the middle of the reign of the great monarch, who whispered of Burgundy, or Bordeaux, or champagne, at the king's table would have been met as curious and indiscreet; and an audacious innovator. Bordeaux warmed the blood of the old *noblesse* of the Gironde; but the king's *hypocras* reigned supreme at court. The rivalries of Guy de la Chapelle, champion of Bordeaux, and the monks of the monastery of Saint Vivent, near Beaune, champions of Burgundy, and their intrigues with doctors Salin and Fagon, are gay and moving historical episodes. Guy besought the protection of the Duke of Vendôme, the gallant and joyous, who recommended him to his favourite poet, the Abbé Chaulieu.

"Ply the abbé with your famous wine some night, and let him sing of it while it bubbles in his brain, and your fortune is made," said the duke.

But Guy, who appears to have been a shrewd, persevering man of business—Bordelais noble though he was—knew that his wine must glow upon the king's table, before it could become a fashionable wine. The king fell ill—so the story runs—whereupon the champion of Bordeaux and the reverend champion of Burgundy, each after the best fashion his wit could contrive, sought the sovereign's doctor, Fagon. Guy used the influence of the Duke of Vendôme, whom he had met in Catalonia; while the wily monk of Beaune presented the recommendation of Fagon's brother in medicine, Salin. According to Guy, Bordeaux would cure the king, as it had cured the duke. According

to the eloquent monk, Burgundy would fortify the royal stomach, and give strength, gaiety, delight to the august patient. The doctor, no wine-drinker himself, laughed at the impassioned reverend advocate, answering,—

"My brother, my brother, your tongue wags apace. One would think that every human virtue was corked up in a bottle of your Beaune wine."

"To say nothing," the sly monk answered, readily, "of the divine virtues."

Fagon gave favourable promises to both the champions. But, at the last moment, the scales were turned against Guy, and the monk carried his Burgundy to the royal table in triumph. Dr. Salin wrote to Fagon at the last moment, quoting Erasmus, in behalf of Beaune. Fagon bowed his learned pate, and the king gave up his spiced *hypocras* for Burgundy. The doctor dwelt on the delicacy of the wine of Guyenne; but the flatterer added, "The Burgundy grape is more generous, and is, consequently, better for the robust constitution of your majesty."

Guy, out-flanked, was not beaten. He loudly vaunted the noble qualities of Bordeaux. He pestered Fagon; and, in the end, Bordeaux stood by Burgundy upon the table of the great monarch.

This is not so long ago. Who thinks of *hypocras* now-a-days? Then champagne was only a provincial wine, until Vendôme made its glories heard amid the bacchanalian songs of the renowned Chateau d'Anet, in the opening years of last century. It consoled the disgraced soldier after Oudenarde. Among the duke's familiars was the gay spendthrift Champenois, Sillery. All that remained of his patrimony was a cellar of sparkling wine of his vineyards. He was a mad-cap, with a method; a shrewd fellow, in the mould somewhat of the Bordelais Guy, I fancy. He resolved to bring his wine into fashion. His *coup* was audacious, but its signal success was its justification. When he broke in on the duke's revels, followed by twelve vine-adorned girls, each bearing a basket of flowers, and craved the attention of the company, he speedily proved that he was not between even two little wines.

"Not drunk, but in the hope of being so," the dashing Champenois answered. "The Greeks crowned their wines with flowers. I present to you, buried in nosegays, joy, light, life, song, laughter—ay, and love. In each of these flower-beds lies a divinity to whom the Romans of the days of Horace would have raised altars."

One dozen of Sillery bubbled and creamed round the duke's table that night; and the bubbles of the last bottle sparkled in the light

of the rising sun. Sillery was baptized, and grew apace, and spread its renown over all the sunny cities of France.

Then why should we be reproved—as I have been reproved—when we carry new and strange grapes to our lips? Shall we not be permitted to prospect in fresh vintages? If not *toujours perdrix*, why *toujours Bordeaux ou Bourgogne*? I think, sir, I have read the exact meaning of your frequent and impressive counsel, to your mind.

The deep blue coast is rising out of the placid waters. It is one hour after sunrise, and the rays gild the eastern slopes of the lazy waters. The big ship is panting towards the shore, with a white lea-way that minds me of what I would have my life—in gratitude to the God who spread these glories to my sight; and in duty to the name which is a buckler about me, and the loving parents who have given it to me.

Beloved sir,

Your obedient servant and son,

MONTMAUR.

W. B. J.

THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich, the sole representative on the older continent of a class of birds very numerous at an earlier geological epoch, is found in the present day only in Africa, and in certain portions of S.E. Asia, but the peculiarities by which its habitat is still further circumscribed, have been generally overlooked by naturalists, and are somewhat difficult to understand.

In many localities the extension of the species would seem to have been prevented by the existence of large permanent streams, which, unlike most other game, the ostrich finds an impassable barrier; but in other cases the presence or otherwise of these birds is apparently dependent on circumstances not yet clearly understood. Witness their absence from certain high lands in Arabia, as noticed by Mr. Palgrave; and from the high land of the Batoka to the north of the Zambesi, for which poor Dr. Livingstone confessed himself unable to account.

The absence of water does not appear to affect the case, for both in Arabia and Africa the ostrich abounds in the most arid spots. Mr. Palgrave states that the Arabs assert the ostrich like a variety of deer (we infer he means a gazelle), celebrated for the exquisite flavour of its flesh, never touches water; and Dr. Livingstone has remarked that while buffalo, gnu, rhinoceri, zebra, and giraffes, usually indicate the presence of water within seven or eight miles, the ostrich, and some

varieties of antelope, have been often met with in the driest regions, where it appears impossible for them to have obtained water for months previously.*

The food of the ostrich consists of the seeds and pods of leguminous plants, and of the leaves of various shrubs; he also picks up and swallows a great quantity of pebbles, many of them of a large size, in the same way that domestic fowls will swallow fragments of gravel. Like every species of game found in the desert (the lion and other of the carnivora even included), he will also eat bulbs and water-melons.† Dr. Livingstone records an instance of an ostrich having been found choked by a water-melon, which was sticking in his throat.

The flesh of the ostrich is white, resembling a coarse and tasteless turkey; its eggs have also a disagreeable taste, even in an omelette, the form in which they are best prepared. The hen often begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for her nest, which she appears rather averse to do. Hence the solitary eggs, so frequently found lying about, which usually fall a prey to the jackals and wild dogs. Sometimes she will lay in the nest of another ostrich. The nest consists of a hollow, a few inches deep, and about a yard in diameter, scooped in the sand. Between forty and fifty eggs are sometimes found in one nest; some of them are left outside the nest, as if intended to serve as food for the chicks first hatched, until the whole brood coming out can start together in quest of food. Both the cocks and hens attend to the incubation.

Were it not for the extreme fecundity of these birds, they would have been probably long since extinct in South Africa, for, in addition to the numbers destroyed for the sake of the feathers, immense quantities of the eggs are also taken, chiefly by the bushmen of the N.W. for food, and for purposes of barter. They are said to approach the nest carefully on the windward side, and to remove the eggs, a few at a time, with the aid of long sticks, so as to leave no human "spoor" in the immediate vicinity.

Ostrich eggs from the N.W. frontier are among the most abundant of the native curiosities pressed upon the notice of the new-comer in Cape Town shops. They are generally neatly graven with rings of the zigzag chevron-like pattern we frequently see around Early Gothic and Norman arches, and which, in every age and clime, have been

* Water has nevertheless been found in the stomach of these antelopes, although dissection has failed to bring to light any peculiarities of intestinal conformation to account for the fact.

† In the Zoological Society's collection, the food of the ostrich, we are informed, consists of cabbages, lettuces, &c.

one of the most favourite types of primitive ornamentation.* It is hardly necessary to say that they fetch any price the visitor may be unwise enough to expend on them. Each egg will hold one pint and a half of water, and sometimes more. Many of them contain small concretions of calcareous matter, which has given rise to the idea of their containing stones, a belief which, if our memory serves us right, is referred to by Pliny. They are said to possess great vitality, another circumstance which has, no doubt, contributed to the preservation of the species. Dr. Livingstone mentions an instance of an egg which had been left in a room at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit for a period of more than three months, and which, when broken, was found to contain a partly developed chick.

The young birds grow with great rapidity; and when they have attained the size of common fowls, they run with a wonderful speed, and wander over wide tracts of ground. The half-grown males have the plumage of a dirty-brown colour, resembling that of the hens; but when full-grown, their feathers, with the exception of a few white ones on the wings, assume a rich, glossy blackness.

Dr. Livingstone gives the paces of the ostrich as follows:

When feeding, each pace 20 to 22 inches.

„ walking, „ 24 „ 26 „
 „ terrified, „ 11½ „ 14 feet.

With the aid of a stop-watch, he estimated the number of paces in a given space of time, at thirty paces in ten seconds, giving an average speed of twenty-six miles per hour. We may add that, when running, the legs are as invisible as the spokes of a wheel in the most rapid rotation.

The enormous power of the ostrich's voice is a point which seems to have hitherto escaped the notice of most writers. Dr. Livingstone has declared it to equal that of the lion, from which he owns himself to be unable to distinguish it, save by knowing that the lion usually roars by night, and the ostrich by day. Many of the bushmen, he states, profess to be able to distinguish the sounds.

The stupidity of the ostrich, which was as proverbial among the ancients as many moderns, appears to characterize the bird in whatever region it may be found; and in no instance is it more strikingly manifest than in the assumption of an exaggerated degree of cunning and precaution, such as we occasionally see displayed by bipeds of somewhat higher organisation.

* See Sir Gardner Wilkinson's "Domestic habits of the Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs," for its frequent occurrence in ancient Egyptian designs.

If the waggon be moving to windward, says the writer we have already so often quoted, the ostrich thinks immediately there is some design to circumvent him. On he comes, madly rushing, perhaps from a distance of more than a mile, so near to the leading oxen as to enable the traveller frequently to get a fair shot. The natives who come across him in a valley often make similar use of his folly. They commence running, as if to cut off his retreat from the passage through which the wind blows, and though free to pass out at the further extremity at once, he wildly rushes forward to pass them by, and then gets speared. The lion appears occasionally to catch him; but his capture by man is most often due to stratagem. His paces, as we have shown, alone are sufficient to outstrip the fleetest horse; while to dogs he is a most formidable opponent, one fair kick being certain to break the back of the unlucky canine recipient. Great numbers of these birds, however, are annually destroyed; for not only is the export of feathers from the South African ports very large, but great numbers are used as ornaments by the native tribes.

On the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Cape and Natal, in 1860, upwards of 1000*l.* was spent by the Kaffirs of Natal alone, in beads, ostrich feathers, and blankets, for the festivities at his reception. As much as ten shillings was known to have been given by a Kaffir for a single feather. In Algeria, where the pursuit of the bird is much followed by the Bedouins, the exports to Europe have, of late years, increased enormously.

In the Arabian desert, according to Mr. Palgrave, the most determined foes of the ostrich are that curious tribe of pseudo-Bedouins, the "Solibeh."* He does not inform us what methods they employ to effect their capture, but he states that large quantities of feathers are procured by them, which are sent across the Syrian desert to Damascus, and other Levant ports, whence they find their way to the European market.

The ostrich, notwithstanding its shy habits, is, probably from its stupidity, the last game to disappear before the advent of the white man, and is, moreover, easily domesticated.

* The "Solibeh" derive their name from the Arabic "Saleeb," a cross; a circumstance which, Mr. Palgrave tells us, agrees with tradition in assigning them a Christian origin. They show but few traces of Christianity, he adds; but have an intense hatred of Mahomedans; they never take part in the war with neighbouring tribes; while their fair complexions and sometimes handsome features point to a Syrian rather than to an Arab origin.

We may, perhaps, be allowed to remark that the connection with the cross need not necessarily, we think, point to a Christian origin, as, in the Egyptian remains, we find the "Rebo," who seem to have been a race considered as typical of Asia, usually portrayed with the cross tattooed on their persons, as well as figured on their garments.

Some few birds have long existed in a half-tamed state on some of the old Dutch farms at the Cape; but within the last few years the experiment of ostrich keeping has, we are informed, been tried on a larger scale, and with some success, in the western province of the colony. About thirty acres of pasturage are allowed to each bird; rude herding, and no feeding are required, and the returns are said to be handsome.*

Ostriches have also been imported in the Australian colonies from the Cape and Natal, but with what success, we have been unable to learn.

Frequent allusions to the ostrich occur in the older books of the Bible. Under the name of the ossifrage it is included in the Levitical category of fowls that are unclean. Representations of ostriches and ostrich feathers occur frequently in the Egyptian remains. In some representations of the Last Judgment, the heart of the deceased is depicted as being weighed against an ostrich feather as the emblem of truth. Ostrich plumes and fans also occur frequently. Notwithstanding their skill in taming animals, it would not seem that the ancient Egyptians turned the ostrich itself to account in any way.

In the later days of ancient Rome, immense numbers of these birds were brought every year to the Roman arenas from Numidia, and the flesh was counted a dainty. Flaven, we are told, devoured a roast ostrich at a meal; and a *soufflé* of the brains of one hundred ostriches was a noted *pièce de résistance* at the table of Heliogabalus.

The ostrich-feather plume appears to have been a favourite article of decorative costume in all ages. As a knightly badge we find it used heraldically at a very early date, both in England and upon the Continent. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries,"† quoting from a Nuremberg "Wappenbuch" of the sixteenth century, gives the particulars of fifty-four German families (many of which became subsequently extinct) who then bore this crest, viz., thirty-six Silesian, two Bavarian, two Swabian, one Hessian, four Thuringian, seven Saxon, three Brunswickian, one Styrian. It was a badge of the Kings of Bohemia, and as such, as the old story went, was adopted by the Black Prince. It was also carried by John of Gaunt (placed on a pallet as a heraldic "difference"); thus it was a favourite Lancastrian badge, to which we probably owe its occurrence in the arms of several English families of old standing. A well-known antiquarian authority, Mr. C. Boutell, writing on

this subject in a recent number of the same periodical, remarks:—

"From its first appearance till the accession of the house of Tudor to the English crown, the ostrich-feather badge was held to be both a regal and a princely ensign; as such, it was borne by *all* the descendants of Edward III., or at any rate there appears to have been no restrictions in its use among them, while on a few particular occasions it was granted as a special mark of royal favour to certain distinguished individuals, not in direct descent princes of the blood royal.

"Sir Harris Nicolas, however, states (Archæologia, xxxi., 370) that *after* the period of Henry VIII., 'the badge seems to have been considered to belong *exclusively* to the sovereign's eldest son. It was borne by Edward VI. before his accession as Prince Royal, or perhaps more correctly as Prince of Wales elect; but Mary and Elizabeth as queens regnant also bore the badge, though not in direct association with their regal rank and dignity; thus, the triple feathers occur on a seal of Mary for the Duchy of Lancaster, and of Elizabeth for judicial use in three counties of Wales.'"

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Boutell propounds the following query as to the special appropriation of this badge to the princes of Wales, which, we fancy, might be safely answered in the affirmative:—

"Is it probable that the feather plumes became the badge of the princes of Wales by an involuntary or accidental prescriptive title, arising from the remarkable circumstance that during nearly the one hundred and forty years immediately preceding the accession of Charles I., every English prince had been Prince of Wales or Prince of Wales elect, and so the badge of a prince and of the Prince of Wales became one and the same thing?"

To those of our readers who may be interested in this, the heraldic portion of our subject, we would commend the perusal of the interesting articles in Archæologia, vols. xxix., xxxi., xxxii., as well as in the volume of "Notes and Queries" to which we have just referred. C.

"POLLY'S OLD SWEETHEART."

"No use saying any more?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, there's not money enough left. Of course, if he had told me so before his death, I should have looked after the place, and made myself a farmer in station, as well as in work; but I really thought I should be able to play the part of 'gentleman Giles,' and go hunting four days a week in the season. Now he's gone, there's not enough left to work the farm properly, let

* The average value of the feathers, uncleaned and unsorted, is one shilling each.

† "Notes and Queries," vol. x., third series.

alone keeping two or three fine-skins to eat their heads off. Besides, I can't stand being patronised. Met young Sir William yesterday.—'Mr. White,—used to be 'Sam,'—'I've heard about the state of affairs: if it will be of any service to you, I'll take the gray mare off your hands at sixty.' 'Thank your, *Sir William Monk*,' said I, 'I'm much obliged; but I've refused eighty for her once or twice.' 'Well, well, if you like to send anything from the farm up to the House, they shall take it at market rates. It may help you a bit, you know, Mr. White.' 'Thank you, *Sir William Monk*,' said I, not very gratefully, I'm afraid. He meant well, I don't doubt; but, confound it, I can't stand being patronised by a man I was hand-and-glove with; so I must go and see whether the sun shines any brighter the other side of the world."

"You might, you know, Sam, put the screw on for a year or two."

"That's true enough; but I can't load up manure carts here with all the people looking on. No, I shall go—I know a little about cattle."

"Almost too much, Sam."

"Don't laugh at me, Nunky; on my life, she was all right when you had her."

"Yes, and went dead lame two days afterwards. Oh, Sam! you should have spared me."

"So I would have done, only you insisted on having her."

"Well, perhaps, I did; but you certainly had got her into very fine form when she came, and I wouldn't take twice the money for her now."

"Well, you see I have a prospect; and I'm off next week."

"What will Polly say?"

"Ah! poor little Polly! Here she is."

"Polly, Sam's going to Australia next week. He won't be able to marry you before he goes."

"I shouldn't like to be married before he goes. I shall only be eleven next birthday, and mamma says people ought not to be married till they're eighteen or nineteen, or more; so I'll wait till he comes back."

"But suppose I never come back, Polly?"

"Then I won't marry any one at all."

"Never?"

"No; never. You said I was to be your little wife when I gave you the flowers and sewed the button on your coat. You took off the little gold medal with a hole in it, from your watch chain, to pay me. So it's all settled, and I shan't marry any one else. You must come and fetch me when I'm old enough."

"Oh, it will be no use; you'll be married to Frank Monk, and be a lady then."

"What! that stupid boy? I hate him! Last time he was here he pushed in the eyes of my baby-doll, and melted her poor nose against the kitchen-bars. No; I never will marry a cruel boy like that. He might poke my eyes in with his dirty fingers."

"Well, well, Polly; I'll come back, if you'll wait for me, then."

"Of course I will. When are you going?"

"Next week. I'll bring you a keepsake before I go."

"I don't want anything, Sam,—except—"

"Well? 'Except?'"

"I was going to say—if I might have 'Gip,' only to take care of for you, you know."

"'Have him?'—I shall be only too glad to find so kind a little mistress for him; I'll bring him down next time I come. Good-bye, Polly. Of course, as you're my 'little wife,' I must kiss you."

"Of course you must, Sam."

"Gip" was duly brought down, and after a long leave-taking, Sam was gone.

When Polly had dried her eyes she said:

"Mamma, what's that ring on your finger? not the wedding one—the other?"

"That's a keeper."

"No, not that; the one with an emerald in it?"

"That's what papa gave me when I was engaged to him."

"What for?"

"I don't know; because it's customary to wear one, I suppose."

"Don't you think Sam ought to have given me one, mamma—so as to show everybody I'm engaged?"

"Bless the child! He's nearly old enough to be your father. Run along and finish your sewing."

"Never mind, mamma, I've got the little gold medal with a hole in it, and I can show them that, can't I?"

"Mr. Halstead's been again to-day. That's the fourth time this week. What on earth does he want here?"

"To tell you the truth, I think he wants Polly."

"Oh, indeed! Our little Polly, too."

"Now, John! 'Little Polly!' She's a very well-grown girl, and was twenty-two yesterday."

"Twenty-two! How time flies! It seems but a little while since Sam White went away, and yet it must be nearly twelve years."



See page 527.

"We ought to have a letter this mail; it's nearly six months since the last, John. I wish that he would not write at all: that girl will never get settled through that nonsense. She'll wait and wait, and then he'll bring a wife home."

"There's no hurry. Bless my heart, wife! Why you were seven-and-twenty when I married you."

"That was your fault. I was quite ready and willing years before, if you'd only spoken up like a man."

"I tell you what, wife, it's a serious thing—this proposing."

"Well, I hope the result has proved as pleasant as the prospect was serious."

"All right, old lady, all right! There's not much to grumble at."

Why any spectator, had there been one, should have seen Mrs. Hazeel sitting on her husband's knee with her arm round his neck and tears in her eyes, I don't know; but so it was.

"But about Mr. Halstead, John?"

"Well, my dear, if he speaks to me—as, I suppose, being a curate, he will—I shall give him leave to speak to her. I need not ask what you would do. I know that every woman would like to have one of her daughters married to a parson, though I'm sure I don't know why."

"They're very nice people, John, that's why; much better than stupid farmers."

"Oh! *Why* didn't *you* marry a curate, then,—you had two chances?"

"Because—because—I preferred a stupid, pipe-smoking farmer, like a foo—like a wise woman, John, dear."

"All right, old lady, I'll give my consent."

In due time consent was asked and given, and Polly refused the curate, tenderly and kindly; offering him sisterly affection, which was not exactly what he wanted. And he laid his plaint before her father.

"She says she's engaged, sir, and showed me a medal."

And thereupon explanations were given, and the curate went home worse than ever; so bad, indeed, that in three months' time, being of good family, he was obliged to be consoled by one of seven girls at the vicarage, and as nobody said anything about his little affair at the farm, Polly attended in a sisterly way as one of the bridesmaids, as "it would not do, you know, to have only sisters, though there are six of them."

Another year went by, and Mrs. Hazeel had her way; there was no letter from Sam.

Farmers and doctors, and another curate, too, had laid siege to the fortress of Polly's heart and been beaten off, and compelled to retreat in despair.

Polly was as bright and lively, and did up her abundant hair in the same ravishing masses as ever; but she had no love for any one.

Old "Gip," toothless and a little blind, used to trot about the place after her or be carried in her arms; but as for grief or care, Polly seemed to know them not.

At last her winter came.

"Who do you think has come back, Polly?"

"Sam."

"Yes—and his wife."

"No, father—no—don't say it. He would not—could not—after all these years."

"Didn't I tell you so, Polly? I knew he would; they always do bring back wives."

"Are you sure, father?"

"No; but old Gatherwool told me he saw them in the town. Sam, who has grown brown and bearded and stout, and a little foreign-looking woman, very young, with him."

Poor Polly went to bed with a dreadful heartache—After all these years!

Next morning they had hardly done breakfast when a chaise was driven up to the door by Sam himself, and a lady was in it.

Poor Polly ran to the door with her father and mother to welcome him home.

"Put your foot on the step, Nina."

"Yes, uncle," said Nina, with a slightly foreign accent.

Polly no sooner heard the words than she ran away without a word and went upstairs and had a good cry, and then came down all blushing and happy to see Sam.

"What! This Polly? My little Polly!—This fine, tall Hebe, my little Polly? I don't believe it! Oh, Polly, how you have grown! I suppose he won't mind my having a kiss after all these years, whoever he is;" and then he kissed trembling Polly on the cheek—once—and then talked to her father.

He had forgotten all—this stout, bearded man—who was as brown as a gipsy and looked as old as her father! Was it for this she had waited? This rough-looking, loud-talking, smoke-smelling man—this was what she had waited thirteen years for!

And this, his welcome!

And then Polly was obliged to think of her little guest.

Who was Nina?

Well, Nina was Nina.

Well, then, she was, with her father and mother, a child then of three years old, on board the ship going out, and took a fancy to Sam and Sam to her; and when the ship was wrecked off Cape Patton he had managed to swim to shore with her. The father and mother were both drowned, and the child thus saved became his, and he took care of it; and this was Nina his little niece or daughter, and nurse and everything.

Old Mr. Hazeel insisted on their staying until they could move to the old place, bought by Sam, and so they used to idle away the time, those three drones, all day long.

Nina, as became her Italian nature, could do nothing but gather flowers and sing and dress herself; and Sam said he had worked so hard on land, he wanted a land-holiday as well as a sea one; and then Nina wanted taking care of, and Polly went with them. After a little, Sam got cross, and ate nothing, and took long walks, and long rides, and drank vinegar, and talked in a low tone of voice, and stammered, and blushed, and then

left off kissing Polly at night, and then left off kissing Polly at all, and then, one day, Polly found herself crying in his arms, with her tears being kissed away, before she well knew how she had come there; and after that Sam talked loud, and smoked, and left off drinking vinegar, and behaved again like a rational being, so much so that one day he was allowed to take Polly to church, and have an interview with the minister, after which they wrote their names in a book, and the bells rang, as if no names had ever been written in the book before.

It happened some weeks after this, as Polly and Sam were sitting on the beach, that Polly said,—

"Sam, dear, I want to ask you one thing."

"Well, Polly?"

"When did you first think—you know—after you came home?"

"Well, do you remember one day Nina and I were sitting down on the garden seat, and you came to fetch us in to tea, with old Gip trotting after you, and Nina was making me up a bunch of flowers?"

"Yes, Sam, I remember."

"Well, dear, I asked you for a flower."

"Yes, I remember."

"And you plucked a rose with a little leaf and—"

"Put it in your coat. Was it then?"

"Yes, Polly, it was—when you came so close to me that I could almost hear your heart beating. I made up my mind then, Polly, that I was not too old, and that I might be happy again."

"And are you happy, Sam, dear?"

I don't think Polly heard Sam's answer very clearly; but she seemed quite to understand that he was.

FRAVINUS.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XVIII.—THE STORY OF A LIFE.

WHEN I used to read novels, Mr. Nomad, in the days long gone by, it often struck me that authors always disregard the two things which rule real life, time and money. What used to puzzle me was, where the heroes or heroines of story-books found time to carry on their romance, or money to keep themselves in board and lodging, not to mention clothing and liquor, while they were working out their destiny. As far as my own experience goes, I should say you must be a man of fortune to afford the luxury of dramatic situations. If I was as young and handsome as Adonis, and had won the affections of a duchess, I

could not follow up the conquest, because I should not be able to get off my day's treadmill during the only hours that I could call and prosecute the acquaintance. If the wife of my bosom, supposing I had one, were to elope with a corporal in the Blues, I might—or might not—break my heart; but I could not pursue her like an avenging Nemesis to Margate or Herne Bay, because I should not have coppers enough to pay for a fore passage down the river; and even if I could scrape the few shillings together to start on any journey, I should be kept at home by fear of losing the situation which enables me to keep out of the workhouse.

All your story-tellers never seem to me to learn that even if you are the hero of a sensation romance—and there are romances in real life quite as odd as any you read of in novels—you must still live your daily life, eat your dinners, and earn or steal your living, and look after your business, whether that business be banking or billiards. This old reflection was brought home to me the other morning. There were A and I—when I last told you of our fortunes—walking home from Waterloo Bridge, after, by a strange chance, I had just hindered my mate from making a hole in the water. Well, if we had been characters in a novel, we should have sat down then and there, and A would have told me the story of the life that I am going to tell you. But we were living posters, you see, and not fictitious personages; and so the very first thing I had to think of was the day's work, the toil for the day's food and shelter. There was no work, I could well see, for A that day or many days to come. After the excitement of the moment he shivered and trembled so he could hardly walk. He had a few shillings in his pocket, and he drank glass after glass of brandy at a road-side tavern, till he was able to walk along with me. But though the spirit seemed to have no effect upon his head, his cheeks flushed and his pulses throbbed, so that I could hear his heart beating; and for him, at any rate, there was no more tramping through the streets with boards in front and behind. To say that poverty makes men better, Mr. Nomad, is the biggest nonsense of all the nonsense that is talked about the poor. I never knew the man yet who was not the worse for being out at elbows; and, if you want to harden your heart, just try a regimen of want and penury. I know it has been so with me; and I own cordially, if I had been in my usual mood, the last thing I should have dreamt of was playing the part of the Good Samaritan. But on that morning I felt more like my old self than I had been for years,

and somehow I could not make up my mind to see a fellow whom I had a sort of liking for, and who, I felt sure, had once been a gentleman, die, as I daresay I shall die, without a soul to look after him. So I helped A along, and led him, hardly knowing where he was going, for his mind was already wandering, to the crib which I call my home.

I laid him down upon my mattress, and then I had to leave him to himself. If I had been a character in a novel, I should have nursed him night and day. But, being a poster, I had to set out at once, after I had smoked my pipe, for my day's work. With a sick man on my hands it would never do to lose my situation; and, wretched as it is, there are people who would be too glad to take my place. You see, a new-comer has to pay his footing and stand treat out of his first week's wages; and so I knew there were many of my mates who would be on the look-out to get a fresh poster into the ranks if I was absent. As it was, I had to put my best foot forward—and bad's the best at any time—in order to be at our house of call by the meeting time. There was no end of a bother, you may fancy, when it was found that the captain was not at his post. I knew my mates a great deal too well to expect that they would take the news of his illness to heart. With the exception of M, who never thinks of anything but his estates at Merriton-le-Moor; and poor O, who is like a costermonger's ass, and feels kindly towards anyone who does not kick him without rhyme or reason, the one thought which, I am convinced, seized the mind of every one of the gang, when they learnt that A was ill and dying, was how they could each get his place, and the extra three-pence a day he had as leader. However, I succeeded at last in showing them it was more for their interest to keep A's absence dark for a day or two. It happened to be a Friday; and if A's absence was found out, our spirited proprietor would most certainly save the week's salary due to him, and very likely strike something off each of our wages, on the plea that without our leader we had not been able to give him a full day's work for his money. So we agreed to divide our captain's share between us if we got it paid; we put P, who had a coat which buttoned still by one button over his breast, into the post of captain; and we filled up his place in the walking letters by a casual, whom we recruited on the steps of St. Martin's work-house, where he had just been turned out, ragged and penniless. Of the two shillings he would get for the two days' tramp, he was to give us one as commission on the appoint-

ment; and he might count himself lucky that he got off so cheap.

I dare say you fancy anybody could be a "Walking Poster." Well, I own it does not require much education, and if our places were filled up to-morrow with able-bodied men who had never carried a board in their lives, our word on ten legs would walk rather straighter than it does, and be a good deal more legible. But as, by the nature of things, we posters are always broken-down, knock-kneed, shambling old pot-terers, it takes some little time before a new hand shakes down into our jog-trot, dot-and-go-one pace. Our recruit was a country yokel, who kept always tripping over the feet of the man behind him or stumbling on the heels of the man in front. And whenever he got into trouble—and he was doing so all day long—the whole rank fell out of gear; and we had to stop and shuffle the word right again somehow or other. Then, too, when you are used to tramp mechanically with a certain fixed tread, it is odd how any difference in the pace throws you out altogether. There was a sort of recklessness about A, which stood him in the place of the nerve that had gone long ago. He was good at piloting us across the streets; in a sort of moony way he knew his own mind and stopped short or tramped on without hesitating. But P was in a muddle all along. When right in the middle of the street he would lose his head, and would think of nothing, except how to save himself from being run over; and time after time we were all hustled about amid the carriages, and left some on one side the street, some on the other. As ill luck would have it, too, it was a wet, windy day; and long before our rounds were over we had been so buffeted about and drenched and pelted, that we could hardly stand upright. Most of us had stumbled or been thrown down or tripped up before the evening came; and what with the night's waking and the day's walking, I felt so weary, that I thought often and often, I should drop down upon the pavement, not to rise again. But the day closed at last, as all days will close, and I got home and found A sleeping heavily.

Not many minutes, I can tell you, had passed before I was fast asleep too; and the morning I know was breaking when I woke up, and saw that A was wide-awake, with a strange fixed look in his open eyes. I gave him the brandy—I had brought a gill home with me; and then, as I expected, he rallied for a time. Whether he quite knew me I am not altogether sure. At times I thought he mistook me for some early friend, whom he had not seen or perhaps thought of for years. But in the main he was clear and

collected enough. "I feel shaky, mate"—it was so he began—"about the head; and I fancy I shall not bother you or anybody, not even myself, much longer. If I had not met somebody—was it you or one of the poster lot?—I cannot exactly remember which—on Waterloo Bridge, a spell of time ago, I should have been under the cool water before this, and nobody would ever have known anything about my end. But it was not to be; and if I die, as I suppose I shall, in a workhouse ward, they might find out all about me; and so I should like nobody to know how it was I came to be what I am. You will tell them at home, old fellow, all about it; and say, if nobody minds it, I should like to be buried with my own people. Do you remember—" And then he went rambling on about some funeral he had seen as a child, and which, in his fevered fancy, he imagined I had witnessed with him. But though his mind was thus confused he had a fixed purpose, which haunted him throughout, and that was to tell me, or the person for whom he took me, the secret of his life. I did not hear it all at once. It was only by fits and starts; but on that and many other nights he told me snatches of the story. Piecing them together, I made out this outline of a life that had been lived in vain. I cannot tell you it as he told it me. I have had to piece it out by bits; but I think it was after this fashion. Like all stories of real life that I have known, it can be told shortly and simply, and equally of course, there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Some score of years ago Kate Colville was the lessee, star, directress, prima-donna, and leading lady of the Theatre Royal, Port-Solent. She had black, flashing eyes, a sharp ready tongue, a winning roguish smile, good teeth, a fine fully-developed buxom figure, an excellent appetite, a clear head, and a cold heart; and in virtue of these various charms she was the belle of the barracks, the idol of the military and naval officers, with which the town was crowded. She had money, though nobody quite knew where it came from; she had lived in many places before, though nobody exactly knew when or where. She was supposed to have bestowed her affections on a variety of adorers, though it would have puzzled anybody to tell the name of any individual admirer whose attentions had been responded to particularly. The worst thing, perhaps, you could say about her was that she had an odd intimacy with Major Morton; the old major as men called him even then. But then the major was always known as the patron and protector of provincial actresses. To get London engagements for the favourites of country audiences was understood to be

one of his special occupations in life. However, at last it was the talk of the "*coulisses*" at Port-Solent, that Mrs. Colville, as the lady used to call herself, in memory of an unknown Colville, who had departed this world without making his existence known to any of its denizens, had lost her heart. She was then just upon the turn, not quite so young as she had once been: at the age, in fact, when women commit their last and their greatest heart follies. There appeared at the time I speak of, a young man at Port-Solent, who speedily got a sort of half-recognized footing in the society of raffish subalterns. Half billiard-sharper, half betting-man, half bill-discounter's tout, and superbly handsome, with a strange, showy oriental beauty, he won such love as Kate Colville could give anyone except herself, and having won it, he disappeared one fine morning in the custody of the police. Within a short time the Theatre Royal, Port-Solent, was again to let, and almost at the same period the world of the little German watering-place of Friedrichsbach was excited by the arrival of a rich and beautiful English widow. Our countrymen do not frequent Friedrichsbach much now-a-days; and in those times a Briton was almost unknown in that quiet, sleepy resort, where people still dine at one and go to bed at nine. But that year, amongst the guests, there happened to be a young Oxford undergraduate, who had found his way there by some odd chance, under an idea that it would be a place where he could read and make up for lost time. Arlingford—as his name went—was, I need hardly tell you, the man of whom I have spoken to you so often—our Captain A. He must have been very bright and handsome-looking then, lad as he was, after the fashion of English good looks. He might well be bright, for the world was very bright for him in those old days, when he would have laughed at anyone who had foretold that he would die a "Walking Poster. The son and heir of a country squire of good family and fortune, the darling of his mother and sisters, the cock of his school, the head of his class, the champion oar of his college, he had only, as it seemed, to hold out his hands and catch the prizes which life had in store for him. Was it luck or destiny which brought him and Mrs. Fitz-Maurice, late Colville, *née* heaven knows who, together? Had he been a mere raw lad, fresh from school, he would very likely have been saved by the consciousness of his own ignorance. But unfortunately, at twenty, Arlingford thought himself, and was thought by his set, to be a profound man of the world. He had seen a little of what boys call life; had been to places where he had much better

not have been; was on speaking terms with persons he would have done well to know nothing about; knew by sight the inside of a casino; and was up to the three card race-course trick; and so deemed himself secure against all the wiles of the wicked. It was this that ruined him. But it is time for me to be going to-day.

JONES' VICTORIA CROSS.*

I PASSED the greater part of the year 185— with my family at a small town in Germany, where we became acquainted with a Mrs. Jones. Her family, consisting of one boy and three girls, were of about the same age as our own children, and we soon got to be very intimate. She, poor lady, had much to trouble her; some unhappy domestic quarrel had caused a separation between her husband and herself. Mr. Jones did not, I believe, bear the best of characters; he was at that time living on his estate in the North of Ireland, and allowed his poor wife a miserable pittance of about 200*l.* a year, with which she had to maintain herself and family in respectability, and give them a decent education. Mortimer, the eldest, was a noble fellow, then of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, and a universal favourite. My boy was of about the same age, and they were bosom friends. There was a bachelor uncle, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Jones, of whom she always spoke in terms of gratitude. I fancy that he often assisted her, and that it was partly by his means that she was enabled to keep up the respectable position she held. One of her great anxieties was how to get her boy out into the world. Mortimer himself wished to enter the army; but with no means of purchasing a commission for him, and with no interest to get one in any other way, there was but little hope of his attaining the object of his ambition. In the spring of the following year we left Germany and returned to England; Mortimer was still without employment; he had privately confided to me that in the event of his not being able to obtain something to do in the course of that year, he should go to sea, as he was determined not to be a burden to his mother, now that he was old enough to earn his own living. For some time we lost sight of Mrs. Jones and her family.

It was in the winter of this year, when reading the paper at my club, that my eye caught the name of Mortimer Jones. Yes, there was no doubt of it; the Gazette notified

in the 150th regiment, "Mortimer Jones, gent., to be ensign by purchase, vice Brown, resigned." I was much pleased to see it, and before leaving the club I wrote to Mrs. Jones to congratulate her on her son's good fortune.

I had posted the letter and was leaving the house, when on the steps I met Mortimer himself. He had come to London about his outfit, and was staying with his uncle, who had been the means of obtaining him his commission; he was now on his way to pay me a visit. He was in high spirits at his good luck, as he called it; his only regret being that the regiment to which he had been appointed was stationed in Canada, and not in the Crimea. He joined the depôt shortly afterwards, and it was about ten years before I met him again.

One Sunday morning in the spring of 186—, as my wife and I were on our way to church at —, we passed a tall, military-looking man with a long fair moustache, who looked fixedly at us, as I did at him, for I fancied I knew the face; after passing, he turned round, came up, and held out his hand.

"Mr. M——?" he said.

"Yes; but though I remember your face, I haven't the least recollection of your name."

It was Mortimer Jones; a boy of seventeen or eighteen when I last met him, now a well set-up man some ten years older. He accompanied us to church, and afterwards I prevailed on him to come and partake of our early dinner; it was then he gave me this account of his wanderings since we last met. I had congratulated him on his having obtained the Victoria Cross—I had seen the notification some short time before in the papers; but I little imagined that I should have further to congratulate him on his having obtained a brevet-majority; I thought he was still a subaltern.

"Why," I said, when I heard it, "you must be the luckiest fellow in the whole service!"

"Well," he replied, "I have been lucky. When we last met I said good luck had befallen me; it has stuck to me ever since. A 'V. C.' and a brevet-majority in little more than ten years' service is what anyone may call good luck."

"But, of course, you had to purchase your company?"

"Yes, my father did that for me; but I got my lieutenancy without purchase; however, I'll tell you how it all happened."

"When I last saw you I was in town on that most enviable of all expeditions to a newly appointed ensign, getting my outfit. I joined the depôt at York and went out to Canada three months afterwards. I returned home with the regiment the following year. Our

* For the general accuracy of this story the writer will vouch. The names of persons and places, of course, are all altered, as also are those circumstances which might by any possibility enable any one to identify the actors in it.

tour of home service was shorter than usually falls to the lot of regiments: in 185— we were suddenly ordered to India. At this time I was first on the list of ensigns, and here I might have remained, had not luck stepped in and befriended me. I had no means of purchasing, but a few days after landing at Bombay the senior lieutenant was accidentally drowned, and I was promoted to a lieutenantcy without purchase in his place. The same Gazette which announced my promotion notified the appointment of the Honourable Herbert Fitz Lyon to be ensign in our regiment. It is to him, or rather to his mother, that I am principally indebted for the Victoria Cross and my Brevet Majority. Fitz belongs to a very influential but not wealthy family; his mother, Lady Fitz Lyon, has somehow or other great interest in high quarters, and if Fitz had been senior instead of junior to me I should still be Lieutenant Jones and no V.C. Fitz Lyon was posted to my company, and the year following we were sent up the country. About that time my Captain was placed 'on the staff,' we had now three captains on the staff and of course three of the subalterns had to do the captain's duty and their own too, which I have always thought a hard case. I was now in charge of Captain Graham's company, Fitz Lyon was my senior subaltern; he had just purchased his lieutenantcy over the heads of six ensigns; my junior sub. had not then joined, his name was Williams. Some robber tribes had just then given great trouble to the people in the North, and troops were ordered up to disperse them and destroy their fortifications; for I assure you that word is not misapplied as to the way in which these rascals were entrenched. General H—— commanded the division sent on this expedition, and he failed; a great loss of life on our part was the result, but the robbers remained victorious in their fastnesses, and as it was too late in the season for any further active operations, and sickness having set in among the Europeans, General H—— ordered a retreat. For another year these robber tribes remained undisturbed. Meantime the news of the repulse had reached England, and the government were highly annoyed at the event. They determined to make another and better prepared attempt on the approach of the next cold weather, and instructions were sent out to the Commander in Chief to see to it.

"The time came round, and my regiment was one of the first ordered up to those districts. I was in command of No. 1 company; Fitz Lyon, and Ensign Williams, who had just joined, were the officers under me. A considerable force was collected, and we found ourselves, about the month of October,

close to the forts occupied by these fellows. The general kept everything very quiet, and no one had the least notion when he intended to attack. On the night of October 28th, my company formed the advanced picket of the little army: we had no idea that anything was intended that night; but at break of day, one of the sentries passed the word that the division was getting under arms; a few minutes more and we could distinguish the different companies silently "falling in." Not a sound was heard; but after the lapse of a little time I distinctly heard the ring of some of the ramrods; they had loaded, and soon afterwards the tramp of many hundred men caught my ear—they were advancing! My first thought was, if anyone is to be the first I don't see why I shouldn't be the man. Fitz Lyon came up at this moment, and said, 'Those rascals yonder are wide-awake: I have just been round the hill, and see lights all over that part; depend upon it they are ready for us.'

"The adjutant of the 200th came up just then from the main body, and brought the intelligence that the forts were really to be stormed, and my company was ordered to fall in immediately and join the main body as they came up. I ordered No. 1 to fall in at once, sentries and all; and before the division had come up to us we were ready to advance. I said to Fitz, 'I don't see why we shouldn't go on ahead of the column.'

"'All right,' he replied; 'give the word.'

"'Fours right, quick march;' and we were on our way with the main body some hundreds of yards in rear of us.

"We got within forty or fifty yards of the nearest and strongest fort, and I began to think we had been unobserved; but at that moment the silence was broken by an awful discharge of guns, matchlocks, and all sorts of fire-arms, that laid many of my poor fellows on the ground. Williams, the ensign, was killed by this discharge. Forward! I shouted; and in a few moments we were close to the barricades. Here we found we could do nothing; there was a wall of some eighteen or twenty feet high to mount, and we had no ladders. For some minutes we remained in a sort of dry ditch, peppered at from above by hundreds of the villains; here we lost fourteen men killed, and twenty-five wounded, out of my company of seventy men. Just then the advanced party of the main division came up with ladders, &c. I seized one, and Fitz another; and about half-a-dozen were placed against the wall at the same moment. Followed by a crowd of our gallant fellows, we led the way, and reached the top, where, I believe, Fitz, myself, and a sergeant of the 200th,

were the first to arrive. The robbers were nowhere to be found! from the moment of our reaching the top of the wall we were masters of the situation. Disheartened, I conclude, at the determined attempt we were evidently making, they thought prudence the best part of valour; and we could just descry them flying in a considerable body across the plain in rear of the forts towards some distant hills. My company was the only one that sustained much loss; there were not more than twenty casualties altogether amongst the rest. Poor young Williams and the men killed were buried that evening. The engineers set to work, and soon levelled all the fortifications with the ground.

"We returned after that little exploit to Ramilsuccor. Fitz Lyon obtained leave of absence soon after this, and left for England. I was now fourth on the list of lieutenants, the three above me were not for purchase, and as I was in a like case I had no more chance of getting my company than of being made a G.O.B. Fitz came two below me on the list. To my infinite astonishment I heard some weeks afterwards that he had been promoted to an unattached company. My friends wrote from England, How is it that your junior has been promoted over your head? I knew that Fitz's friends had unbounded interest, and I quite understood the thing, but I determined to *bide my time*.

"I now applied for leave of absence, and got it for 18 months. I landed in England not many weeks ago, and at the Waterloo Station I bought a penny newspaper, sent my things on to the hotel, and walked across the park to my uncle's house. On my way I sat down on an inviting seat half way over the park and scanned over the news of the day. One of the first things that caught my astonished eye was an announcement at the head of the 'Gazette' to the effect that 'Lieutenants Mortimer Jones and the Honourable Herbert Fitz Lyon of the 150th Regiment were to receive the decoration of the Victoria Cross, for distinguished conduct at the storm and capture of,' &c., &c.

"I can safely say that I was never so astounded at anything in my life before. Scarcely believing what I saw, I presented myself at my uncle's door; the kind old man was at home, and welcomed me most warmly. He sincerely congratulated me on the honour that had been conferred on me; he had just read it in his own paper. After dinner he said 'Well, Mortimer, I wish I had it in my power to do it for you, but you *ought* to have your company; surely you have as much right to a company as your junior, Mr. Fitz Lyon. Can you not make an application about it?'

"'My dear uncle' I replied, 'Fitz Lyon's family have no end of interest, it is through *that* he got his company: with no interest and no money how can I ever expect to get mine, except through a death vacancy? I know there is a company just about to become vacant, my old Captain (Graham) is going to retire, but that will be purchased by Robinson, who is junior to me.'

"'By Jove,' said my Uncle, 'this must not be: it *shall* not be. I'll write to your father to-night; he has never done much for you, but he *must* do something now; after gaining the Victoria Cross, he cannot refuse to purchase your company for you.'

"My uncle's application was successful; my father came to town a few days afterwards, and lodged the money at Cox's. Very shortly afterwards, I was promoted to a company by purchase, 'Vice Graham, resigned.'

"I was now a captain and V.C., but the thought that Fitz Lyon had been promoted over me rankled in my mind, and I determined to 'circumvent' him if possible. I presented myself a short time back at a reception given by one of those who held the army reins. I was kindly received by Lord A——.

"'What can I do for you, Captain Jones?' said his lordship.

"'My lord,' I replied, 'I beg respectfully to ask your lordship to recommend me for a brevet-majority.'

"'Indeed!' said his lordship, referring to the Army List, 'ten years' service only, and just got your company; on what grounds do you ask for this?'

"'My lord,' I answered, 'my junior subaltern was promoted over my head; he obtained the Victoria Cross on the same occasion as myself. I beg respectfully to say that I think I should have been promoted before him; or that I should demand a court martial.' After much conversation, and many questions about the old robber-forts affair, his lordship said:—

"'Well, Captain Jones, we will think about the matter;' and so he dismissed me.

"Two weeks afterwards, I was gazetted a brevet-major—and here I am.

"It was Lady Fitz Lyon who did it all. She bothered them out of their lives, directly she heard of the part Fitz had taken in the affair, about giving him the Victoria Cross.

"At first she met with nothing but 'Pooh! Pooh!'—then with 'How can your son expect to receive the Victoria Cross when a senior officer was in command of the company, and distinguished himself equally?'

"'Oh,' said her ladyship, 'if that is all, give it to both of them;' and the end of it was that we both got it.

"Fitz got his company, and no doubt thought he had outmanœvered me, but I have beaten him hollow in the race. He can't expect to get his majority for some years; meantime, I am creeping up the list of captains, and shall probably be a lieutenant-colonel by the time he is brevet-major!" W. S. G.

GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.*

OVER the glassy wave the Nereids Float far away. But Scylla fearing still The middest sea, or on the thirsty sand Slow wanders naked, or, forwearied, rests In cold, secluded waters. Glaucus comes, New tenant of the deep, (Authedon saw His limbs transformed,) cleaving the mere, but stayed By love of her he sees, and fain would stay, While from him urging dear delay, she flies, Swift in her fear: for shelter to a hill Hard by the ocean flies; there on a peak She stops, the highest of a ridge which far Without a shrub stands shelving to the shore. Safely she wonders here, or god or beast She knows not, at his azure hue, his hair Hiding his back and shoulders, and the fish Which with its wreaths ends all. He knows her doubt,

And leaning on the nearest crag, he cries, "No monster, maiden, no fierce beast am I, I am a water god; nor wider will Has Triton, Proteus, or Palæmon here, The son of Athamas. I once was man, Well used to and much loving the deep sea; Now swaying, seated on a rock, the reed Which ruled the flaxen thread, and now the nets Shortening with shoal of fishes to the shore.

There is a bank, beside a grass green mead, Bordered by grass and waters, which no steer Has ever injured by his bite, and where No gentle sheep nor shaggy goats have browsed, Nor ever thence the toiling bee has borne Collected flowers; genial garlands there Have never grown, nor thither ever came The sickle-holding hand. But I first sat There on the green my dripping nets to dry, To count my captive fishes, which a chance Had given to the net, or too fond faith Fixed on the curling hook. The thing may seem A fiction, yet what boots it me to feign? No sooner pressed my prey the sward, than all Began to move, to turn their sides on earth As in the seas. While I in wonder wait, Leaving their late lord and the shore, they fly Back to their native waters. I was dumb, Doubting the cause awhile, whether some god, Or the herb's juice, had done it. But what herb Has such strange strength, I said, and with my hand Plucked, and the plucked grass tasted. Scarce my throat

Had drunk the unknown flavour, when my heart Felt sudden trembling, and my breast was moved With longing hunger for some other life. I could not stay: O earth! I cried, farewell! Never again to be desired; and plunged My body in the stream. There ocean gods Honoured me like their fellow god, and prayed

Tethys and old Oceanus to purge All which in me was mortal. Being purged Nine times the song for me was sung, which takes All mortal stain away. Then was I bid To bare my bosom to a hundred waves,— Sudden from many fountains the floods fell, Whole seas engulfed my head. So far alone I can remember and relate, the rest I know not; but when knowledge came again I found me other than I was in mind Other in body. Then this hair which sweeps The vasty sea for the first time I saw, These mighty shoulders, and these azure arms, This beard of rusty green, this wreathed end Of fishes bearing fins. But what avails My shape, and to have pleased the ocean gods, To be a god myself of what avail; If with all these thou carest not for me?" Speaking such words, and yet in act to speak More, Scylla leaves him. Then the god enraged With sad repulse, seeks the enchanted halls Of Circe, fair-haired daughter of the Sun.

J. MEW.

THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

Read nature—nature is a friend to truth—
Nature is Christian—preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

YOUNG.

A CLOSE observer of nature might assert with great reason, that there is not a beast, bird, reptile, or insect, that does not, in the particular climate in which it is found, teach mankind some lesson or other which tends to prove that a peculiar Providence is employed for its good. In truth, each created object is ready to instruct us in some way or other, which it only requires investigation and perseverance to discover; and certainly the mind of man cannot have a nobler subject for contemplation than the wonders of creation.

When we consider the enormous number and variety of created things in the world, animate and inanimate, we may well wonder for what uses they were designed, and yet when they are properly considered or entered into, we shall find that either some useful or benevolent purpose is to be answered in all of them. We might give many proofs of this, but one or two will suffice for our purpose. In mentioning any peculiar fact we should bear in mind that if the fields are clothed with beauty, and a little insignificant bird is cared for, so will the same benevolent Providence administer to our happiness and support if we rightly apply to Him.

Let me refer to the formation and habits of that singular animal the ant-eater. In the country in which it is found ants abound, and the animal in question, from its peculiar formation, is wonderfully adapted to lessen their numbers.

Unlike hairy quadrupeds in general, the

* See Ovid. *Metamorph.* xiii.

ant-eater has no teeth, and a very narrow and almost a tubular mouth, with a small opening, which would allow a long slender tongue to be protruded and withdrawn. The salivary glands are of enormous size, covering all the fore-part of the neck and upper part of the chest, and their ducts convey the secretion to a bag like a gall bladder. Here, by absorption of the watery part of the saliva, it is made more sticky, and is then conveyed to the mouth to lubricate the tongue, an organ of great length and muscular power. The limbs, especially the fore-paws and claws, of the beast are of great strength.

In its native country, South America, where trees abound, the white ants, which chiefly subsist on decaying vegetable matter, assemble in large communities, and vast numbers. They make nests like little castles. The ant-eater is able to break with his powerful claws the walls of their fortress. Out, then, rush the myriads of workers and what are called soldiers, which are seized and swallowed by rapid movements of the glutinous tongue, scores at a time. In this way the increasing numbers of the ants are wonderfully lessened by an animal so admirably created and adapted for this purpose. Indeed, as Professor Owen has remarked, the tongue of the ant-eater, with all its curious mechanism, has evidently been made for its ant-catching purposes; so wonderful are the designs of an Almighty Providence!

How sweet to muse upon the skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that He has made;
To trace in nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of Power Divine.

COWPER.

Amongst the wonders of creation, I may mention the migratory instinct implanted in animals, especially in various birds. This has been considered, and very justly, one of the most wonderful instincts of nature. Denham, in his "Physico-Theology," has stated that two circumstances are remarkable in this migration; the first, that these untaught, unthinking creatures, should know the proper time for passing from one far-distant country to another; when, in fact, to depart, and where to go, and also that some should arrive when others depart. The second remarkable circumstance is, that they should know which way to steer their course. It must be a powerful instinct that can induce a poor, foolish bird to venture over tracts of land and sea in search of a climate and food necessary for them. About forty migratory birds, many of them small and feeble, arrive in this country in the spring of the year, to gladden us with their songs, and enliven us with their presence.

The arrival and the migration of the swallow tribe, are particularly interesting. On the arrival of these birds in the spring, we are charmed with their elegant gyrations in the air, or with their soft and pleasing song as they settle to rest themselves on our houses. Sometimes we may see them gently dip on the water as they fly over a stream, or collect clay for their nests on its banks. In the autumn, both the young and old birds collect in prodigious numbers, previous to their departure to more distant climates. I have seen the roof of a very large building literally covered with them, and also the six wires of a telegraph, and that for a considerable distance. It is impossible to know by what signal or by what impulse these birds are led to leave this country; but, certain it is, that after the vast accumulation of them which I have described, not a bird was to be seen the next day; all had departed. It is impossible to reflect on that powerful influence implanted in some birds and animals, and, indeed, in some insects, without being assured that a benevolent Providence has instilled it into them for their well-being and preservation.

Another striking instance may be mentioned of God's care for His creatures, in the fact that various animals have different cries or calls, which serve to denote anger, grief, fear, joy, warnings, &c., the utterance of which often tends to the preservation of their congeners, or to that of their young. For instance, I have seen a hen surrounded by a brood of chickens—presently a hawk soars above them. The hen, full of anxiety for her charge, sees it, and utters a particular warning note, well understood by them, upon which they instantly seek shelter in some high grass or bushes, and there remain perfectly still till a very different note informs them that the danger is over, and then they immediately quit their retreat.

This variation in what may be called the voices of birds, and, indeed, in some animals, is very interesting, and there is no doubt but that it has been implanted in them for their better preservation.

But now let me turn to the structure and use of moles, and we shall see how admirably they are adapted to their mode of living, and to produce benefits to mankind generally, although it has been too much the practice to destroy them.

The mole lives under ground, where it finds its prey, although its eyes are wonderfully small—evidently for the purpose of protecting them from the earth, which would no doubt fall in them, when their runs are made under ground, if they were larger. The sense of smelling, however, in the mole is very acute,

and thus enables it to detect wire worms, and the larvæ of beetles, cockchafers, and many other insects, all of which are injurious to the farmer by devouring the roots of wheat, and corn generally.

We know that in very severe frosts, the earth is frozen to a considerable depth. How then are the moles to provide against such an occurrence, which would evidently deprive them of the power of seeking their food in the usual way? They form a basin of clay of the size of an ordinary slop basin. In these, the moles, during the autumnal months, deposit worms, which are partly mutilated, and so rendered unable to get out of the basin, but are not killed. On these the moles feed when the ground is too much frozen to allow of their continuing their runs. Some of these basins have been brought to me by mole-catchers, and prove, to my mind, the instinct which has been implanted in them by a kind and benevolent Providence for their preservation. This fact, and it is an interesting one, with others nearly similar, may appear trivial and unimportant, but I contend, with confidence, that they serve to prove the great care and tenderness which a merciful Being has shown towards His creatures, however insignificant they may appear to us. I am, indeed, convinced that the wonderful power and goodness of the Great Creator are more conspicuous in the smallest insect, than in the larger animals. For instance, whilst reading a book a few days ago, I perceived an insect, so small that it was scarcely visible, but it ran up and down the pages of my book with considerable activity. Now, it is evident that this diminutive creature must have had muscles, and an organic structure, to enable it to move with the activity I perceived that it possessed. It walked, or rather ran, up the page of my book, and when it came to the top I turned it downwards, and, in this way, it traversed the pages without evincing any signs whatever of fatigue for a considerable length of time. Can any one deny that the hand of a wonderful Creator is not conspicuous in the formation of this atom? That it produces its young need not be doubted, nor can it be proved that these young, when arrived at a state of existence, are not the objects of intense affection to the parent. That the little creature I have been describing was possessed of eye-sight was proved by the fact that, when I placed my finger before it to prevent its further progress on my book, it immediately turned back, and descended to the lower end of the page on which it was crawling, and in this way it was made to ascend and descend the pages of my book for some time. Can any one doubt but that this minute insect—not larger than the

head of the smallest pin—is wonderfully and curiously formed, although, probably, no microscopic apparatus, however powerful, would be capable of developing its organic structure? We can only wonder at and admire the skill of the Divine Architect, who, in a creature of the size of a very small grain of sand, has provided it with all those functions so necessary for its well-being.

Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He who moulded thine
Wake at His will the vital flame?

But while I am on this subject, let me mention one whose economy and habits have always engaged much of my attention, as well as my wonder. I refer to the silk-worm. We may see the cocoon of this moth ready to burst its covering and emancipate itself, like many of its congeners, who spread their wings and enjoy their new-born existence by long and rapid flights. Not so the moth of the silk-worm. Of what riches should we not have been deprived if the moth of the silk-worm had been born a moth, without having been previously a caterpillar. Look at the cocoon it spins! How many hands, how many different machines, how much employment to thousands on thousands, does not the cocoon of the silk-worm give employment to? We may reflect with wonder on this extraordinary fact, occasioned as it is by the want of power in the moth of the silk-worm to take flight, as all its congeners do when emancipated from their previous covering. The moth of the silk-worm, on the contrary, remains perfectly tranquil and contented at such a time, and fulfils the purposes for which it was created, the grubs, afterwards, spinning their valuable cocoons.

When we consider that China, India, Italy, Spain, France, and other countries, are either directly or indirectly benefited or enriched by these apparently insignificant creatures; and when we are informed that it takes ten thousand cocoons on an average to make five pounds of silk, the immense quantity of silk used must exceed all calculation.

It sets to work millions of spinning-worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons.—MILTON'S *Comus*.

Before I quit the subject of insects, I may mention the great affection which some of them show for their young. In that despised insect the earwig, it is very extraordinary, and I have had proofs of it from my own repeated observation. On disturbing an earwig, by turning over a piece of decayed wood, I have witnessed the extreme anxiety of the parent earwig to

collect her young ones about her. At last she had them all under her body, and remained with them, exposed as she was without her usual concealment, until I took my departure.

If an ants' nest be disturbed, what anxiety do we see in the parent ants to secure their eggs and young ones, as they run about with them in their mouths till they can place them in a spot of safety?

There is a wasp which makes a cell of a certain size and depth, frequently in a gravel walk. Into this cell she thrusts a caterpillar of the proper size, and upon it drops an egg and covers it up. The egg in due time is hatched and feeds on the caterpillar. The parent wasp by an apparent instinct seems to know when this supply of sustenance will be exhausted. She then brings a second caterpillar, uncovers the cell, thrusts the caterpillar into it, re-covers it and departs—this she does a third time. Now, by what instinct does the parent wasp know that her young one requires more sustenance, and how is she enabled to recollect the precise spot at which she had made her cell? We might multiply this account of the affection of insects for their young to a great extent, but enough has been said to prove the fact, and to show what an extraordinary instinct has been instilled in them by a benevolent Providence in order to insure their preservation.

The same love of their offspring pervades the whole of the animal creation, and is said to be even found in some fishes. The dog-fish is supposed to receive their young again into their belly when they have been in danger; and the adder to do the same. In fact, the natural affection of animals for their young must have been implanted in them by an all-wise Creator. As Denham says, "with what care do they nurse their young, and think no pains too great to be taken for them—no dangers too great to be ventured upon for their guard and security. How carefully will they lead them about to places of safety—carry them into places of retreat and security. How will they caress them with their affectionate notes, lull and quiet them with their tender parental voice, put food into their mouths, suckle them, cherish and keep them warm, teach them to pick, and eat, and gather food for themselves, and, in a word, perform the whole part of so many nurses, deputed by the Sovereign Lord and Preserver of the world to help such young and helpless creatures, until they have arrived at that maturity as to be able to shift for themselves." Who would venture then to say that the Great Creator has neglected the works He has made? On the contrary, I have endeavoured to show what kindness God has shown to His creatures in providing them

with extraordinary instincts and faculties, all of which tend to their eventual well-being; and many of them may afford instruction to us. What says the poet?

Thus, then, to man the voice of nature spake:
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
The arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
Here, too, all forms of social union find,
And hence, let reason, late, instruct mankind.—POPE.

It has been my object in this paper to set before my readers some wonderful manifestations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Great Creator, as shown in the animal creation. This subject has engaged the attention and employed the talents of the wisest and best of men. And what has been the result of their investigations into the history and habits of the thousands upon thousands of animals which inhabit this our globe? It is this, that the same wisdom, power, and goodness, which at first created, still sustains them, from year to year and from day to day, in their full beauty and harmony.

EDWARD JESSE.

ABYSSINIA AND THE CAPTIVES.

IN a former number of *ONCE A WEEK*,* the subject of the sufferings of our unfortunate countrymen in Abyssinia was touched upon slightly. Now that subsequent events have so much increased the interest of everything connected with Abyssinia, it may well claim some further notice. Especially as the causes of the Abyssinian Emperor's change of feeling towards England have been, in general, but very imperfectly explained.

His conduct at the time of the death of Consul Plowden and of Mr. Bell, clearly showed what his feelings towards England were then, how very different from what they are now. But how much cause there has been for this change is by no means generally known. Blunders in England, in Jerusalem, and in Abyssinia itself have all had their share in producing it; and, unless France is much maligned, she has been no indifferent spectator of the quarrel. The blundering in England is tolerably well understood; having consisted chiefly in the unexplained, and certainly uncourteous, neglect with which the Emperor's letter to the Queen was treated;—that in Abyssinia is less perfectly understood—that in Jerusalem almost unknown, and we will therefore place the latter first.

* See *ante*, p. 103.

There has—or rather had—been, for many centuries an Abyssinian monastery in Jerusalem. Towards the year 1862, quarrels arose between its inmates and the Copts, and Armenians; but as Mr. Finn, the English consul, had always protected the Abyssinians as if they were British subjects, their adversaries were for some time kept in check. About this time, however, Mr. Finn was removed, and his place as consul occupied by Mr. Moore. The Anglican bishop, Dr. Gobat, who was on most friendly terms with both the Superior of the Abyssinian Monastery and the Emperor Theodore, appealed to Mr. Moore on behalf of the Abyssinians, who were subjected to many vexatious annoyances. The consul replied that he had been forbidden to afford them any official help, and could therefore do nothing. Upon hearing this the Copts and Armenians grew bolder, and applied to the Pasha with bribes. He immediately placed soldiers in the Abyssinian Monastery, and imprisoned the Superior. Bishop Gobat, knowing his knowledge of Arabic was but slight, sent a native protestant to act as his interpreter; the Pasha, however, refused to allow the Superior the use of an interpreter, and sent the man away. A mock trial took place, when the Pasha decided that the monastery belonged, not to the Abyssinians, but to the Copts and Armenians; and though all Jerusalem was aware of the glaring injustice of the sentence, the Abyssinians were expelled from the monastery which had been theirs for centuries, and their Superior was detained a prisoner. What reasons there may have been for this, apparently, somewhat capricious affording and withholding of British protection, it is of course impossible to say. It is very clear, however, that it must have appeared very suspicious to the Emperor Theodore. British protection had been afforded to the Abyssinians in Jerusalem, and suddenly, without any reason, it was withdrawn just at the moment they most needed it, and shortly after he had himself taken most fearful vengeance on his own people for injuries done to British subjects. The knowledge too of what had occurred in Jerusalem, must have reached him just at the moment when much that was passing in Abyssinia itself was exciting his suspicions against England.

Consul Cameron certainly appears to have been imprudent; but, undoubtedly, Mr. Stern has been the principal cause of the disasters in Abyssinia, and all along the chief object of the Emperor's hatred and suspicion. Mr. Stern has always been a zealous and active missionary, and it is no detriment to his character as such, to say that he was by no

means sufficiently skilled in diplomacy, to be safe in dealing with an eastern despot. On his own showing he has been imprudent, in many circumstances he has been unfortunate.

In the first place, he could not speak Amharic; whatever missionary work he did, therefore, was done by the help of an interpreter; and as one or other of the missionaries, already there, always acted in this capacity, it might not unnaturally seem to the Emperor that they could have done the work quite as well without Mr. Stern's presence. Then also, he was constantly occupied in taking photographs; a very harmless, but not strictly missionary employment; and, finally, he was on most intimate terms with the Abuna (the Metropolitan of Abyssinia), who was a declared enemy of the Emperor. All these circumstances seem to have roused in the Emperor's mind a suspicion that Mr. Stern's professed missionary tour had in reality a political object, that of ascertaining the state of the country, and of giving to England, by means of photographs, a better idea of its geographical features. We ought rather, perhaps, to say tours, than tour, as Mr. Stern was twice in Abyssinia. No one reading the book he published, on his return from his first visit,* can fail to see how very rash his conduct had been on many occasions.

On Mr. Stern's return to Abyssinia the second time, he seems to have been equally incautious, and one slight *contretemps* caused the storm to burst.

Shortly before his intended departure for England, a royal messenger was sent to the Abuna, with a message from the Emperor. He was desired to wait, on the plea that the Abuna was writing a letter which must be finished. While waiting he saw Consul Cameron and Mr. Stern leave the house. This was reported to the Emperor, who immediately concluded that the letter was some treasonable communication from the Abuna to Egypt, of which Mr. Stern was to be the bearer. He sent soldiers to Woggera, through which province Mr. Stern would have to pass, to arrest him. This, however, Mr. Stern rendered unnecessary by going to pay the Emperor a farewell visit as he passed the royal camp. He insisted on being announced although the Emperor was at dinner. Some conversation took place, one of Mr. Stern's servants acting as interpreter. He, in some way, offended the Emperor, who ordered him to be beaten. Then it was that Mr. Stern *bit his finger*,—which, in Abyssinia, implies revenge—and was immediately beaten also. Had he understood Amharic he would probably have escaped this, as the Emperor

* Wanderings among the Falashas in Abyssinia.

afterwards said, "I did not mean to beat him, but when I repeatedly ordered him to go to his camp, and he yet remained standing before me, and even bit his finger, I commanded him to be beaten."

The Emperor then ordered Mr. Stern's luggage to be searched, that he might gain possession of the Abuna's letter; and though he did not find what he expected, viz., treasonable correspondence of the Abuna's, he did find what, perhaps, he did not expect to find, Mr. Stern's unfortunate book, and various letters and papers which it was sheer madness of him to have had in his possession. In one of these letters it is said the Emperor was styled, "the wild beast of Abyssinia;" and in another was the remark, that it would be better the Turks ruled in Abyssinia than the Emperor—a most disastrous remark, considering the direction in which the Emperor's suspicions already pointed. Until this discovery it does not appear that he had intended to keep Mr. Stern a prisoner; but this, of course, increased his suspicions and implicated others as well as Mr. Stern. In fact, the latter owes his life entirely to the strenuous exertions of Mr. Flad, and Bishop Gobat's lay missionaries; but for them he must have died, and their unceasing efforts to obtain the Emperor's pardon for him are the more praiseworthy, considering their own personal risk in interceding for one whom the Emperor, not unjustly, regarded as an enemy.

It was shortly after this that the English despatches arrived, without the slightest notice of the Emperor's letter. This seems to have turned his suspicions into certainty. Consul Cameron was immediately put in chains, and all the other Europeans made prisoners. In brief, then, the case, considered, as far as we can do so, from the Emperor Theodore's point of view, stands thus. Shortly after he had shown, most distinctly, how friendly his own feelings towards England were, British protection is suddenly withdrawn from his subjects in Jerusalem. At the same time, a man appears in his country, professing to have come on a missionary tour, who cannot speak the only language those to whom he came to preach can understand; but who can, and does, take photographs; who is extremely intimate with his avowed enemy; who is (on his own showing,) guilty of conduct towards the Emperor which is both ill-bred and impertinent; and who is, at last, found to have in his possession many papers which place the Emperor in a most unfavourable light. Then, to crown the whole, most friendly overtures to this country are treated with contemptuous neglect. Is the change in his feelings towards us at all surprising? especially when there

seems to be so little doubt that French influence has all the time been at work, seizing upon every fact that could increase his suspicions against England, and turning it to the best account.

To form a correct estimate of the character of the Abyssinian Emperor is by no means easy, our knowledge of him is so fragmentary. Perhaps, hereafter, it may be easier. He is certainly an intrepid soldier, and a man of great talent, though devoid of education; one who might, perhaps, under more favourable circumstances, have left his mark upon the world's history. A man who has carved out for himself such a career as his has been, in such a country as Abyssinia, must be, intellectually at least, far above all around him. His ideas on the subject of dress would seem to show his own consciousness that his sovereignty rests on something deeper than the mere externals of majesty. On state occasions his officers and ministers wear most magnificent dresses. He never departs from the utmost simplicity of costume—"Let my officers," he says, "wear magnificent dresses. *I am the King.*"

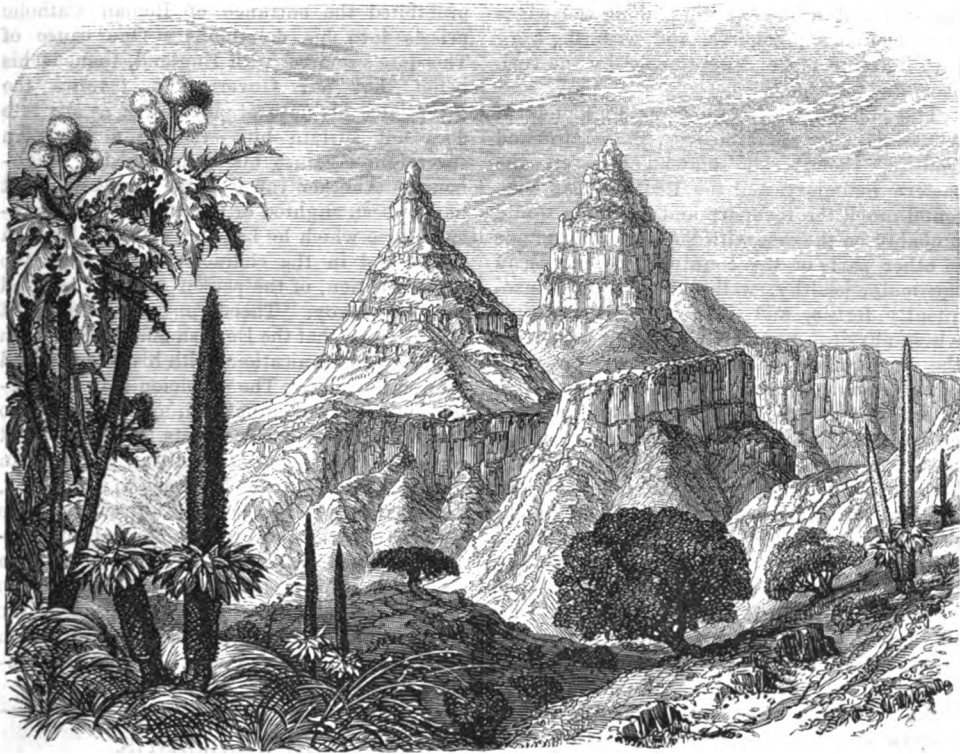
One of his characteristics is a most extraordinary power of concealment. He can, when he chooses, veil his designs with the most profound secrecy, from even his most confidential ministers. He seems now to have grown utterly reckless and desperate; but when first he ascended the Abyssinian throne, he was, undoubtedly, most anxious for the moral and social improvement of his people. On one occasion, when he was upbraiding the priests with their slothful, indolent lives, to say no worse, he used these words:—"Though I err to-day in having more than one wife, I am yet a servant of Christ; and if ye priests will set me a good example, I will be the first to follow it."

He appears, too, in spite of those fearful bursts of temper to which he has always been subject, to have very considerable power of winning the affection of those intimately acquainted with him. His first wife is said to have loved him with a passionate devotion, very rare amid the moral and social degradation of Abyssinia. Consul Plowden and Mr. Bell seem both to have been really attached to him; and a later writer—writing even since the present unhappy difficulties began, and himself a sufferer—confesses to a feeling of regard for him, which may, perhaps, influence his own opinions on what was passing. After all, these are but fragments, from which readers can draw their own deductions; at any rate, they bear out an opinion expressed by one intimately acquainted with him—that "he is, without doubt, the most remarkable

man Abyssinia has ever seen." Perhaps we should not be far wrong in estimating him as an utter wreck of what would have been,

under more favourable circumstances, a very fine character.

The scenery of Abyssinia is very varied;



Schinuffra, Semien Mountains Abyssinia.

some parts of the country abounding in low, flat, uninteresting plains, others in wild mountain scenery of a most romantic character. The Jesuits of yore declared they found there mountains compared to which the Alps and the Pyrenees were but mole hills—mountains which must have been fit companions for the Father Jerome Lobo's renowned serpent, which could kill a man at the distance of twelve feet, by means of its poisonous breath. Unquestionably, however, these mountains are the most remarkable feature of Abyssinian scenery; not so much on account of their height as of their number and extraordinary shape. The fantastic outline of some of them is hardly credible to any one who has not seen them. Some rise almost perpendicularly to a great height, with summits so even as almost to present the appearance of a gigantic wall; while others have their ridges broken and indented into the most wild and fanciful shapes. Here and there, their rocky pinnacles shoot up into the air like huge obelisks,

interspersed with cone or pyramid-shaped summits.

A fair idea of the strange shape of the Abyssinian mountains, though by no means of the strangest, is given by the accompanying illustration, engraved from an original sketch taken among the Semien mountains, one of the highest ranges of central Abyssinia, lying between the provinces of Tigre and Amhara, and famed as the scene of the revolts of the Falashas, or Jews, against the Emperors of Abyssinia, one of which revolts resulted in the subversion, for some centuries, of the Abyssinian dynasty, and also for many bloody contests, in later times, between rival chieftains, their almost inaccessible fastnesses affording a safe retreat in case of defeat.

The mountains are intersected by irregular ravines and valleys, many of them thickly wooded, and extremely fertile, as they are well-watered. There are some rivers of considerable size, and numerous smaller streams find their way to the larger rivers, through

the wild ravines of the mountains, adding to the scenery the beauty of cataracts of great height.

The roads are mere tracks, and some of the passes across the mountains are enough to try the steadiest head—winding along the edges of tremendous precipices, and with the very path itself, in places, swept away by the rush of winter torrents.

The climate, at least, of the highlands of Abyssinia, is, undoubtedly, temperate and healthy, though the plateau between the eastern boundary and the Red Sea has been found much the reverse; and the same would probably be the case with the low-lying plains in other parts of the country. Still, it is, in the main, healthy, well-watered, and consequently fertile, and inhabited by a people whose physical type is far superior to that of the surrounding nations; wanting only internal peace and more regular communication with civilised nations to render it a rich and prosperous country. These are, however, two blessings which, as yet, the unhappy country has never enjoyed. Its history, from the time of the Queen of Sheba down to the present day, is but the constant record of civil wars between rival sovereigns within, and constant invasions from without. When its "good old times" were, would be difficult to say. Whenever its "coming man" appears, he will find plenty of materials at hand, if he can only find the way to use them, to make Abyssinia what a country with its resources ought to be, and that is just what Abyssinia has never been. Possibly the present Emperor might have really proved that coming man, had western civilisation only held out to him a more cordial and friendly hand. But we must take him as he is.

The history of Theodore appears to be pretty well known. It is the familiar career of such monarchs. Born, it seems, in a very humble station, he has achieved his position by energy and ability. But possession of power has filled him with overweening pride, and the wish of using it has led him to acts of atrocious cruelty. These traits, invariable in the character of such barbarous chieftains, have been stimulated by drunken habits. This royal *gourmand*, however, has a policy. Like many other monarchs in more civilised communities, he believes himself commissioned by Heaven to protect and sustain the only form of orthodox Christianity. The religion of his people, however, according to all accounts, is a wild jumble of heathenish superstitions in which sorcery and witchcraft are the chief African element, combined with a few dogmas gathered from a corrupt Christianity. But grotesque as this religion is, it has a history and is a

power; for it has been for ages a barrier to the spread of Mahommedanism in Eastern Africa. Theodore is anxious, we are told, to maintain this religion in its integrity (we can hardly say its purity), for he has positively prohibited the entrance of Roman Catholic priests into his dominions. One cause of Theodore's quarrel with England, then, is his belief that our Government favours the Egyptians, his natural enemies, or at any rate does not sustain him—though a Christian sovereign—against his Mahommedan neighbours. Another cause is his impression that he has been slighted or insulted in the correspondence which he has had with our Foreign Office, and in the character, or at least the social position, of the person who was selected for our envoy. Theodore believes also, it would seem, that the English officials had been holding communications with his domestic and foreign enemies. The suspicion may be baseless, but it is not unnatural, and certainly, to judge from previous incidents, is not without some show of reason. Directly an Englishman gets to these countries he seems to invariably, perhaps inevitably, mix himself up with all sorts of local intrigues, and to become a political partisan. This character is ascribed to us from Japan to Constantinople, from Bokhara to Muscat. Such is the country, such the climate, and such the potentate, against whom we are about to make war. "May God defend the right!"

A NEW ALCESTIS.

WHAT time of year it was I cannot tell,
Since all my widowed seasons are as one,—
When, sitting in my summer house alone,
I read the story that she loved so well.

For ever she would play the learned wife,
My beautiful, my lost! and with sweet looks
Would nestle to my side and read my books,
Fearing lest they should occupy my life.

I read how sweet Alcestis died to save
Her lord's dear life, who would not be consoled;
And how, ere one or two dark months had rolled,
A pitying god restored her from the grave.

And reading thus I slept, and sleeping dreamed.
It was no longer King Admetus' bride
Whom the gods brought unto her husband's side,
But mine. Ah me! how tremulous she seemed

With too much joy, like some dew-laden flower;
How tenderly we sought each other's eyes,
Speaking no word, but breathing happy sighs,
Forgetting all our sorrow in an hour.

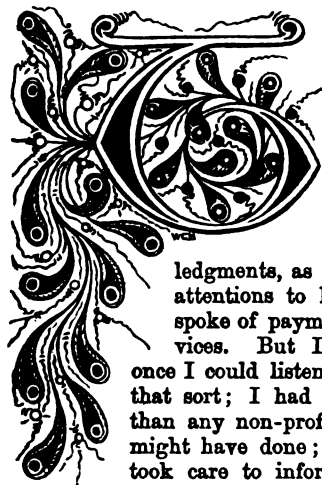
And then the vision passed. I wept to wake
And feel the desolation of the day;
I prayed the dream to come again and stay,
Lest, ere the race was run, my heart should break.
M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

A Story of a Lodging-House.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER IV.—EYES AND NO EYES.



HE following morning, at mid-day, after I had returned from early lectures, Mr. Murgatroyd called upon me to express his acknowledgments, as he said, of my attentions to him. He even spoke of payment for my services. But I told him at once I could listen to nothing of that sort; I had done no more than any non-professional person might have done; and further, I took care to inform him that I was only a student, and, therefore, not qualified to practise. I thought, however, I was justified in saying that he was out of health, and required medical treatment. He stood in need of what is generally known as "building up." I told him I thought he should take tonics, and obtain change of air, and sea-bathing, if possible. It hardly needed a doctor to prescribe such remedies to him.

"It's easy to give that kind of advice," he said, with a sad smile; "but it's hard for a man, situated as I am, to follow it. I can't leave my work, you see—going away from here is out of the question."

I told him that, at any rate, it would not be difficult for him to pay more attention to his state of health than he had probably been in the habit of doing, in the way of taking moderate exercise, and nourishing food, and relaxing in some degree the closeness of his confinement to his work. I reminded him, in common-place terms enough, that he would be fitted to do more by-and-by, if he would forbear for a while just now to over-exert himself.

He was walking up and down the room, not heeding much what I said to him. He was apparently a nervous, restless, anxious kind of man, with a pre-occupied and abstracted look. He stopped presently in front of my small collection of medical books, and began reading the titles on the backs of the

volumes. By the way in which he bent down to them, peering quite close to them, I perceived that he was very short-sighted. Indeed, I had previously noted that his eyes had the dull and rather vacant look, and he had the way of compressing and wrinkling his eyelids, so often to be observed with short-sighted people.

"Do you know much about the Eye?" he asked, suddenly.

I answered that I had made no especial study of the subject; but, of course, I possessed a certain amount of medical knowledge concerning it.

He hesitated a little, then spoke with some embarrassment.

"My sight has been very bad of late. I have been very anxious about it—more anxious than I can tell you."

I said that the sight was much affected by the general condition of the body; and that as he grew stronger, and his health improved, he would surely find his sight strengthen and improve also.

He shook his head. Then he spoke of a dark speck that seemed to be always obscuring his vision, of certain floating or falling objects that were perpetually crossing before him to such an extent, that he often raised his hand to brush them away. He said that in strong sunshine, or in any great flare of light, he sometimes found himself almost altogether blind, although his sight came back to him again under more moderate conditions of light. He had never taken medical advice upon the subject, though often tempted to do so. He had not, indeed, spoken to anyone about the matter. He had concealed his state from his wife lest it should alarm her too much; and then, as he observed, the thing had come upon him very gradually, and he had always been hoping that it would go away again of itself. However, of late it had become very much worse.

At his request I examined his eyes. Of course, my examination was of a very imperfect kind. Indeed, I never pretended that it could be otherwise. So far as I could discover, after a few simple experiments, one of his eyes was much more affected than was the other. Yet both, it was clear, were suffering from weakness and irritation. His pupils,

especially the pupil of the right eye, were dull and clouded in colour, and the irids did not dilate and contract according to the action of the light upon them with the mobility and activity of perfect health. Further, I noted a slight obliquity of vision; the eyes did not turn regularly in the direction of an object held before them. But, of course, I did not know how far this might have been the result of natural and congenital imperfection, or whether it was wholly attributable to disease. My examination, such as it was, concluded, I was puzzled what to say.

"You don't think it's cataract?" asked Mr. Murgatroyd with a frightened look.

"No," I said; "nothing so serious as that. I still think it may proceed, as I said before, from generally disordered health." I must confess, however, that I thought nothing of the kind. I had seen a few cases of cataract at the hospital. The symptoms were certainly very similar to those now under my observation.

I then recommended that he should consult Dr. Webber, one of the physicians at the hospital with whom I was acquainted, and who had made a special study of eye-disease. I was on friendly terms with Dr. Webber, and wrote a note to him for Mr. Murgatroyd to take with him. He hesitated a little, until I ventured to assure him that the doctor was a very generous kind of man, and would not take a fee under the circumstances of the case. He was an old friend of my father's—a school-fellow of his, indeed—and had frequently offered his services to me. I was quite satisfied that I might recommend to his care an unremunerative patient. He had been at no time one to lay much stress upon the emoluments of his profession, and he was well known for his kindness to patients engaged in artistic pursuits.

Mr. Murgatroyd thanked me over and over again. "I am too poor to be proud," he said, simply. "I feel no shame in saying that every shilling is a matter of consequence to me."

He undertook, at my request, to inform me of the result of his interview with Dr. Webber.

After he had left me, I began to wish I had been less precipitate. The doctor was kind and liberal; but he was apt to be rather brusque and outspoken. I wished I had taken the precaution of seeing him beforehand, and advising with him on the case. Mr. Murgatroyd was hardly in a condition of health to bear too plain a statement as to the nature of his disorder, supposing it to be what I feared it to be. However, it was too late for reflections of that kind.

Later in the day, Mr. Murgatroyd again

entered my room. He was strangely agitated.

"You have seen the doctor?" I asked.

"Yes, I've seen him." He sank into a chair; he seemed hardly able to stand. I waited until he had recovered himself a little.

"Well, what does the doctor say?"

"It's not cataract, he says."

"Come, that's good news, at any rate."

"But it's as bad, quite as bad. I quite understand that. I forget what word he used."

Amaurosis? I suggested. He said *that* was the word—amaurosis. (Perhaps I should mention that amaurosis is a disease of the eye arising from a paralytic affection of the retina and optic nerve.)

"I don't know quite what it means," he cried, wildly; "yet I know enough. Ruin, utter ruin! Poor, poor Nelly. That's what I've brought you to. God help us! God help us!"

His voice quavered and failed him. He covered his face with his hands. It was very painful to hear his moans and sobs—to be the witness of suffering so acute, and to know that nothing could be said or done to comfort him.

CHAPTER V.—A BAD LOOK OUT.

WHEN Mr. Murgatroyd had calmed a little, I gathered from him further particulars. It seemed that Dr. Webber thought badly of his case, and blamed him for not having sought medical aid at an earlier date. I examined the prescriptions the doctor had given him. One was for a cooling lotion to be outwardly applied, to allay the irritation of his eyes; the other was for a draught of a strong tonic character.

"You'll have these made up at once?"

"I suppose so," he answered, with a sort of languid despair. "Though it seems like waste of money. For I feel that the medicine will be of no real benefit. It may ward off for a time the evil day, but that must surely come at last. I am like a man who has received his death warrant. There is no hope for me! It can matter little to me whether the end is to come to-morrow or the day after, or the day after that, since it *must* come, do what I will to avoid it."

I told him that it was wrong to adopt so despairing a tone; that he should hope for the best; that at least he should be careful to follow out to the utmost of his power the instructions of his doctor. In so doing, there was at any rate a chance of his recovery.

"How can I do what he tells me?" he demanded, with some warmth. "It is all very well to tell a working man he must rest from his work; but it is bidding him starve."

His work is his bread. How am I to live if my means of earning a subsistence are to be taken from me?"

I inquired if Dr. Webber had advised him to abstain from all work?

"Yes; he said it was the best thing I could do. I told him it was simply impossible; that while the least power of vision remained to me, I must toil on to win bread for myself and my poor wife." His voice faltered, and he paused for a few moments. "I am bound to say," he went on presently in a quiet tone, "that the doctor behaved to me with great kindness. I shall never forget it. He did quite right to tell me the truth. It was the best thing—the only thing to do—in such a case as mine. He was quite aware, he said, that the advice he gave me was difficult—it was not possible for me, under all the circumstances of the case, to follow it out to the letter. But I was to do the best I could. I was to abstain from my work as much as I could; especially from the more trying portions of it. I was to employ myself upon the lighter and simpler branches of my art, and not to undertake tasks that would try me too severely, or occasion me any great anxiety of mind. I was, he said, to economise my sight as much as possible; and, with this view, he bade me use my worst eye—my right—more than I have been in the habit of doing. I have been, he tells me, quite unconsciously, letting my left eye do all the work, and thus the sight of my right eye has become deteriorated almost as much from want of use as from failure of power. If necessary, I am to bandage my left eye so as to force the other into activity. For the rest, he told me, as you did, sir, that I must pay more attention to my general health, and try and gain strength. I am to persevere with these prescriptions, and to see him again in the course of a few days. He was very kind, and I have to thank you, sir—and I do with all my heart—for having sent me to him. It's something to know the worst. I have been very foolish, I fear. I have shrunk from knowing the truth, as if, by forcing myself to be ignorant of it, I could change the course of events, and ward off the evil time when the truth must come to be told. It is told now. I have been acting a cowardly part; not that I have gained anything by it. I have been haunted day and night—for ever tormented, by a suspicion of the truth—not less hard to bear than the truth itself. Do what I would, I felt that my sight was failing me; that ruin stood but at a little distance from me, and that I was slowly but certainly advancing towards it, spite of all my efforts to keep back and remain safe. Now, as I said, I know the worst; my gravest fears are confirmed; I am to be blind. I am to

be ruined—utterly. It is, indeed, hard to bear; and yet, it is not on my own account that I am the most grieved; pray don't think that. I can endure affliction, I trust, as patiently as other men. But the thought that *she* should suffer——"

He could not continue; he rose and prepared to depart. His hand was on the door when he stopped and returned. "May I ask," he said, "that you will not breathe a word of what I have told you to anyone in this house, or, indeed, out of it?"

I assured him that I would be silent on the subject.

"I must have time to think," he said, "what it will be best for me to do. I must, if I can, keep this matter a secret from my wife; it will try her and pain her too gravely. She must be told some day—indeed, some day there will be no need to tell her. She will know without any telling; but until that time comes, the truth may as well, I think, be kept from her. Poor soul! poor soul!"

He came and stood by the fire-place, leaning against the mantel-piece. It seemed a sort of sad pleasure to him to dwell upon his troubles, and to speak of them to one, who, if nothing else to him, was at least a patient and sympathetic and pitying listener.

"If I could have known this years back!" he mused. "That, of course, could not be. Yet how much suffering the knowledge would have hindered and saved! But the blow falls now when I am least of all prepared for it; when I can least of all support it. The present is a bad time for engravers in my branch of the art. Our occupation is gradually failing us; and for the little work there is to do, there are how many to compete! I was prosperous as a young man. Those were the days of the keepsakes and annuals. But, now, photography and woodcuts have thrust us poor plate engravers quite out of fashion. Still I might have struggled on but for this. And then I have to think of *her*. To what have I brought her! To utter misery and want; for that is the prospect before us!"

I confess his allusions to his young wife interested and moved me deeply. Perhaps he read as much in my face. He seemed to me to look gratefully at me as he continued.

"It is hard to think that I have been the means of bringing suffering upon one so young and fair. I can never cease to reproach myself with having done so."

I ventured to say that he should not permit his thoughts to dwell upon the subject, or take a view of it that was so painfully desponding, and was, as I conceived, of an exaggerated kind. He should rather, I said, look forward, hopefully. Who could tell that he

might not, by following Dr. Webber's advice, find a change for the better come over him? I spoke, if not very wisely, yet certainly with the best intentions. But he paid little heed to what I said.

"If I could," he continued, "if it had been permitted me, I would have endeavoured to have made some provision for her; so that the time of trouble, now so nigh, might not have found us so wholly unprepared. Even now it is perhaps my duty to toil to my utmost while yet I have the power. Not for myself, but for her. Total darkness may come upon me to-morrow. Why should I not work then to-day—zealously as I can? What shall I gain by waiting? If I wait doing nothing, earning nothing, now, will it not be still worse for me by-and-by? I shall have to blame myself then for the time I have lost—vainly thrown away—absolutely wasted—time, that is more precious to me now than I can speak of. Every penny that I can gain now seems to me as a widening, in however small a degree, of the small space that separates her from want. I *must* gain all I can, then, knowing what I now know. It would be madness to remain idle now, hoping for improvement that cannot be—that I feel is entirely hopeless."

It was in vain that I strove to combat this desperate view of his situation. He was much excited, and spoke with strange vehemence. I could only trust that by-and-by he would calm, and adopt more reasonable and prudent opinions. The line he was proposing to take was madness under the circumstances. Incessant labour now was simply destruction of every chance of improvement in his malady—could but aggravate its worst symptoms, and hasten the catastrophe he dreaded.

I inquired if he had any friends with whom he could advise, or from whom, if the necessity arose, he could obtain assistance?

"I have none," he said, mournfully; "and she has none. Poor child! she gave up such friends as she had when she married me. It was my fault—my fault. Yet I did it for the best. She was not happy at home. Her father is a man of position—of wealth. He had married a second time—married beneath him, shamefully. She could not remain in the house with the woman, who was to take her mother's place. I had done some work—engraved a plate from a picture in his collection—for her father. She had been interested in my labour; had oftentimes watched me as I went on with my task. I soon knew her secret; she was unhappy; she could not be otherwise. Her home was no longer a home to her but in name. I pitied her—I loved her. It was madness of course. I was so many years older—old enough to be her

father. I was a poor man—a struggling engraver. How could I expect her love? I did not; not as a lover looks for the love of his mistress. Yet something of her affection I thought I might earn. At least I could offer to share with her my home—such as it was. She might be happier there than in her father's house. She would meet at least with a kindly and loving reverence at my hands. She could not be sure of that where she was—rather, she was subjected to every sort of annoyance and outrage. Well, I spoke; I concealed nothing from her. I have not to charge myself with any shame of that kind. I made her understand fully my position before I let her answer whether she would or not share it. She married me. It was rashly, madly done, you will say; yet I do not think she has for one moment regretted the step she took. That has to come, poor child, poor child!"

"And her father—her friends?"

"Her father has never seen her since—has disowned her. Her friends have cast her off—forgotten her probably by this time. Can she ask their aid now? She would rather starve—as she *must* starve, it seems; when there is only a blind man—a blind engraver—what a mockery it sounds!—to stand between her and misery. They will help her, you think, when the blow falls upon me—when my sight is wholly gone—when I am powerless as a bread-earner? Not they; I know them better than that. My ruin will be their triumph. They will rejoice in the fulfilment of their prophecies. They have said all along that she would come to beggary; that she would live to repent the deed she had done. They will point to her as a warning—an example; the result of filial disobedience. They will assure her that as she has made her bed so she must lie on it, and, quoting other stale saws, pass her by and avoid her, begging that they may never hear her name again. Such will be the tender mercies of her friends! We shall find kinder treatment at the nearest workhouse; and to that it seems we shall have to turn for help. We shall find no other, look where we may. Friends! No; we have no friends."

He spoke very bitterly; probably he perceived that I thought so, for he hastened to add: "I mean, we have no friends who can serve us in the dreadful straits to which we are hastening. Heaven forbid I should be ungrateful, or that I should forget the kindness that you have shown to me!" And then he shook me by the hand with a nervous heartiness.

"I have been talking wildly, I fear," he continued; "and too much—a great deal too

much. I have been trespassing upon your time. I have been wrong to weary you with a recital of my private troubles. For of what interest can they be to you? How can you be expected to care for me, or for her? You know nothing of us; we are nothing to you. I ought to have remembered as much. Yet it is a great relief to speak sometimes to any one who can be got to listen; and you have been very kind; you have borne with me very patiently. And then—I can speak to no one else. I must not breathe a word of all this to her. It might kill her.”

He dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. He was trembling in every limb. He quite tottered as he moved to the door. I started forward to assist him, for I thought he was about to faint again. He was evidently very weak and ailing. I offered to help him down stairs, but he declined my aid.

“Not a word to any one of what we have been talking about—of what I have been saying,” he whispered, with his finger on his lip, as he stood in the door-way.

As I accompanied him to the landing outside, I perceived the figure of Mrs. Judd close by, busily engaged in dusting the banisters with what looked like her pocket-handkerchief. It struck me that there was something more than natural about the energy she evinced on the occasion. She was not wont to work with such a will. Indeed, the fact of her doing work at all of a cleansing or garnishing kind had something phenomenal about it; we were so accustomed to negligence and slovenliness in Mrs. Judd's establishment.

Could she have been listening at the door of my room? It was possible. She was quite capable of it. Indeed, it was likely.

I was very much annoyed. Mr. Murgatroyd had now and then raised his voice in his excitement. What if she had overheard him, and were to repeat the subject of his conversation with me? Doubtless, she would do so. For why do people ever listen except to repeat what they have heard?

She might make great mischief; yet how could I hinder her? entreaty that she would be silent would probably act as an incentive to her speaking. I could do nothing. The thing must take its chance. I was very sorry, but there was no help for it.

CHAPTER VI.—DR. WEBBER'S PATIENT.

THE next time I saw Dr. Webber at the hospital, I spoke to him on the subject of the patient I had sent him.

“Oh, that friend of yours who came to me the other day?” he said. “Well, he's in a queer way. About as bad a case of amaurosis as I ever saw.”

“You think there's any chance for him?”

“Very little. Perhaps I may as well say *none at all*, under all the circumstances of the case. Both eyes are affected; and the man's in a wretched state of health, brought on by anxiety, and want of fresh air, and exercise, and, I should think, proper food. He ought to have come to me months ago; but, of course, he didn't. He's been keeping the thing quiet, hoping it would go away of itself, though, all the time, he knew it wouldn't. Men can't get quit of complaints of that kind by simply wishing them out of the way. And so he's been working himself into a state of nervous fever. He's as weak as he well can be, and his digestion's all wrong. And then he never can have had much stamina to start with. We can do something when we've a good constitution to go upon; but this man's prematurely old; his health is shattered to pieces. He's an artist of some kind, he told me. Yes, I remember, an engraver. Next to a watchmaker, about as bad a subject for amaurosis, or any disorder of that kind, as could well be found. Artists and men of that stamp never will give nature fair play, nor a chance of it; they keep on sticking to their work, poring and toiling over it to the neglect of every other consideration; and then they wonder that some day a crash comes, and they give way altogether at the very shortest notice. That's been pretty much this man's case, I take it; and even now, I've no doubt he won't do anything I told him to do.”

I suggested the great difficulty—almost the impossibility, of a man situated as Mr. Murgatroyd was, abstaining from work absolutely, however advisable it might be for him to do so. I said that he had to live, his bread to earn, and so on: pretty much what the engraver had himself said to me.

“I know all about that as well as you do,” replied the doctor, sharply. “I never expected him to give up work altogether—though he'll have to come to that one of these days, whether he likes it or not. Still, he might rest a little—spare himself in some degree. But he won't; I know the sort of man. I have had to do with men like him before now. He's without any force of character; he's no moral vigour. He's one of those weak men who are obstinate by fits and starts, by way, as they fancy, of asserting themselves—demonstrating their strength of will. And they are always, I've noticed, obstinate in the wrong places, and at the worst possible times. I gave him advice, and prescribed for him. But I know the man. He'll go his own road. He won't follow my advice. He won't have my prescriptions made up, or if he does, he won't use the medicines. He'll go on just as

he has been in the habit of going on. He won't rest; he won't spare himself. He'll shrink from economising his sight in any way; and then will happen—just what might be expected."

"And that will be?"

"Is there any need to ask the question? Stone blindness, of course."

"Past all cure?"

"Past all cure, or chance of cure. If a man were taking pains to go blind, he'd do just what your friend, as I understand him, is going to do."

"But you'll see him again?"

"Of course I will, if he'll let me. But he won't. I told him to come again soon, and as often as he liked, that I might judge how he was going on. But, you'll see, he won't come near me again. He's one of those people who, if a doctor's advice isn't quite agreeable to them,—doesn't chime exactly with their convenience—won't have anything to do with it. When his last glimmer of sight is going, he'll hurry to a quack, who'll humour him, flatter him, undertake to cure him, and plunder him of his last half-penny. He's poor, I suppose?"

I said, I feared so.

"Still, he ought to know that half a loaf is better than no bread. By moderate working, now, he might yet keep body and soul together. By going on working as he has been working, he'll only hurry on sooner the 'no bread' state of things."

I said that he had a young wife to think of as well as of himself, and that he had been anxious to conceal from her the facts of the case, lest they should distress and shock her too acutely.

"That's simply idiotic. She'd better by half know the truth. It seems to me wrong and foolish to hide it from her. Women have often more strength of mind and courage than they are given credit for. Is she very young?"

I said that she was young enough to be his daughter, and was very interesting and delicate looking.

"I think, in any case, she ought to be told about the matter. It would be hard for her to bear; still, she'd manage to bear it somehow. And then she might do all the good in the world. She'd take care of him. She'd watch over him, and see that he followed out my advice to the letter. She wouldn't let him work in the mad sort of way in which he'll go on working if he isn't hindered. If I knew her, I'd take the chance of shocking her too much. I wouldn't mind about running counter to his views; I'd tell her exactly the state of the case. It seems to me sheer nonsense to talk about sparing her feelings, and

hiding the thing from her. She must know all about it some day. How about her feelings *then*? Won't they be ever so much the more shocked? Of course, they will. And won't she have a right to be angry that she wasn't trusted? Not a doubt of it."

I quite agreed with what Dr. Webber said. Still, he looked at me as if he thought I ought to undertake the task of informing Mrs. Murgatroyd as to her husband's state. I confess I wasn't prepared to go as far as that.

"I must be off," he said, presently; "I've a heap of things to attend to. If you've any influence over this man, tell him not to make a donkey of himself. Make him come and see me again, and do what I bid him. Good-bye."

As I was leaving him, he called me back.

"Look here," he said, hurriedly, lowering his voice, "some of these fine days the hat will have to be sent round for that poor fellow. If you have anything to do with that business, mind and come to me. I'm good for a subscription of some sort."

Though his manner was rough and abrupt, the doctor was really a kind-hearted man.

(To be continued.)

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

I was just sixteen, and the Lady Clare
Had seen, they said, a few summers more;
But Love, says the proverb, doth little care
For years, while he reckons all rank a bore.

'Twas not but that I had a pedigree too,
Far better, if all be told, than she;
But I was penniless, and to woo,
Or at least to win her, was not for me.

We met one day, and I told my tale
With all the fervour of boyish love;
She smiled at first, then, as I grew pale,
She laughed outright in that shady grove.

Yet before we parted she kissed me, while
She smoothed the hair on my ruffled brow;
For she saw that my heart was void of guile,
And my soul was grieved as I spoke my row.

For she must be wedded, and not to me!
So life to me was not life but death:
If she of its joys and its pains could be
No sharer, what need, what need of breath?

Well, she kissed and soothed my sorrow away,
And I left her, deeming that fate was right;
But alas! for the thoughts of that weary day,
Alas! for the dreams of the night.

I survived it all, though the deed was done,
And she was wedded to wealth and age;
And I, poor idiot! was left alone,
Alone with my tears, regret, and rage.

So years passed on, and my wound was healed;
Though I felt a throb in the purple scar,
At times, when the papers some news revealed
Of Sir Rupert and Lady Clare Dewar.

First 'twas a daughter, and then a son,
Then he drew himself up upon his bed,
And sighed, and Sir Rupert's race was run,
And his widow's tears were but few, 'twas said.

Still, years passed on, and we met again,
'Mid all the bustle of courtly life;
For I'd risen amongst the sons of men,
And my name on many a tongue was rife.

We met, I was troubled, but she quite calm;
And I found that the past, indeed, had fled,
And the love I had fondly thought to embalm
In my inmost soul was too surely dead.

For she was so altered! indeed, I, too,
Was no longer the boy who had loved her well,
In the days when Sir Rupert had come to woo,
And I had that pitiful tale to tell.

But another Clara—the same dear name
I had loved so well in the olden time—
Beside her floated, and fanned a flame
In my inmost heart that was quite sublime.

I bowed and smiled, and my old love frowned;
But what for *her* frowns just then cared I?
Who the missing link had thus strangely found
That should bind me to life with the closest tie.

I have said I was rich, and the sons of men
With whom I had laboured all spake me fair;
So I craved her hand, was accepted then,
And to-morrow I wed with the younger Clara.
W. T. G.

ASTLEY REDIVIVUS.

WE are out in the cold, in the dark, and inclined to grumble. Somebody thinks that the time must be up, somebody else growls that it is over the half-hour, but a third somebody adds, with an air of authority, that it was only just turned the five-and-twenty past as he left Holborn a minute ago.

If you saw us in the light you wouldn't think us a very aristocratic set. Our boots are of the thickest, and our coats none of the best, but we are tolerably respectable, and if we push and squeeze without ceremony, we don't mean mischief, and have the excuse that we have been kept waiting, and to be shut out of doors on such nights as we are having at present would make anyone cut up rather rough. We are in a sort of write-to-the-Times-or-Daily-Telegraph humour, we don't mean to stand it much longer, and every now and then we give a smart knock on the dirty white door on ahead, as if we thought that those behind it had gone to sleep and forgotten us.

But another minute and our troubles are over. There is a sudden banging of bolts, a dead hush of voices, we all turn our heads in the same direction, jerk our elbows into our neighbours' ribs, plant our feet against the wall, and are quite good tempered again at finding that we are under way at last.

Along a whitewashed tunnel, up some steps, round a corner, up some more steps, round another corner, and so up and up, and round and round, pushed forward by those behind, and backwards by those in front of us, as if we were part and parcel of a crowded deputation to the spiked commander on the column in Waterloo Place. Presently we are alongside a sort of rabbit-hutch with a candle inside it. We throw down a shilling and snatch up a bit of pewter, rush frantically up some more steps, pass through a door, and are in the gallery of the New Holborn Amphitheatre.

One last push, a final squeeze, and we are in our seat. And a capital one too. We can see everything, the circus, the stage, and the best part of the house. There is no uncomfortable crowding; and as there is only one row behind us and the amphitheatre stalls in front, there is no fear of being half stifled before the curtain draws up, and made thoroughly miserable before the end of the evening. Who can say as much respecting the pit of Drury Lane or the two-and-six-penny gallery of the big theatre in the Haymarket? Anyone who cares for the legitimate drama or the opera, and grudges more than half-a-crown for his evening's amusement, must submit to be cabined, cribbed, confined, and bound, and to the chance of being stuffed away into some far off corner where he will see nothing but a red curtain at the wings, or the legs of the players. It is something to have found a well arranged theatre at last, for the New Surrey and the Holborn are as defective and uncomfortable as any in London. But at the Circus there is room, and to spare, for every one. The gallery stretches on each side of us nearly to the stage, and even in this usually vile region there is not a seat from which you can't see and hear to advantage.

Looking downwards we find that there is no pit, but that there are plenty of comfortable cushioned stalls at the ordinary pit price, and placed so that even those in the back rows can look with ease over the heads of the people in front of them. In a gallery slightly overhanging the area are the balcony seats, well padded and handsomely covered with crimson cloth. To their rear are the boxes, arranged on an improved version of the Adelphi plan, and just below the gallery come the amphitheatre stalls, to which any one tired of heavenly society can pass for an extra sixpence.

But the band has come in and strikes up a selection of all the noisy airs in the *Traviata*, and the stout party to our right who calls a ballet a ballad, and the watery-eyed individual with

the eared catskin cap, to our left, are deeply attentive. The music over, a shout of joy welcomes the genuine old-fashioned clown "without whom no circus is complete," who comes in followed by the "Ring Master" Mr. Deacon, and about a dozen attendants all in swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons, and white waistcoats. We have now what the Daily Telegraph calls "an episode of discreet drollery," and that over, a "gaily caparisoned steed" of the orthodox cream colour is brought in for what we find from our programme to be the "trick act." Circus bills are famous for their fine wording, and those sold at the Royal Amphitheatre, though elegantly printed on creamlaid paper, are open to the objection of being a trifle too vague and oracular. Certainly they impress us with an anticipation of mysteries not to be spoken of lightly, or referred to in the language of everyday life, but as programmes are bought for an obvious purpose, it is a question for the acting manager or whoever gets them up, whether they might not be simplified with advantage. The term "trick act" is itself puzzling, but what are we to make of "Haute École," or the tremendous dictum that the Delevanti family are the "kings of the carpet?"

But to return. Up in the gallery we are not a dignified audience, and we enjoy ourselves immensely. We laugh till the tears run down our faces, and stamp and kick our admiration as if we wanted to knock the boards in and pay a precipitate visit to the chignons in the balcony. A good many of us are children, and throw ourselves back in our seats and actually scream with delight. Who shall sing the praises of the clown? How clever he is to be sure! How madly he dashes his flannel fool's-cap on to the carpet, and with what gusto he runs amongst the attendants, tumbles friend and foe head over heels, tears up the paper discs, and stuffs the fragments into his pocket for a handkerchief. How thorough is his enjoyment of mischief; and how impossible it seems for him to keep quiet for a moment. Then, what side-splitting jokes he makes, not all of them new, perhaps, but still given so heartily; and, at a circus, nobody expects much in the way of novelty. We are quite satisfied with the old standard Joe Millers; and when the indignant ring-master threatens to break the fool's head, how vigorously we cheer the time-honoured answer that "it won't much matter, for it's cracked already."

Then when we are told that quakers ought to go to the Friendly Islands, and misers to the Guinea Coast, and blind people to sea, and bachelors and spinsters to the United States, we are as pleased as if it was something quite new, and not a mediæval joke, that has done

duty in a more or less modified form at every circus performance ever holden in town or country. But our great delight is when the ring-master is told that after all there isn't much difference between the military and millinery, and that if he will look just over there, where the soldier sits, he will see the military and millinery companions in arms. Then when the clown wants to enlist and the sergeant pulls out a shilling on the spot, our ecstasy is unbounded, hands, mouth, feet, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, are all brought into play at once; and some of us really believe that the fool has had a very narrow escape indeed, and that if Mr. Deacon hadn't pulled him away at the nick of time, he would have been marched off and made to fall in and behave himself if he could, as the awkwardest of the awkward squad on the drill-ground.

But the madcap is so uproarious that he must be taken in charge. A policeman—helmet and all—rushes to the front and tries to clamber over the paling. Helped to the top, of course he tumbles head-foremost into the ring, and wild is the joy of the gallery. But he is up in a moment, and makes a dash at the culprit. Some of us think that he is one of the company dressed up, but others, and by far the greater number, believe that he is a genuine member of the force, just called in from Holborn. Addlepaté twists first to the right, then to the left, throws himself flat on the carpet, and over goes the officer, according to precedent. The attendants dash forward, but the fool is up and off again. He makes a successful grab at the pseudo policeman's helmet, and runs with it round and round the circus. If anyone gets in his way, down he goes like a ninepin. The audience can't control its enthusiasm. It shouts and shouts again, and has to stand up to shout more effectively. The thief bursts from the ring; the policeman is after him, and not alone, though most of the attendants are too blown to join the hunt. A moment's pause, and there is a loud shout from the gallery. Madcap looks over, and asks his pursuers where are they now? But, clever as he is, he is not to have it all his own way; the policeman is upon him, and a dreadful struggle begins. First one is uppermost, then the other. Round and round they go. If they don't mind they will be over; the policeman trips; he is pushed half over the edge; a last convulsive writhe, and away flies the dummy into the circus. The attendants catch it and take it out quickly, and the children want to know if it's all real, and almost cry as they think that the poor empty-headed fool will be hanged for murder, though indeed there is a chance of his stringing up

Jack Ketch instead, bonneting the jailer, and being helped off by a sympathising mob.

Quiet being restored, a gentleman of majestic demeanour, and fashionably attired, enters the arena on horseback, and proceeds to enlighten the audience as to the meaning of the term "*haute école*," in plain language, to make his horse dance.

One of the most remarkable features of the performances at the Amphitheatre is M. Airec's "Aërial act," which, though wonderfully clever, is rather disquieting to those who have not fed so full of horrors as to want something very spicy indeed to stir their interest.

At a break-neck height from the ground there is a horizontal wooden bar, hung by ropes from the ceiling. The performer uses it as a swing, but as he does so with folded arms and balanced on one foot, or on his knees, the danger he is in may be guessed. However, if we raised our voice against what seems a mad risking of life and limb, probably we should be told that the feat was an easy and a safe one—comparatively—and be accused, as our betters have been, of trying to take the bread out of a hard-working-man's mouth. So we merely wish M. Airec success. His boldness deserves it. But it is painful to think that the labour market is so overstocked that it should be worth a man's while to run such risks, night after night, for a few guineas a week. There can be little doubt but that exhibitions of this kind, whose attraction is their danger, are mischievous, because the interest they excite is morbid. But to say so would merely be to go over old ground to no purpose, and to advance arguments that would be met, not seriously, but with derision, in anger, or with stopped ears.

The stout gentleman to our right declares that Mr. Bradbury's "Jockey act" is the "cleanest thing" he has seen for a long time; and, indeed, when a man can throw himself towards a horse at full gallop, and get a firm seat on its back, and do the same thing successfully three or four times running, he certainly does deserve a compliment.

To wind up Part I, we have a "necromantic fairy ballet," which would hardly have passed muster at Her Majesty's Theatre in the days of the famous *pas de quatre*. So far as scenery is concerned it is not worth much; but it introduces Mr. C. Lauri as a winged demon of baneful and surprising activity, who is never happy but when tumbling in and out of walls, trees, and trap-doors; dropping off the roofs of houses, and turning up with a good deal of noise wherever he is least wanted or expected. He has an embarrassing fondness for handing people goblets of wine which turn into bowls

of liquid fire, tossing flames right and left, bristling with fireworks, licking red-hot pokers, walking on his head instead of on his heels, and doing duty as a sort of amateur catharine wheel. The plot of the ballet is chastely simple. It will be guessed, in fact, when we say that the *dramatis personæ* are a lovely maiden with conventionally short skirts, a young chamois hunter, a grotesque suitor with a carrotty wig and a huge spy-glass, a comic black servant called Mumbo Jumbo, a heavy father who opposes and is ill-treated and thwarted by everyone, the demon aforesaid, and a benignant fairy, who glitters most charmingly in the lime-light. There is more tumbling than dancing, and much more hubbub than music. But it is a great success, and delights the children immensely.

After the ballet there is an interval of fifteen minutes; the overture to "*Masaniello*" is played by the band, and then "*Les Nains*" are brought in. These little gentlemen are about three feet high, and have heads quite a dozen times too big for them. Their dress is clerical, being a black stuff gown and bands. The one is evidently a collegiate don, the other a representative of the dissenting interest. The countenance of the former, though by nature severe, is tempered by a bland smile. The tip of his Roman nose is red, and there is a sleek and satisfied look about him, suggestive of a sinecure and good commons. His less favoured friend has a round and fiery face, green goggle-eyes, scanty yellow hair, and a mouth that he keeps wide open, as if he was afraid of choking. The gentlemen take snuff together, the band plays the "*Cure*" and they trip to and fro, bowing and smiling most amicably. But strange to say, the more they dance the taller they grow. At last, instead of dwarfs they are giants; but the phenomenon, so far from discomposing them, seems to make them more and more benignant, more and more lively. They smile and wriggle their long, thin bodies, as if shaking off a world of cares with every fresh caper. The children are half-amused, half-frightened; the monsters are so strangely lissom. Eel-like, they wriggle along the ground, twist their heads under their legs, and dance as composedly as ever. They knock their heads together, they spin round and round, crane over to the back rows of the pit, and one of them, growing horizontal from his legs upwards, tries to kiss a little girl in the distance. A lad of the roughly humorous kind seizes the intruder by the hair and threatens to pull the whole concern to pieces. There is much laughter, much shrieking, a bobbing of heads, a succession of blasts from the band, and amid general

applause, the giants sink back into dwarfs again, and trip from the circus.

The "Delevanti family," are a troupe of clever acrobats; some of them mere boys, one quite a child; they seem to have practised their bones into india-rubber, and to have muscles of iron. They have brought the art of throwing summersaults to perfection, and will turn thirty or forty in unbroken succession, as they move from one side of the circus to another. The youngest of the troupe stands on his head on an inverted bottle, balanced on his father's chin, and every one of the family can perform feats that betoken years of practice and something like genius, if we can use the term in reference to deeds purely muscular.

When the elegant lady with a chignon, long white satin streamers, and airy attire, has jumped through hoops, and thrown herself into all sorts of ingenious and uncomfortable positions on horseback, the proceedings are brought to a close by the ascent of a "fiery steed," said to be a Russian thoroughbred, to the top of a gigantic step-ladder, where, to quote the programme, he "finishes his performance at a great altitude, amidst a profuse display of fireworks."

Then down comes the curtain, there is the usual rapid turning off of the gas, and as we rush down-stairs we agree with our celestial friends Dick, Bob, and Harry, that we have spent an uncommonly pleasant evening. And this, too, all for a shilling, comfort and fresh air included.

Now for a few words at parting.

People wonder why it is that when the horse and rider are sweeping round the ring at full speed, and inclining at an angle which seems to threaten to send them both flying into the sawdust, the horse doesn't fall into the ring altogether, and the man tumble when he is jumping on the horse's back. We shall try to explain the mystery. No doubt many even of our younger readers know that there are two mechanical forces—the centrifugal and the centripetal, the first being a tendency to fly from the centre, the second a tendency to seek it. A horse galloping round the ring is forced to incline inwards, and the greater its speed, the greater must be the inclination; but whatever the latter may be, the horse could not maintain it for a moment if at rest. Were it to be brought to a sudden standstill it would at once fall inwards. If it tried to gallop round the ring and to keep upright at the same time, its impetus would drive it outside the circle. But it is upheld by the antagonism of the two forces, although when going round it is inclined many degrees beyond its centre of gravity. As concerns the man, no

matter how high he may leap he is sure to come down upon the animal's back, for the motion of the horse is communicated to the rider.

If any of our readers have thought of starting an amateur circus, and want to teach a horse the common trick of picking up a handkerchief, let them proceed as follows:—Spread on the sawdust a white cloth containing a liberal supply of oats, lead the animal round the ring and let him take some of the corn. This is lesson No. 1; its object being to fix in the horse's mind a connection between the cloth and the oats. The march round the circle being once or twice repeated, he stops at the handkerchief as a matter of course. By dint of practice, say in a couple of weeks, he will learn to stop as readily in a trot or a gallop as in a walk. After a time the handkerchief must be doubled over and tied in a knot; the animal shakes it to get at the grain, but not succeeding, lifts it from the ground, which is just the thing wanted. When the horse has done this a few times, and finds that though he can shake nothing out he will receive a handful of oats as a reward, he may be trusted to perform in public. The last step of all, the persuading the horse to carry the handkerchief to his owner, is easily done. Of his own accord he will hold the cloth till it is taken from his mouth, and there will be little difficulty in coaxing him to walk a few paces when he knows that he will get a handful of oats or a carrot for his obedience. If the animal be mettlesome and high-spirited, a different course must be followed at starting. A smart hour's gallop round the ring twice a day, and an occasional short allowance of oats, will soon bring him to his senses. To teach a horse to fire a pistol, let the firearm be fixed to a post, and a piece of white cloth being attached to the trigger, the animal will seize it in its mouth, and pull it with the hope of a reward from its master.

A horse may be taught to dance thus:—Fasten the animal with two side-reins between the posts supporting the leaping bar. Take a long whip and, as the music plays, gently touch him with it, using the "jik, jik," of the groom as you go on. The horse being tied to the posts can move neither backwards nor forwards, but he will be induced to lift his legs and thereby gains the rudimentary movement of his lesson. After a while the teacher must mount on his back; the horse still being fastened by the side reins. Just when he is to raise his leg a gentle pull must be given to the rein at the proper side, to help the movement. In course of time the reins must be loosened, and the horse, if tolerably ready, will soon learn to mark time, quick or slow, in answer merely to a slight jerk of the bridle. The

rider must then dismount, and, coming before the horse, teach him to dance or keep time, with a wave of the hand, or by a pat on the foot which he is wanted to lift.

It has long been supposed that the spotted horses used in a circus are a hereditary breed cultivated expressly for exhibition. This is a mistake. It is said too that performing horses are dyed or painted. This is scarcely ever the case, though artistically coloured steeds have been palmed off upon the country folk who have no faith in horses of an ordinary hue. A circus proprietor with money can easily get horses of all sorts, as he or his agent are always on the move, and have every opportunity to find what they want. However, the animals that they pick up, though they may be useful for ordinary purposes, have to undergo a long training before they can be introduced to the public as "prancing steeds," or "fiery coursers of the desert."

Of the performances in the arena, the equestrian scenes are more popular than the acrobatic feats, which seem to be full of pain to the performer, and often frighten the spectators. A good many, if not most, of the clown's jokes are extemporised on the spot, the "cue" being given to the "ring-master" as he walks with him after the horse. In every equestrian act there are at least two pauses, each scene being divided into three parts, and it is during these intervals that the clown has an opportunity to exercise his wit, or in professional language to "crack his wheeze."

Circus people, as a rule, have been familiar with the sawdust almost from their birth. Their fathers and mothers have been in the business before them, and their experiences often date back to when they were only about two years old. They must be regularly bred to the work, and have to serve a term of gratuitous labour varying in length from fourteen years to twenty-one. All who enter a circus are engaged for the "general utility," and, besides performing, have to hold garters, poles, &c., at the entrances. Nowadays circuses are conducted on what is called the "sensation" plan—introduced by Van Amburgh, and there is scarcely one that cannot boast of its "lion tamer," or "Queen of the lions."

The agility of acrobats in turning summersaults is astonishing. A man in Sanger's troupe could throw seventy without once stopping to look over his shoulder. Another could turn upwards of twenty, one after another, on a flying horse. The art is only to be learnt by long practice, and it has led to many deaths. A year or two ago a poor fellow in Dublin was killed on his benefit night in attempting a "quadruple turn."

And here we must say adieu; merely adding, for the benefit of our younger subscribers, that if they want plenty of work a circus is just the place for them, that it is not all gold that glitters, and that the clown, who seems to have nothing to do but to get into mischief and to assault policemen, has to put his shoulder to the wheel as heartily as any one else,—perhaps even more so.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

FOX-HUNTING.

The sport of kings, and the image of war, with but five and twenty per cent. of the danger.



HOSE who have read "Handley Cross" will recognise the above sentence as having been used by Mr. Jorrocks in his lecture on hunting. How he arrives at the exact per-centage of the danger incurred by its votaries, when compared with the dangers of war, or from what tables he

draws his calculations, would be hard to tell. We must, however, take it for granted that Mr. Jorrocks felt that he, in his own person, risked danger to the extent he mentions, whenever he tootled his horn from the back of either of those redoubtable steeds Xerxes, or Artaxerxes, the latter so called as he came after the former, when used in the M. F. H.'s team.

The risk incurred in the hunting-field differs greatly under the many different circumstances of country, steed, rider, &c. Some countries being far safer than others, while some men are, so to speak, born for the pigskin, others, again, always look like tailors on horseback. Some men, again, turn out on 200*l.* and 300*l.* horses, while others, who ride quite as forward, sport themselves on wretched screws. For in hunting, like in all other amusements, the greatest pleasure is obtained by the greatest expenditure, and the better a man is mounted the less risk he incurs of a fall.

Hunting is indeed "The sport of kings" as Mr. Jorrocks calls it, not only in name but in deed; and History bears witness to the many crowned heads who have followed it from

Nimrod downwards; and though "the fox," among the animals of the chase now pursued in this country, undoubtedly ranks first, still old chronicles would make us believe that our forefathers had not such a good idea of his powers, his gameness, and his general worth, for we find the hare mentioned before him, and many other animals of the chase are made to take precedence of him. In these days of thoroughbred horses, fast hounds, and enormous fields, the hare would indeed be but a poor substitute for the fox. The circle running of the former would give the hounds no opportunity of spread-eagling the field, and of getting away from the numerous *cortège* that now-a-days follow them to the meet. Hare-hunting, however, is useful, if only as a nursery for the grander sport; and looking at it as such, Fox-hunters should not abuse it and cry it down as we so often hear them do; for were it not for the slow hunting currant jellies, hunters would not be able to get that schooling, in company with others, that makes them so steady and useful when called on to join the bolder chase. Indeed, I have often remarked that those riders who occasionally join the thistle-whippers (as hare-hunters are contemptuously called), are to be seen in the fox-hunting field among the foremost, and possess by far the best eye for a country.

Stag-hunting, on the other hand, can never equal fox-hunting as a popular amusement, on account of the great expense and trouble incurred in the management of the deer; and the want of reality which exists in it, must keep all good sportsmen from supporting it. It has, however, this advantage, that the master can choose his own country, with the certainty of avoiding that terror of fox-hunters, "*a blank day*." As a truly British sport, fox-hunting stands pre-eminent, and none other will bear comparison with it. The hounds and their management, the horses, and last, but not least, the men who ride them, must be British. The characters and tastes of our continental neighbours are quite at variance with the gifts required in the fox-hunter, and though, as has already happened with Count Le Grange, we must occasionally expect an odd foreigner to take from us some of our turf laurels, still we can never expect to see foreign sportsmen, such as are depicted in "Punch's" sporting cartoons from lamented Leech's pen, meeting *en masse* at the covert side with intent to hunt the fox and cross country in the dashing style that is seen at this side of the Channel. In all parts of the world where Britain's sons have taken up their abode, the horn of the huntsman has been heard, and the glorious and soul-stirring melody of the fox-hound has echoed and re-

echoed through the woods. On the burning plains of India many a fox-hound has given tongue, and dozens of them yearly cross the Bay of Biscay to replace those lost during the summer by the Calpe pack at Gibraltar; and, old pack though it be, history tells of one that pursued the wily fox across the mountains and through the cork woods of Spain long before its establishment. I refer to the Duke of Wellington's hounds, that followed the army through the Peninsular war, and that, doubtless saved many an officer from suffering extreme ennui during that long and weary stand on the lines of Torres Vedras. In India, where boar-hunting is followed with such ardour, the first toast at a convivial board after a good day is "the boar," and the best singer present generally gives the song that all old Indians must remember as "The boar-hunting song;" and from it I have pirated here some lines, as they will describe in a few words the sort of stuff a fox-hunter should be made of:—

Youth's ardent spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand and eagle-eye
Must they require who dare aspire
To see the wild boar die.

Read fox for boar, and add coolness and a moderate amount of patience to the above requirements, and let the possessor of them be a good English gentleman, and you have my *beau idéal* of a fox-hunter.

The packs of England are exceedingly numerous, and are either kept up at the expense of private individual owners, like the Duke of Beaufort, or are supported by the subscriptions of those who hunt with them. Each hunt has a country told off to itself, and, so divided, the boundaries are most jealously guarded, no pack ever encroaching on the others' domain except when following an animal found in its own coverts.

The size of country reserved for each pack and the number of days a week that a meet takes place, are, of course, dependent on the number of hounds in the kennel. For while some commence the season with seventy or eighty couples, and hunt five or six days in the week, other packs, numbering but twenty-five or thirty couples, hunt but twice a week.

The coverts are kept up and preserved by the gentlemen who own them, and while most of them are natural ones, and of large size, and used for harbouring other game besides foxes, there are besides many artificial coverts made, if they may be called so, by planting a few acres with gorse, and these are of the very greatest use in countries where the natural coverts are very large, as the foxes when disturbed in these strongholds—as they should be occasionally—take to lying out in the small

ones just described, and are generally to be found at home there when wanted, a very few minutes soon deciding the point as to whether one is ready for the road or not.

Nearly all country gentlemen subscribe to their county pack, and, with but very few exceptions, they encourage the preservation of the fox, while the farmers not only enjoy the sport, as an amusement in itself, at which they and their sons can occasionally take a turn with the big-wigs, on some promising young one, but likewise they look on it as an institution well calculated to benefit their pockets, through the great consumption of hay, oats, and other farm produce, caused by the number of horses and hounds kept for the purposes of the hunt; to say nothing of the good price they occasionally obtain from some wealthy front-rank man for a good nag. To the labouring man, no news can be more welcome than that "The squire meets in our country to-day." And the pleasure enjoyed by the hunt in getting a good run, is always fully shared in by the son of the sod. The love of sport, particularly that of the field, is so engrafted in them, that they feel most keenly when their favourite covert is drawn blank. And little mercy would he meet with at their hands who was caught at the atrocious crime of vulpicide. The late sporting papers have however, caused much uneasiness among the lovers of the chase, by their reports of vacancies about to exist in many of the best hunting countries; want of sufficient funds, the increase of wire fences, and, in one instance, vulpicide, being the reasons assigned for this state of things. And though it is sad to see an old country given up and a fine pack dispersed, still it cannot be denied that some few of the packs might be spared with advantage, as their countries are in many instances too confined, and the increase of the population, and the present high order of farming render the general country less favourable for hunting than formerly.

Having said this much of hunting in England, a few words as to its progress in the sister island may not be out of place. Every man in the Green Isle follows the hounds, on horseback if his pockets permit of such a luxury, and if not, on foot. And though the stiff and apparently dangerous country over which hounds in Ireland hunt offers many objections to an Englishman's thorough enjoyment, still, to an Irishman's character it is very suitable, the daring and recklessness that is required to face the many obstacles that present themselves in a day's run, being the chief component parts of his nature. Well may an English sportsman—though a first flight man in his own country—stare with

astonishment at the manner to him seemingly impracticable banks and ditches are negotiated by a field of Irish bull-riders. And well may he exclaim—as an Englishman did, when asked what he thought of the riding of the Tipperary hunt, with whom he had once been out—"By — sir, they are all mad;" for so they must undoubtedly appear the first time one sees them; but a few days' practice soon makes a stranger quite *au fait* with the safe on and off jumping of the Irish hunter. And though at the first few attempts he may feel inclined to part company with his steed, still, as I have said, a little practice soon overcomes the difficulty; and most Englishmen who have been induced to change the scene of their sport for a season to the sister island, have generally returned to their native land in raptures with the country, the people, and the sport; more especially when they have sported their pink with such packs as the Kildares or Meaths.

An article that appeared some months ago in the "Temple Bar Magazine," headed "Fox-hunting in Ireland," would give the English reader an idea that the sport in that country is neither vigorous nor satisfactory. Whether such a notion was intended to be conveyed by the writer of the article, I know not; but certainly my experience of hunting in Ireland would lead me to a different conclusion, as it does not seem to have lost any of its *prestige* there, and is conducted—except, perhaps, in the very north—with full vigour and great satisfaction to all those who are ready to follow when the fox leads the way.

Though the packs are very numerous, but few of them can compete in number of hounds with those of England, except, perhaps, those of Meath and Kildare, the former of which has now been hunted by the Master, S. Reynell, Esq., for a period of over thirty years, and at neither side of the water could a more genuine sportsman be found or one who more thoroughly understands Master Reynard and his ways. And although he is by no means a feather weight, still, wherever his hounds may be he is sure to be there or thereabouts. Indeed, no huntsman or M. F. H. could be more popular than he is with those who hunt with him; for though with his large fields, from the close proximity of his country to the Irish metropolis, great determination and a tight hand is required to ensure order; still, any soreness momentarily felt, therefrom is soon forgotten in the enjoyment of the fine sport which he shows; and few of the county dinner parties are allowed to close without a bumper being drunk to his health, and one of the many Meath hunting songs sung in his honour; and as commemorating their great deeds in song has always been a weakness

among Irishmen, each season generally produces a new one; that of last year, being set to the tune of John Brown, commenced as follows, and as it slightly pourtrays the man, I give the first verse and chorus:—

Sam Reynell is a huntsman, undaunted, brave, and true,
He hunts this noble country from one end through and through;

He always shows such sport as no other man could do,
As his hounds go crashing along.

With his "For'ard, For'ard, will you hold hard,

For'ard, For'ard, will you hold hard,

You're playing the very devil with my hounds."

And even though his name was not mentioned in it, I feel certain the above chorus alone would instantly tell anyone who has been out with him, to whom the song refers.

The smallness of the packs in Ireland is easily accounted for by the scarcity in most counties of an affluent resident gentry, and by the consequent great want of capital, which is Ireland's great bugbear. The people of Ireland, from the highest to the lowest, are, as a rule, fond of the sport, and that an apathy towards hunting exists in that country is something entirely new. Want of money, as I before said, causes the hunts to be kept up, generally speaking, in a style inferior to those of England, but that the sport shown is worse, or that those who follow the hounds ride with less pluck, cannot be maintained, although the mention made in the "Temple Bar Magazine" of one individual riding forward to hounds, as an exception to the general rule, would lead many to suppose that such is the case. That the Irish hunter is clever is clearly proved by the long prices for which they go, and the way they are sought after by English buyers. To say nothing of the way they distinguish themselves at the Liverpool and other steeplechases, Cortolvin, Blood Royal, Fly-fisher, Sly-fox, and a host of others, running at present in England and on the Continent, do honour to the schooling obtained in their native country's hunting fields. In the north of Ireland, as I have before said, fox-hunting is greatly neglected. Hare-hunting with both harriers and greyhounds seems entirely to have superseded it. Some twenty-five years ago, however, it was not so, as fox-hunting was then very fairly supported there, but the then so much talked of reduction of the franchise to forty shilling holders, caused the landlords of Ulster, for the purpose of increasing their influence, to divide their lands into small farms of twenty and thirty acres each, thus raising the strongest possible bar to fox-hunting, for, except within the chief gentlemen's domains, no coverts were left, indeed no place remained for them, and even had it been otherwise foxes would scarcely

have lived in them with cottages and farmsteads standing in almost every second field round them. Since the famine years, however, much improvement has taken place in this respect, and large holdings are getting more in vogue. If this improvement continues, to judge from the hard riding and general character of those who hunt with Captain M'Clintock's, the Down, Fermanagh, and other packs of harriers, a better day is in store for the north of Ireland, and the splendid green fields of Monaghan, Antrim, &c., with their dwarf hedgerows will soon again echo to the fox-hunter's cheering Tally-ho!

Some years ago, a noble lady having asked Will Goodall, if he did not think hunting a cruel sport, got this reply. "Well, my lady, we know the men like it, and we know that the horses like it, and we know that the hounds like it;" and then after a pause, while he thought of the fox, he added, "and we have no reason to know that the fox don't like it." And though I will not go as far as to say that the foxes in Ireland like hunting, or rather being hunted, I can safely affirm that the horses and hounds, as well as the men, do thoroughly enjoy it. And I will not be astonished to see in a few years many of those who now hunt in England, turn their attention to Ireland as a more suitable field for their sport, now that wire fences are keeping them out of so much of their own country, and making hunting, where it is used, so dangerous. And should the Prince of Wales go as Lord Lieutenant some of these days to Ireland, and thus set the fashion therwards, I shall expect to find Dublin used as the head winter quarters of many a cross channel stable; and though I do not go so far as to think that this supposed influx of English sportsmen into the Green Isle would cure all that unfortunate country's many ills or put a stop to Fenianism, still, I am certain, great and good results would follow, for not only would the vice-regal court be again gay as of yore, and as Lever so often depicts it, but Irish gentlemen, who now leave their homes to find that society they so much delight in, would be induced to stay, on finding that the land of their birth was no longer avoided but sought after by the richer inhabitants of the sister isle. Sport would be encouraged, new packs of hounds would be formed, longer prices would be obtained by the farmers for their young stock, and by the stranger the best of hunting would be enjoyed, while a worthy finish to a glorious season might always be obtained by a visit to, and, perhaps, participation in, the Punchestown steeplechase meeting, which is, "par excellence," the Irish sportsman's carnival. J. P. T.



MY COUNTRY CHURCH.

THE elms upon the village green
 Are cluster'd round a little wicket,
 That rudely fashion'd stands between
 Their rough boles and a sombre thicket;
 For over all the shaven sward,
 Dark yew-trees growing round the steeple,
 For ever keep a silent guard,
 Above the grave-plots of our people.

Our little church with age is worn,
 And ivy arms around it clinging,
 Spread up to catch the kiss of morn,
 Where heavily the vane is swinging.

And many a hatchment hung within
 Emblazon'd, tells the herald's story,
 How once the old Squire's kith and kin
 Fought nobly for the Cross and glory.

A simple service suits us best,
 No crosses on embroider'd banners,
 No priests in gaudy vesture drest,
 Are there to teach us modern manners.
 Our rector, of the good old school,
 Will help us all to Heaven—God willing;
 But knows the poor man, as a rule,
 Needs both a blessing and a shilling.

That old church, how its presence tells
Of happy days and twilights tender,
And echoes of my marriage bells
Come back with all that spring-tide splendour.
Or haply, as I linger there,
Among the sheaves of Death's stern reaping,
I sigh and breathe a silent prayer
For those beneath the yew-tree sleeping.

Stand firm, fair church, may each year give
New beauty to thy rafters olden;
May gentle hearts around thee live
And o'er thee summer days be golden.
And when in my long rest I'm laid,
With one deep bell slow pealing o'er me,
Pray Heaven I sleep beneath thy shade,
With those old friends who went before me.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

LINDENHURST.

(BY HAROLD KING.)

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—BAITED.

I HAVE always and steadily set my face against what the French are pleased to call *un mariage de convenance*, which simply means marriage for money. At the same time, I as honestly admit that a man may love the girl he is about to marry and not overlook that essential consideration, the expenditure of the future, and the revenues to meet that expenditure. I loved guilelessly though I believed the girl *had* money, and I broke the match off because I found the girl had none.

"*Quel sauvage!*" a French lady might be tempted to exclaim. "*Attendez un peu, madame,*" I reply; "there may be two sides to the question, and when my tale is told I think the gentle reader, who is always candid, will agree with me."

As I look back upon my escape, it is with the horror with which one remembers for a moment the precipice he was all but falling over, and shudder.

That there was some mystery in Aurelia's family which prevented her, the belle of two consecutive seasons, from making a much higher match than mine, flashed more than once across my mind, to account for the strange phenomenon that neither she nor her sister had made more conquests than they really achieved. They were known to have large estates, or, at least, the elder had; and Mrs. Blondell never tired with ungraceful persistence, I thought, of dinning into the ears of strangers the fact, that her elder daughter "was an heiress."

I was one of the poor moths whose wings got singed in the flame, but, providentially, I was not utterly consumed by the beauty and fascination of my *fiancée*.

I had just obtained my troop when I first met Aurelia at Lady Bishop's. It was her second

season out, by which I mean, the second season of her conquests; for she had been presented five or six years before. It was late in May, and she appeared jaded with the innocent dissipation of the ball-room and the opera. Still, I thought I had never seen a girl more lovely, and even the weary expression she at times wore, appeared to bring out her beauty into high relief. Her large, soft, liquid eyes, as they fixed themselves upon you, seemed to ask for sympathy with such a touching and languishing appeal, that an irresistible sense of tenderness overcame you, and you felt, if not in love with her at once, at least, that she was a being whom any man *might* love. She was leaning on the arm of Colonel Taylor, as she swept up to me, robed in a cloud of light green gauze, and irradiating her beautiful face with the sweetest expression a woman can wear—a resolution to please.

"I have been wishing for this introduction, Captain Hope, which Colonel Taylor has been so extremely kind to promise me," she graciously began; "to congratulate you on your promotion. I hear already you are likely to outvie *le Beau Sabreur* in prowess. You have come in late, and I daresay you will find a difficulty in obtaining a partner, the lists being pretty well filled; but I have kept a place for you in mine, as the colonel gave me the hope of an introduction this evening." And she rattled on in her light, agreeable way, charming from its ease and exquisite grace.

I bowed, stammered out a few common-place civilities, and the divinity that had charmed my eyes was again sailing away down the ball-room amid a galaxy of brilliant toilettes, handsome figures, and beaming faces. Stunned, bewildered, I could scarcely master my feelings, though I had long learnt that self-possession, which is the first element of success in society, as it is also the ground-work of a true gentleman. However, so dazzled was I with the graciousness of her manner, her striking figure, her smiles, her words, which had a golden ring in them, that for some moments I was beside myself. Her apparently artless flattery, her sweet frankness, her charming condescension, made my blood tingle in my veins, and a blush, I suspect, suffuse my face.

When the waltz which Aurelia Blondell had spotted for me arrived, I went up to her to claim my partner. With a pleasant laugh, and a feminine jest, she disengaged herself from the arm of the gentleman, (some foreign count or baron, I believe, who would have detained her all night, could he have done so,) and taking mine, she led me off chatting fluently and disembarassingly, as we paraded the room. She took me at once to her mother and sister, naively remarking,—

"I cannot dance with a new partner without mamma's sanction. She will, however, be so delighted to be introduced to you, Captain Hope. There she is, sitting between Florence and Lady Hooper. Florence is my younger sister; and she is such an excellent creature. I am sure you will like her and mamma at once."

Mrs. Blondell, to whom I was duly presented, was a lady of stately proportions, and impressed you in every word and gesture with a quiet sense of awe. Her manners were those of a lady, and she intended you to be at your ease when she had beamed upon you with one of her superb smiles, and had spoken words of peace and goodwill. But there was a massiveness about her person, and a frigid *hauteur* in her carriage which repelled all idea of familiarity. You might have known her twenty years, or might know her twenty years still, and, I doubt, if you would approach one step nearer an intimate acquaintance with her. She, however, fluttered grandly in society with a splendid daughter under either wing, and watched with maternal pride and hope the flattering attentions they received. Yet methinks it must have smitten hard that motherly heart sometimes to see from what diverse sources those attentions came, and how frequently the censures were changed from which the incense emanated. This, however, was an after-reflection on my part. On this especial evening she was gracious in the extreme, it seemed to me affectedly so; and I could not but admire such artlessness in a woman, who, I had heard it murmured, was *par excellence* a woman of the world.

She rose as she saw me approaching, conducted by her fascinating daughter.

"Captain Hope, it affords me great pleasure to make your acquaintance. I have heard much of your excellent qualities, and Aurelia is never tired of talking of one whose professional career has commenced so auspiciously. Allow me to congratulate you on your promotion."

My ears tingled, and felt in flames when I heard my name coupled with that of Aurelia, and that, too, from the lips of the only woman who, after Aurelia, could ensure my happiness. The mother's goodwill gained, the prize appeared easily attainable; the fruit would soon be ripe for plucking! This fair chance had driven me wild; I fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Blondell.

The next day, there was a grand review of the Household Troops in Hyde Park, in honour of the arrival of some German sovereign. Whilst I was getting ready for duty, the orderly brought me a soft, pink

note, exquisitely scented, and directed in the neatest of all possible hands.

18, Belvoir Place.

Dear Captain Hope,—Mamma has requested me to be the communicant of her hopes that you will honour her with your company to luncheon after the fatigues of the review. Lord B—— has kindly offered us two seats in his carriage, which will be stationed near the statue.

Yours sincerely,

AURELIA BLONDELL.

A night's reflection had sobered my passion down so far, that I began to weigh the chances of success with greater coolness, and, it seemed to me, with greater moderation and judgment. I felt that the previous evening I had been fevered with excitement, and, ever of a sanguine temperament, that I had built up hopes on too slight a foundation.

"What was the graciousness of mother and daughters," I argued, "but the habit of duty, acquired by every refined lady conversant with the rules of society! What right had I to assume from the manner of either more than any other gentleman who had been amiably received by them? What a vast gulf there was between an act of courtesy, and an act that would make Aurelia mine for ever! I had been premature, and foolish, I concluded; and must forego the hope of that beautiful flower. I, who beyond my professional career, had but scanty prospects, being a second son, and whose income at the most would scarcely exceed a thousand a year." I felt abashed at my presumption.

When, however, the note came, the tiny pink note written by Aurelia's own tiny fingers, and renewing so graciously the acquaintance of the previous evening, my hopes revived, and my heart fluttered like a bird in its wiry prison. And then, too, how kind of her to indicate the spot where they would be stationed. Near the statue. I should see them—see her, as we marched upon the ground! I was bewildered with a strange sensation of surprise, hope, happiness, and doubt. I grew impatient for the hour of parade, impatient for the review to be over, impatient for the luncheon hour to arrive.

At length we mustered, marched on to the ground, and, as we passed the statue, there she was, lovely and fresh in the morning air, in a white bonnet with a wreath of pink roses, which matched well with the lily and red of her lovely complexion. There could be no visible recognition as I was on duty; but our eyes met, and I felt the blood rush to my face which became scarlet, for there was an ex-

pression of pleasure in those soft blue eyes on seeing me, that went to the heart and bound me a closer captive than ever.

It was a hot, glowing, wearying morning, and I thought the review would never be over. However, by half-past one o'clock, we began marching off the ground, and by two had reached the barracks. There I made a hasty and refreshing toilette, and hastened to Belvoir Place. I found Mrs. Blondell and family lunching alone. This I had hardly anticipated; but it was, in my present state of mind, an agreeable surprise. Mrs. Blondell, too, seemed to think that the circumstance required some explanation, for she observed:—

"You find us *en famille*, Captain Hope. Aurelia was so fatigued with her exertions last night, that she begged me not to extend our invitations to Colonel Boppart and Lord Melsove, as I proposed to do. I hope on a future occasion to have the pleasure of introducing my old acquaintances to you."

I bowed. "No apology, Mrs. Blondell, I assure you, is needed for a compliment which I cannot but feel a flattering one. To meet you thus at home and alone is indeed an honour I shall ever remember with pride and gratification."

I might have felt embarrassed by my position, my hopeful, doubtful, anxious, aspiring position, but that it was impossible to feel embarrassed where everyone strove to set you at your ease. Mrs. Blondell was stately, but amiable; Aurelia, fascinating with her wit and beauty, absorbed me so thoroughly that I had little time or courage to study Florence, who sat opposite me at table, and joined now and then in the common gossip. What I did observe, however, confirmed the assurance of Aurelia, that I "should like her sister." Florence was shorter, of dark complexion, with dark eyes and dark hair (not exactly black), which was artistically arranged in clusters at the back of her head. She was plump, whereas Aurelia was tall, and inclined to be slim. Both sisters, however, rivalled each other in their powers of conversation; but whereas Aurelia possessed more imagination, and a larger share of poetic feeling, Florence was of a practical and matter-of-fact turn of mind. This I discovered afterwards, when trying circumstances arose which affected Aurelia into hysterics, but only discomposed Florence into a bitter, but quiet wrath.

"Mamma," inquired Florence, "have you forgotten to write about the carriage for Ascot?"

"No, my dear; but I have not made up my mind to accept Lord Frederick's invitation. If I do, you will be without a seat."

"We never could leave dear Florence

behind, mamma," interposed the charming Aurelia, "to mope and be miserable by herself."

"Moping, dear Aurelia, is not my humour, as you know; still, I should not prefer to lose that most brilliant of all spectacles—Ascot on the Cup Day."

"You will be there, Captain Hope?" interrogated Mrs. Blondell.

"I never miss the opportunity. It is a magnificent and exhilarating sight, to be matched, I believe, nowhere else in the world."

"You gentlemen have so much more ease and freedom than we ladies," observed Aurelia, laughing; "you mount your horses, and ride down in little squadrons to enjoy a gallop over the lovely heath. We must be cooped up in carriages to witness the sport, and are so dependent upon some kind chevalier to escort us."

"The fact is," observed Mrs. Blondell, taking up the thread of the discourse, "I am very perplexed, what with the kind offers of Lord Frederick and taking Florence. Had we a *chaperon*, Aurelia,"—and Mrs. Blondell turned to her favoured, if not favourite, daughter, and said, as if scarcely conscious of my presence, "I should decline the invitation and take our own carriage;" then she turned again to me. "The fact is, we are like Punch's unprotected females. The girls sorely need a brother."

I blushed; my blood stirred and quickened with surprise, hope, and a slight sense of confusion. Now was an opportunity for me to offer my services, and, at least, show my devotion to the family. Was it possible that a golden opportunity had fallen in my way of spending so glorious and enviable a day in Aurelia's presence? and should I shrink from seizing it? Boldly I clutched the precious fruit.

"Let not the want of a *chaperon*, Mrs. Blondell," I hastily replied, "interfere with your cherished plans. If you can find no one more worthy than myself, I shall feel but too proud and happy to offer my poor services."

"Oh, thank you," replied Mrs. Blondell, with one of her blindest smiles; "we could not think of imposing so great a sacrifice upon you."

"Indeed, no," interposed the charming Aurelia; "we could not think of asking you to forego your horse or drag, and the society of your comrades. It must be a delightful way of spending the day at Ascot, driving down in a drag with boon companions, and feeling yourself unfettered when you arrive on the field."

"And do you think it is more charming,"

I replied, half seriously, "than driving down in an open carriage with lovely creatures around you? I am not a misogynist, I can assure you, Miss Blondell; and in default of a worthier *chaperon*, it will afford me great pleasure to accompany your mamma."

"You are exceedingly kind, Captain Hope," replied Mrs. Blondell; "and after your generous offer we should not think of seeking further. Shall we leave the arrangements to you?"

Quel bonheur! what promotion! In less than four-and-twenty hours a casual acquaintance had ripened into friendship; how long would it take to ripen it into a positive engagement? Not many; for I was one of those who, having put their hands to the plough, do not look back.

The Cup Day arrived, a charming, brilliant day. June had put on her gala costume; the sky was of an intense blue, the sun warm; a fresh breeze kept the air cool and refreshing, whilst a slight rain overnight had laid the dust, and polished up the green of the leafy woods. And the company! Talk of a *parterre* of flowers! what is it to compare with the rich galaxy of colours, clustered on either side of the grand stand, that meets the eyes? what gorgeous hues, what diversity of tints! What a splendid picture of light and shade as the more sober dress of the gentlemen intermingle with the bright and diverse costumes of the ladies!

Think not, reader, that I am about to give you an account of the races run that day. Everyone knows the excitement of the start; the clamorous enthusiasm of the moment when the horses rush by, carrying their mannikins, clad in green and gold, yellow and purple, red and black, blue and white; everybody knows the ecstasy of delight that bursts from the noisy multitude when the Dark Horse wins, ruining thousands; everyone knows the sweet rapture of the luncheon, when, *the race over*, the mysteries of the hampers are disclosed, and pies and pasties, chicken and ham, and all the cool ingredients of claret-cups, emerge from its cavernous depths;—everyone knows all this; but none know the profound sense of enjoyment I felt in discharging the duties of "guide, philosopher, and friend," to Mrs. Blondell and her two daughters that day. The races were nothing to me; scarcely the breathing, heaving mass, the *élite* of humanity, collected on that imperial course. It was enough for me that Aurelia was by my side, and that I had her to converse with.

During our drive home, the conversation turned principally on the close of the season.

"We shall confine our acceptances to but a

very few invitations now," observed Aurelia. "Mamma is pining for the country, and so am I. In a fortnight we shall leave town for the sea-side, and then retire to our solitude of Lindenhurst. Do you know Lindenhurst, Captain Hope?"

"I have not that pleasure; but I believe it is in Hampshire."

"Yes, a charming spot," observed Florence, "and a very old place. We are quite primitive there."

"Perhaps Captain Hope will do us the honour of paying us a visit during the autumn," added Mrs. Blondell, speaking to Florence, but directing her observation to me.

"I shall have great pleasure," I replied.

"We can promise you some excellent trout fishing, if you are an angler, Captain Hope; and the walks and drives are charming. We call the hills covered with beeches hangers in our neighbourhood."

I shall angle, I thought to myself, for other fish than trout, if it should be my good fortune to find myself at Lindenhurst.

It need not be said that, after our Ascot excursion, I was frequently in Belvoir Place; and that before the Blondells quitted town for the sea-side, an invitation to Lindenhurst was repeated and accepted. It was arranged that I should go early in September.

The night before the family left town, I was in the conservatory in front of the drawing-room, talking with Aurelia. She broke off abruptly the subject we were conversing upon:

"Mamma forgot, Captain Hope, to explain to you when you were so good as to accept her invitation, that she never receives gentlemen visitors into her house. Do not ask why: she has very strong reasons—I might almost call them prejudices—upon the point. But there is an excellent hotel, the Lindenhurst Arms, a mile or so away from the house; and, with the exception of sleeping under her roof, she will be delighted to receive you, and give you a hospitable welcome. She will do everything in her power to amuse you."

And you, sweet charmer, will you be passive? I admired the modesty with which the burthen of hospitality and entertainment was thrown upon mamma's shoulders; as though Aurelia Blondell was a mere cipher in the great account, and had no share in drawing me to Lindenhurst.

Surprise, it must be confessed, I felt for the moment at being dislodged, as it were, from a cosy chamber in Lindenhurst Hall; but at once perceived the propriety and acquiesced in the regulation. Was it not a further proof that the relation in which I was beginning to

stand towards Aurelia was something closer than that of a friend or brother?

I resolved that the problem should be solved within two days after my arrival at Linden-hurst.

A CHAPTER ON LOCKS AND KEYS.

IF the time-honoured maxim, "Love laughs at locksmiths," has, like the Spanish proverb, "held good in every age and clime," the muscles of Cupid's chubby face, must have been relaxed toward that particular class of craftsmen, for a period not far short of forty centuries. The Egyptian locksmith as he fashioned his curious contrivance out of the world-renowned Damascus steel, was probably the first to excite the sly god's mirth. Next in order came the fabricator of the "doore fastenings of dyverse colours made of brass and ivory," of ancient Rome; followed by the maker of the still more elaborate *Serrure de Tabernacle* in the mediæval age, immortalised in early Christian Missals. The locksmith of the Celestial Empire then began to make his "strange instruments having wooden slides," the architecture of which was peculiarly adapted to the Summer House, in which the fair heroine of the "willow pattern" was kept in durance vile. Then the locksmith began to flourish in England; and by the time of good Queen Bess, the operations of the craft were so fully established "in the townes of Staffordshire: to wit, Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and Wednesbury," that Cupid must have indulged in peals of laughter worthy of the immortal Comus; and after all the enterprise of later years, with its levers, and wards, "detectors," and master keys, the Muse of Love is still able to chant even in the hearing of Hobbs and Chubb,

My father he has locked the door,
My mother keeps the key,
But neither bolts nor bars can part
My own true love and me.

The Egyptian lock, rude carvings of which are said to have embellished the walls of ancient Karnak's temple and the Herculesaneum, is thus described by Mr. E. Beckett Denison, Q. C.:—"In this lock, three pins fall into a similar number of cavities in the bolt, and so hold it fast; they are raised again by putting in the key through the large key hole in the bolt, and raising it a little, so that the locking pins are pushed by the key out of the way of the bolt. The security afforded by this lock is very small, as it is easy to find the places of the pins by pushing in a piece of wood covered with clay or tallow, on which the holes will leave their impress,

and the depth can easily be ascertained by trial." These locks were first introduced into England by the merchants of Phœnicia, who gave them to the Cornish miners in exchange for tin. Strangely enough locks of similar construction, but evidently "home made," are still to be found on the doors of many of the peasantry in Cornwall and Devon.

The locks of ancient Greece and Rome are quaintly described by the philosophers and poets of the time. Aratus compares the constellation Cassiopeia to a Roman key, "having a curved stem," and a handle "shaped like the south stars," of the group. Curved stems were usual in the keys of that age, and the poet Ariston applies to one of those articles the epithet *Βαθυκάμην*, or *deeply bent*. Eustathius says that these ancient keys resembled sickles, and were sometimes so large as to be carried on the shoulder, as reapers bear their sickles to the harvest field. This statement is confirmed by Callimachus in his *Hymn to Ceres*, where he represents the priestesses of Nicippe carrying a key on her shoulders. Homer's allusion to the lock and key on the wardrobe of the fair Penelope, will probably be better known.* The passage is thus rendered by Pope:—

A brazen key she held, the handle turned,
With steel and polish'd ivory adorned.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring,
The wards respondent to the key, turn round,
The bars fly back, the flying valves resound,
Loud as a bull, makes hill and valley ring,
So roared the lock when it released the spring.

Eustathius, a Greek commentator on Homer, who flourished in the twelfth century, says that the key here referred to was very ancient, and was known as "the serpent key" from its resemblance of form. It was in use before the siege of Troy, although some writers persist in ascribing its invention to Theodore of Samos.

The mediæval locks were perhaps among the most elaborate and artistic specimens of those articles ever produced. Beads, scrolls, or floral wreaths exquisitely graven in steel, lined the edges. Angel-forms similarly wrought surmounted the escutcheon, like the twin guardians of the fairies' grotto in the pantomime; while the surface of the lock presented as great a variety of leaves and flowers all chased with the utmost skill, as Eugene Rimmel's beautiful bouquet. These locks were mostly found on the doors of the ancient continental cathedrals, or on the magnificent cabinets for which the middle ages were so famous, and Mr. Fairholt assures

* *Odyssey* xxi.

us, that in either case the lock constituted no mean part of the profuse decoration of the door to which it was affixed. The skill of continental locksmiths after a considerable alumber was revived in the seventeenth century in the person of M. Reignier, a French artisan, who acquired great fame as the maker of secret "letter locks," with which the couriers' despatch boxes were secured. A Dutch writer, Von Euse, passing over the claims of his own countrymen, ascribes to M. Reignier the invention of the letter lock, which is in reality of Dutch origin, and was made a century before this French Chubb saw the light. An allusion to it is made in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Noble Gentleman*, printed as early as the year 1615, which completely sets aside M. Reignier's claim to the invention:—

A cap case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A. M. E. N.;—

and Carew, in some verses written five years later, has this reference:—

As doth a lock that goes
With letters, for till every one be known
The lock's as fast as though you had found none.

The latter quotation partly explains the construction of the letter lock, with which M. Reignier's name will always be connected as their most famous manufacturer. The letters of the alphabet were engraved on four parallel revolving rings, which by pre-arrangement on the part of the owner were made to spell a certain word or number of words before the lock could be opened. If even the owner chanced to forget the *open sesame* on which he had determined; like the luckless youth in the story of Ali Baba, the door would remain closed against him, till the magic watchword was recalled.

The ancient Chinese lock verifies one of the wise sayings of King Solomon; "Men have sought out many inventions. . . . there is nothing new under the sun." The fact has lately been disclosed that locks "having sliders and tumblers," have for centuries been made in China, on the identical principles of action which have been "re-invented" by English patentees at various periods during the last hundred years. Some of the very oldest locks made by Chinese workmen were constructed almost entirely of wood, and adorned with grotesque carvings of "Celestial scenes," such as those with which modern tea-caddies have made us so familiar.

Tradition assures us that locks were made in England as early as the reign of Alfred the Great, and some go so far as to say that the ingenious monarch himself, like Louis XIV.

of France, was an amateur fabricator of those articles. It is true, no doubt, that even at so remote a period, ingenious blacksmiths were wont to construct clumsy locks and keys, together with other articles of domestic use, when occasion demanded; but lockmaking was not recognised as a distinct craft in England, until the fourteenth century; and two hundred years followed, before it assumed proportions at all equal to those attained in earlier times on the Continent, in China, and in Ancient Egypt. The locks produced in England in the fifteenth century were massive and strong; but chiefly of simple construction. Almost the only specimen now remaining, is to be found on the parish church of Snodland, in Kent. In the Sixteenth century commenced the display of ingenuity on the part of English locksmiths which has been uninterruptedly maintained since that time, and which forms an interesting chapter in the *Curiosities of Industry*. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the bows of keys were usually ornamented by the insertion of a Cross, and the locks were frequently made of metal, sometimes imbedded in oak cases. Latch-keys—the terror of Mistress Caudle—also came into use about this period. Locks were for the first time made with alarum bells and chimes during the same period.

Some of these bells rang so loudly in case of any unlawful tampering with the lock as to arouse the whole street, and must have resembled the melodious bull already quoted. Bells with chimes warned the inmates and alarmed the burglar in a much more soothing way. No sooner was the skeleton-key of the intruder applied to the lock, than the latter began to chime some such plaintive air as,

Home, sweet, home,
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home;

a sentiment with which the chagrined house-breaker would doubtless concur as he took his precipitate flight. The Marquis of Worcester mentions a lock which he says "is so constructed that if a stranger attempt to open it, it catches his hand as a trap catches a fox, though so far from maiming him for life, yet so far marketh him that if suspected, he could be easily detected." This punishment was effected by a steel barb, concealed in the key-hole, ever ready to spring out at its victim on the slightest provocation. The patentee himself, we are told, was caught by it while testing the lock, after which he was inspired with implicit confidence in the efficacy of his invention. Perhaps as curious a specimen of a lock as is recorded, was made by Mark

Scalio, a noted blacksmith of Queen Elizabeth's time. This lock consisted of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. It might have suited the collar of the Queen of Lilliput's pet lap-dog.

The first Patent for a lock in England was granted to Mr. Robert Barron in 1774, immediately after the introduction of the Patent Laws, since which time the Patent Office has been besieged by not less than 150 locksmiths of the inventive class. Before Mr. Barron's day the security of locks was usually effected by fixed wards more or less intricate, through which the key had to pass before the locking-bolt could be moved in either direction. To these fixed wards Mr. Barron added lifting tumblers or levers, which had to be raised to a particular height of utmost exactness before the lock could be either opened or secured. The additional security of these levers is at once apparent to any one who has paid attention to the mechanism of a lock. The obstructions, however intricate, placed in warded locks, can be easily overcome by the application of a skeleton key, while a levered lock is only to be violated by pieces of curved steel, technically called "pickers," by which the levers may sometimes be raised, although the operation is always one of considerable difficulty. In 1784, Mr. Joseph Bramah of Piccadilly patented a lock which was declared, amidst a great flourish of trumpets, to supersede Barron's, especially in the matter of security. The leading feature of this invention was the introduction of a perpendicular bar or bolt in which were a number of small slides corresponding with notches in the key. These slides or springs effectually secured the bolt beneath, until they were pressed down a sufficient distance by the key, which having removed these obstacles, revolved, and opened the lock in the ordinary way. Mr. Bramah was so convinced of the absolute security of this lock, that he offered a large reward to "any artist who could make an instrument to pick or open it." The acceptance of this challenge by Mr. Hobbs, and his success in opening the lock at the Great Exhibition of 1851, are facts within the memory of our readers, and need not now be detailed. The victory of the young American, after sixteen days' persevering labour, was noised all the world over, and gave a stimulus to the lock trade such as it has never experienced either before or since. Chubb's locks were first heard of in the year 1818, when the original Patent was obtained by Mr. Jeremiah Chubb; but since that time many improvements have been added to the original invention by the present Mr. Chubb in conjunction with Mr. Ebenezer

Hunter. The leading principle of Chubb's lock is what is called the "detector." This ingenious contrivance consists of a spring, which, so long as the levers are lifted with exactness by the true key, remains inactive; but should the levers, raised by a false key, vary in the slightest degree, this spring instantly falls and securing the bottom lever renders the bolt immovable. When the true key is applied while the detector spring is "on duty," the former has to be turned the reverse way, and the spring restored to its original position before the lever can be set at liberty. A more vigilant or reliable detector could not be found even in Scotland Yard. Some years ago, the late Mr. Chubb made 1100 locks for the Westminster Bridewell, forming one series, or suite, with keys for the master, sub-master, and warders. At any time the Governor has the power of stopping out the under keys, and in case of any surreptitious attempt being made to open a lock and the detector being "thrown," none of the under keys will regulate it, but the Governor must be made acquainted with it, he alone with his key having the power to restore the lock to its original state. So limitless are the combinations, that Mr. Chubb assures us it would be possible to make locks for all the doors of all the houses in London, with a distinct and different key to each lock, and yet there should be one master-key to pass the whole.

We can only just enumerate the other names of fame, in the annals of locks and keys: James Carpenter, the inventor of the "perpendicular-action" lock of world-wide renown, John Young, his coadjutor; Sanders with his sliding levers; Parsons, with his "changeable" lock; Hobbs, with his machine-made levered lock; and last, but not least, Chatwood of Bolton, the hero of the recent iron-safe lock contest at the Paris Exposition.

South Staffordshire worthily retains the position it has occupied for two hundred years as the principal seat of the lock trade in this country. Wolverhampton carries off the palm for levered locks, while warded locks are mostly made at Willenhall. In some outlying hamlets a great variety of cheap locks are manufactured at what Dickens would call "a ridiculously small sum." One of these village artisans was once twitted at having made some locks which a chapman declared would only lock once. "What did he pay for them?" asked the locksmith. "Two-pence a piece," was the answer. "Then," rejoined the former, "it would be a shame if they *did* lock twice for that money!" The same locks are now sold for a half-penny each. So rapidly are they constructed that it is a

common saying in the district, if a locksmith drops a lock in the process of manufacture, he does not stay to pick it up, he can make another in less time! But locks are also made as high as a guinea each, and below that at every price down to the smallest coin save one, in the realm. In size there is an equal diversity. There are caddy locks not measuring half-an-inch, and weighing not more than a quarter of an ounce, and there are massive contrivances three feet long, and approaching a hundred pounds in weight. Some we lately saw, intended for a Government fortress in Malta, measured six feet in length, and weighed 1 cwt. and a half each. The total weekly production of locks of all descriptions in this district has been estimated as follows: Pad, 24,000 dozens; cabinet, till, and chest, 3,000 dozens; rim, dead Mortice and Drawback, 3,000 dozens; fine-plate or stock locks, 1,000 dozens; levered locks and other descriptions, 500 dozens, being an aggregate of 31,500 dozens or 378,000 locks per week!

Unlike the textile manufactures, the lock trade, in common with other leading industries of South Staffordshire, is almost wholly in the hands of small capitalists, just a grade above the level of artisans, and not employing more than half a dozen, or at most a dozen work-people, and of these a good proportion are youths apprenticed to the craft. There are some large factories employing hundreds of "hands," but they are comparatively few and far between. This wide distribution of the lock trade is injurious both to the interests of the "journeyman," and to the progress of skilled handicraft. The approximate number of hands is 4,950, and of employers 450. Experienced workmen can earn from 30s. to 40s. per week, but the average earnings may be set down at 24s. for adults, and 15s. for youths between 17 and 21 years of age. Many of the workshops—the small ones more especially—are badly ventilated, dark, and unwholesome, often being in a confined yard at the rear of the master's house. The hours of labour, too, are unduly prolonged, especially in the winter months, when the locksmith's hammer may often be heard beating its monotonous music until almost midnight. These evils will, however, be to some extent removed by the extension of the Factory Act to this district, on the 1st of January next.

The condition of the locksmiths here has wonderfully improved during the last twenty or thirty years. For a true and graphic picture of their condition a quarter of a century ago, we cannot do better than refer the reader to "Sibyl," in which Mr. Disraeli details with great force the sufferings, the

ignorance, and the coarse brutal tastes, which prevailed among this class of labourers at that time. Since then, however, education has found its way to almost every young disciple of Tubal Cain; and bull-baiting and "cocking," once so rampant in this district, have been supplanted by less revolting pastimes.

J. C. TILDESLEY.

THE POET'S BOUQUET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE HEUSSY.

By day I steal from her with secret guile
Each slightest word, each little passing smile,
The quiver of a curl, soft courtesies,
The gleams, the shades, that flit across her eyes;
The transient rose that dawns upon her cheek,
The veil that playful breezes love to seek;
The echo of her steps, the perfumed air
That floats about her lips and dusky hair;
The very rustle of her trailing gown,
And make of these sweet nothings, thus mine own,
A poet's bouquet—Then at eventide
I seat me with my flowers the sea beside,
And on this fragile group, arranged by me,
Let dew and moonlight gather silently.
Glad as a child, with gesture and with speech,
I converse hold with all, with all and each;
Spell out her name within their cups of light,
Tremble, complain, shed tears of fond delight;
Say to the air, "Our voiceless language be,
Take her my heart, and bring back hers to me!"
Then, ere I go, my bouquet I undo,
Bouquet of hope and melancholy too!
Full-hearted, breathe its scent ethereal,
Touch every flower, and meanings give to all;
Caressing both the faded and the bright,
I count my booty still with fresh delight!
And when at midnight I retire to rest,
That cherished bouquet to my heart is pressed;
And while I sleep, her image ever seems
To scatter all its flowers amid my dreams!

A. D.

A GLIMPSE OF GLARUS.

Who does not know Professor Creasy's pleasant book "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World?" They were "decisive" in the sense that had their results been different, the course of history would have been changed. A similar volume might be written describing the victories of freedom—of battles which have helped the cause of human progress—even of greater interest for some minds—ranging from Marathon to Catalafimi, Capua, and Castelfidardo.

In such a class of battles, no country is richer than Switzerland, and their honours are divided among the cantons. As the three old forest cantons have their Morgarten, so do they share Sempach with Lucerne, while little Appenzell has its Stoss, Bâle its St. Jacques (Switzerland's Thermopylæ), Bern its Laupen, the whole Confederation its Granson and Morat,

and finally, humble and forgotten Glarus, its Näfels.

There lives no brighter day on the page of Swiss history, than that which won independence for this isolated canton.

Glarus, as may be seen by the map, is a sort of *cul-de-sac*. Those who enter it in winter must return by the way they came, and in summer, the only alternative is to cross passes, the easiest of which, the Klausen and the Prigel, are impracticable for any wheeled conveyance. The only opening worthy of the name into the canton is that gap, about a mile and a half wide, between two enormous mountains, where are situate the villages of Näfels and Mollis, on opposite sides of the Linth, which carries the waters of the three valleys composing the canton into the lakes of Wallenstadt and Zurich.

In order better to understand the battle of Näfels by walking over the ground on which it was fought, I determined to visit the spot; and found myself at Wesen on the lake of Wallenstadt, within two miles of Näfels, installed in the Epee Hotel, in the latter days of August, 1867, with the heat at 25 degrees Reaumur, in the shade; which made it much pleasanter to be in the lake than anywhere else about it.

Twenty years ago, The Sword at Wesen used to be the subject of many cutting remarks in the traveller's books of all the inns from Bellinzona to Zurich, the general drift of which was that The Sword was to be avoided, less on account of its own sharpness, than that of its landlady, a personage who appeared to be more renowned for eloquence than for disinterested hospitality.

However this may have been then, The Sword has been brightened up, and is now a well-appointed inn, with moderate prices, commanding two lovely views, one towards the lake, the other towards the classic heights that tower thousands of feet above Näfels.

Certainly, one English party grumbled at the food, but as its only fault was being foreign, it is extraordinary that they did not order a hamper from Fortnum and Mason's to follow them. There was also an American party staying at the inn, who did not grumble at the food, probably, perhaps, because they had no time to find it indigestible.

Just before starting, one of them gave the following description of a skeleton tour:—

"Sir, I guess we crossed the big salt pond at the end of winter, and have done the Paris Exhibition, been up the Rhine, through the Tyrol, down the Danube, and so on to Constantinople, Athens, Holy Land, Pyramids, up the Nile to second cataract, back by Malta to Naples and Rome, Venice and Milan, come

over the Splügen here, and now I reckon we shall just knock off the rest of Switzerland, look at the Exhibition again, have a peep at the old country, and then cross to Holland, and make the tour of Russia and Scandinavia, and so back by Bremen to New York late in the fall." This party arrived at night, and were off with the dawn like a dream.

From Wesen to Wallenstadt the railway is a masterpiece of engineering, for the Wallen lake, like the Bay of Uri, has opposite perpendicular walls, admitting of no natural passage. To see it well it is necessary to proceed to Murg, the half-way house to Wallenstadt, through a series of tunnels, piercing the sheer rocky ribs of the mountain-side.

On the opposite side of the lake is a monstrous limestone wall, whose bent and tormented strata show every shade of gray and light red, while moss appears to grow on its oblique ledges. The moss seen through the telescope resolves itself into bands of huge pines, which is not so wonderful when we know that the height of the wall is some 7000 feet. It is crowned by rectangular battlements, gnawed out of it by the teeth of tempests, seven of which are named the Churfürsten, after the seven electors of the old German empire. Nestling in little nooks at the base of this huge rampart, are white habitations with plots of cultivation; some of them only approachable by boats. In the middle of the wall is a vast geological "fault," dividing the strata perpendicularly, in the lower part of which is a ravine with a waterfall hidden in its depths.

The whole sea-bound region is named Gaster (*Castra Rhetica*), and the Romance names of several stations of Roman cohorts still mark isolated homesteads and a village. These are Prömsch (*Prima*), Gunz (*Secunda*), Terzen, Quarten, and Quinten.

A steamer used to ply on the stupendous wet ditch, but went to the bottom in a squall one foggy winter's night. Above Murg itself rises the broken-crested Mürtschenstock, approachable by a ravine which leads to some interesting lakes. Down this ravine tears a furious torrent, through enormous blocks in its lower course, which grouped with chestnuts and beeches, form many good fore-ground studies for a landscape painter. One combination was especially pleasing; the broken surface of the rocks with its ferns and lichens lay in shade, while a sprig of barberry with its coral fruit was projected into the sun from a cleft. Such happy accidents of chiaroscuro if not noted at the moment are soon lost to memory, and yet they have a delicate beauty not possessed by the grandest scenery under common atmospheric effects.

It is at once seen by looking towards the upper end of the lake, that no effective natural barriers exist between it and the Rhine, so that that river might easily have chosen the shorter route by Zurich, instead of that by the lake of Constance, as in fact was possibly the case in remote times.

Between the Wallen lake and that of Zurich, there is only a marshy flat, which the Linth, by its caprices, of course used to render useless for agriculture, till M. Escher, by some memorable engineering, reclaimed the river from its early wildness. By the present arrangement, the Linth enters in a boisterous mood the western end of the Wallensee, and then immediately subdued, as it were, leaves it again by the canal which leads to Rapperschwyl, so that the lake of Wallen itself appears only to be a sort of backwater to the Linth, just as, on a larger scale, Sir S. Baker's lake was supposed by Speke to be only a backwater to the Nile. In the former state of the Linth, it must have presented a very formidable obstacle to any invaders of Glarus in its devious channels, traversed in the spring by powerful torrents almost impracticable for cavalry. When the nature of the ground about Morgarten is considered, it is easier at first sight to understand how a handful of mountaineers were able to discomfit so many thousand men-at-arms; as the road between the mountain and the lake of Egeri is of the narrowest, and the slope is most conveniently adapted for the rolling of boulders upon the attacking party, while the woods concealed the enemy till the decisive moment. At Näfels the passage between the mountains is a mile and a half wide, but this gap was limited by the course of the devious Linth, while the intervening ground was marshy; and another obstacle existed in the Letze Mauer, of which there are still considerable remains. This wall, which is very much like the common garden walls about it, could not from its moderate breadth have been of much strategical importance, and there are no very distinct signs of a ditch on either side. Probably, it was only a boundary. Still, the time required to make a breach in it for cavalry must have been useful to the Swiss, while after the victory, it added considerably to the embarrassment of the retreat.

Stones carved with crosses have been placed at intervals to mark the sites of the eleven attacks which the Swiss made. The first of them stands close to the bottom of the mountain, on the west, and is the scene of a festival held on the anniversary of the battle, which took place on the 11th of April, 1388.

The vale of Glarus was originally peopled by Rhaetians, and received an Alemannian popu-

lation between the fifth and seventh centuries, A.D. It became an appendage of the religious house of Säckingen in the ninth century. In the eleventh it fell to the Hapsburgs, and this family, ever the persistent enemies of freedom, began at once to encroach upon immemorial rights, and to provoke resistance on the part of the people of Glarus. They completely lost the goodwill of Austria by refusing to aid Duke Leopold against the forest cantons in 1315, and forming an alliance with Schwytz in 1323; and were punished by having foreign governors placed in the castles of the country. In 1351, they received the troops of the Confederation, and put themselves under its protection. Having sent 200 men to help Zurich, they were attacked from Wesen by the governor Walther von Stadion, but defeated him on the Rautifeld.

In 1352 they were admitted as an associated member to the confederacy of Zurich, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and did good service in the war of which the battle of Sempach was the brightest episode. That victory enabled Glarus in 1387 to entirely shake off the yoke of Austria, to frame an independent constitution, and reduce to a nullity the power of the local governors. Furious at these proceedings, Duke Albrecht, brother of the Leopold who had fallen at Sempach, surprised Wesen, massacring its Glarus garrison, 22nd February, 1388, and threatened the canton itself with invasion. Exhausted by war, and forsaken by the other confederates, the Glärners sought at first to temporise, but the demands of the duke were so exorbitant, that they finally chose the braver alternative. As it was still winter in the highlands, and the passes were closed with snow, Duke Albrecht took advantage of the isolation of Glarus, and marched with 6000 (some say 15,000) men on Näfels, and breaking open the Letze wall, penetrated into the valley. Then the invaders, despising the enemy, dispersed for plunder; the non-combatants of the Glärners fled to the natural fastnesses, while the fighting men, under Matthias von Buelen, mustered on the height of Rüti above Näfels, and quietly awaited the hour of retribution. After a time, they became 600 strong, and were joined at the last moment by thirty stout Schwytzers, who had worked their way to them through the snows of the Muotta valley, and over the Prigel pass; an instance of devotion similar to that of the Plataeans, who, after a long night-march, placed themselves on the wing of the Athenian army on the morning of Marathon. The Austrian men-at-arms were returning from their foray, driving the cattle before them to the gap in the Letze wall, when they were suddenly

brought to a halt by a heavy rain of stones, followed by a stream of rocks, bowled, hurled, and slung from the mountain-side above them. The light-limbed Glärners marking the confusion they caused, ran down from the heights and fell to work with halbert and morning star, on the half-helpless masses, encumbered with spoil and their own armour, and struggling with restive horses. But eleven charges were necessary before their dead weight could be overcome, and the Austrian chivalry were driven pell-mell into the Linth, as the bridge broke beneath the foremost, whilst the hindmost were caught inside the wall and butchered like sheep. The Glärners are said to have killed one half of their invaders, including many gentlemen of high rank, having lost fifty-seven men of their own, and two of their allies of Schwytz. In the main incidents the circumstances of Morgarten were repeated at Näfels, and Glarus wreathed its young constitution with equally well-earned laurels.

Four centuries later, on the 1st of October 1799, Näfels was the scene of another decisive action, as Morgarten was also for a second time distinguished in the French revolutionary war. This second time, the Swiss and their allies, the French, fought from the outside, while the heart of the canton was occupied by invading Cossacks.

When Suwaroff, the daring and eccentric Russian hero, had undone the work of Bonaparte in Northern Italy during that general's absence in Egypt, and overturned the so-called Cisalpine Republic, hearing that the reactionary party in Switzerland were again hard pressed by the French, he forced in the teeth of Gudin the St. Gotthard pass with 22,000 men, and managed to shut the gallant Lecourbe between two fires at Hospital. The Frenchman, however, nothing dismayed, crossed the pathless heights of Göschenen to Altdorf, and made good his retreat by the lake of the four cantons, taking all the boats with him. The Axenstrasse not having yet been made, the Russians were thus brought to a halt at Fluellen. Suwaroff's wisest course would have been to have retraced his steps, but he knew nothing as yet of the defeat of his friends at Zurich the day before, and in order to effect a junction with them, ordered his exhausted host to pass over the Kinzig Kulm, an operation which lasted three days, and which might have been hindered by a French corps at the top, had they not been superstitiously affected by the aspect of the Cossacks, whom they took for mounted Capuchins. Arrived at Muotta, Suwaroff heard of the Zurich disaster, and as the way by Schwytz was barred by hostile forces, was fain to lead his famished and shoeless troops over the diffi-

culties of the Prager into the Linth valley by Glarus—driving thence before him the French General Molitor. The latter, however, turned to bay at Näfels, and after a desperate fight, succeeded in closing the gate of the canton to the Russians, and catching them as in a trap, expecting, as a matter of course, their unconditional surrender. These rough troops had, however, already performed three Alpine feats, and always used to the sight of ice and snow, had ceased to be surprised at finding it at considerable altitudes in summer, so they addressed themselves to the formidable Panixer pass, which, attaining a height of 7450 feet, leads from Glarus to Ilanz, in the Upper Rhine valley.

Two feet of snow lay on their road, and the long line was obliged to advance in single file along the narrow road on the right bank of the Sernft. The march lasted from three to four days. Whole bodies of men and horses were lost in ravines or crevices; and many who had escaped the dangers of the glacier and snow-field, perished in the terrible gorges of the Narasca Alp. The rear-guard had the additional misery of being harassed by the enemy's sharp-shooters. After hardships and losses for which the Beresina disaster thirteen years later seemed to the Russians but an inadequate requital, the remains of Suwaroff's host reached Lindau on the 12th of October. So greatly have the terrors of the Alps been discounted since those days, that in the summer of 1867 an English cavalcade, including some little girls, rode away in the highest spirits, on a fine morning, to emulate Suwaroff's exploit; but the season, it must be remembered, was more favourable, and the guides were friendly and skilful. The Alps are as formidable as ever to those who despise the barometer, or trust to their own inexperience to overcome them.

The great fire which burnt Glarus to the ground some years ago, has left it nothing of much interest but the magnificence of its natural surroundings. One mountain forms a tremendous wall to the east of the town, beautiful in sunshine with various tender grays, and truly awful in shadow. Alas! the picturesque cantonal costume exists no longer. The Manchester fabrics are found more economical, and Glarus has become one of the centres of industry, and would even be a "black country" if it could. The figure-painter must now look for his models in the remotest crannies of the canton, where steam has not penetrated.

At the baths of Stachelberg, which are arrived at by a pretty up-hill drive through a valley of water-falls, those who look for a pleasant place near the most savage scenes of

nature, will find almost, it would seem, at a stone's throw from the glaciers of the Tödi, good lodging at moderate prices, fine saloons, newspapers and books, music and dancing, and a lively polyglot society in which Germans appear to predominate. The sun, a late riser here, even in August, does not strike the flower-garden and fountain in front of the inn till 10 A.M., and very soon retires to rest behind the Tödi, so that Stachelberg is a cool place in the summer heats, and though favoured with all the appliances of civilisation, having no thoroughfare, is one of those ends of the world which give an especial feeling of repose. Its name, etymologically, has some resemblance to that of Epinal in France, whether derived from the mountain behind, whose sharp peaks resemble thorns, or from some ancient shrine, which possessed as a relic a thorn of our Saviour's Crown. In the absence of historical testimony, the former explanation appears the more natural.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XIX. "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

I HAVE observed one odd difference, Mr. Nomad, between men and women. We both of us place our affections on unworthy objects, who do not reciprocate our love, and find out our mistake too late. But in such cases the woman always is convinced afterwards that the man never could have loved her, the man on the other hand never doubts that the woman, whatever she may have done afterwards, did really love him once. Perhaps our conceit is stronger than that of women; perhaps their power of acting enables them to simulate false love better than we can; but be the cause what it may, I have no doubt about the fact. I have noted it often before; I noted it again in the rambling wandering confessions of A, out of which I have put together his story. At the bottom of the bitterness he felt against the woman who had deceived and ruined him, there was a sort of lurking tenderness for her still. She had wronged him cruelly, but at one time he could not help believing she had loved him, and for that he felt towards her as men always do feel towards women who have first loved and then deserted them. And women are such strange creatures, that possibly, for a few moments in her life, Ada Fitzmaurice may have felt something like an unselfish fondness for the bright, fresh-looking lad whom she was luring on to his fate. Even the sirens, I fancy, may every now and then have

beckoned with their hands to the victims spell-bound by the magic of their song, to bid them fly while there was yet time, knowing all the while, perhaps, that the warning would pass unheeded. One evening, of which in his feverish dreams A spoke ever and anon, he and the woman whom he called sometimes Ada and sometimes Kate, had stood side by side on the banks of the Moselle river, which flows not far from Friedrichsbad. They had strolled down arm in arm together, to see some old castle or ruin, and were waiting for the river steamer which was to carry them home. She had been gentler, fonder, than was her wont; and he had been hot and passionate in his boyish admiration. The sun was setting, and the waters of the stream were red with the reflection of the purple clouds in the west; and the soft air was still with that stillness which you only meet with in far-away mountain lands. It was one of those nights when the worst of us feel as if we were not altogether bad; it was one of those scenes on which even men and women of pleasure cannot look without some touch of passing sentiment. Two steamers were coming towards the pier on which the two lovers stood, one dashing downwards with the stream, the other struggling slowly upwards against the current. There had been silence between the two for a time; and suddenly the woman turned round to her companion, and bade him in God's name take the other boat from that in which she was going, and let their paths in life separate for ever. Of course the warning was in vain; doubtless, she knew at heart that it would be so; but yet, when with the mad enthusiasm of youth, he swore that, come weal come woe, he would stand by her and her alone, the woman burst into tears, and sobbing, laid her head upon his breast. Perhaps the impulse was a true and generous one; but, false or true, it had vanished before her tears were dry.

Of course, I need not tell you that Arlingford was a lost man long before he had taken the walk of which I speak. One man's reminiscences of his love days are very like another's, very interesting to himself, but not equally so to the world at large. I confess I paid no particular attention to the part of A's story in which he explained or tried to explain why he fell head-over-ears in love with this woman whom he met at an out-of-the-way corner of the world, and of whom he knew absolutely nothing, but that she was very handsome, and bright, and clever. If half the men who have made fools of themselves for women, had as good an excuse as poor old A, there would not be so much cause for declaiming about the folly of mankind. I remember now well

enough dining down at Richmond with old Morton, when Mrs. Colville played the part of hostess, not long I should think before the Friedrichsbad idyll, and though, by that time, I had seen too much of the world to marry a *protégée* of the major's, I could understand well enough how she could get round any man whom she thought it worth while to angle for. Anyhow A, who was as innocent as only a young fellow can be who fancies he has seen life, fell a prey at once to the charms of the lady whom her Port-Solent admirers used to call by the pet name of Chirping Kitty. The oldest and stalest fictions in the world went down with him. He believed like gospel in the defunct Indian general who had been more of a father than a husband to the friendless orphan, who had accepted the offer of his hand out of feelings of filial gratitude. He waxed indignant at the wrongs of the persecuted victim of base suspicions, and considered her heroic resolve to have no communication of any kind with her deceased husband's relations, proof of the nobility of her character. He swallowed without doubt the story of the mysterious persecutions to which the lady had been subjected, and which necessitated her whereabouts—nay, her very existence—being kept a profound secret even from his nearest kindred; and what is stranger perhaps than all, he felt a friendly feeling towards the extemporised brother, who, at the critical moment, made his appearance at Friedrichsbad, to convince himself that A was not trifling with the affections of his beloved sister. It struck him, indeed, infatuated as he was, that the attachment between the brother and sister was more demonstrative than is usually the case; and that the dark, handsome stranger surrounded his stories of his own wealth and importance with a vagueness, which in anybody but his Ada's brother, would have seemed suspicious. And his instinct as a gentleman told him somehow, that the man had a flavour of flash jewelry about him, morally as well as materially. But, indeed, he had scanty time for reflection. The brother was compelled to return at once to his vast indigo plantations in the East, and intended to take his sister with him, as he could not bear to leave her friendless and unprotected in a foreign land. The poor boy lover was terrified by this intelligence, and offered his hand and heart at once in order to provide his beloved with a protector. After the requisite amount of hesitation on the lady's side, and after he had explained to the satisfaction of the brother that he was the only son of a man of fortune, consent was given; and Arlingford took Mrs. Colville to be his wife: the marriage being performed in an obscure German

town by an itinerant English clergyman, too hard up for money to pay his hotel bill, to ask any inconvenient questions. Before the lady had consented to the match, she had made Arlingford give a solemn promise that the marriage should be kept secret for a time. Why this was to be, he could not well understand, but he was too much in love to raise any difficulties. Almost immediately after the marriage, according to the agreement between them, he returned to England to go on with his college career; the lady accompanied her brother to Egypt, where she declared that she should pass the winter for the sake of her health, shattered as it was by the troubles of the last few years.

Well, A went back to Oxford, a lad still under age, without a sixpence in the world he could really call his own, and married to a woman about whom he knew nothing except that she was very handsome, and wished her marriage to be kept a profound secret. Well, a young fellow in such a position was not likely to do much good; and so A took to reading less and less, to haunting billiard-rooms more and more. The letters from his wife were not very frequent, or very satisfactory when they came. Women of her stamp do not shine as correspondents; they put on the tone and manners and outward bearing of ladies readily enough; but they are about always weak in their spelling and doubtful about their grammar. The hot stage of passion, during which a man finds an extra charm in the fact that the lady of his heart spells fatigue without an *u*, or puts two *t*'s into beautiful, had passed away from him, and he began to think with dread what his sisters would say to a sister-in-law who was in the habit of talking about a lady-friend. He was not a hero of romance, you see—not one of the men who can sacrifice everything to a dream of love; but an unfledged man of the world, who had made a mistake and began to know that he had made it. Still, in spite of all, he loved the woman after his own way; and when he heard that he was soon to be a father, his early passion revived for a time. He was heir, you see, to an entailed estate, and proud in that quiet, silent, undemonstrative way which is peculiar to the representatives of old English families; and the mere fact that the seven months' child, whose birth was announced to him accompanied by the certificate of an Egyptian consulate, would one day be Arlingford of Arlingford, made the baby very dear to his heart. The expenses of the mother's confinement had been heavy, and from some not very clearly explained cause the remittances from her Indian agents had been unaccountably delayed, so there came applications post after post for

money; and in order to raise funds, he borrowed money upon post-obits, through the aid of Major Morton, to whom his wife had introduced him as an old friend of her family.

At last the crash came, by one of those odd accidents which occur in life as well as in novels. The summer had come round again; and A was in London, on his way to the continent, where he was to join his wife and child in the Tyrol. Ever since he had heard of the child's birth, he had resolved to bring home his wife as soon as he had arranged matters with her, and introduce her to his family. The responsibility of his position had sobered him, as it does most men, for a time; and for some weeks he had been living quietly and working hard. In order to avoid all inquiry or remonstrance before the time had come for the disclosure of his position, he had told nobody where he was going, or even that he was going abroad at all. His intention was to wait till he was clear away, then to write a letter to his people at home, telling them his story, and announcing the early return of his wife and child to England. He came up from Oxford in the day, meaning to leave London by the night mail. But by some chance or other he missed the train. He was not, as you may fancy, in the humour to sit in his bed-room and read; he was too restless to sleep; and for fear of being met by any one he knew, he was unwilling to go to any of his usual haunts. So, for want of some way of killing the weary hours, he went out to an obscure pleasure-garden in the suburbs. He had sat there smoking moodily for some time, when his attention was attracted by a row in the gardens. Looking up, out of listless curiosity, he saw a crowd surrounding two policemen, who were escorting a handsomely-dressed man from the gardens. There was no mistaking his face,—the man was the Ceylon Indigo-planter, the brother of his wife, the uncle of his child. From the moment he recognised the man he seemed, so he told me, to know it all. What he learnt afterwards only filled in the details; the shock came then. It may seem to you very odd and very selfish; but I believe A speaks the truth when he says that his first feeling was one of relief, when he reflected he should not now have to introduce his wife to his family. He made out where the police were taking the man who had been arrested, as it turned out, on a charge of card-sharpping, and followed him to the police-office. Being anxious, as I have told you, not to be recognised in his journey abroad, he was travelling under a false name, and wore a sham beard, which completely altered his face. He got admission by bribery into the cell where his brother-in-law was

confined, gave him the money to pay off the prosecutors, and paid from him the whole story of what had happened with Mrs. Colville, which he told her readily enough. Ever since her marriage with A had been living with, and upon, Mrs. Arlingford, for such she was by law, nominally as his brother, in reality as her lover. Whose the child was nobody could tell with absolute certainty. In all likelihood it was his; but by law its father was my poor friend. From the man's lips he learnt too the story, more or less, of his wife's previous life—of her connection with Major Morton—of her passion for the narrator, a passion which had been changed, not long after the child's birth, to hatred, on her gaining knowledge of an intrigue he had carried on with another woman. It was through her, he believed, that information had been given to the police of his return to England; and to revenge himself, he handed over to her husband the letters which proved her guilt.

Armed with these letters, A went back to the rooms where he was sleeping under a feigned name. It was not long before he had made up his mind. No divorce could clear him from the paternity of the child; and if human power could help it, he was resolved that the son of a card-sharper and his mistress should never be the owner of Arlingford. Besides, the disgrace of the exposure would be more than he could bear. If he could keep his own counsel no discovery was possible; and so he resolved from that time to be dead to the world. How he succeeded I must tell you later.

PLANCHETTE.*

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—Having read the article upon "Planchette" in your number for Oct. 26, I beg to inform you that I am desirous of procuring the machine, as sometimes in the winter evenings in the country we are in want of amusement. Would you kindly publish in the first convenient number of your periodical the address at which a "Planchette" can be procured? I have a family of sons and daughters, ranging in age from ten to twenty-three, and they keep my house continually full of people, who must be amused. The day is easy enough; but oh! the long evenings when we cannot dance!

Your obedient servant,

AN ANXIOUS MAMMA.

— Park, Yorkshire, Nov. 1.

[NOTE.—In reply to her inquiry, an "Anxious Mamma" will be glad to know that the "Mr. B." of the article to which she refers gave Messrs. Elliott, Brothers, the Mathematical Instrument Makers of No. 449, West Strand, close to Charing Cross, his American "Planchette" to copy, and that they supply them. We hear that the "Planchette" is made also and supplied by Mr. Thomas Welton, 13, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square.—ED. O. A. W.]

* See ante, p. 486.



GUY FAWKES' DAY.

Please to remember, the fifth of November, gunpowder treason and plot,
I see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot.—*Old Rhyme.*

So runs the burden of the doggerel ditty
November heard, when some few years ago
Guy Fawkes in effigy through London city
Was chaired with grave burlesque
and noisy show.

The custom's given up—"Ay, more's
the pity!"

Reply a certain set who think, you
know,
That a good party cry's the best thing
going
To keep Religion's tide for ever
flowing.

Nay, some the running down of sects
that differ

Urge as a proof of Christianity,
Their robes of orthodoxy starch much
stiffer

Than well accords with fall'n hu-
manity—

Religion clip in narrow shape, as if her
Garb might be matter of profanity,
To gown, no gown, form, no form fondly trusting.
Whilst deeper truths and purer faith
lie rusting."



Well, each one has a right to the
opinions

That suit him best—yet still it seems
to me,

If each one, keeping in his own do-
minions,

There worked in love, the world
might better be.

The dove of peace might smooth her
ruffled pinions

And pluck a leaf from a new olive tree
Left dry when Discord's waters back
are driven,

And joyful bear it to the gates of
heaven.

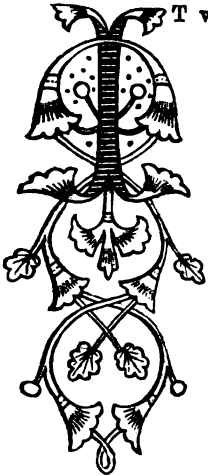
JEAN BONCEUR.

UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

A Story of a Lodging-House.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER VII. "THE LITTLE BAGMAN."



T WAS a day or two after my interview with Dr. Webber. I was sitting in my room at work over my books, when there came a tap at the door. A moment after, Mr. Vaudel entered.

"I do remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells," he said, quoting Shakespeare, with what he thought, no doubt, was very facetious appositeness.

"I'm not an apothecary, as it happens," I observed.

I was annoyed at his cool manner of coming into my room without any kind of encouragement or invitation from me. He had no right whatever to do so. It was simply intruding upon my privacy in a most unwarrantable manner.

"No, you're not an apothecary. Quite right. I should have said 'medical student,' of course. But I daresay, if you live long enough, you'll some day become an apothecary, or something equally grand. Won't you?"

I felt that I should very much like to kick him.

"I hope you don't object to my smoking?" He held in his hand a lighted cigarette of scented Turkish tobacco.

I objected to him altogether; still, I couldn't very well say so. I was bound, or I fancied myself bound, to treat him with some sort of civility. I had visited him; at his request, it is true; still, I *had* visited him, and so I couldn't very well take exception to his now calling upon me, though I had certainly never asked him to do so. As to objecting to the cloud of tobacco-smoke he brought with him, that was out of the question. It was the least unpleasant part of his visit. To fix upon it as obnoxious and to compel him to cease smoking, would have been too unreasonable, to say nothing of its being rude.

He wore a grand flowered Turkey-rhubarb coloured dressing-gown, fastened round his

waist by a cord with long tassels. Upon his head was a jaunty smoking-cap, embroidered with gold thread and scarlet silk braid. I hated him for his gaudy and affected and, as I thought, tasteless dishabille. He strutted up and down the room, stopping every now and then to gaze admiringly at his small feet, cased in red morocco slippers, or to look at himself in the glass over the mantelpiece, the while he arranged and sleeked and twisted into points his great moustache. It was very black and thick, no doubt; but it struck me that it was rather coarse in texture, and I felt sure that he had already been wasting much time in greasing and gumming it, and coaxing it into shape. I think I have before hinted that the hair upon my own upper lip was not of very pronounced character. But then a moustache is not a matter altogether under a man's own control. I mean he can't have one by simply wishing for it; he must leave it to Nature to do what she thinks best in the business. People shouldn't, as I fancy they are too apt to do, pride and plume themselves upon such things as if they were works of art entirely of their own contrivance and accomplishment.

I thought I had never seen George Vaudel look so raffish and so disreputable. In my eyes he appeared less like a gentleman than I had ever thought him; and his success in that respect had never been very great, according to my view of him. His face was marked by the lines and hollows of dissipation. His olive complexion was now especially sallow, with a kind of unwholesome green cast about it. His eyes were bloodshot, and his hands were slightly tremulous. I noticed this last fact as he raised his cigarette to his lips—noticed, too, how vulgarly loaded were his fingers with rings, large red cornelian stones, or bulbous carbuncles, set in heavy frames of very yellow gold. (My own articles of jewellery, I may note, were few in number, and of a simple and unpretending character. I had obtained them by means of an exceedingly modest outlay.)

Then his costume was not in his favour; at least, according to my way of thinking. I have always entertained condemnatory notions in connection with braided tasselled smoking caps and their wearers. Possibly, I derived

this opinion from recollection of Mr. Pickwick's acquaintance, Mr. Smangle, of Fleet Prison celebrity, who, wearing a smoking-cap, cheated his fellow-prisoners, and misconducted himself generally, like the shameless scoundrel he was. A man in a smoking-cap, particularly with the addition of a gaudy dressing-gown such as Vaudel was wearing, I have always regarded as very much in the light of a black-leg, and swindler, and swell-mobeman. I fear I shall not readily be able to change my opinion upon that subject. Certainly, there was nothing about Mr. George Vaudel to induce me to make an exception in his favour. I thought he looked about as disorderly and unseemly and evilly disposed a person as I had ever been brought into contact with.

"This is a bad job about poor old Murgatroyd," he said.

"Indeed." I did not know how much he he might know upon the subject, so I contented myself with that harmless utterance.

"Yes, indeed," he repeated, mocking me. "I suppose you think that I know nothing about it. I suppose you think you're to have it all your own way, and I'm to shut my eyes and hold my tongue, and do nothing. *Pas si bête !*"

"What do you know about Mr. Murgatroyd?"

"Well, I know something. He's been up here and had a long talk with you. I know that. And I know a little of what was said. I drew it all out of the old duchess." (He had a silly, slang sort of way of alluding to Mrs. Judd as "the old duchess," sometimes varying the soubriquet, and designating her "*la belle duchesse*," or, "*Madame la duchesse*." He was proud of his pronunciation of French, and for ever, as it were, sticking sprigs of that language into his conversation.)

"Ah! she listened at the door. I suspected as much."

"Of course she did. Did you ever know a landlady do anything else? But I must really compliment you. So you are going to approach the wife by making yourself useful to *Monsieur son mari*, are you? Well, that's not so bad for a beginner. You improve, young man—I begin to entertain hopes of you—I do, indeed; only you should get rid of that bad habit of blushing—you really should. It's pretty, and becoming, and all that; but it is so injudicious; it does tell tales so dreadfully."

I found the tone in which he presumed to address me as objectionable as it was irritating. It was too bad: he went too far—a great deal too far. About his insults to myself, I did not so much care—indeed, I viewed them rather as penalties I was bound to endure, for

having been so foolish as to admit the man to any sort of acquaintanceship with me. But I could not tolerate his allusions to Mrs. Murgatroyd. I could not bear to hear any mention of her by him. I said, rather warmly, that we'd better drop the subject—that I had no time to waste in listening to his nonsense; and I begged he wouldn't trouble himself any more concerning me and my doings.

"Well, don't be angry," he said, laughing.

"I'm not angry," I answered.

"You're rather excited, at any rate. I didn't mean to offend you, or your friends on the ground floor, either. Can't you take a joke?—not even a very little one? Is the thing forbidden by the College of Physicians? Is it voted unprofessional? Well, then, I'll talk seriously—at least, I'll try to, if that will please you. Seriously, then, I'm sorry for poor old Murgatroyd—sorry for pretty Mrs. Murgatroyd. As I said before, it's a bad job—a very bad job. I should be very glad to be of use to the old fellow, if I knew how. Only I don't. I wish I did. You see, it's rather out of my way, being of use to other people. Indeed, I'm not of much use to myself, that I know of. His eyesight's gone queer, hasn't it?"

As he knew so much, it did not seem worth while to try and keep the matter any longer a secret. I told him in a few words the nature of the disease from which the engraver was suffering.

"Ah, I see. His eyesight isn't gone, then, it's only going. I suppose he'll keep working on to the last?"

I said I feared it was likely Mr. Murgatroyd would continue to work far more than was prudent.

"Not a doubt of it. He's one of those dreadfully industrious men, who never know when to stop, who'd rather kill themselves than give over working. What miserable folly, isn't it? I hate industry myself. I don't believe in it a bit. People talk about its pleasures—as if it had any—as if it could possibly have any! But that's only said by way of inducing men to take a foolish pride in their fetters—to make them contented with their slavish condition—to persuade them to go on drudging as though it was rather a fine thing to do—as though it was grand and glorious and honourable. The dignity of labour! Isn't that the phrase? Better say the ignominy of labour—that would be more like the truth. Who'd work if he could help it, I should like to know?"

"I would," I exclaimed. I didn't at all agree with what he said. I disliked particularly his low and narrow and cynical views of things. Useless and vicious and

worthless himself, he appeared anxious that no one should be any better—should be occupied by loftier ideas—animated by less ignoble aims.

"You would—would you? Ah, but then, you see, you're a—very young man." He laughed noisily and rudely. "You don't quite know your own mind yet—you can't be expected to. I can guess the sort of cant that's got into your head. You think you've got a mission—you're going to be of service to your fellow-creatures—you're going to play your part in the drama of life as worthily as you can—you're a member of a noble profession—and all that sort of stuff. You'll get rid of it some day—you'll find out that after all you've only become a doctor for the sake of the fees; that you only work—like the rest of the world—for money; and that if you could do without it, only you can't, any more than anybody else, you would not work at all. But I mustn't go on, or else I suppose you'll get angry and fly out at me again. Old Murgatroyd's miserably poor, isn't he? You needn't answer me. I know he is. *Madame la duchesse* told me as much. The old girl is getting anxious about her rent. Not but what she's been paid regularly, I believe, up to this time; though I take it there's been a good deal of pinching and starving down below to make up the money. What could have induced a pretty woman like Mrs. M. to marry such a man as that? Old and poor—if he'd been rich, there would have been some reason in it—but old and poor and ugly, and now in addition he's to become blind and helpless! She must have been mad to tie herself to such a man. I'm really very sorry for her. And you are too, of course?"

He asked this with a sneering laugh. I made no answer. I began turning over the leaves of my book. I wanted him to understand that I was busy, and should be thankful for his absence.

"I think I shall give old Murgatroyd a call. I don't see why I shouldn't do the civil as well as you."

I reminded him that he hadn't the excuse for seeing Mr. Murgatroyd that I had. I had been sent for when he had been taken ill. Otherwise I shouldn't have ventured to intrude upon him.

"I shall find an excuse for calling upon him, never you fear. I see your game; you're afraid I shall see Mrs. Murgatroyd—that I shall spoil your chances and cut you out. I can't help that, you know, but I'll be merciful. I'll only make myself moderately agreeable to the lady—I won't entirely destroy your hopes. Still, there's no reason why I shouldn't be regarded as a friend by *la belle*

Murgatroyd. I like to look at a pretty woman, to study her fine eyes, and watch her smiles, and listen to the music of her voice, just as much as you do."

I began a rather angry protest against this tone of his remarks, when he stopped me.

"Don't be silly," he said. "Are you always going to be a child? Can't you see that I'm about to do a kind action? I am not guilty of such conduct often, I admit. Still it's too bad to baulk me when my inclinations take a right direction. I want to be of use to old Murgatroyd. I should like to help him if I can. He's an engraver. I don't know much about the thing, but I suppose he undertakes various kinds of engraving. Well, he shall engrave something for me. I'll get a picture on purpose for him to engrave, if need be. At any rate I can get him work of some kind, if he must work, and if he wants work. Some friends of mine in France are getting up a Wine Company. I'm to be their agent over here. We shall want something showy and attractive in the way of a prospectus—something that will rather astonish the British public. We'll have engravings done on copper, from photographs, of various vineyard scenes—the processes of wine-making, bottling, corking, wiring, and all that kind of thing; and old Murgatroyd shall have the job if he likes—and if he'll undertake it. Come now, isn't that a good idea? Don't I deserve credit for it? or have you anything to say against it?"

I had nothing to say against it. I conceded that it was a good idea and that he deserved credit for it. I even began to think that I had possibly been doing him injustice; that he was capable of better and kinder actions than he cared to allow. There are many men whose humour it is to be thought worse than they really are—more selfish and cynical. They like to defy public opinion, as it were, by professing far narrower views and grosser sentiments than they really entertain. Perhaps George Vaudel, with all his faults, disreputable and dissolute as I held him to be, was yet a man of that sort. I was prepared to allow so much on his behalf; the while I still clung to my old original distrust and dislike of him. For of course it was possible that his show of regard for, his desire to serve the old engraver, concealed some unworthy object. He might certainly be prompted to this attempt at kindness by some not very honourable motive. Indeed he had avowed that he wished to form an acquaintance with Mrs. Murgatroyd. I felt rather jealous and angry, in spite of myself. Perhaps I did not like the notion of his being of more service to my neighbours than I could be.

"At any rate," he said, "there can be no harm in my trying to help the old fellow. I daresay I can amuse and cheer him up a little, if I can do nothing else."

"I hope you will do nothing to alarm Mrs. Murgatroyd," I ventured to observe. "She knows nothing of her husband's condition. He is very anxious to conceal it from her. He does not want to alarm or shock her in any way."

"You let me alone," he cried, laughing, "I'll take care of Mrs. Murgatroyd. And I'll cheer up the old gentleman. I've got a case of champagne in my room: sample bottles of the best quality. I'll see what good that will do. Who knows but what a glass of sparkling wine may have a wonderfully beneficial effect upon his eyesight? Wine makes some men see double. It may make old Murgatroyd see double as well as he does at present. Won't that be a good thing to manage? I'll back my champagne against your physic, anyhow. If it does nothing else, a glass ofillery will warm the cockles of his heart. Isn't that the proper phrase? I don't know what the cockles of a man's heart are exactly, or why it should be thought to be such a good thing to warm them. But if champagne will do it in old Murgatroyd's case, champagne he shall certainly have. You'd better come and have a glass too."

I declined his offer, however, civilly but decidedly.

"What, you won't even drink to the health of *la belle* Murgatroyd? I warrant the champagne to be *première qualité*."

I said—what was not strictly the truth—that I did not care about champagne.

"The more fool you," he answered. "But I see what it is. You're full of the conventional proud, absurd squeamishness of an Englishman. You think that you will be putting me to expense and incurring an obligation—that sort of thing. Don't make any mistake. The Wine Company pays. The champagne costs me nothing. I've a sample case—to be used in obtaining orders for and extending the business of the Company. You'd better come and crack a bottle."

I still declined the invitation, and I said I did not think that Mr. Murgatroyd would accept it either.

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Vaudel. And presently he left me.

I was wrong, it appeared. I came home rather late that evening. As I went up to my own room I heard the sounds of laughing and talking in Mr. Vaudel's apartment. He was evidently entertaining Mr. Murgatroyd.

After a little time a noise on the staircase arrested my attention. I went quietly to the

landing outside the door of my own room and looked over the banisters.

George Vaudel, holding a candlestick in his hand, was with some difficulty assisting Mr. Murgatroyd down stairs.

"Take care," I heard Vaudel say, laughing. "Take care, old gentleman. Easy does it. That's right. Mind the corner stairs. You'll do capitally now."

The old engraver was far from sober. Indeed he seemed scarcely able to stand.

I heard a kind of moan of alarm and shame. Mrs. Murgatroyd at the bottom of the stairs took charge of her husband. "He's all right, ma'am, now; there's nothing to be frightened at," Vaudel said.

Then he ascended the stairs to his own room again. After that all was silent.

CHAPTER VIII.—ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

It was quite clear that Dr. Webber had arrived at correct conclusions in regard to his patient. Mr. Murgatroyd was without any real force of character; he possessed no moral vigour. The doctor was right enough. Murgatroyd was a weak man. I had seen quite enough to satisfy me on that head; and further evidence to the same effect was very shortly to be forthcoming.

I had witnessed with pain and surprise the result of the engraver's visit to George Vaudel on the first floor. I found a difficulty in believing that Mr. Murgatroyd could so readily have forgotten what was due to himself—that he could have behaved with such an utter want of discretion; that by his folly and recklessness he could have brought upon his poor young wife such keen distress as I felt convinced she must have suffered. How could he have permitted himself for one moment to listen to and be led away by such a man as George Vaudel? Surely he should have seen at once the nature and character of the person with whom he was dealing, and have shrunk from contact, much more from any kind of intimacy with him. It was difficult to reconcile his conduct in this respect with the manner in which he had expressed himself—with the earnest solicitude he had appeared to evince on his wife's behalf—the anxiety to spare her from suffering he had given utterance to, in the course of his interview with me.

No doubt, there were excuses to be made for him. He had probably been tricked in some measure. Vaudel was just the man to take a gross view of the situation. He would think it an excellent practical joke, a choice stroke of humour, to force an ill-judged hospitality upon his visitor, to ply him with wine to a deleterious extent. Then he, Murgatroyd, was in so feeble

a state of health that, no doubt, a glass or two only would have the same effect upon him as excessive toping upon a stronger man. Still, that he should have yielded to the temptation at all—that he should have accepted Vaudel's invitation in the first instance—that he should have voluntarily occupied a position out of which such a catastrophe as I had accidentally been a spectator of could any how arise—were matters that did not cease to amaze me. But it was clear how the events had come about. Vaudel had spoken to him of work to be done, and he had listened eagerly. He was anxious to work while he could. Then he had been lured on to drink a glass to the success of the undertaking Vaudel had projected. His host had not spared him—had taken advantage for his own amusement, and for what he considered to be the joke of the thing, of the old man's weakness. The result I had seen. I felt confident that all had been brought about much as I have suggested.

And there was another and even more painful side to the occurrence, which had yet to be considered. I had heard and read of cases of shipwreck, in which, when hope was wholly lost, and death appeared imminent to every one on board, the most reckless of the crew had thrown off all control, had mutinied against their officers, and attacked the spirit-room in order to meet their fate with their senses numbed and brutalised by intoxication. Had a desperation of this kind—an unmanly and half-insane cowardice such as this—seized upon old Murgatroyd? Was he thus going down before his misfortune—careless what he did or what became of him, so that he lost for the moment recollection of his real position? Was he bent on throwing away all self-respect, all sense of shame, in a delirium of fear and helplessness? Indeed, it looked something like it. As the doctor had said of him, he was one of those weak men who are obstinate by fits and starts, and always in the wrong places, and at the worst possible times. He would be obstinate in working on without rest or pause, heedless of the consequences he was only the more surely hurrying upon him. Was he to show himself still more wantonly unreasonable—still more persistently reckless of what must result, by throwing away wastefully such poor remnant of health as remained to him, such frail chances of recovery as he yet possessed, in abandoning himself to dissolute courses, in purchasing temporary oblivion of his troubles by recourse to Vaudel's samples of champagne? It seemed that this was only too probable a view of the case; for his visit to Vaudel, I soon found, was repeated frequently, with results similar to those already set forth, if not, perhaps, on every occasion

of so marked, so openly shameful a kind. The two men appeared to have become close friends—were constantly together.

For my part, I saw little of him during some weeks. I ascertained from Dr. Webber that he had not been again visited by his patient.

"Didn't I tell you so?" demanded the doctor. "I knew he wouldn't come near me again. He doesn't want to be told the truth. He won't follow my advice. I knew he wouldn't. One can do nothing with that kind of man. The only chance is to tell his wife and make her take care of him even against his will. Why don't you tell his wife? Surely you could do it easily; you live in the same house, don't you? Depend upon it, it's the only right thing to do."

It might be so. But still I couldn't do it. One thing: I had little or no opportunity. I seldom but by accident saw Mrs. Murgatroyd, and my acquaintance with her was so slight that I felt it did not justify me in addressing her, least of all, on such a subject. And then I had been enjoined by her husband to be silent in regard to his malady.

Murgatroyd, it seemed to me, took pains to avoid me. He did not again enter my room, and he afforded me no opportunity for further conversation with him. It was unavoidable that we should meet sometimes; but he was careful that this should happen as seldom as possible. If as he was going out he heard me descending the stairs, he would either quit the house precipitately and hurry out of sight to give me no chance of overtaking him, or he would re-enter his own room and keep the door closed until I had taken my departure, and the road was clear for him to follow. If we accidentally encountered each other in the street or elsewhere, he affected to be in extreme haste, and with a nervous and abrupt bow of recognition, and a few half audible words of greeting, he would hurry past me. There was, the while, a look of alarm upon his face lest I should attempt to stop him and draw him into conversation. He seemed to dread me; and by-and-by I began to think, from his intense anxiety in shunning me, that he quite hated me.

The reason for this it was not difficult to imagine. I knew his secret. He was probably not aware that Vaudel knew it also; or he did not heed what Vaudel knew if he knew it, might think of him in consequence. Vaudel was without medical knowledge, and his opinions on all subjects were of so flippant and careless a kind, that they were not worthy of serious consideration by anyone. But I could not fail to know the desperateness of his conduct—how insanely he was hurrying on

his fate. He was bitterly ashamed of himself; yet he would not depart from the path he had entered upon. He was trying to forget. When he saw me he could not but remember. My presence brought before him the inevitable issue of his proceedings—the advice of Dr. Webber, which he was so wantonly disregarding. Without opening my lips, I was yet reproaching him earnestly—forcing upon his recollection and contemplation what, in his madness, he was trying hard to banish from his thoughts.

He appeared to be working as constantly as of old. The gaslight above his desk burned as brightly at night as it had long been doing. He had made no change in his manner of life. Certainly he was not sparing himself; he was not economising his sight, as Dr. Webber had enjoined him to do. He was following his own counsels—he was working while work was possible to him. At present I detected no great change in his personal appearance. He looked a little older, perhaps; paler and thinner; shuffled more as he walked, as though from increased feebleness. But his changes in these respects were not very marked, and may have been due in some measure to my own imagination. I was expecting to see him alter as the time went by, and perhaps fancy had as much to do as fact, in regard to the signs of failing health it seemed to me I perceived about him. He was constantly with Vaudel now. The two men had, as I thought, little enough in common, and yet they appeared to be curiously drawn towards each other. Perhaps the contrast and difference between them they each found entertaining and attractive. As a novel kind of study, Murgatroyd might derive amusement from the levity and impertinence of Vaudel. That he should really like the man, I thought hardly possible. But if Vaudel found him employment, that would, of course, explain his toleration and submission. In that case, it would be to his interest to maintain friendly relations with his fellow-lodger. And then, of course, he knew nothing of the contemptuous terms in which Vaudel had spoken of him, or of the offensive way in which Vaudel had permitted himself to speak of Mrs. Murgatroyd.

Vaudel had talked with his habitual very odious superciliousness about “cutting me out” in “doing the civil” to the Murgatroyds. He had threatened to make himself agreeable to the lady—to induce her to regard him as a friend, and so on. Well, it seemed that he had been as good, or as bad, as his word. He had become on intimate terms with the lodgers on the ground floor. I met him one day bringing into the house a beautiful bouquet.

“For *la belle Murgatroyd*,” he whispered to me, with an insulting leer on his face. Some little time afterwards I found he had also presented her with a canary bird in a handsome lacquered cage. I hated him for making her these presents. At the same time I envied him. I wished that I had been able to do as much or more. My offerings would have been prompted and accompanied by feelings of respect. Behind Vaudel’s gifts there lurked, I was persuaded, thoughts and motives of an unpleasant and unworthy kind. I regretted very much that she had accepted anything at the hands of such a man. But I presumed she could hardly refuse his presents. They were not, in truth, of any real value; and then, he was her husband’s friend and employer.

I saw her very seldom, and only for a few moments at a time. She bowed courteously, and rewarded my attention to Mr. Murgatroyd, on the only occasion it had been in my power to be of service to him, with a gracious smile. She looked very beautiful, and yet, I thought, a little careworn and anxious.

So some weeks went by without the occurrence of anything out of the way, or any great change in the modes of life of Mrs. Judd’s lodgers. I attended to my duties at the hospital with tolerable sedulousness. I did nothing in the way of improving my acquaintance with Vaudel, and I avoided the billiard-room which I knew he frequented, partly because I did not wish to see him, and partly because I was beginning to read up with care and zeal for my examination, and had little leisure for recreation of any kind. Once or twice Vaudel had invited me to taste his champagne, “before,” as he said, “old Murgatroyd drank it all up;” but on each occasion I had made excuses and refrained from visiting him. He spoke now and then of the Wine Company for which he was acting as agent, and always in high-flown terms of its success. “It’s regularly launched and afloat now,” he would say, “and it’s a hit—an immense hit! We’ve more orders almost than we can comply with. We’ve got John Bull’s name well on our books now, and we intend to make a good thing out of him. Not but what we’re giving him better stuff to drink than he’s ever had before. Poor fellow! he’s had his liquors shamefully adulterated before we came out. He hardly knows the flavour of pure wine. But he’s getting to like it better every day. Trust him for that!” Certainly there was every appearance of Vaudel’s prospering. He dressed more magnificently than ever. His hats were glossier, his boots shinier, his gloves lighter and tighter. He talked at one time of moving to a more fashionable quarter of the

town. "And yet somehow I've got used to this dreary, dirty neighbourhood," he said, "and I can't persuade myself to leave it. I don't suppose I should like any other place better. And then I get a good deal of change. I'm obliged to go out of town and abroad much more than I used to."

Indeed, he was now absent very often—sometimes for a week at a time—pushing, as he called it, his Wine Company in the provinces, travelling for orders, or visiting his employers on the Continent to report progress and obtain further instructions. Still, he did not give up possession of his rooms, but paid punctually the full rent of them, whether he used them or not. "Allays the perfect gentleman," as Mrs. Judd said of him—with a kind of implied sneer, it seemed to me, at "young medical gents" such as I was, in her eyes; though I am sure I submitted to her dictation and extortion with a docility that was absurd and abject enough, I should have thought, to have won her admiration and esteem.

But then there was ever in my case the shadow as of limited means about my method of life. The glories of Vaudel's profuse expenditure were not for me. I did not drink champagne; and Mrs. Judd had not to thank me, as I think she had in regard to Vaudel, for sundry draughts of that beverage which occasionally regaled and exhilarated her—acquired by the gift of her lodger, or by energetic and uncompromising action on her own behalf: it was not for me to say which. A certain flush on her face, however; an uncertainty of gait, an imperfection in her speech, and a glassy glistening of her eyes, symptoms occasionally observable about her, were, I fancy, only to be attributed to a more or less intimate acquaintance with the sample bottles pertaining to the Wine Company's agent who occupied her first floor. And, I think, the more wine passed her lips, so much the more was she inclined to regard Vaudel as "a perfect gentleman," and to view disparagingly her other lodgers. She still spoke of "poor Mr. Murgatroyd," frequently mis-pronouncing his name, however, and reducing it to "Mogger-trod;" sometimes even disguising it as "Muggeridge;" and to the engraver's wife she occasionally referred as "por thing," or "por dear." But as she took no steps to eject her ground-floor tenants, and they still remained in the house, I concluded that Mrs. Judd continued to receive her rent from them with decent punctuality. Indeed, as yet Mr. Murgatroyd was able to work, and to earn money, therefore, to satisfy the demands of his landlady.

(To be continued.)

IN THE TRAIL OF A COMET.

UPON the occasion of the grand display of celestial pyrotechny which excited so much curiosity on the night of the 13th of November last, the columns of every monthly, weekly, and daily disseminator of intelligence teemed with communications on the subject of meteors, till the theme became almost hackneyed, and, to all appearance, exhausted. As we had our say at that time upon the matter, it may strike a novelty-expecting reader as a necessary course for us now to revert to it. But we would ask that reader to withhold his censorious thought till he has seen whether we have not good cause for reverting to what he may consider an used-up topic—till we have told him of something highly curious and interesting about meteors that was not told in the journals aforesaid, some months ago, for the good reason that it was then a thing undreamt of and unknown.

But our title bears reference to comets, and our talk is of meteors. Have we gone back in our philosophy to the Aristotelian doctrine that the two classes of bodies belong to one family? Even so. Since last November's display, an advancing step has been made in meteoric and cometary science, that is as brilliant as it was unexpected. Anyone who twelve months ago had re-advanced the exploded conjecture that comets and meteors have anything in common between them, would have been written down a fool by the thinking portion of the public, and stigmatised in the more dignified language of philosophy as a dreamer. Nevertheless, crude ideas of some such possible relation have lingered in highly speculative minds ever since the notion was first propounded; but comets, from their mysterious appearance and behaviour, have been sought to be connected with every conceivable celestial, atmospheric, and terrestrial phenomenon. Such ideas have, however, mostly been held and advanced by those whose acquaintance with actual facts has been small; for the smaller the number of facts, the wider the field for speculation. Astronomers, convinced of the littleness of their positive knowledge of the nature of these bodies, and knowing too well how small the chances are of obtaining insight into that nature, have ever been chary of hypothesising themselves, and still more so of listening to the wild and often absurd theories proposed by those whose means of acquiring information are far less than their own. Now, however, the relation between the two forms of tail or train-bearing stars comes upon them not as a fanciful theory, but as a self-asserted fact; a gleam of light

has been cast upon one of the darkest fields of science, and *savans* hail it as the dawn of a new day.

This community or relationship first presented itself towards the close of the past year. The honour of recognising it is due to Signor Schiaparelli, director of the astronomical observatory at Milan. This astronomer had been investigating the motions through space of the streams of tiny bodies that occasionally intercept the path of the earth, and, by combustion in its atmosphere, produce the now familiar meteoric displays. As a part of his researches, he was led to an examination of the course or orbit of that particular stream which we encounter on or about the 10th of August every year, and which gives rise to the exhibition which superstition recognises as "St. Lawrence's fiery tears." It is necessary to bear in mind that meteors being, as has been determined in recent times, planetary bodies, and not mere exhalations coming from the earth's atmosphere, they move in elliptic orbits around the sun, in obedience to the same laws that govern the annual course of the earth or the orbital motions of Jupiter, Saturn, or any other denizen of our solar system. Now, in order to distinguish one orbit from another, and to define the form and dimensions of an orbit and the exact position in space which it occupies, astronomers have recourse to a certain set of numbers which represent linear dimensions and angular bearings. These numbers are called the *elements* of an orbit; once known they enable the astronomer to compute the position which the planetary body has occupied at any past time, and predict that which it will have at any future period. And what applies in this matter to planets refers to comets also, inasmuch as the latter bodies move in perfectly analogous though differently shaped orbits to those of planets. No two planets or comets can have the same elements, or obviously they must move in the same orbit; if such a thing does occur, the presumption is that they must have some connexion with each other. The elements we speak of are found by a lengthy process of computation, based upon observations of the position of the body in the sky at various times.

Well, from such data as were available for the purpose, Signor Schiaparelli determined the orbit of the August meteors. It has been found in some cases that the little particles of matter which become meteors in our atmosphere are spread all around the orbit in which they circulate, so that that orbit is really a sort of dust ring; and the particles, instead of being uniformly distributed throughout the

circuit, are thickly crowded in some parts, and sparsely scattered in others. When, therefore, we speak of determining the orbit of a group of meteors, we may be understood to mean the form and dimensions and position of this ring of cosmical dust. It was these data referring to the August ring that the Italian astronomer sought and ascertained. And now comes the startling point of the history. When he had computed his elements, he found, whether by accident or as the result of a premeditated search he does not say, that these agreed almost identically with those of a comet which visited our skies in the month of August, 1862. The obvious conclusion that the comet and the meteors move in the same orbit led him to the inference, which he announced somewhat boldly, that this said comet was nothing more nor less than a large meteor belonging to the August system! When this strange announcement was made to astronomers, they hardly knew how to receive it—whether to accept it as a physical fact or to regard it as a mere accidental coincidence of numbers. However, almost before they had time to make up their minds, there came a confirmation from another quarter, and derived from quite a distinct source. Professor Peters, a German astronomer, found that the elements of the November ring of meteors, which had been computed by M. Le Verrier from data furnished by last year's shower, exactly coincided with those of a comet known as "Tempel's," and which appeared at the beginning of the year 1866. In the meanwhile, Professor Adams, in this country, had calculated with extreme accuracy the orbit of this same meteoric ring, and his results entirely corroborated the agreement announced by Professor Peters. In the course of a very few weeks, such was the excitement which these discoveries created, several more coincidences were established, notably that of the first comet of the year 1861 with the meteors which are seen on the 20th of April, and that of a formerly well-known but now lost comet, called *Biela's*, with a display which has on several occasions manifested itself on or about the 7th of December.

So many established cases preclude the idea of accident, and amply prove that there is *some* physical relation between comets and meteors. A vast field for legitimate speculation is opened out in the inquiry as to what that relation really is. Are comets vast congeries of "star dust?" or are the rings of meteoric particles the primordial elements from which comets are ultimately formed? In other words, is a ring of meteors a dissipated comet, or a comet unformed and in embryo? The former supposition is that which astrono-

mers most incline to. It is well known that the cohesive force which holds together the materials of a comet is very feeble, and it appears highly probable that, in its rapid course through space, such a body suffers partial dispersion, and throws off and leaves behind a trail of particles to mark its path.

That these homeless wanderers do waste away in the course of years is evident from the fact that more than one has disappeared from our system, never having returned to our skies at the appointed time. Once a comet was actually seen to split into two parts, and the divided members henceforth travelled in consort; now that same comet has been lost sight of altogether, and it was conjectured, some time before the period of the discoveries we are alluding to, that it had become entirely dissipated. It has since been calculated that at the time of its division it was in a region of space crossed by a ring of meteors. Did its fouling with that ring cause its disruption? and have subsequent encounters, which there is good reason to suppose have occurred, so shattered the poor comet that it has lost its entity and become dispersed and scattered through space, to be again manifested to the inhabitants of this globe only in the form of a periodically recurring meteoric shower? This be it borne in mind is not a mere flight of fancy, but a consequence of which the probability is very strong.

There can be little or no doubt, then, that when we enjoy the sight of a display of shooting stars, it is because we are at the time passing through the trail* of a comet! It is even possible that we have, upon the occasions of some of the stupendous showers of meteors that are recorded in history, done more—that we have actually plunged into and dashed through the very nucleus or body of a comet. The dreaded encounter that the superstitious of past ages maintained would annihilate our system may have really taken place, and may have been repeated again and again, while those who would have been panic-stricken had their proximity to a comet been known to them have actually looked on and enjoyed the brilliant consequences, happy in their ignorance. The old fears concerning “bearded stars” have died out: their appearance is no longer held to herald wars, famines, and pestilences; indeed, if we were to canvass opinion we should find that, instead of being regarded

as signs of evil, they are more often hailed as harbingers of good; for does not the agriculturist look for full crops when a comet sheds its mild light upon his lands? and does not the wine-grower dance for joy if a comet presides over the vintage? We happened to be in the champagne districts of France during the apparition of the great comet of 1858, and had frequent opportunities of testifying to the *vendangeur's* belief. The vintage of that year was, as is well known, a rich one; and, rightly or wrongly, its fulness was on all sides and by all grades attributed to the beneficent influence of “*la belle comète*.”

We are on the eve of a return of last year's display; at least there are good grounds for expecting a shower, of even higher grandeur than it, on the 14th of this November. Should it come, and should the reader be fortunate enough to witness it,* we hope the interest of the sight may be enhanced by the recollection that he or she has encountered “The Trail of a Comet.”

J. CARPENTER.

November 7.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

“How difficult it is for many of us to grow old gracefully!” So says Madame de Staël, and how truly she spoke. We hear people say, “Why does not so-and-so accept her age?” but when it comes to their turn, the bill of acceptance is returned—in the same way—dishonoured.

A great many essays are written and read, and each person says “How true;” but beyond that they let the truth rest. No one knows or *will know* when their youth ends, for in many the spirit still keeps its brightness when the vessel is nearly worn out; and, like the gradual shades in one colour, you can scarcely tell where the difference is except when you place the first and the last together. And so it is with age: a man or woman will frequently go on pretending to all the youthful privileges of manner and dress; and as long as no comparisons are able to be made, they are endured; but when placed near the real thing, the true difference appears glaringly enough, and they are therefore quizzed and laughed at.

The spirit may keep its freshness, but the body must feel its constant work, and its muscles become stiff and ungainly, justly

* It may be necessary to inform an unastronomical reader that the “trail” of a comet has nothing whatever to do with the tail. It will have been seen that we use the former term to signify matter left in the track or path of a comet. The caudal appendage is not in the path of a comet (comets do not “bring their tails behind them”); it is always turned from the sun whatever the position of the comet may be. The nature of comets' tails is still one of the greatest mysteries of science.

* In this part of the world circumstances are not so favourable for observation of this year's shower as they were for that of last year. The display will not commence before about 4 A.M. on the morning of November 14: the maximum point will not, it is expected, be reached till after sunrise, when, of course, the meteors will be invisible. The best part of the sight will be witnessed further west, on the Atlantic and in America. The presence of nearly a full moon, too, will tend to diminish whatever grandeur may appertain to the display.

calling down the jeers of youth when it aches her in her beauty.

Women ought to have more pardon than men, and should be allowed more licence. Their life at the present day is so made up of admiration; and is so objectless beyond the paramount one among women—getting married—that we are not surprised at seeing Madame Rachel's advertisement of "No more grey hairs," &c.

As long as men only look to the surface in choosing a wife, so long will women stoop to the degrading influence of paint, false hair, &c.; and look upon age creeping on them, as a demon driving them out of their only field of happiness.

A woman may draw a very good lesson from the very implements she uses for her battle in life. Let her take her new summer bonnet; bright in its freshness and colour, it looks charming, and with careful wear continues to do so, but she has no idea how much of its colour has really gone till she suddenly turns the ribbon back, when, behold! she sees she is now wearing a bonnet of a different colour; but as it has all faded together the appearance is good. Let women see themselves in the same light, and make their manners and dress all blend to the same shade, carrying with them the fascination of an educated and refined mind, and they will find that there are still some men left who will prefer the *true woman* to the made-up and false puppet.

A woman who can stoop to deceive in her person, can, when required, deceive in other things.

With men, "growing old" ought to be no cause of mortification. It is hoped that their object in life has been attained, and that their struggles have met with success. Such being the case, they can look back upon their youth with the brightness of mind satisfied with successful work.

We don't meet with so many old boys as old girls in society. When we do come across one he seems still more offensive. What excuse has he for falling back upon the subterfuges of art, the dyed hair, the stays, that confess and expose rather than hide his bulk, the polished boots that give the lie to the gouty feet they cover? When we see old boys condescending to such arts, we cannot allow them pity, for they are only deserving of contempt. As they possess a stronger brain and a stronger frame than the "old girls," they ought rather to teach them the lesson of life, than condescend to copy from them the deceptive arts of Venus. When once the "old boy" takes to "making up," it would seem as though the whole condition of his body and mind crys-

talizes for the next twenty years at least. We go abroad and shake the old boy by the hand, with the most affectionate adieu. We come back again after passing through a thousand vicissitudes, and there he is again, still the old boy, sustained by his patent belt, polished in his boots, untouched by a tinge of grey; there seems little chance that with such aids he will ever walk arm-in-arm with time again. But some little accident happens, some serious illness overtakes him, and he reappears in the world once more a very old, white-headed man—all the more elderly for the care he has so long taken to keep the fatal scythe-man at a distance. On such occasions, the friends of the "old boy" feel a kind of shock—it seems as though a generation had suddenly fallen out of their reckoning—as though they too must have suddenly slipped into years. It is on such occasions that the bitter folly of the "old boy" strikes one with dramatic effect. Surely, he might have taken his age kindly, might have allowed life to slip on without this vain attempt to arrest it.

For him there are none of the excuses that may be pleaded for the "old girl." Youth with her is the one gift to which she may be excused for clinging; for the cold shade of old-maidism is a positive evil which she may be pardoned for entering unwillingly.

A man should remember that he has a longer lease in being considered younger in years than a woman, and, therefore, when age does come, he should accept it. A man between forty and fifty can afford to confess his age; an unmarried woman, still wishing to become a *better half*, at that age trembles at the sight of "more grey hairs." She knows her mind has not been tended as carefully as her face, and that when she leaves off paint she flings away her false happiness.

What a relief it is to come across a few who take their age kindly. The mind we may be sure has been well trained and tended, and carries its fascination in the face, still keeping the spirit fresh as it gathers knowledge in years. And thus it is we come across old people who, while enjoying the merriment of youth, can still retire to their arm-chair to have their after-dinner nap, without the dreadful bug-bear of being considered *old*.

What is more ludicrous in a man or woman who, still trying to keep up the banter of a flirtation, has to distort the mouth with a smothered gape, or keep rolling the eyes lest the wearied body should fix itself in sleep?

About every fifteen years there is a certainty of a great change taking place in all faces; at least we start from twenty to thirty-five, then after that there is no use in saying

“not quite thirty.” Accept the thirty-five, and you may keep there till five-and-forty; but you must accept each stage as it comes, with dress and manner in accordance; and when the final scene arrives, when the curtain gradually falls never to rise again, you will be remembered with love and respect. M. B. W.

BACCHUS TO NICÆA.

“SLEEP on in midst of roses and on flowers
Of lilies—there I see thy loveliness.
I look upon the lily, and I see
Thy snowy bosom, in the hyacinth
Thy night of hair. Oh! let me follow thee!
How fain for thee would I bear spear and bow
And arrows, a sweet burden! Have I need
Of Satyr’s help? Did not Apollo bear
Cyrene’s nets, and shall not I bear thine?
On my broad shoulders let me lift my love,
I am not greater than my sire, who bore,
And never thought it sin or shame to bear,
The fair Europa, by the fretting waves
Unwetted. Rosy maiden, why for thee
Must woods alone make music? Why, oh! why
Is all thy pleasure there? Those lovely limbs
Were never made to sleep on unstrewn bed
Of mountain stone. I, I would spread for thee,
Wouldst thou let that office be my care,
The skins of spotted pards, the shaggy hides
Of lions, which full gladly would I strip
From my own limbs, to be thy covering.
So might a warm and honeyed sleep be thine!

And in the thirsty summer I would plant
Over thy head the shadows of the vine,
Whose balmy breath should tremble round thy brows,
And lull thee into languors of the gods
Immortal, lying silent in still dreams
Beneath that clustered canopy. Oh maid!
Much wandering! let not thy dainty cheeks,
Where nestling loves for ever wake desire
In all who gaze, be tinged by Phaethon;
Let not his bright and burning beams too long
Rest on the lucid glory of thy limbs;
Let not the winged winds disturb thy hair!

Sleep on in midst of roses, and on flowers
Of hyacinth! Sleep on! leaning thy head
Upon that neighbouring vine; so shalt thou please
Thy lover, leaning on the bough he loves;
Cypris, in roses as a fairer rose;
And Phœbus, whose sad bloom of hyacinth
Is pressed by thy dear side. So sleeping be
One joy to three Immortals.” Thus he spoke,
Bacchus, the ever-young, wide-wailing words
For her, the nymph Nicæa, which dark winds
Still carried with their moaning gusts away.

J. M.

PRAWNING ON THE SUSSEX COAST.

If you are fond of scrambling over slippery rocks, to pick winkles, or to search the weedy pools for marine wonders, or what is far more pleasurable to my mind, to catch prawns, then by all means visit the coast of Sussex during the summer months. Wherever extensive ledges or floors of rock are laid bare

at low tide, there you may make sure of finding capital prawning ground; if you ask me to point out the more desirable spots to try your hand on, I answer—any rocky reef running well out into the sea, to be found betwixt Beechy Head and Brighton, will well repay you.

The submerged chalk rocks along this line of coast, appear peculiarly adapted to suit the habits of the prawn.

When the rocks are uncovered at low tide, the exposed surface is almost a dead level, but most curiously intersected by narrow canals, which run parallel to each other from the cliffs seaward. Very frequently these channels are not more than a few feet apart, their depth gradually increasing from the beach to low water-mark, where it is often so much as eight or ten feet. Up into these singular tidal canals the prawns love to come, as the tide flows, but they invariably leave again as it ebbs; moreover the rocks are everywhere thickly covered with the brown “bladder wrack,” which hangs in festoons and clusters over the edges of the fissures, thus affording a most admirable shelter for the prawns.

The common prawn, or, as it is known to zoologists, *palæmon serratus*, is but little thought of, and I fear almost unknown to the non-scientific world in any other guise than that of a delicate pink creature, very pretty to look at, and, when deprived of its shelly armour, very nice to eat.

How few are there who have ever seen prawns but in the windows of the restaurants, on the marble slabs of fish shops, or built up into fancy devices upon the breakfast or supper-table.

I do not deny that a prawn is beautiful even when dead and deformed. Neither am I wishful to cavil with the tastes of those who delight to gaze upon a goodly dish of prawns, and having satiated their eyes, straightway employ their fingers deftly to pick them to pieces. I confess to having a great regard for prawns. I like to watch them in the sea; I like to catch them; I like to look upon them, when, rosy and pink, they lie doubled up upon the dish; I like shelling them; and, lastly, I thoroughly enjoy eating them. Yet I maintain that a boiled prawn, considered as a thing of beauty, is not to be compared with a living one. Ladies, for once be persuaded: lay by your fancy-work, and visit the rocks as the tide goes out when next you are at the sea-side—you can do it without either risk or trouble—and watch the prawn at home, in the canals and rock-pools. You do not know what fascinations are to be found in natural history. There are few persons, whether educated or ignorant, who do

not desire to know something about the endless diversity of living things by which they are surrounded; organic matter in every shape teems with animal wonders, the sunbeam and the breeze carry along with them a goodly freight of strange creatures, and even deep down in perpetual darkness, where the submarine cable silently transmits its messages, there, too, quaint forms of animal life are to be met with. A few practical hints: firstly, how you may distinguish a live prawn, when you see it, from an ordinary shrimp, together with a brief history of the prawn's habits; secondly, as to the way fishermen obtain them for the supply of the markets; and thirdly and lastly, how you may catch them for yourselves, may prove acceptable information to tyros in prawning. The prawn is a distinguished member of a family of long-tailed crustaceans belonging to the sub-order *Macrura* (Greek, *makros*, long, and *oura*, a tail), the family name being *Palaemonidae*; there are very many species figured and described, but the common prawn, *Palaemon serratus* (*serra*, a saw) is the one with which we have to do.

The beak extends considerably beyond the lamellar appendage of the outer antennæ (the beak is that formidable weapon arming the front of a prawn's head); it is much curved or bent back near the end, and bifid at the tip; the upper half of the blade on the front is quite smooth, but the hinder, or posterior half, is armed with seven and sometimes eight teeth, hence the specific name "*serratus*."

The eyes are situated at the extremity of two moveable stalks, the head and thorax form a single piece, called the cephalothorax (this you will recognise in the shield-like part usually styled the head, from which you twist the fleshy tail when preparing to devour a prawn); this part gives support to the eyes, the antennæ (those long, beautiful horns like sculptured coral), the mouth with its jaws, and the feet, usually five pairs, the two first being armed with little nippers. The other portion, styled "the tail," is really a beautifully-jointed abdomen, allowing great freedom of motion; you will soon discover what prawns can accomplish with this flexible abdomen when you are catching them: by a sudden bending and unbending of this natural spring, they jerk themselves clear of the net, and then the chances are greatly against your ever seeing them any more.

Terminating this pliant mail is the true tail, which is composed of several pieces, that can be opened and shut precisely like a lady's fan; these pieces are moreover fringed with minute bristles, and when expanded become a propelling and steering apparatus, beside which

man's cleverest performances are but the veriest bungles.

To the upper surface of the jointed abdomen five pairs of legs are likewise attached, known as the abdominal or false legs; these in some species are organised for swimming, but in the female prawn they are employed to retain the eggs, which you can observe for yourselves when next you eat a "berried prawn," so called by fishermen when the false legs are filled with eggs. The eggs are securely attached to the legs, and are carried about by the mother until the young prawns are matured, or nearly so. It is impossible to convey by word-painting any idea of the changing tints of the aurora borealis, or the flashing colours seen on the dolphin as its life ebbs away—colours that seem to come and go, and mix together, until the eye grows dazzled—and it is equally impossible to draw a faithful picture of the tintings, shades, and markings which adorn the body of a living prawn. It must be seen to be fairly appreciated. The front part (the cephalothorax) is a greenish grey, but the shell appears translucent, like Bohemian glass; stripes of rich brown extend longitudinally from end to end, and as if this was not ornamentation enough, these stripes have, in addition, a minute edging of buff. The jointed abdomen is hooped, so to speak, with brown, as far as the last segment, which is adorned with three stripes, extending lengthwise. When the plates composing the tail are expanded, it will be seen that each oval plate is edged with pale red, and the outermost ones are marked each with a bright red spot, and the inner with a stripe of the same hue. Small spots bespeckle the body, whilst the feet, antennæ, and claws are pale purple, encircled at regular distances by narrow hoops of orange.

The eggs of the prawn are, as I have previously stated, carried between the hind, or false legs, and as the time approaches for the young to escape, the females leave the deep water to frequent canals and pools amidst the rocks. I counted the eggs of one female prawn I caught last summer, and found she carried with her the astounding number of seven thousand five hundred. Supposing one person ate a dozen prawns "in berry" for breakfast (and in this state they always realise a larger sum per dozen), why, such person would destroy ninety thousand! I question if, amidst the countless enemies eager at all times to devour the infant prawn, or its mother, for that matter, a more terrible destroyer is to be found than is man. Why—why are prawns and shrimps allowed to be thus recklessly destroyed? and why are we permitted to enact the old fable of the goose

and its golden egg over and over again year after year, and day after day?

Surely if there existed a will, it would be an easy matter to find a remedy for this reckless destruction of food-yielding shell-fish.

The baby prawn, so it is said, is not much like its parents, and has to undergo several changes prior to its arriving at an adult form. The young of the short-tailed crustaceans were once named *zoëa* (Greek, *zōa*, the young of the crab), and were for a long time considered as a distinct genus, until more careful observation determined these quaint creatures to be only the immature form of crabs. I am, however, disposed to think that the baby prawn, when it quits the egg, is the exact counterpart of its parent in everything, except size. The fishermen tell me the grand spawning time for prawns is in the month of May, and that their growth is very rapid after they cast their skins for the first time. This skin casting is a curious process, and well worth watching. When the time for shifting its armour draws near, the prawn ceases to feed, and retires into some quiet nook. First, the "carapace" and abdomen are split, so to say, down the back, and the head, antennæ, legs, feet, together with all the other appendages, are, by a slow and steady pull, drawn from out the dorsal shield, as sword-blades from so many sheaths; even the eyes are uncased, and when everything is quite clear, and there appears to be no risk of a hitch, a quick, backward spring clears the prawn from the armour it had grown too big for. Soft and helpless now, it hides until the new shell hardens, for in this defenceless state, I grieve to say, its own mother, or elder brothers, would not hesitate to devour it.

Mr. Warrington* gives such an admirable and clear description of the way the prawn shifts its shell, that I deem it well worth transcribing. "When the period arrives at which the prawn is about to throw off its old external covering, it ceases to feed, and seeks about from spot to spot in a restless and fidgety manner, until it has fixed on a locality sufficiently adapted for the purpose, and suited to its fancy. The third, fourth, and fifth pairs of legs are then stretched out wide apart, and the feet hooked, so as to hold firmly upon the surrounding substances in such a way that the body may be poised, and capable of moving freely in all directions as though suspended on gimbals. The prawn then slowly sways itself from side to side with strong muscular efforts, apparently for the purpose of loosening the whole surface of the body of the carapace; the two pair of prehensile legs are at the same time kept raised from the ground, stretched forwards, and frequently passed over each

other with a rubbing motion, as if to destroy any remaining adhesion; the eyes also may be observed to be moved within the covering by muscular contraction from side to side; and when every precaution has been taken for the withdrawal of its body, a fissure is observed to take place between the carapace and abdomen, all the appendages are slowly and carefully drawn backward and out from the dorsal shield, until the eyes are quite clear of the body-shell, and appear above the upper margin of it. The prawn, thus half released, then makes a backward spring or jerk, and the whole of the exuvium is left behind, generally adhering by the shell of the six-feet to the surface it had selected for its purpose."

Thus liberated it rolls upon the ground, for its limbs are too soft to support the weight of the shell-less body; by-and-by it gains in strength, and then by a series of violent springs manages to obtain the shelter of some dark hole or cranny, wherein it patiently remains until its new investing membrane is sufficiently hardened to permit its venturing once more in safety amongst its companions and enemies.

"When the newly-coated prawn makes its appearance from its hiding-place its appearance is doubly beautiful; the colours are so clear and bright, particularly the orange and rich brown bands which encircle the pale blue prehensile feet, the various markings are so defined, and the small spines and fringes of hair so clean and well developed, and the deportment of the creature itself is altogether so bold and vain-glorious, as though proud of its vesture, that it cannot but command the admiration it seems to seek."

Prawns appear to have eggs at all ages, for I have frequently caught very tiny prawns with their abdominal legs clustered with "berries" or eggs. The manner these eggs are strung together is most curious, and will amply repay an investigation. The centre stem may be aptly compared to that to which all the lesser stems are attached in a bunch of grapes, and just as each grape hangs from the mid-stem suspended by a smaller stem, so each egg of the prawn is attached by a distinct fibre to the larger middle tendon or stem; but this centre stem is tough and inelastic, whereas every fibre from which an egg hangs, is just like india-rubber, stretch it out and back it snaps like a piece of "elastic;" it seems to me this exquisite arrangement must greatly guard against the risk of suddenly breaking off the eggs whilst the prawn is swimming amidst rocks and algae, and especially so when darting through holes under the influence of fear.

* The "Zoologist," May, 1855.

During the cold weather prawns retire into the deeper water to reappear in spring; they are gluttons, and greedy to a degree—cannibals I am afraid, although I hardly like to libel my favourites,—at any rate a live prawn will not hesitate to devour its relative, though it be only disabled. I have frequently placed a maimed prawn in my net, and caught a living one that immediately came to eat it.

There are two systems adopted along the coast for taking prawns—one fitted for deep water, the other as practised on the rocks. For deep water prawning small cylinders are made by bending sticks into a hoop shape, and fastening several of these hoops together by straight sticks tied to them lengthwise; nets are placed in each end, like inverted funnels in shape, the points meeting in the centre, but opening into the drum, wherein a dainty bit of shore-crab is placed as a bait; these prawn “pots,” as they are called, are sunk in likely places some distance from the shore, sometimes as many as fifty or sixty together, and their whereabouts is marked by pieces of cork fastened to them by a rope. In these “pots” the largest prawns are usually taken; but the traps cannot be used with any hope of success, unless the sea is very calm. The plan I follow, and so thoroughly enjoy, is only available in the canals and rock pools. An equipment consists of a long stick, with a notch purposely cut at the end, or a crook and spike like a boat-hook made of iron, “three gins” (why so called I never could make out), and a bag to hang round the neck in which to place the proceeds of the sport. I had better perhaps at once explain what a “gin” is; a “gin” for prawning is nothing more than a shallow net affixed to a hoop made of bamboo, cane, or iron, about a foot or more in diameter; the size varies in accordance with the taste or caprice of the fisher, and to some extent it must depend upon the width of the canals to be fished; a handle like that of a basket reaches from side to side of the hoop, and the hoop is likewise loaded with lead, in order to sink it and keep it steady on the bottom; a light line is made fast to the centre of the handle, to the other end of which line a piece of cork is added to serve as a buoy. “Gins” of three sizes are used when prawning, and for this reason—the holes and crevices vary in diameter, and hence “gins” of different diameters are necessitated. Let me enjoin a necessary precaution; it is essential to have well-nailed boots, or falls are certain on the slippery seaweed. More than this, you can travel with care and safety rapidly over the bladder-weed if you are properly shod.

We will suppose ourselves on the rocks and

properly provided with every requirement for prawning; the tide is ebbing fast, a breeze curls the sea into light waves, strong enough, and only that, to stir up the sand and slightly foul the water. The first thing to be done is to bait the “gins,” and for this six or seven shore-crabs, (*Carcinus maenas*) or “Jack-Havils,” as the fishermen call them, will be needed. These are generally to be caught under the rock ledges of the pools, or concealed beneath the sea-weed.

I have a great dislike to baiting my “gins” after the manner taught me by the fishermen, and yet I know of no better plan. The wretched crab must be seized by the back with the thumb and forefinger—so held it cannot pinch the holder with its nipper claws—then with a sudden wrench all the legs and claws of one side are twisted off; a similar process applied to the opposite side leaves a limbless trunk in the hand of the baiter; from each side a small piece of shell is next to be bitten, and a long skewer pushed through the crab's body from one hole to the other; the upper shell is next torn from the under, as crabs are usually served when they are to be eaten, the upper shell remains on the skewer, and the under shell must likewise be thrust on. This baited stick is now passed through the net of the “gin,” and fastened into its place by letting the cord slip into a split purposely made in the end of the skewer.

This process repeated on all three “gins” completes the baiting, though the baits must be renewed, as they are either destroyed or washed off in fishing. The baited “gins” are next lowered into likely places,—sandy nooks are best,—and allowed to remain for five or six minutes. If the water happens to be clear, which is never good for prawning, you can watch the prawns sailing from out their hovers—a sight, I can tell you, worth the looking at. Here it is you see the prawn at home; stately as a gallant ship it sails towards the bait, all its legs busily twisting about, its long antennæ feeling the way, and its tail spread like a brilliant fan. Without any perceptible movement the prawn appears to glide through the water, propelled by some unseen power. Make but the slightest stir, or even permit your shadow to rest upon the water, and a backward jerk sends the nimble prawn you know not where; so rapidly is this retrograde motion effected that the sharpest eye fails to trace its flight. As the hungry prawns reach the bait they float round about, and carefully examine it before commencing their repast; both sight and smell must be keen in the prawn, for they can discover bait when a long way off. Wait patiently until they settle to their work, then

take the cord in your left hand, as gently as if you were touching a wax flower, whilst with the right you place the notch or hook

in the stick against it; by doing this you are enabled to keep the cord in a vertical line with the handle of the "gin." Lift slowly,



gently, warily; touch a projecting rock, or hang your "gin" in the weeds, and your prawns are gone more quickly than you can wink; do not accelerate the steady lift until your "gin" is well clear of the water, then jerk it out, seize the captives, bag them, resink the "gin," and try your fortune on numbers two and three "gins."

The best time for fishing is during the ebb; follow out the tide, and fish back again about one third of the flood. As you take the prawns from out the "gins," you cannot well fail to notice on some of them a small projection, situated near the head, generally, only on one side, more frequently on the right than on the left-hand side. Examine it, and you will find there is something under the shell of the prawn which has raised it up into a kind of oval-shaped mound; carefully detach this covering of shell with a pen-knife,

and underneath will be revealed a small parasite, in shape not unlike a sole. So like is it, that the French fishermen did, and do now, as far as I know, believe these parasites to be young soles that the prawns very good-naturedly carried about until they were old enough to take care of themselves. This singular little animal not only appropriates the prawn to its use, but other crustaceans are likewise taken forcible possession of. Its scientific name is *Bopyrus squillarum* (Latin, *Squilla*, a prawn), but to the fishermen it is known as the "Shrimp-fixer." It is a true crustacean, nevertheless, and belongs to the family *Isopoda*. The male is not more than a sixth part so large as the female. The body of the female is somewhat elongated, and in colour a pale green, above glossy.

What purpose this singular parasite serves amidst living things, who can tell? That it

has some use, and was sent by God, who made it for a special good, is beyond all question. It does not appear in any way to interfere with the health of the prawn which is destined to carry it about; and how it first gets beneath the shell of the carapace is so far unexplained; and who will say that it is a whit the less wonderful or interesting because we do not understand it? J. K. LORD.

LINDENHURST.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER II.—CAUGHT.

"COME, Tom, rouse thee, my boy, or we shall miss the train—that prosy substitute for the romantic four-in-hand coach that used to take us up hill and down dale, giving one time to see the country and the people in it. Bah! I hate your railroads, that whizz you along like a shot from an air-gun, plunge you underground, or precipitate you down embankments; what do they teach you of town and country? I'd give something to be going this bright fresh morning outside a coach, instead of inside a train."

"Well, Percival Hope, you complain of trains, do you, with those long legs of yours? Were I a fellow measuring six feet without aid of the soles of my boots, I'd talk of walking the fifty miles between this and Lindenhurst. But there, you shan't miss the train on my account; tell Johnson to have breakfast ready, and I'll be down in a jiffy. Everything is packed up, tackle and all, and if we don't reach the Waterloo Station in less than three quarters of an hour, let me marry Aurelia Blondell instead of you."

"You marry her, my boy! Why it will take all my art and address to win her, and——"

"Well, I'll allow you to have the advantage of me,—tall, muscular, good-looking, brown hair, small hands, cultivated moustaches, dark eyes, a graceful lisp, and the son of an old family,—what chance would poor Tom Branscombe have by the side of you? You have the best of me, and heaven give you luck of your suit or pursuit, whichever it is at present. Give me ten minutes, and I am at your service."

Tom Branscombe was one of the best fellows in the regiment, and devotedly attached to me. He was a crack shot, good cricketer, and loved his rod as a lover his mistress. Old Walton could not have been more enthusiastic in favour of angling than was Tom, who would prove to you (or at least attempt to prove to you) that fishing was the parent of all the virtues, from patience, up-

wards or downwards, as the scale may run. So when I proposed to him, on the strength of Aurelia's report, to come with me and have a fortnight's fishing in the streams around Lindenhurst, he jumped at the idea, and seized rod and line with the zest of boyhood. I need not, perhaps, disguise the truth, that when I found I was not to sleep under Mrs. Blondell's roof, I thought the intervening hours might be somewhat dull without a companion. I knew Branscombe would be delighted to accompany me, and, moreover, that he was the only man I could ask, since, under the circumstances, it would be necessary for me somewhat to unbosom myself, and if I did, he was just the man to sympathise with me in the delicate mission I was about to undertake. It was agreed between us that he should fish all day, but that we should breakfast and sup together, or, if the weather should not permit of fishing, that he should amuse himself as well as he could indoors with the people of the inn, or the guests that frequented it. To these terms Tom readily assented, and by half-past three in the afternoon of the day on which I went to rouse him out of bed, we were in sight of the Lindenhurst Arms, a quiet village hostelry, built of red brick, blue slated, rectangular, and evidently very modern. Here we found no difficulty in procuring two bed-rooms, but not the same facility in obtaining dinner, for it was late in the day for mine host, and the butcher only killed once a week, and five days had elapsed since the last slaughtering.

Leaving Tom Branscombe, however, to look after the commissariat department, I rushed up-stairs to have a wash and arrange my cravat, previous to reconnoitring the "great house" a mile and a half away. It was five o'clock by the time we had demolished a steak and I was prepared to start; but with a merry heart and a light tread, I stepped out, and in less than twenty minutes was before the lodge gates. At first the house was not perceptible, lying low, and imbedded in thick trees. In fact, the whole neighbourhood was densely wooded. A winding avenue of old but stunted oaks, whose overhanging branches made the road damp and mossy, led to the building, which, to my surprise, I found surrounded by a moat, which so far retained its old pretensions that it still had water in it, though dark and fetid. The appearance of the place, however, was by no means prepossessing, reminding you rather of a fortalice concealed in the sunless depths of a forest, which strikes a chill into your veins. The effect upon me, however, was only temporary. Was there not within those ivy-mantled walls, those heavy-browed windows, a light that

would make glad my heart, and convert the external gloom of the spot into sunshine and joy?

Shall I close the description of the house at once, instead of introducing it chronologically, as I made further acquaintance with it? The rooms were not so dark as I should have imagined; the dining and drawing-rooms, which faced the south and west, were spacious and airy, and opened upon a wide space, half-lawn, half-meadow, intersected with gravel walks, and studded with flower-beds. The furniture was solid, but old, and I might almost question if it had been subtracted from or added to for the last hundred and fifty years.

It was a bright evening, that 7th of September, and I found Mrs. Blondell and her two daughters promenading the terrace in front of the drawing-room. They received me affably, and expressed a hope that I should not find it dull during my stay. Aurelia, however, seemed rather to hang back, and left the conversation to devolve upon her mother and Florence. Was it the coyness of true love? They had dined early, they told me, in order that we might have tea when I arrived, and take a slight stroll afterwards, as the days were rapidly shortening.

In her garden hat which she had donned for the evening's walk, Aurelia looked more charming than ever, and it only required the skirt of her dress to be looped up to give one the belief that she was a figure new started into life out of one of Watteau's pictures. Again she hung back and gave precedence to her younger sister, Florence—Mrs. Blondell did not accompany us—but this I would not allow. A faint heart never won fair lady, and I made so strong a demonstration of my feelings, kept so persistently by Aurelia's side, and strove so exclusively to entertain her and her alone, that I almost ignored Florence, and felt I must have appeared rude to her, had she not been able to perceive the motive of my attentions to her sister. This, I was gratified by seeing, was not displeasing to the object to whom they were addressed. As the evening advanced, Aurelia grew less reserved, and at last conversed freely and unembarrassedly, expatiating upon the beauty of the scenery around, and claiming my admiration for some pretty vista to which she directed my gaze. We strolled long, till after it was dark, in fact; but the moon, the harvest moon, was nearly at the full, the air was warm and balmy, and all the senses of nature commingled with our own to make the pleasure of the hour soft, pure, and refining. It was an hour, indeed, when time seemed to have no existence, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, save for a

slight pulsation of delight, the sands of life glided away.

The experience of that evening convinced me that I had only to propose, to gain Aurelia's hand. Her heart, I felt, was mine. What was the reserve in the early part of the evening but, as I have already observed, the coyness of true love—the modesty of a genuine affection? Florence, who in London had been comparatively mute, came forward conspicuously, and took, as it were, Aurelia's place, until I rudely thrust her from it, and forced myself upon her sister. And how amiably she fell back when she found herself in the third person. Often have I thought what a sacrifice it must be for unattached daughters to see an elder or younger sister engross the attentions of a friend and lover, yet how patiently, how meekly, nay, how cheerfully they consent to be put aside, to be ignored, to be made nothing of! More than this, even, they seem to derive new happiness from the happiness of their betrothed sister, and to rejoice with unalloyed pleasure in the prospect of her settlement for life. Would men exhibit the same gratification and freedom from envy under similar circumstances?

"Can't you see the philosophy of it all?" cries the cynic. "Another girl married is one chance more for them."

Bah!

When I returned to the inn, Branscombe had supper ready for me—a fine trout, his own spoil.

"I trust you have had equal sport," observed Tom, with a sly twinkle of the eye, when the cover was removed. "There's good angling about here."

"Never fear, my boy, but I shall have as good a catch as you."

I was in excellent spirits that evening, and Tom's fun and sly allusions to the object of my visit entertained me amazingly, so full of hope and confidence I felt.

I was to be at the Manor House by one o'clock the next day, in order that we might have a walk before dinner, the dinner being fixed for three o'clock.

"It is a vulgar hour, you know, Captain Hope," remarked Aurelia, as she fixed the time of my coming; but you recollect I told you we were very primitive down here, and it is so delightful to escape from the trammels of those seven o'clock dinners. It is really like leading a new, and," she added, with a sweet sigh, "a better life."

I was punctual to the minute, and found Aurelia and Florence ready equipped for the walk.

"Could we not have ten minutes' stroll alone?" I whispered in Aurelia's ear. This

was a bold stroke, but it was intended as a decided "feeler,"—a straw thrown up to see which way the wind blew, a test to determine the current of her feelings.

Aurelia blushed slightly; then, after a pause, she replied,—

"Florence will take Tiny, and they will play together."

Now Tiny was an Italian greyhound.

With this compromise I was satisfied, especially as the alleys in the wood were winding, and charmingly secluded.

"I fear you do not like the brilliant dissipation of London society, Miss Blondell," I observed, after we had proceeded some distance into the coppice, and Florence was amusing herself with Tiny, picking flowers, and lagging far behind.

"What makes you think so, Captain Hope?"

"The sigh you breathed last night when speaking of life at Lindenhurst compared with life in London."

"You have a sharp observation, and a good memory. But I do love the country; I revel in it; I feel like a bird escaped from its cage when, the season over, I can rush down here. Yet," she continued, bending her eyes upon the ground, and grating the gravel with the point of her parasol, "what would my life be without that brilliant dissipation for a part of the year. I should be lost, lost, lost." She uttered these last words in a tone of despair, as one led voluntarily captive by a spell that she could not, yet might, find strength enough to break.

"And would you give up that life if you could?"

She turned round, looked me steadily in the face, and said,—

"What think you?"

"That we all in our position require the excitement of the season." Then I added, after a moment's reflection,— "but in moderation."

"True; but how are you to indulge moderately. It is a whirlpool that sucks you into its vortex, and which you are impotent to resist."

"You have not the courage, you mean, Miss Blondell, and, perhaps, you are right. Single handed you have not the power. The charm, the allurements for a belle of the season"—Aurelia coloured at the illusion—"are too great, too overwhelming; and intoxicated with the honour paid to her beauty she feels the delirium till at length it is master of her will, if not of her inclinations. When she would break the golden fetters that bind her, she discovers that she has not the strength."

We walked on a little further, neither speaking a word. At length I observed,—

"The sense of weakness you complain of is but natural; you have neither father nor brother, and woman when she emerges into womanhood feels the want of a protector."

Miss Blondell made no answer. We had now arrived at an open cutting in the wood, in the centre of which stood a magnificent trunk, the stem of which rose fifty feet before it threw out a branch. At the base, seats had been constructed around the trunk.

I conducted Aurelia to one of the benches, and we sat down. Gently taking her hand, for I felt that now we sufficiently understood one another, I was about to make a formal declaration and proposal, when she interrupted me.

"Captain Hope," she said, slowly and tenderly, nay, with deep emotion in her voice, "I have not failed to notice your passion for me and have reciprocated it. But you must be aware that girls situated as I am, conscious of a certain amount of beauty and surrounded with every luxury, are keenly suspicious of the protestations of affection made to us, and we ask ourselves, whether those protestations arise from the adventitious circumstances of our personal attractions and wealth, or whether they spring from a genuine heartfelt simple love. Captain Hope, were I to give you my hand, could you love me though I lost my beauty, and were stripped of all I possess?"

I was first startled then perplexed at the frankness of this practical question. Had I remained to reflect upon all the subtle and puzzling principles it involved I might have been led to make some casuistical reply. But I felt at once the naturalness of the problem she proposed to me, and in all sincerity and from the bottom of my heart vowed "that neither change of fortune nor of personal appearance should ever mitigate the ardour of my affection. I would take her for better for worse, and cherish her through evil and good report; the same feeling should prompt all my conduct towards her—we should be indeed as one."

What, I said to myself, could be more reasonable than that a beautiful and accomplished girl, an heiress too, and the centre of a host of admirers, should feel some alarm lest amongst that host a heartless scoundrel should seek her hand less for herself than for what she could bring him. How just, then, was Aurelia's question, "Captain Hope, were I to give you my hand, could you love me though I lost my beauty, and were stripped of all I possess."

Aurelia still remained silent.

"Is there no instinct in love which teaches us to distinguish the true from the false?" I suggested, seeking a sign.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"Surely there must be," I urged.

Aurelia again only shook her head, with a sceptical gesture as answer to my observation.

"Can we never detect the truth?" again I repeated.

"No, all is veiled. We can assay gold, we can prove a diamond, but love—love has no test."

I began to suspect Aurelia of a deeply morbid tendency. How different from the gay, sprightly, buoyant Aurelia of the West-end drawing-rooms, the *belle* of the season, the cynosure of the *élite*!

It was my turn to be silent. There was a pause for several minutes.

Suddenly Aurelia looked up into my face with a sweet melancholy smile on her own, and tears filling her large soft blue eyes.

"I would I could throw off this doubt, this eternal suspicion that weighs me down and has turned so much rich fruit into ashes."

"Then you have had many offers before mine, Aurelia," I asked, tenderly.

"Many."

"And you loved none of them."

"They did not love me," she replied, with a sigh; "and how could I fix my affections on them?"

"How do you know that?"

"They could not stand the test."

"Test? What test? Oh, by heaven! by all that's pure and holy, if you want any proof of my love, of my devotion, tell me what it is, and I will perform it."

A faint smile, expressive of pleasure at my words, passed over her beautiful features, and she said,—

"Wait."

Then suddenly starting up, as though actuated by an irrepressible impulse, and seizing my hand firmly, she added,—

"Captain Hope, I trust you."

At this moment the greyhound came bounding and leaping forward out of the avenue, presently followed by its mistress.

"By the time we return home," suggested Florence, emerging from the underwood, "the dinner will be ready. See what a collection of wild flowers I have made. They are exceedingly beautiful, Captain Hope."

"I admire your natural flowers more, perhaps, than your artificial ones, Miss Florence," I replied. "Simple nature to my taste is far more agreeable than the glitter and tinsel of your fashionable life."

"Ah, you have been taking lessons from Aurelia, I see," she replied, with a saucy laugh. "But come, Tiny, we must see which will be home first." And she left Aurelia and myself to follow at our own pace.

After what had passed I felt somewhat subdued. Aurelia noticed it.

"You must be more lively, captain, when we get in-doors, or you will let out the secret of our conversation. Mamma's eyes are remarkably quick."

"It is no secret, Aurelia, I hope. This afternoon, with your permission, I shall speak to Mrs. Blondell on the subject."

She answered not, but hung bewitchingly on my arm.

This delicate little matter was soon satisfactorily arranged. I suppose most of us feel a little nervous or fidgety when referred from our heart's idol to her parents or guardians. I felt somewhat awkward when demanding a private audience with Mrs. Blondell, and still more so when I found myself closeted with her. But as the old proverb says, "all's well that ends well," I ought not, perhaps, to allude to so trifling an embarrassment.

Aurelia Blondell was now mine. Every day, every evening, we passed together in each other's company, straining and strengthening those mutual bonds which united us. My *fiancée* strove to make herself more fascinating than ever; she cast her spells over me and blinded me with her love. Never had I experienced such blissful moments or felt myself so intoxicated with delight. What a treasure I had won, so full of grace and tenderness, so pure a model of simplicity and confidence. Where else could I find so perfect a realisation of all that was beautiful and true in nature, moulded and refined by a high feminine education.

It was about a week after our engagement, that one night feeling restless at the inn I ventured out after supper for a stroll. The moon was at the full, and her creamy light flooded the sky and earth; all was still and silent. I wandered on across some fields by a by-path, and suddenly found myself near the Manor House. There were its dark, old walls, just visible through the belt of trees. I advanced nearer and nearer, the thoughts of Aurelia impelling me. She was indeed my lodestar. There, perhaps, was her window. In that chamber, perhaps, she was sleeping the sleep of the just and happy; her brain filled with joyous images. What a rapture to be near her! To serenade her with my presence, and my thoughts, if not with my voice and song!

The house was mostly wrapt in shade; but there projected towards me a straggling wing, evidently, the least frequented part of the mansion. With the light shadows of the branches moving upon it in the moonlight, it had a weird look, and I gazed at it long, marvelling how many ages it had stood on that

lonely spot of earth. There were few windows on the side facing me, but I noticed one three storeys high that was barred, and I mused within myself why a room so high from the ground should require to be thus fenced.

As I mused, suddenly the apparition of a pale face shone out from behind the bars with spectral lustre. It gazed for a time on vacancy, then disappeared, uttering a piteous shriek.

I have no superstition about ghosts, and am incredulous as to haunted houses; therefore, I at once came to the conclusion that the face I had seen was that of a human being, and the voice I had heard the cry of human anguish.

But whose face and whose voice?

It was a strange circumstance, I reflected, that if there were a lunatic confined in that house, Aurelia had never breathed a word about it to me; was that the true cause why I had not been invited to sleep within its walls?

There was something unpleasant, something perplexing, in the discovery, and I returned home little at ease in my mind.

HAROLD KING.

A SHORT TIME IN GERMANY.

No. I.

A FEW weeks ago, while industriously pursuing a water cure at Aix-la-Chapelle, I met two ladies who were on their way to the Rhine. There is nothing very extraordinary in such a circumstance, and, indeed, gallantry apart, it would hardly be worth mentioning had it not completely upset my plans, put an end to the water cure, and was the remote cause of the present writing.

The ladies had been to Paris, and were tired of the noise and bustle of the exhibition; they had visited Brussels, and, with an inconsistency only pardonable in the fair sex, had found that town too dull; they had been to Antwerp, where they had seen a painter, destitute of arms, painting with his toes—a prepossessing young man, one of them declared, who by means of his pedal-digits lifted a book and wrote his name; they had enjoyed the Rubens and Vandyck pictures, the old churches and castle of the Templars to be found in Antwerp—they had done all this, but were not satisfied. They were determined to see the Rhine, and some of the principal towns in Germany. Would I accompany them? This question may startle the reader, who has yet to learn that one of the ladies is a near relative of mine—an austere spinster—whose ideas of propriety, formed during many years of single blessedness, are of the very strictest character; be-

sides—but it is unnecessary to say more on the subject than that there could be no possible objection to my making one of the party except on the score of health, and that, they argued, would be more benefited by change of scene than by the unpleasant waters of Aix. I was inclined to agree with them, for the water cure was very hard and disagreeable work, my ailment was not improved by the dull life I was leading; so after very little persuasion I consented to be their companion, cicerone, interpreter, and protector, during their peregrinations through Fatherland.

I am of a somewhat lazy disposition, and have, I fear, a very unpardonable indifference respecting objects of antiquarian interest—finding more pleasure in works of the present than in those of bygone times; the sight-seeing of the last few weeks, however much enjoyed by two of the party, has been, therefore, more or less irksome to the third traveller; and, indeed, we have had enough of it to satisfy the most inveterate fanatic for old curiosities and crumbling buildings. Murray in hand, we have followed the directions of that marvellous guide with the profoundest respect, and can bear testimony to the correctness of his information, and never cease wondering at where it all came from. Our labours began at Aix the very day we met, and an hour after our travelling convention had been agreed upon. We proceeded to the cathedral, “one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest church in Germany.” “Dear me, how *very* interesting,” said one of the ladies, reading Murray through her eyeglass.

We there stared at Charlemagne’s skull, Charlemagne’s leg bone—sometimes called his arm bone, but it doesn’t matter which, so long as it is some bone—Charlemagne’s drinking horn, and Charlemagne’s arm-chair. In fact, we were full of Charlemagne and nothing else. From the cathedral we went to the Hôtel de Ville, where we had still more of him in the Coronation Hall, and so much more that I was glad to get rid of the old giant and return to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque in time to sit down to the *table d’hôte*, although it was only five o’clock, p.m.

Dining in public may be pleasant as a change; but it becomes tiresome in the long run. The chances are not in favour of your meeting agreeable society at a *table d’hôte*, and agreeable society, I maintain, is most necessary at dinner-time. It is better to dine alone than with those who are displeasing to you.

At a *table d’hôte* it is more than likely that your opposite neighbour picks his teeth with a fork, or that you are placed next an old lady whose habits at table are still more objectionable. Perhaps you are forced to listen to

the incessant talking of an individual whose acquaintance you have unfortunately made by asking him to pass the salt. He begins the conversation, and keeps it up whether you will or no, during the rest of dinner. He gets more talkative after every glass of wine. You try to appear indifferent or annoyed, and address yourself to the friend with whom you are dining. It is useless; if the slightest pause occurs, your tormentor attacks you again with renewed vigour; you are a victim, and must submit.

The waiters at the *table d'hôte* seem to consider the diners as so many sheep brought together for the purpose of feeding. They are the shepherds, and hurry and drive about without any apparent motive. You must take what you can get out of the dishes they bring you, and be thankful. Vainly you look for your favourite morsels—the fowls have lost their wings, the grouse their backs, the pheasants are monsters without breasts. Bread is scarce, and if asked for, it is, perhaps, brought you by the waiter in his fingers. If you are thirsty, the water bottle is far off, at the other end of the table, almost out of sight. The many languages in which you would have to explain what you want before your fellow-feeders would understand you, make it hopeless to get at the water except by means of the waiter, and he is too busy to attend to you. He has brought you the wine you ordered, and thinks you are, or at any rate ought to be, satisfied.

Sometimes—but, alas! how rarely—the object facing you has two eyes which dazzle you with their brilliancy. She is a divinity, and completely takes away your appetite. To contemplate those lovely features is a far greater enjoyment than that of eating; fugh! who could think of anything so prosaic in such a presence?

You send away the dishes untouched—the utmost you can do is to pledge those dazzling eyes silently in a bumper, and you do it with a sigh. Perhaps the beauty notices your forlorn condition, and, (such a thing *has* happened) raises her glass to her pretty pouting lips at the same time. Then, indeed, is your dinner at an end, even though the fish has not been served. Your dumb show at length becomes noticed by the surrounding guests. You are watched, and if you have any lady friends with you, the remarks they make are more or less reproachful; the object of your pantomimic attention probably gets upbraided by her relatives for “carrying on” with you, a perfect stranger, in public, and there is confusion accordingly. Under all these circumstances, is not a *table d'hôte* to be avoided? Why should you have your mind

disturbed by dining with those you dislike, or, worse luck, like, at first sight, too well? It is a mistake to run such risks, and the *table d'hôte*, exposing you as it does to so many social dangers, is not an institution that deserves the very general support it receives, although many members of the community, being essentially gregarious in their nature, declare themselves loudly in its favour.

The day after I met my friends we left Aix-la-Chapelle, Charlemagne, and Le Grand Monarque, for Cologne, a town celebrated for its odours, fragrant and otherwise. They had lost none of their pungency since my last visit. The eau-de-cologne shops have become more numerous. Johann Maria Farina's threats of punishing whomsoever he might chance to find poaching upon his territory, *gegenüber dem Jülichs Platz*, seem to be laughed to scorn by imitators innumerable. He has disfigured his house by plastering it all over with exhibition medals of gigantic size; but there are others who can show as many rewards of merit, and one vendor of the counterfeited essence cunningly employs the prettiest of shop-women as a counter attraction to the stern, harsh-spoken clerk who dispenses the fiery stuff manufactured by the original inventor. Travellers of any experience at all patronise the *Kloster Frau* for this reason; and they are right to do so, being rewarded for their custom by the sweetest smiles and prettiest broken English that ever attacked their pockets indirectly by flattering their vanity. After we had learnt all about the manufactory of the veritable *eau*, and inhaled the still more veritable odours in the streets, the churches at Cologne next attracted our attention. We went to the cathedral, and there met one of those mysterious beings that start into existence everywhere if there's the chance of a guide being required. It does not matter where you are; in a market-place, on an ancient battle-field, in the most isolated spot imaginable, everywhere a guide is sure to be at hand. He seems to appear with the suddenness of a spirit, and vanishes in the same supernatural manner. Whether the one in question descended from the roof, or came up a trap-door, I cannot say; but there he was when wanted, although the moment before no one was in sight, and we were apparently alone in the building. “He was able,” he said, in very unintelligible language, “to get us the keys of everything worth seeing; it would cost so much; would we come?” He beckoned us along, and seeing we were unwilling to follow, came and whispered to me that we must make haste, or it would be too late, for service was going to begin. That whisper was the most

overpowering I ever had the misfortune to listen to. From his gait and manner, I suspected he had been drinking; but now the suspicion was confirmed—it was a certainty. There's no doubt about it, the guide was intoxicated. He seemed on very intimate terms with the sacristans of the cathedral, who, notwithstanding his disreputable condition, conversed freely with him, and allowed him to pass us all over the sacred edifice.

By the time we had seen the monuments and other objects that are shown the visitor, divine service commenced, and as we were leaving I heard a very energetic charity sermon preached in behalf of funds for the completion of the cathedral,—a work that has been going on any time for the last six hundred years.

Having dismissed our guide, we secured the services of a *valet de place*, who took us to the church of St. Ursula, no very cheering place for an invalid to visit, being filled with the skeletons of eleven thousand unfortunate virgins who were slaughtered at Cologne by the barbarian Huns because they refused to break their vows of chastity; at least, so say both "Murray" and the old tradition. The bones are built into the walls, buried under the pavement, and displayed in gaunt array in glass cases about the choir. There is nothing to be seen but skulls all around the church. St. Ursula herself reposes in a coffin behind the altar, while the skulls of a select few of her followers are kept in the golden chamber incased in silver. My respected relative was deeply impressed by the ghastly spectacle, and shuddered at the horrid fate of her predecessors. The next church that we saw was St. Gereon's, also lined with bones—those of six thousand warriors—after the same fashion. In compliance with the wish of one of the party to see something *very old*, we proceeded next to the church of Santa Maria in Capitolio, and there we found the black hangings and sombre remains of a funeral service which had taken place the day before over an unhappy family consisting of father, mother, two daughters, and a son, all of whom had died, within the week, of cholera. This, the girl who had the keys of the church told us, for doing which she was savagely abused by the *valet de place*, who was evidently anxious that we should not be alarmed and induced to leave the town too speedily. The little pew-opener, however, held her own against the valet, and advised him in future not to tell so many lies to the strangers whom he was in the habit of bringing to see her church. The altercation was amusing, though not strictly in accordance with the sacred character of the locality in which it occurred.

After that, another church (!), that of St.

Peter, where a magnificent altar-piece by Rubens (who was baptised here) attracts all lovers of painting. It is a splendid, but a fearful picture, representing the crucifixion of the saint with his head downwards.

As though we had not had enough of churches for one day, the ladies proposed seeing others, but I protested, expressing my doubts as to this "change of scene," which they had so eloquently urged as a reason for my leaving Aix, being in any way adapted to improve the condition of an ailing hypochondriac. They yielded, and we consulted our valet as to what was the most cheerful thing to be seen in Cologne.

"If the company desired to amuse itself and take the air, then the Jardin Zoologique was the best place for the company to visit."

To the gardens, a short distance from town, we went accordingly; and I must own that it was a pleasure to get out of the dirty streets into the fresh air. The gardens justified all that the valet had said in their favour. They are well-kept, and contain a fine collection of animals. One of the tigers, the largest in Europe, has been reared by a small dog which is almost constantly with it. At times they are separated, and then it is interesting to notice with what anxiety the adopted child watches the movements of its foster parent.

"How very singular to put up such an imitation of a Swiss mountain as that is," said one of the ladies, pointing to a large rockery.

"Yes," replied the other, inspecting the object through her eyeglass, "and all the goats are imitated too. Do look how very natural that one appears on the point of that rock; it really seems alive."

"Very remarkable indeed," I replied; when suddenly the statue-like goat gave a bound, and came down to where we were standing.

"That was a good imitation of a jump," said I to the owner of the eyeglass, who was much astonished; "the machinery inside that goat must be very perfect."

The rocks were alive with goats, chamois, and other animals of the species, who were at times so motionless as to render it difficult to say whether they were breathing or not.

The idea of providing a home so well adapted to them was as well carried out as it was original and effective.

Next came the elephant, who, as its keeper informed us, was undergoing punishment for having the day before lifted a precocious young gentleman some distance from the ground, and then let him fall. The boy had been teasing the poor brute, which thus sagaciously avenged itself. The punishment consisted in its being chained to its stall by

one leg; and very miserable the unfortunate criminal appeared. A pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, was by its side, and it seems the elephant objects to being alone, and, having an affection for the pony, gets savage and unapproachable if it be taken away.

So much for the Zoological Gardens, which certainly were more lively and refreshing than the places we had visited in the morning. The *valet de place* wanted us to go into the monkey-house, but we declined, suggesting that however much at home he might be there, it was not according to our taste. It was, moreover, dinner-time, and we returned therefore to the Grand Hôtel Royal (a wonderful place as far as the name goes, at any rate,) in order to be ready for the *table d'hôte*.

A long table was laid out in the large *speise saal*, great preparations were made, bells rung, so much ceremony observed that a hundred people might have been going to dine; but, strange to say, we were the only guests. We looked, and I believe we felt, remarkably diminutive in the large room, at the end of the long table—at least, I can answer for one of the trio.

The dinner was anticipated with interest for many reasons—hunger being the principal one, and curiosity as to *sauer kraut*, *rindfleisch*, and other dishes peculiar to a German *menu*, not the least. A dozen waiters hovered round our chairs. They had nothing else to do, and were glad to see the foreigners feeding. The host himself indulged in the same pleasant sight.

"What wine will you take, ladies?" I asked, as soon as that eventful moment arrived when it was necessary to consider the important question.

"Rhine wine, if you please," was the reply.

A bottle of *Liebfrauenmilch* was ordered accordingly; but on being tasted was pronounced acid, cold, unpalatable.

"Shall we try some claret instead, or perhaps you would prefer some sherry?"

The decision was in favour of the Bordeaux, which, although not nearly so good as the first wine we had, was considered infinitely better.

"What can this be?" asked my relative, looking curiously into a dish of vegetables which the waiter had just placed before her.

"That is *kraut*, *sauer kraut*," replied the hotel-keeper, who was behind her chair, directing the proceedings.

A small quantity was taken to try, and declared to be altogether uneatable. The national dish in this instance was an ignominious failure, and would not have saved the fair novices from starvation, had no other means of nourishment been forthcoming. The *rindfleisch*, which had already passed exami-

nation, had met with the same fate. It was badly cooked boiled beef, not fit to eat; at least, so they said. As it was, they fell back upon the soup, trout, chickens, and potatoes, and, all things considered, managed to make a tolerable dinner. There was nothing to be seen in the evening except the Rhine by moonlight, and that was a delightful picture to behold. The steamers passing to and fro, the small sailing boats gliding down the stream, the lights on the opposite shore, contrasting strangely with the bright cold rays of the moon at its full in a cloudless sky, formed a prospect which we thoroughly enjoyed from the balcony of the Grand Hôtel Royal, where we sipped our coffee and chatted over the day's experiences.

The next morning a swim in the Rhine was a pleasant substitute for the sickly bathing I had left off at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Walking a short distance up the river side, I soon came to one of those bathing-barges which are to be met with along the banks of the Rhine, and nearly every other continental river. Capital establishments they are. For a small charge you are provided with every luxury that a bather can possibly require.

The swimming bath is a large space enclosed by iron or wooden gratings in the middle of the stream. It is surrounded by dressing-rooms, communicating by a common platform. These are roofed in, but the bath itself is open to the air, which makes it all the more enjoyable.

If you are unable to swim, and wish to indulge in a river bath, you are shown into a tastefully decorated room, in the floor of which is an opening of the form and size of an ordinary bath. Through this opening the water flows. You walk down the steps into a sort of cage, where you lie at your ease on a well-contrived wooden couch while the water passes over you. After bathing, you can get a very good cup of coffee on board the barge, where there is also generally a reading-room, well supplied with the newspapers of the day.

Why should not some such barge as this be moored off Brighton and the other sea-side towns in England? It would surely be a great improvement upon our present system of bathing, which is so loudly deprecated, without anything being done to alter it. The floating bath could be easily made accessible from the shore, and taken into dock during rough weather. At Trieste there is one, the success of which sufficiently proves its practicability in the open sea. At all events, the suggestion is worthy the attention of the town councils of those places in England which have acquired such an unenviable reputation for the incompleteness of their bathing arrangements.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XX. EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

KNOWLEDGE is power, so I recollect, Mr. Nomad, I used to be taught at school; and as to education, why I have been told time out of mind that it was better than houses or lands. I can't say I ever got much power out of my knowledge of books; and as to education, why I would barter all the book learning which was ever forced into my head for the smallest of landed estates. It don't take much learning to draw a cheque, or culture to receive your rents, but it takes a monstrous long time, I can tell you, before either learning or culture will provide you with a banking account or get you a rent roll. Perhaps you may say I am not a favourable specimen of the results of education; and I don't pretend that I am a credit to any system of training, whatever mine may have been; but still I do say that a mortal lot of cant is talked about a man with education being always able to earn a living. If you doubt my experience, Mr. Nomad, I will tell you of a way by which you may test it theoretically. First suppose, sir, that this very morning on which I am speaking to you, you found it necessary to start life afresh under a new name, without a friend or connection to whom you could apply for assistance, with nothing but your own intellectual resources, whatever they may be, to rely upon. There is nothing offensive about the supposition. Perhaps you have heard before now about "cutting the painter." If you have not I can tell you what it is. The painter is the rope which fastens a boat to the vessel it belongs to; and so the Yankees, amongst whom this sort of occurrence, as in all new countries, is more common than it is with us, say, when a man wants to make a new start in life, that he "cuts the painter." He drifts out to sea on his own hook, has to paddle his own canoe as best he can, without aid from any one. Well, if you had to do this, I wonder how much use you would find your culture and college learning would be to you. Just look through the list of situations offered in the "Times" or the "Telegraph," and see how many of them you would be eligible for. Without references you could not be a book-keeper; you are too old, I fancy, to begin life as a clerk.

If you wish to be a bag-man, counter-jumper, or artizan, you must have served an apprenticeship you have never dreamt of passing through. Run your eye down half-a-dozen columns, and see how many of the

situations advertised you could apply for, without capital, without character, without knowledge of trade. Why even to be waiter at a tea-garden requires an amount of training in which you would find yourself wofully deficient. Of course you will say that if you could only get any kind of employment, however humble, your superior education would soon enable you to make your own way. I am not sure about that; but I am sure you would find it mortal hard to get the first start. All skilled trades you would be necessarily debarred from entering; and as to unskilled, you would be at a dreadful disadvantage. You may have been a crack oar, for ought I know, at college; one of those muscular heroes who always get the best of it—in novels—at a game of fisticuffs. But I can tell you, you would find any dock labourer, or porter, or drayman, could do more work in a day than you could in a week. You have only got to look at your hands to see they were not made for work, like those of any rough you may hustle in the streets. You may drive a cab or you may enlist in the army, or you may become a betting welcher, but short of this I don't see what you are to do if you are as learned as Newton or as wise as Lord Bacon.

Arlingford, at any rate, found he could not turn all his knowledge of books and men to much practical account. Like many a good fellow before and since, he made up his mind to cut the painter then and there. Circumstances favoured his disappearance. Nobody knew the story of his marriage; no human being, not even his wife, knew where he was, or where he was going on the night when he discovered how he had been duped and sold. While he was hanging about London, making up his mind as to his future plans, he saw an account in a newspaper, that the man who had been arrested at the Beverley Gardens as a card-sharper had committed suicide in his cell. It appeared that when he was brought before the magistrates, the prosecutor in the card-sharper case had not appeared, and that the charge had been in consequence dismissed. On the man's leaving the court he was, however, re-arrested on a suspicion of being the author of a series of bank forgeries, which had hitherto escaped detection. The evidence, so the police declared afterwards, was overwhelming; and there was no doubt that, if convicted, the man would have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, owing to the character of the offence. On being arrested, he asked the gaolers what would be the punishment if he was found guilty; and shortly after, on returning to the cell, they

found him dead, hanging to the bars of the prison windows.

Well, the news of the man's death only confirmed Arlingford in his determination. Henceforth, failing the dead man's evidence, all hope of proving the child's illegitimacy had vanished; and the difficulty of obtaining a divorce would be immensely increased. On the other hand, with the man's death, the one only person had been removed who could give a clue to the cause of his own disappearance. All that his friends could ever learn was that he had left Oxford, professing his intentions to return at once; that he had gone to an obscure hotel, and that he had quitted the place, leaving his luggage, such as it was, behind, and had never been seen again. His disguise was sufficient to secure his not being recognised by any description which might be published by his family; and even his wife, whatever she might suspect, could throw but little light on the circumstances of his disappearance. Moreover, he felt very sure she would not try to get herself recognised as his widow, assuming his death to be considered proved. The story of his marriage was so improbable it would certainly not be admitted without inquiry; and in his absence Mrs. Colville would find it practically impossible to establish her claims. If she was once to proceed he was sure to see her pretensions alluded to in the law reports; and in that case he would, if necessary, reappear upon the scene; but while she held her own counsel, as he believed she would, he resolved, whether wisely or not I cannot say, that he would be as if he were dead.

The resolve was easy enough, but its execution was not half so simple as you might fancy. Till the first hue and cry after him had died away, A resolved wisely enough to live in London. He had raised a good number of pounds one way and another before he left Oxford, in order to have funds for his journey abroad, and even after the affair at the police court he had still a few five-pound notes by him. So he took lodgings in the name of Smith, in one of the poorer streets in an unfashionable London suburb, and there he lived quietly for months while the detective police were hunting after him on the continent and abroad, finding one clue after another, which always proved a false one, and always involved a fresh outlay of money from his friends, till at last they grew weary of the search. During this time A, so he told me, lived not unhappily. He read a good deal, smoked all day long, walked out after dark, grew a beard, and made plans for his future life. He spent very little, and found that what he used to spend in one day

supported him in tolerable comfort for a week or more, living as he then lived. But unfortunately if you are always taking money out of your pocket, and never putting money into it, you find yourself on the eve of a financial crisis before you know where you are; so it was with A. When a man is in his plight he is very apt to let things slide; and so he took no particular account of how he stood, till one day his landlady came and asked him for a long arrear of rent, as she herself was threatened with an execution in the house. On counting over his money he found that he had only just enough to pay the score. His watch and rings had gone to the pawnbroker's long ago. By parting with the best of the clothes he wore, and exchanging them for second-hand ones of coarser cut and quality, he got together a few shillings; and then, at last, he set to work to earn his living.

Then began the long losing battle of the life, which is now, I fancy, very near its end. You see, to speak the plain truth, A, scholar and gentleman as he was, was not fit for any trade which wanted skill, and for unskilled trades he was not as good a workman as any fellow who had never opened a book in his life. Day after day, week after week, he went on in the dreary round of seeking for a situation in answer to advertisements. Somebody had always called just before him and secured the appointment; if he had only been five minutes earlier he would have just suited the advertiser. When he was not told that, there was always something which rendered him ineligible. He was too old, or too young, too genteel-looking, or too shabby, too tall, or too short. He paid shillings without number to commission agents; was told to call again day by day after engagements which never came to anything; and when by any odd chance he really seemed likely to suit, the old difficulty about inquiries and references stood in his way. Meanwhile he kept getting poorer and poorer daily. Then, at last, somehow or other he got employment as out-door messenger to a grocer. Well, it was humble enough, but it was just one of the starting-points from which heroes in moral story books make a fortune; but in real life these things don't happen. Any shop-boy would have made a better messenger than A. He forgot his errands, left the sugars where he should have left the teas, was thought haughty by the customers, and above his place by his comrades, and got the sack before he had been many weeks in his situation. Then he went abroad; working his way out to Australia before the mast. He made a shocking bad sailor; and I doubt much whether he

earned his passage-money. Anyhow, when he got over to Melbourne, he ought, so you would think, I daresay, to have had no difficulty about earning his livelihood. Well, perhaps not in theory; but, in fact, he found it very difficult. He tried one place after another, and found in all he was hustled out of the way by men who were of rougher temper and coarser build than himself. Then at last he found that the one attainment of his early life, which was of any use to him, was a certain slight knowledge of how to handle a cue, which he had picked up while at Oxford; and he got the only real chance he ever had in life, by being engaged as a billiard marker in a tavern at Geelong, whither he had drifted somehow. There, at any rate, he got bread and lodging, and might have picked up a good many shillings besides his wages; but then, you see, cadging did not come natural to him. His pride, somehow, could not stomach asking for sixpences; and in the new world as well as in the old, people who don't ask don't get things given them. Besides, when he did get any money, as he would every now and then, he felt somehow he could not take it unless he played for it double or quits, or stood drinks all round, or placed himself in some way on an equality with those who tipped him. At last he got discharged in favour of a waiter, who, though he couldn't read or write, had a comic way of calling the score which went down with the customers. Then in despair A enlisted. If there had been a war he might have done well; but, as his ill luck would have it, even the New Zealand natives were at peace; and he had no chance of showing what was in him. After serving in one colony after another he came home broken and invalided, and so changed in look, that, even had he wished it, he would have found some difficulty in establishing his identity. But amongst all his troubles his purpose never varied. He found that his wife was still alive. How, he neither cared nor tried to learn. But he ascertained that she had made no attempt to establish the marriage, no news of which had ever reached his old home. So he lived on, unknown. For some years he drove a cab; then he became conductor to an omnibus; then he swept or tried to sweep a crossing; then he was laid up and went into a hospital; and then, when he came out, he sunk into a "Poster." And, at last he felt his strength going, and the time seemed coming close when he could tramp no more; and he knew that the workhouse was his last refuge. So he resolved to give up the game; and but for me, Mrs. Fitz-maurice would have been a widow.

LORELEI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

I KNOW not what it presages
That I am so sad and drear,
While a tale of the olden ages
Returneth upon mine ear.

The air is cool and darkling,
And calmly the Rhine doth flow,
The mountain-top is sparkling
In the sunset's ruddy glow.

On the height, in wondrous seeming,
Sitteth a maiden fair,
Her jewels of gold are gleaming,
She combeth her golden hair:

With a golden comb she decks it,
And ever she sings a strain,
And the echo around reflects it
With a strangely sweet refrain.

The fisherman gliding under
Is caught by its plaintive grace,
He heeds not the breakers' thunder,
He sees but the lady's face.

I ween, there are waters springing
O'er the mariner and his boat;
And this, with her mystic singing,
Hath the spirit Lorelei wrought.

L.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

"No! my good sir," said my father emphatically as he sat after dinner with his glass of port between his finger and thumb. "No! you'll never catch me answering for the contents of anybody's boxes to the custom-house officers again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Harbord, the rector of the parish, my father's friend and guest. "Bitten once, eh?"

"You remember Solomon's words," replied my father, who had the Proverbs at his fingers' ends. "He that is surety for a stranger, shall smart for it."

"But," observed the rector, "the custom-house officers make merely a nominal search through your boxes. I've often seen them quite content with just raising the lid of one of them."

"They're lax enough now in this place," rejoined my father, "because duties on imports are so much larger than they used to be that it isn't worth any one's while attempting to smuggle; but I remember the time when they were far stricter."

"Was that when your adventure happened, then?" remarked the inquisitive parson.

My father slowly sipped his wine for a minute or two, then answered. "Well, I see you're curious; so I don't mind telling you the story."

"The circumstances I am going to tell you of happened some five-and-twenty years ago, and the Isle of Man was then a refuge for all the fugitive debtors and promiscuous scoundrels in Great Britain. You can't form any conception of the immense changes which a quarter of a century has effected here in this respect and many others; one change, however, I could very well dispense with—and that is the change in prices. Why, when I came here first, you could get the best meat at threepence and fourpence a pound all the year round, and butter at fivepence; but now the prices are more than doubled. It was just the same with tobacco and spirits—no duty worth speaking of was paid on them, and so they were sold dirt-cheap. Why, you could get brandy then here for less than a third of the price you pay for it in England now. Of course, therefore, the custom-house officers had to keep a sharp look-out to see that passengers to England didn't load their boxes with these articles and carry 'em off without paying duty, though I've no doubt that, with all their keenness, hundreds of pounds of tobacco, and scores of gallons of spirits, found their way across the channel toll-free.

"I was pretty well known at that time, as I am now, among the revenue officers, and my luggage was in consequence almost always permitted to pass without search, as they relied upon my position and character for my honesty. Well, a neighbour of mine had a lady staying with him who was rather nervous about travelling, especially by sea. I had met her once or twice, and had liked her very well from the little I had seen of her; so that when my friend asked me, as a particular favour, if I would be kind enough to see her off by the steamer on a certain day, as he himself was unable to do so, I willingly consented to oblige him.

"The port from which the steamer sailed was about ten miles from my friend's residence, and as the vessel started punctually at nine A.M., we had to leave home pretty early in the morning. I found my companion rather down in the mouth, and in great dread of the voyage; but as it was a fine day, I partially reassured her by descanting on the pleasures of a sea-voyage in good weather. At last we arrived at the port. As soon as we stopped, I asked the lady for her keys, saying, with a smile,—

"'Of course, you have nothing contraband?'

"'Oh dear no!' was her answer.

"'Then,' I added, 'I can easily save you the inconvenience of having your boxes searched.'

"'Oh, thank you!' she exclaimed, somewhat eagerly; 'I should be so glad if you could.'

"I was delayed for a moment in assisting her from the carriage, and in the meantime the luggage had been taken to the customs-office in charge of my own man-servant, to whom I had handed the keys. I hastened after him, and just as I entered the inspecting-room, I saw an officer in the act of unlocking one of the lady's boxes. I knew the man well, so I said,—

"'Oh, Anderson, you needn't disturb the contents of those boxes; I can answer for there being nothing contraband among them.'

"'Just nominal, sir,' said Anderson, in a low voice, pointing over his shoulder to several bystanders. 'Mussn't let 'em see that you're favoured more than the others, sir.'

"I took the hint, knowing the man was only doing his duty. He opened the lid of one trunk, and passed his hand hurriedly over some dresses at the top. Suddenly, I saw a curious expression come over his face, while at the same moment his hand ceased its rapid movement. He seemed to have touched something suspicious, for I saw him raise one or two articles of clothing, then dive down apparently to the bottom of the trunk, and finally, to my utter dismay, pull forth a great two-gallon stone jar.

"'Vinegar, I suppose,' he remarked, with a sly smile.

"'I suppose so,' I gasped in reply.

"He applied his nose to the cork and shook his head, then asked me to smell it. Good heavens! it was *brandy*!

"There was a broad grin on the face of every bystander when this discovery was announced, as it was, plainly enough, by my disconcerted looks and the covert irony of the officer's smile. Imagine my feelings—the feelings of a respectable clergyman of the Church of England—on finding that the box for the innocence of whose contents I had been so ready to vouch, contained a two-gallon stone jar of brandy! I can hardly remember now what I did or said in my mortification and rage. I know that I indignantly refused to pay the duty, and saw the contraband article confiscated by the officers with fierce satisfaction and malignant glee. I was almost afraid to return to my *protégée* lest my wrath should boil over and cause me to say something the reverse of polite. However, I went back to her, and by a miracle of self-possession succeeded in keeping my countenance unmoved as I politely handed her the keys, whilst I said, not without some severity in my tone,—

"Pardon me, madam, had there been nothing contraband in your trunks, the keys would not have been needed; but as it is, your brandy has been confiscated by the revenue-officers. And,' I added, with pardonable malice, 'it is not improbable that I shall be charged with endeavouring to pass smuggled goods, and be fined accordingly.'

"She became very red in the face when I mentioned the brandy, and as soon as I had finished, stammered out some words of apology. But I had not patience to wait for this. I felt my repressed choler getting the better of me; so I took off my hat, wished her good-bye, and a pleasant journey, and turned upon my heel. And if ever you catch me endangering my reputation again by making promises for people I don't know, I'll give you leave to put me in the stocks." W. D.

A DAY'S WANDERING IN GOSLAR.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

THE name of Goslar is so interwoven with the history of Germany, that the attentive student cannot fail to be familiar with it. This town, a favourite abode of many of the early emperors, is said to have been founded by Henry I., surnamed the Fowler, about the year 920, and not only his successors resided here very frequently, but the diet also met here in 1006 and 1015.

With these recollections in my head, and knowing Goslar to be one of the old "Reichs-städte," (free, imperial cities), I did not wish to lose the opportunity of seeing it when I happened to be staying in a little village among the Harz mountains not far distant. Therefore, early one August morning, 1865, I set off from Harzburg with the intention of spending a long day at Goslar.

The town is situated at the N.W. foot of the Hercynian Forest, of which Cæsar has left us such terrifying accounts, and its immediate neighbourhood does not partake of the loveliness and wildness of scenery that the upper parts of the Harz mountains can boast. Coming, therefore, from Harzburg downwards the road was intensely dreary; nor did the mode of conveyance add to the pleasures of the way. For no railroad has as yet pierced here, and Goslar has not yet been woken from its sleep of the Middle Ages by the shrill whistle of a locomotive. It was by coach, then, that I had to travel; and I found the way long, dull, and uninteresting in the extreme. But at last we were near our destination, and I strained my eyes to get a first peep at Goslar.

We entered the town by the coach, jumbled over a frightful causeway of sharp pointed stones, through a gate called "Das Breite Thor" (the broad gate), which has walls of enormous thickness, and is surmounted by two towers bearing a strong family likeness to extinguishers, and after rattling on through a few crooked old streets, the stage-coach stopped, and all the passengers alighted.

Well, here I was in the ancient town of which I had dreamt and thought so much. A feeling of disappointment came over me. Was this all, I thought, that I had come to see; this old tumble-down, dirty looking place, that has the appearance as if it had lain in a deep slumber till it had become imbecile.

However, I determined not to be so easily discouraged, and, therefore, set off for a voyage of exploration round the place. And I found much to repay me.

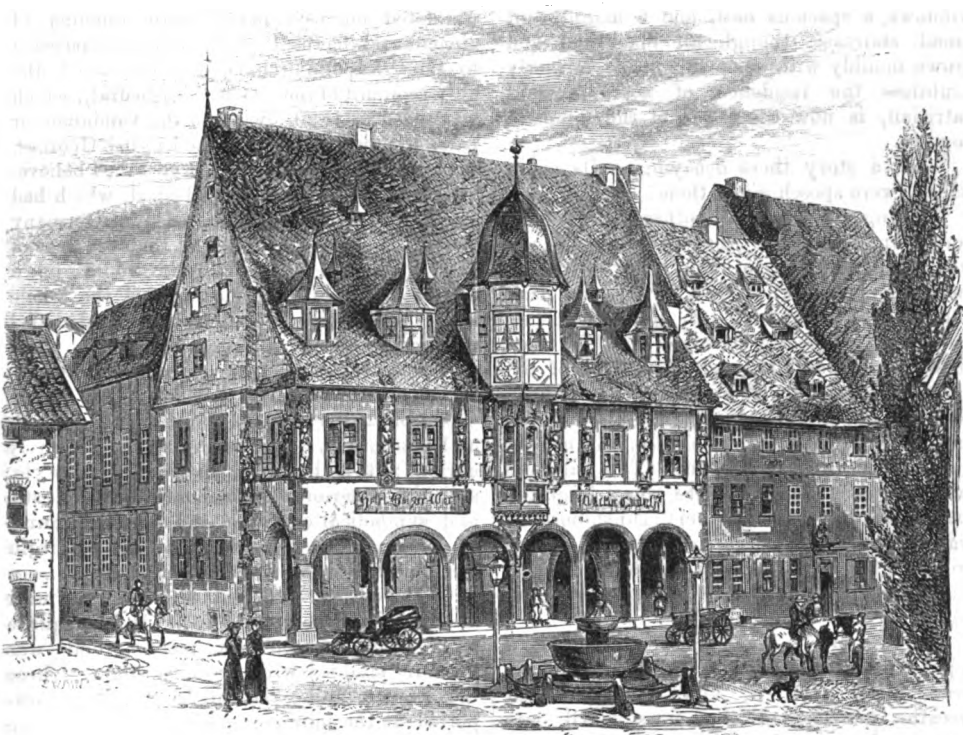
First of all, the general aspect of the city is very interesting, when the idea has once been got over that it is not a grand, palatial Goslar that one is visiting, but the decaying remnant of that which erewhile was the boast and pride of its inhabitants. I was vividly transported into the middle ages. Here I beheld the crooked streets with their overhanging houses; the gutter which ran through the centre of the road; the lamps swung across from house to house to light the street at night; and the pavement, every stone of which seemed anxious to leave a tender imprint of itself in my feet. All spoke of the long ago, nothing suggested the to-day. You might live here for a week, a month, a year, I fancy, and still be unaware that you enjoyed the great privilege of having been born in the nineteenth century, when railroads, telegraphs, and steamboats, make life a whirl, a hurry and scurry, such as neither ancient nor modern Goslarrians could dream of. To an inhabitant of the world's great metropolis like myself, this stillness, this seeming stagnation of life, is still more palpable.

The market-place is a small square, on one side of which is the ancient Guildhall, "Kaisersworth," and on the other the "Rathhaus," (Town-hall). In the centre stands a fountain, as in most German "marktplätze," the water of which flows into a large metal basin, surmounted by a gilt bronze eagle, bearing a crown on its head, Goslar's arms.

Nothing is known of the origin of this basin. Legendary statistics say the devil brought it one night and placed it here; others that he presented it to the town, so that those who wished to sell their souls to him might do so without inconvenience, as, if merely struck upon three times, he would make his appear-

ance. The stories vary, but they all attribute to his satanic majesty some share in the matter, as he has in nearly all of the Harz legends; and so we must fain believe it, or

try to do so. Heine says of this fountain, in his charming, genial fragment, "Die Harzreise:" "Damals waren die Leute noch dumm, und der Teufel war auch dumm, und



The Market-place, Goslar.

sie machten sich wechselseitig Geschenke." (At that time folk were stupid, and the devil was stupid also, and they exchanged presents). Certainly the sound produced by striking upon it is sonorous and curious, and so loud, that I believe the inhabitants of Goslar use it to this day to raise the alarm on the occasion of a fire breaking out within the walls.

The Rathhaus is much distorted by attempts at modernisation, being now used as barracks; but it is a beautiful remnant of the old style of architecture. Kaisersworth, the ancient Guildhall, in far better preservation, is a most curious pile, with a four-storied, gabled roof, on which are strange little tower-like erections; over the centre one again appears the gilt eagle. Midway, between the roof and the house, are some niches containing painted wooden statues of the old German emperors, commencing with the Fowler; they all of them look most dull and uninteresting, are of no artistic value, and very greatly resemble each other. They are dirty and

grimy, the paint is quite gone in places, and the gilding is mere shadow. Their aspect is woe-begone in the extreme, and they seem to speak to all spectators in touching tones to the effect that they have had their day.

The mansion is now converted into an hotel, where I dined. Its internal arrangements are most intricate; steps go up and down in the most unaccountable places; but it is far too much modernised to bear any signs of what it may have been formerly. Having refreshed myself, and taken coffee in true German fashion under an awning belonging to the hotel, but virtually sitting on the pavement in the face of the whole market-place, I again set off on my voyage of discovery.

Once more I wandered through quaint old streets, and passed many a tumble-down, interesting old house. Most of them bore a date, inscriptions either in Latin or German, some wise saw or biblical text; and on many the name of the first inhabitant or builder was inscribed also. One of the most curious

was a house called "Das Brust-tuch," (the handkerchief); its front is covered with wooden carvings, one of them going all round the house represents a procession of witches riding on broomsticks to the Brocken. It contains (for the time it was built) good sized windows, a spacious hall, and a magnificent broad staircase, though all blackened and grown mouldy with age; this house, formerly doubtless the residence of some ancient patrician, is now the abode of the intensest poverty.

What a story these decaying walls could tell us, were speech given them!

Walking on, I saw in another street a deep porch, and perceiving that the door beyond was open, I walked in, and, to my astonishment, stepped down into a large, low, dark hall, where a number of old women sat spinning. Perfectly bewildered, I looked about me. Had I entered the palace of the Sleeping Beauty? There was an air of deep slumber about the place; the old women moved their spindles but slowly, and utterly undisturbed by my presence. The hall was evidently very old, and there was a forgotten look about it; even the very sunshine that was flooding the street without, and whose golden light I could perceive on turning to look through the open door, had not penetrated here.

At one end stood a large crucifix; a repulsive-looking Christ, with real hair on his head, hung upon it, and some withered wreaths ornamented the cross. All was decaying here, nowhere signs of freshness and youth.

I stepped up to one of the old women and addressed her, asking her what this place was. She shook her head, but did not answer, and pointed to another old crone, from which I concluded that she must be deaf. I then turned my attention to the one indicated, who forthwith grew communicative, and in a slow dead-alive manner began to spin a long yarn about herself, her companions, and the place they resided in. From her talk I gathered that the place was called "Das Heilige Kreuz" (The Holy Cross); it had formerly been a cloister, and some years since it had been converted into an almshouse for poor old widows.

She showed me the room where they take their meals, a more airy, lighter hall, and their bed-rooms, of which they each had one; very tiny they were, but all communicating with the entrance hall; and they, like the whole place, were scrupulously clean.

The old dame did not disdain a few groshen for her information, which was rather a relief to me, as it assured me that she really

was alive, and that I had not fallen asleep, and, like Andersen's Justizrath, in his charming fairy tale "Die Galoeschen des Glücks" (Fortune's Galoesches), been really placed back into mediæval times.

Coming out into the daylight again, I wandered on past many more remains of ancient architectural splendour, and at last came to the "Kapelle" (chapel), as it is called, the only remnant of the "Dom" (cathedral), which was razed in 1820, owing to the vandalism or parsimoniousness of one of the English Georges, then King of Hanover—George IV., I believe.

—Hearing that the old cathedral, which had stood since the days of Henry III. of Germany (1040), needed repairing, and that the cost of preserving this splendid relic would be a certain large sum, he commanded the whole to be pulled down. Only this so-called chapel remains standing; it was formerly the porch of the church, and now contains the few antiquities and curiosities that are still in existence from the remains of the "late" cathedral, as Heine has it. The porch itself is extremely curious; it is built in the Byzantine style, and the exterior is ornamented with mystic and symbolical carvings, and life-size figures of the evangelists, above them the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus in her arms.

Of the curiosities contained within, the most remarkable is the crodo-altar. It is a square box, made of different metals, and was formerly studded with precious stones: these the French broke out in 1812. It is supported at the four corners by ugly, squatting caryatides. There has been much discussion as to the origin of this relic, and the accounts vary exceedingly. The most probable seems to be that the Romans obtained it from India, where it had been an altar for sacrificing the first-born; was brought by them to Germany, and converted by the Saxons into an altar for their god, Crodo, and stood at the foot of the Burgberg, where the worship of this deity of the ancient Hercynians was conducted. The reasons for this conclusion are diverse; among others, the mixture of metals is neither Roman nor Saxon; the faces of the figures are oriental, and resemble Indian priests, and the number of holes round the box amount to the same counted any way, and correspond with the Indian mystic numbers.

Then there were to be seen some old painted windows; one of them, opposite the entrance, is very fine; faded tapestry, pieces of the cathedral, coffins, etc., etc. Also three monster crosses, the centre one bearing Christ, to his right and left the thieves, disagreeably true to nature and artistically unpleasant. The group inspires feelings of terror, but not of devotion. Z.

UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

A Story of a Lodging-House.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER IX. MRS. MURGATROYD.



HAD been appointed clinical clerk at the hospital. The post, I need perhaps hardly say, is not one of any great importance. But still a student is generally gratified at obtaining it, inasmuch as it certifies in some measure his professional progress, and the confidence reposed in him by those in authority over him. It was a consequence of my undertaking the duties of this office that I was still more frequently at the hospital, and had fewer opportunities of remaining in the seclusion of my lodgings than had hitherto been the case.

One afternoon the porter of the hospital came to me in one of the upper wards, and informed me that a lady,—not a patient but a visitor—had called, and desired particularly to see me. She was waiting, he said, in the consulting room on the ground floor. I remember there was some little jesting among my fellow students upon the occasion. They made jocose inquiries as to her age, good looks, and so on, and tendered me mock congratulations in relation to a successful love affair, which they facetiously presumed that I was engaged in. Such visits were not of very common occurrence at the hospital, and so it was deemed lawful amongst us to indulge in comments of that kind concerning them.

As soon as I could I hastened down-stairs. I found myself in the presence of Mrs. Murgatroyd. She was very pale and appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation. I begged that she would be seated.

"I hope you will forgive me for calling upon you here," she began. "I feel that I am taking a great liberty: that I have no right whatever to intrude upon you in this way. But I have sought in vain for another opportunity. And the case is so urgent—at least it seems so to me—that I have felt myself without an alternative. May I ask for five minutes of your time?"

She said this hurriedly, and with evident embarrassment. Her voice was tremulous, and she clasped her hands as she spoke.

I told her I should be very happy if I could be of service to her in any way. I endeavoured to calm and reassure her. My sus-

picious were already aroused in regard to the object of her visit. I feared that some serious change for the worse had taken place with regard to Mr. Murgatroyd's health; that the calamity I had for some time apprehended was now more than ever imminent.

In her distress and nervous excitement she seemed at a loss for words in which to express herself. I ventured to inquire—by way, as I thought, of assisting her—concerning her husband.

"He is far from well, I fear," she said, "I am most anxious about him. But it is not only that. There is some mystery going on; there is something he hides from me; *why*, I cannot tell. But a change has come over him. He is not the same man. Of course—you haven't known him enough—you cannot be expected to understand this; you cannot have perceived how strangely he has altered. What has happened to bring this about—what is happening—I do not know; I cannot even guess. But he distrusts me—he will not speak to me—he avoids me. In vain I beg to share his confidence; every word I say seems but to increase his desire to be secret: seems to part us more completely; more—throws him into strange paroxysms of alarm and irritation. Some hidden trouble is wearing him away, is harassing him to death. And yet, though he knows, though he cannot but know, how deeply concerned I am for him, how willingly I would help him bear the burthen of his sorrow or his suffering, whatever it may be, he will utter no word; he will tell me nothing; he will not trust me in the remotest degree. Months ago I would not have believed this. I could not have thought it possible. But now——"

The poor woman was overcome by her emotions, and could not continue. I thought I had never seen her look more beautiful than now, when she appeared bowed down by her great grief.

It was all clear enough. Murgatroyd's foolish plan—undertaken with however praiseworthy an intention—of concealing from his wife the fact of his failing sight, had been attended by the very worst results; had but aggravated the suffering it had been intended should in no degree be excited. However, it was quite plain that an end must now be put to

this system of concealment, which had so effectually defeated its own object. Mrs. Murgatroyd could not have been more shocked and distressed if she had been from the first made acquainted with her husband's real condition.

"I think the matter can be explained," I said. "I think an end can be made of the mystery of which you have been speaking. Only I must ask you to be prepared to learn some rather bad news."

"I can bear anything," she said, "but the present dreadful state of suspense, in which I am tempted to think I hardly know what. Anything is better than uncertainty. Pray let me know the worst. You shall find that I have courage to endure it. I am braver, perhaps, than you think me."

I left the room. I wanted to ascertain whether Dr. Webber yet remained in the hospital. I had seen him in the course of the morning, and if he was yet to be found, I felt that what had to be said in regard to the state of Mr. Murgatroyd would come with more authority from him than from so young and inexperienced a person as I was. By great good fortune I was able to stop Dr. Webber just as he was entering his carriage at the door of the hospital. In compliance with my request he returned with me, and I led him into the consulting room and introduced him to my visitor.

Briefly and simply, at the same time kindly and considerately, he apprised her of the opinion he had formed after his interview with and examination of her husband. He was careful not to say to her, as bluntly as he had said to me, how desperate he thought Murgatroyd's condition. But while he raised no unreasonable expectation of recovery, he yet was at pains to make her understand that he thought the case one of a very serious nature—requiring the most watchful and careful treatment—and he begged her to exert all the influence she possessed in order to induce the patient to follow as strictly as possible the advice that had been given him—seeing that his only chance of safety lay in close regard for that advice. Finally, he expressed regret that Mr. Murgatroyd had acted so indiscreetly as he had done in concealing his real state from her, and in continuing to work with such recklessness of the inevitable consequences; and with repeated offers of his services whenever they might be required, the doctor went his way.

For some moments after Dr. Webber's departure Mrs. Murgatroyd sat speechless—almost motionless. Without doubt the information he had given her, with all his caution and kindness of manner, was a source of extreme pain to her. She now knew the

worst; but she probably found it harder to bear than she had conceived possible. The affliction that had fallen upon her husband and the existence of which she was now suddenly and for the first time made acquainted with, came upon her like a heavy blow. For the time it appeared to tax too severely her power of endurance. She sat like one paralysed, with a bewildered, scared look upon her pale face that was very painful to contemplate.

"Pray don't think me ungrateful for your kindness—for all the trouble you have taken," she said, in a low voice, and then she rose as though about to move to the door. But she stopped—either her strength was not equal to the effort, or, as it seemed to me, there was yet something further she wished to say or to inquire into. I was rather puzzled by the expression of her face. Did I read it rightly? Was she dissatisfied with Dr. Webber's explanation? Was she in her own mind questioning the accuracy of what he had told her? or did she find some difficulty in reconciling the statement she had just heard with the strange conduct of her husband? Was she in quest of some further motive for his curious reserve—his mysterious treatment of her? That some suspicion or misgiving of this kind—some feeling that more remained to be told, and that she did not yet know all or enough, was troubling and perplexing her, I found myself fully convinced.

She sat silent for some little time, apparently lost in thought.

"I fear I am detaining you," she said at last, rousing herself with an effort.

I answered that my time was quite at her disposal, and that I should be happy if I could be of any further use to her.

"You will think it strange that I should apply to you on such a subject," she said, with hesitation, "but who is this Mr. Vaudel? What do you know of him?"

I listened to this question with considerable surprise. Why was Mr. Vaudel's name introduced? What could he possibly have to do with the matter?

I answered with perfect candour that I knew little enough of Mr. Vaudel, although I happened to live in the same house with him. That I believed he was agent for a wine company—that he had lodged for some time at Mrs. Judd's, and was highly esteemed by her—and so on.

"He is not a friend of yours, then?"

"No," I replied, "he is certainly not a friend of mine."

"You can give me no further information about him?"

"No," I said, "I know little about him;

and I may add that I do not desire to increase my acquaintance with him." I'm afraid I spoke rather abruptly—betrayed my dislike—perhaps, even, my jealousy of the man, by my voice and manner in speaking of him. But I was, I admit, annoyed at being addressed on such a subject. What was Vaudel to me? What had I to do with him? Surely, the Murgatroyds, husband and wife, knew more about him than I did. They were on far more intimate terms with him than I could pretend to be. Mrs. Murgatroyd must know that.

Apparently she perceived my thoughts. "You think, possibly," she said, with a weary, melancholy smile, "that he is a friend of my husband's—of mine?"

I bowed. I *did* think as much.

"I hate him!" she said, in a low voice, with her teeth clenched. "Does *that* content you?"

I did not think her capable of the vehemence with which she spoke. "I hate him. I fear him. Why has he stepped between us? What is the meaning of the influence he has obtained over my husband? Why does he seek to take him from me? What is the secret that binds those two men together? A secret that is hidden from me—that I may not share—say and do what I may. A secret that is shameful—that is terrible. I dare not trust myself to think what it is; but I know it will surely bring down misery upon us all. I do not fear poverty. If it were only what you have fancied—what the doctor said it was just now—it would be bad enough, heaven knows! But I am young and strong; I can work. I can support my husband and myself—even if the worst you fear should happen, and he were to lose his sight, poor man, past all hope of recovery. I could bear that. But there is something more—something behind all that—worse—ten thousand times worse; and it is to be traced, I cannot doubt it, to this man Vaudel."

She spoke of him in a tone of intense loathing. The passion of her speech and manner fairly took me by surprise.

"But you receive him as a friend; you admit his visits." I was about further to remind her that she had accepted presents from the man; but I forbore. It would have offended her too deeply. Already she was excited enough.

"You think he comes at my invitation—by my request?" Her eyes flashed indignantly as she spoke. She continued, however, in an altered tone, more as though she were communing with herself than addressing me. "Yet why should you not think so? To you and to others it must of course look like that. You cannot be expected to understand

the true position of the case. I receive this man because my husband bids me. I but follow *his* example. I see that *he* is subservient; I see that he is frightened; that he is ceaselessly anxious not to offend; that he humours, flatters, pays court to this Mr. Vaudel. How can I do otherwise? Can I resist his appeals to me to bear with for a time the man's insolence—his gross compliments—his shameless assumption? For what can his pretended admiration be in my eyes but an affront and an outrage? Yet I must say nothing—I must do nothing. I must bear all. Why? Because, in some mysterious way, my husband is in his power—is but an instrument in his hands—a puppet to be moved and turned which way he wills—a slave to obey obsequiously his commands. It is terrible to think of. Yet I am bidden to be patient. I am promised that a change will soon come; that there will be an end to this mystery. But when? It is killing me the while. It is more than I can bear."

All this sounded strangely enough. Yet it seemed to me that a reasonable explanation was at hand. Vaudel knew of Murgatroyd's approaching blindness; knew always his anxiety to conceal from his wife the affliction under which he was labouring. Was not Vaudel using this knowledge—holding betrayal of it as a threat over the engraver's head—as a means of influencing him, of exacting obedience from him? Had not Vaudel in such wise forced himself upon the Murgatroyds—compelled their acceptance of his visits—their recognition of him as a friend? Vaudel was quite capable of such conduct. And Murgatroyd, weak, sickly, a prey to a dreadful malady, half-maddened by the fear of approaching calamity, morbidly desirous of concealing his real state from his wife, with a fatuous care for her peace of mind, was just the man to yield himself a victim to the shameless machinations of such a scoundrel as Vaudel.

I suggested something of the kind to Mrs. Murgatroyd. But she was not convinced by what I said.

"If it were only that;" she said, mournfully, shaking her head. She was not hopeful about the matter.

Presently she left me.

CHAPTER X. FOUND OUT.

As I went home that evening to my lodgings I noticed that a man was leaning against a lamp-post opposite Mrs. Judd's house, on the other side of the street, as though waiting for some one. There was nothing very remarkable about the fact. One constantly sees in various places people idling

about, or waiting in attitudes of expectation, as though they were punctual to an appointment which their less precise friends had disregarded or forgotten. What was certainly curious, however, was, that when some hours later I happened to look out of the window just before going to bed, I saw that the man—and so far as I could make out he was the same man I had previously observed—was still leaning against the lamp-post with the same air of waiting for some one who did not come, and, as it seemed, did not intend to come. I thought I had never seen a similar instance of pertinacity in attention to an appointment, and rather amused at the occurrence, I retired to rest, and of course, very soon forgot all about the thing, and everything else I may say, that did not pertain to the land of dreams.

Quitting the house the next morning on my way to the hospital, I was decidedly amazed to find the man still at his post. "Had he been there all night?" I asked myself. For what, or for whom could he be waiting? It was odd, very odd. Still with the reflection that it had nothing to do with me, and that I had plenty of business of my own to attend to, I hurried on my way. Looking back for a moment, however, by mere chance, I found that the man was following me. I stopped for him to come up to me; when, as though he had changed his mind, or was satisfied with what he had done, he abandoned his pursuit of me, turned, and went back to his lamp-post. He resumed his air of waiting, and now, it occurred to me for the first time that he was not simply waiting, he was also watching. His eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Judd's house.

It was very strange. I felt a great desire to know what could be the meaning of the man's conduct. But I had no time then to make inquiries. I was due at the hospital. I had my functions as clinical clerk to attend to.

Late in the afternoon I went back to my lodgings, after a rather hard morning's work.

There appeared to be some excitement in the street. As I approached Mrs. Judd's house I saw that there was a cab drawn up in front of the door, and a small crowd gathered round.

"Here's another of 'em!" cried the shrill voice of a boy standing by, as I ascended the steps and opened the door with my key. On stepping into the passage I found myself almost in the arms of a policeman.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Collier, is it?" he said, civilly. "All right, sir; you've no call to be alarmed, sir. We know all about you. But we've got a little job on with some other parties in the 'ouse."

I was surprised at first that the man should know me. But I remembered afterwards that I had often seen him at the hospital in charge of persons who had been brought in suffering from injuries arising out of street accidents or otherwise.

Coming in from the light of the street, Mrs. Judd's hall, as she liked to have it called—it was the narrowest of passages really—at no time being very freely lighted, I had some difficulty in seeing what was going on. The place was inconveniently crowded, and from the top of the flight of stairs leading up to the drawing-rooms, Mrs. Judd, amid loud and protracted sobs and moans, was clamorously proclaiming her innocence of some crime with which, so far as I could make out, no one had yet ventured to accuse her.

"It's all that Vaudel," I heard her say, "that furriner who I never could a-bear; everyone in the house knows I couldn't. I said he was a bad lot from the first, directly I set eyes upon him. To think that I should have let my first floor to such a man! Oh, Doctor Collier,"—I presume that she desired to conciliate me by conferring upon me full professional honours—"Say a good word for me, please, sir. They'll take your word, sir; and well you know I'm as innocent and hard-working a woman as ever lived. Pray say a good word for me, Doctor Collier."

I perceived by this time that my fellow-lodger, Vaudel, was standing in the passage, leaning his back against the wall. By the side of him stood a second policeman, and also the man I had seen the night before, and that morning, waiting in the street watching Mrs. Judd's house.

"Yes, it's me," he said insolently, as I approached him. "Can't you see it is? There's no mistake about it. And what do you think of these?" He held up his hands. They were gripped together by handcuffs.

He was in a travelling dress, with a Russian lamb's-wool travelling cap on. He was very pale; there was quite a greenish hue about his face. He was scowling fiercely, champing and biting his moustache: altogether his appearance was by no means attractive. He had the look of some savage animal, baffled and trapped, yet by no means subdued; deprived of further power to do mischief, and yet on the watch for an opportunity to turn upon his captors, and reassert his natural ferocity and viciousness.

"You can't make it out?" he said, with a hoarse laugh. "And yet it's pretty plain, too. I'm lagged. They've been one too many for me, this time. It can't be helped. It's my own fault. I gave them the chance."

They wouldn't have had me else. I came back because I'd a fancy for getting that woman—you know who I mean—to go with me. You can't conceive such audacity? No, I daresay not. It's rather out of your milksop line of business—you like to love, and blush, and hold your tongue. That isn't quite my way. I told you once that I cared for fine eyes just as much as you did; only I like to have them for myself to do what I please with them. It doesn't suit me to look at them from a distance as though they were diamonds in a shop-window. That's happiness enough for some people; but it doesn't do for me—I go in for something better than that. I should have succeeded too but for a bad turn in the luck. However it would have come sooner or later I suppose—and so they've got me, and are going to lock me up to make certain of me. Very kind of them, isn't it? I'm sure I'm very much obliged to them. And you've got the chance of staring at me as though I were a show at a fair, or a figure in a wax-work exhibition. Well, it can't be helped—*vogue la galère!* For further particulars I must refer you to the bobby in charge. He'll satisfy your curiosity, I've no doubt, for a pint of beer, or for some other equally moderate consideration."

"It's as bad a case as ever was, Mr. Collier," the policeman whispered to me.

"What's the charge against him?"

"Forgery—there's no mistake at all about it. Forgery upon the Imperial Bank of Russia—as neat a thing of the kind as you could wish to see. He's been flooding the Continent with flash fifty-rouble notes—got up in first-rate style, I must say. I never saw better. Real works of art I call 'em. We've been on the look out for some time, but we weren't sure of our man until quite lately."

"But are you quite sure now?" I asked. "He's the English agent of some continental Wine Company."

"All a blind, Mr. Collier," the policeman interposed. "Very neatly contrived though, I will say; and it threw us off the scent completely for a considerable time. Under cover of the company, he worked the forgeries and got the notes in circulation."

"But he had samples and——"

"Bless your innocence, Mr. Collier, why, you know, anybody could do that. Why you know you or I might get a heap of sample bottles and call ourselves Wine Companies or what not. Who's to hinder us? Though I'm bound to say he did it well—uncommon well. He took me in for one. But he's an old hand at the game, that's the fact. He's been in trouble before—years ago—over in Brussels.

I've heard of the case scores of times, though it didn't come into my head at first. But he'll suffer for this—you see if he don't. The case is ready drawn out against him like a map—quite perfect. It all fits together, and we bring it home to him as neat as nine-pence, I may say—*him and the other one too.*"

"Come," cried Vaudel, "how long am I to be kept sticking here? Let's be off—the cab's at the door, and I'm as ready now as I'm likely to be. Good-bye, young un"—(this was to me.) "I don't bear you any malice—I'd shake hands with you if I wasn't afraid of crumpling my wristbands." (He held up his handcuffs.) "Your chance of the smiles of *la belle* will be ever so much improved by my absence. Good luck to you, I say; only don't cant about me, please—don't moralise over me. I've suited myself if I've done nothing else. Leave it to the judge to tell me, as of course he'll take care to"—(here he imitated the tone and manner of a judge pronouncing sentence) "that half the skill and ingenuity I had displayed for purposes of fraud would have provided me with a competence in an honest walk in life—and all that sort of twaddle. You see I knew it all by heart. One thing you've my permission to say of me: that I didn't change my opinion—that I think just the same of industry as ever I did—that I never drudged. I've had some enjoyment out of my proceedings even if the speculation isn't going to pay any longer in that kind of way. You'll be happy enough, I dare say, sawing bones and plastering broken heads, and drenching people with physic. So stick to work. But that isn't my notion of a pleasant life. It never has been, and so far as I can see, it isn't likely to be. Now, then, gentlemen, can't we make a move? Isn't old Murgatroyd ready yet? I never thought I should have to stand in the dock with such an old figure as that. But it can't be helped now."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ROME.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1867.

PURPLE shadows on the mountains,

Rosy hues athwart the sky,
Daylight dying in gold glory,
Came the "Red Shirts" marching by.
Guarded by the flashing bayonet,
Gazed on by a gaping crowd;
Silence, awful silence met them,
Curses muttered deep, not loud.

Curses on the foreign rifles
Aimed against Italian hearts;
With the rays of that sad sunset
Many an exile's hope departs.

Rose the moon, her silver crescent
Clear against the sapphire sky,
Still the long and sad procession
Passing ever, passing by!

Boys from farm and distant village,
Wearing yet the dress of home,
Hastened on by bayonets, gazing
At the streets of haughty Rome!
Like a crowd of sheep in terror
Whilst the muskets hemmed them in,
Black-robed priests around them swarming
Jesuit, Friar, and Capuchin.

Here and there some gallant "Red Shirt,"
With a medal on his breast,
And a look of stern endurance;
Boys and peasants all the rest!
God have mercy on the captives!
Priestly vengeance on their track;
Few to village, sheepfold, homestead,
Shall of all unharmed go back!

E. M. P.

RABBIT-SHOOTING.

THE history of the rabbit in his relation to sport in England broke off at a very exciting crisis in the little animal's life: he was being shot at as he fled from the standing corn to the covert. Supposing him to have escaped from the ordeal with a whole skin, it is not a difficult matter to sketch the joys and sorrows of his life from that time to the present.

First came a grateful interval of peace. Some of his persecutors, and those the most persevering, shortly after the failure of their designs upon him in the harvest field, returned to the charms of Latin and Greek, or they accompanied their parents to the sea-side, perhaps to the moors. Others, those of advanced youth or of middle age, were too much engrossed with the anticipations or realities of partridge-shooting, to care whether he lived or died, provided that he was not so injudicious as to intrude himself upon their notice in the turnips, or by the side of some hedge-row as they returned from their day's sport. These opportunities for self-assertion pretermitted, he enjoyed immunity from persecution until the end of September. But, if the estate on which he lives has outlying coverts upon it, tempting to the poacher and troublesome to the keeper as diverting his attention from the strongholds of his charge, our friend looks back to the last day of that month as the end of his holidays. For considerations both fiscal and moral require that these outposts should be shot through as early as possible in the month of October, the pheasants and hares in them must be secured to their rightful owner, and the poacher freed from a pressing temptation. It was on the day specially devoted to these laudable objects

that the rabbit was reminded afresh of the hostility of man, and, unless assisted by the experience of a past season, was exposed for a few hours to great danger.

The leaves had not fallen from the trees, nor had the long grass been withered by the frost. It was, therefore, comparatively useless for any of the sportsmen to walk with the beaters in the hope of getting a shot at the ground game and pheasants as they left their lairs or rose to fly. They chose rather to place themselves at intervals along the rides, or on the hedge banks. To inexperienced hares and rabbits this proceeding was fraught with peril. Behind them was noise and shouting, in front were the silent thickets stealing away through which, with bewildered air and undecided steps, they presented an easy mark to their ambushed foes, and met a sudden and unexpected death. It was very unsatisfactory. A rabbit of spirit—and to be high spirited is the boast of his race—finds, no doubt, a certain satisfaction in making a bold dash for his life, marking where his enemies are standing, and summoning all his energy and cunning to baffle them; even if then rolled over by some cool practitioner, there is glory in his end. He has had a struggle for it. He has shown what stuff he is made of. He has died in fair field, as a rabbit should die. In fact, his manner of leaving life is, in November, when the ground is open, very becoming to him. In the early days of October it was nothing of the kind. If he died then, he died in all probability ingloriously, taken at unawares, and done to death by some third-rate shot, the only consolation possible to his friends arising from the reflection that he had not many companions in misfortune. For the raid upon his clan was after all an unsuccessful one, and the number of the slain very disproportionate to that of the survivors, who laughed as they fed beneath the moon, when the day's troubles were over, at the simple manoeuvres by which they had outwitted both dogs and men. Such of them as were gifted with sharp ears, and had heard the enemy's approach, or rather, who knew from experience what the unwonted talking outside the covert meant, and the stealthy step of the sportsmen, slipping, as they, with their weak human ideas imagined, noiselessly into their stations, had betaken themselves at once to their holes, and there found safety. Others had crouched in the long grass, or under the ground ivy, or beneath the hazel stubs, and were either unnoticed by the beaters, or if disturbed by them, or by some officious dog, slipped back a few yards into the thick wood, and then crouched again. These were the elders of the tribe, the observant patriarchs

who knew the value of self-possession and of long grass. And somehow or other it always happens that when coverts are shot through early in the season, whatever precautions are taken, or whatever force of beaters is assembled, the philosophy of these wary elders attracts many disciples. Certainly its merits from the rabbit point of view are clearly evidenced by the short list of four-footed slain which is handed in at the close of the day. But, great though their triumph, it is not destined to be very long lived. The second half of November has come. The frost has come. The leaves have all fallen. The long grass is dead. The word has gone forth that certain woods, much beloved by the culprits, are to be shot through forthwith, and it will be hard if this time a satisfactory account be not given of them.

The first thing which strikes the observer, in connection with an attack in due form upon the rabbits, is the cheerfulness of every person concerned in it. This happy frame of mind is by no means equally noticeable in conspirators against hares and pheasants. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that it should be. To speak the truth "grand battues," as they are called, are rather pompous affairs, and to those behind the scenes there can be no more sport in them than such and so much as is derived from the mere act of shooting the game. No amount of making believe can keep out of mind the antecedents of, for instance, the pheasants which are paraded. Of these imposing looking gentry nine out of ten have, in all probability, been reared, like poultry, by the hand. The eggs from which they date were collected partly from the nests of the wild birds surviving on the estate, lest the poacher should steal them from their proper owner, and sell them to his neighbour's keeper, partly they were laid by tame birds kept under a wire netting. They were then submitted for incubation to the care of as many middle-sized, placid old hens, as the keeper could collect from the farm yards and cottages near. The young birds, when hatched, were kept with their step-mother in coops, to each of which a small yard surrounded by netting was attached as a place of exercise. Here they passed the days of childhood, tended by the careful keeper, much of whose reputation depends upon his ability to cure the diseases incident to that stage of pheasant life. When sufficiently old and strong they were turned out into the woods, the old hen probably accompanying them to give them confidence. But even then they were not left to shift for themselves, but were fed in their new home with barley at certain well-chosen centres, the keeper never losing

sight of them, nor they quite forgetting him. Indeed, if on the morning of the day devoted to their destruction, that individual walks, as surely he will do, into their haunts, to see that all is right, and whistles his well-known call, many of them will run to him much as chickens in a farm-yard run to the "chick, chick, chick," of the friendly dairy-maid. This is humiliating knowledge, and very effectually takes away all idea of sport from pheasant shooting, as practised at the present day. The plain fact is that the pheasant is no longer a wild bird. He is a tame one frightened into an appearance of wildness for the nonce by the noise of beaters. Then, again, hares: if on favourable ground, the farmers permitting, these very-good-to-eat animals can be preserved to almost any extent, so also can they be utterly exterminated, and that too in a very short time, by whosoever has the power and the will to issue the order for their execution. They cannot climb up the trees and hide themselves. They do not go to ground. They can be shot down in the fields, or driven thence into the coverts, to be driven out again into nets, and knocked on the head one after another. They live by sufferance and by sufferance only. The rabbit, the common rabbit, is the only indigenous item of a day's covert shooting, which is not petted and preserved. He is everybody's enemy, and everybody is his, except, perhaps, the keeper, who, for reasons which have been given in a former paper, entertains for him a sneaking kindness. It is this peculiarity of his position on an estate which makes it real sport to shoot him. He is wild by nature and education, not an impostor like the modern pheasant. He is not tolerated like the hare. Except that he is not carnivorous, and never attacks his enemy, he is to the sportsman of the present day what the beasts of the earth were to the first great hunter, a nuisance to be got rid of, a tenant of the woods whom it is virtuous and useful to destroy.

He has too another quality peculiarly his own. Like Falstaff, he is not only witty himself, but a cause of wit in others. It is impossible to know him well, and not to see that he is a very lively, cheerful little body. No rabbit, except the doe with the cares of maternity upon her, ever appears dejected or priggish. A hare on a wet day has a lank and dreary look about him. A pheasant seems always oppressed with a burden of dignity which he cannot shake off. Not so the rabbit. He is the embodiment of high spirits and of easy manners. Of course it is impossible to say exactly how he is viewed by the other inmates of the woods, but it would seem, that as neither hares nor pheasants are

ever found in large numbers in quarters which he particularly affects, there is something about him which is disagreeable to them; just as the society of a witty person is disagreeable to men of a dignified exterior and phlegmatic temperament. To this apparent general rule there are, however, exceptions, for, not only do a certain number of rabbits co-exist with pheasants and hares in the larger preserves, either from inherent impudence on the one side, or from an abnormal condescension on the other, but in the outlying coverts the three kinds of creatures are found intermixed in tolerably even proportions. But whether or no the rabbit is to any extent appreciated by birds and other beasts with whom he comes in contact, it is very certain that his engaging qualities are fully recognised by men. They are his enemies, it is true, but they are discriminating enemies. While they slay they praise him, for he gives them more amusement than all the rest of the game which they shoot in the season put together. It is quite possible, be it observed, to tire of killing partridges, pheasants, and hares, but the man has never yet been found who was tired of shooting rabbits. Their ways are so various. They are so cunning and stealthy, where cunning and stealth will avail, so bold and undaunted where circumstances call for promptitude and decision. They are constantly turning up when not expected, are always welcome as breaking the monotony of graver sport; and on their own ground, and on what we may call their own days, they demand the most constant vigilance on the part of the sportsman, or he will find that while he has been carelessly looking about him, and thinking of something else, "Sir Robert" has got up at his feet, and is out of shot before seen, or has taken advantage of the unguarded moment to slip past, and gain his earth. To be even with him requires a lively temperament, or at least a capacity for liveliness when the day's work has begun. If the necessary quality exist, depend upon it the rabbit will call it into full play. If it be wanting, of course the rabbit cannot evoke it. It would seem, however, that dull persons are led by their own instincts to avoid a sport for which they are unfitted.

Suppose that we betake ourselves to the appointed place of rendezvous. We find there the pleasant sportsmen of the neighbourhood. There is Piger, heavy of body, but ready of tongue, and with a strong sense of humour about him. There is Impiger, quick and sudden both in act and word. There is everybody's friend, the tall, lean John of Gaunt, tough, in Yorkshire parlance "hard-

bitten," a pleasant, well-informed companion, the single man *par excellence* of the neighbourhood, without whose presence neither archery meeting, nor shooting party, nor picnic are considered perfect. There are also A, B, and C, cheerful mortals and agreeable. All shoot well, though some are better shots than others. All are pleased to see each other. The keeper, too, that generally undemonstrative person, that man of pockets and whistles, and knives and string, and feathers, is evidently pleased to see them. His weather-beaten face, void of any profile to speak of, soaked with rain, and looking like nothing so much as the face of a boiled bull-dog, expands into a grin as he passes them with rude bow, and goes to his master for orders. "You will place Messrs. A, B, and C in the middle-ride," says the master, "and we will beat up to them, and mind you don't station them so that they are likely to shoot one another. And take care all of you," he adds, "that when we come up you call out and let us know where you are. You, Piger, will stand back, and Impiger and John of Gaunt will walk with the beaters. I shall be in the ride on your left to look after any rabbits that come that way." It is an excellent arrangement. A, B, and C are good enough shots, but not quite first rate, so may have the rabbits driven up to them. Piger, slow and heavy, is the very man to stand back, in which position his gun will not be the most silent in the wood, for to be obstinate, contrary, and determined to run in the very opposite direction to that in which it is desired that they should run, is not by any means peculiar to pigs. The same obliging disposition evidently belongs to some rabbits, and for that matter to some hares too. The consequence is that that back station affords plenty of sport, and, as allowing its occupant to take his own time, and to choose his ground for himself, is a very pleasant one, always provided, that is, that those who walk with the beaters will refrain from shooting in that direction. Well, they are off at last, the beaters marshalled in line, and exhorted as they value their legs and lives, to keep their ranks. For a minute or so no gun is fired. The rabbits quartered at that end of the covert hearing the talking have slipped away, and so just at the beginning of the beat there is nothing to shoot at. Then three or four shots are heard forward; A, B, and C are firing at some hares who took early alarm and fled. Then a rabbit is put up by the beaters, and then another. Both have bolted incontinently into a bramble bed without giving the guns a chance, and the excitement begins. "Keep them rabbits forrard," says

the keeper, "keep 'em up, all on you." And "Yah—ah!" "Hi!" "Hi!" "Ya-a-a-ah!" "Ah!" answer the beaters. Don't believe it, my friends. Don't flatter yourselves that you can drive both those rabbits forward. Probably fifty men could not do it, certainly six cannot. One slips back already, avoiding the blow aimed at his head by an excited rustic, and the quiet Piger bags him. The other rushes in the right direction, and is sighted and shot at by Impiger. The grim smile upon John of Gaunt's face shows that it has been missed. Though both are good at this work, John of Gaunt is the best, because, from his greater height, he can see more clearly than his companion over the low wood, and because his hands are less bothered by brambles. There is a moment's pause, and then "Sir Robert," showing himself in the next opening, is promptly killed by the tall man. From that moment till the beat is completed, there is in front, in rear, on the flank, and with the moving column in the centre, continued firing, shouting, smoke, and excitement, for the covert is thoroughly alarmed in that neighbourhood, and each rabbit is, in his own way, planning escape from death. Some run back, some forward, some, like idiots, squat in terror, and are slain without mercy or consideration, for everybody's blood is up now, and no "law" is given. Many die, some get away, having had perhaps half a dozen barrels discharged at them, and so the work goes on without much variation, till the ride is in sight where A, B, and C are standing. This is the crisis of the beat. Piger is called up closer to the line, the master in his ride taking up a station level with him. All are exhorted to keep their proper places, for the firing will be quick now. About five yards distant from the ride there is a thick belt of low thorns and brambles. It is quite certain that this belt is full of rabbits. So many of the most daring have charged the ride and been rolled over in full career, that a very large number have elected to sit still and be walked over, if possible, or, if that may not be, at all events not to stir till the last moment, when, in the confusion and general scramble, they hope to escape. Great is the excitement, and often does Piger entreat his friends not to shoot back. It is a time when even the most experienced had need to remind himself that never, till the last beater has appeared in the ride, is it quite certain that the last rabbit has been accounted for. Perhaps on the whole Piger and A, B, and C have the most shooting now, and the easiest time of it. Piger, because he has by agreement a monopoly of all rabbits who run back; A, B,

and C, because by simply standing within the covert on the side where the beat ends, and turning their backs on the beaters they can shoot at the fugitives who dash past them to the front, without danger to each other, or to anybody else. Impiger and John of Gaunt, with their friends' legs before them, the beaters by their side, and Piger behind, in whose direction they must not fire, have but a limited choice of victims; but then they have had it so much their own way while advancing up the beat that they have no right to complain.

Multiply the operation above described by the number of beats which the coverts afford, and, taking into account the festive episode of luncheon under a hedgerow, and the exciting hunt after two pheasants, which with much manoeuvring, were got on wing and bagged, doubly precious because clearly the property of the neighbouring landlord, a tolerable idea of a regular day's rabbit-shooting is arrived at.

Then when that is over, when all the rabbit coverts have been formally shot through, there remain almost as many by-days sport for one or two guns as they care to go out for. Kill as many as you will on any day or days, there always remains a residuum which it is well worth while to look up. In the first place, of those who have been shot at and missed, some of course will have gone to ground in the wood, but others will, with that prudence which distinguishes the animal creation, have moved away from the scene of their terror, to other, and, as they think, safer quarters. For a day or two immediately succeeding the battue, many of them will be found in the neighbouring hedgerows, to be easily brought to book by the simple expedient of beating out their retreat by the aid of a sensible dog, the sportsmen (two are enough for this work) taking each a side, and being careful to keep in line. Then when the hedgerows have been beaten, there remain the turnips outside the coverts, and the ploughed and fallow lands, in all of which, on a bright sunshiny day, some will be taking the air. Indeed, when there is no longer any reason to avoid the pheasant haunts for fear of disturbing them, and so spoiling some serious days' sport still to come, in all weathers, except in rain, when mankind wisely keeps in doors, and rabbits, annoyed by the ceaseless drip, drip, seek their earths, these little creatures afford a good excuse for leaving the fireside. Even when snow covers the ground, some of them may be met with. A clever dog will hunt about and tell where they are crouching beneath the felled saplings or the brambles. Their dark forms will be

easily recognised against the white background, and they can be either shot in cold blood, or be driven out and slain in more artistic style.

It is somewhat sad that, when at the end of the shooting season, other denizens of the woods are left to follow their own pursuits, and to attend to their domestic concerns in peace, the rabbit should be allowed no interval of rest. But so it is. When the gun is laid aside the ferret is brought into play against him, and from month to month, with but little intermission, the war is carried on. Still, considering that from his infancy he is launched upon a career of crime, his life is not more troubled than he has a right to expect that it would be; at all events he commands respect for the unimpaired cheerfulness with which he bears his lot.

EMERITUS.

PLANCHETTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I have read with much interest an article on the Planchette in your Number for Oct. 26. In the main your correspondent is right, and especially in the method of using that most curious instrument, which requires but to be known to be duly appreciated, not as a mere toy, but as a means of obtaining truthful answers to verbal or mental questions. These answers, I find, your correspondent failed to get, first, because the Planchette that he used was wrongly made; and next, because the requisite conditions were not observed to ensure success. He is scarcely right in describing it as an American invention: it is French, as implied by its name (a little board). I am able to speak thus confidently, as I have made and sold 466 Planchettes in England, and have sent others abroad. I may say that they are not unknown to royalty, and they are certainly no strangers in the French, Russian, and Spanish Courts. It might be supposed that as I make the instrument I can use it also. Such, however, is not the case, though many of my customers have told me most extraordinary stories respecting it. One of the most curious facts in connection with it occurred shortly after its introduction to England, about six years ago, and was told to me as follows:—

Mr. Bielfield, artist, of 208, Euston Road, had heard of the instrument, and made one, and while using it, in company with Mrs. B., a friend entered—a Mr. Gilbert, now in Canada. The three tried it without any result, and "Planchy," as they termed it, was put aside on a large sheet of paper till after dinner. You may judge their surprise when, on proceeding to resume their amusement, they found the following sentence written on the previously blank paper:—"Go to my son and tell him that I will be with him this day month, to cause him to make such alterations as I wish in the book he is now writing." Then followed the signature, "Rt. Owen."

I took the message to Mr. R. Dale Owen, then residing at Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street. On reading it, he said that no one knew that he was writing a book, and declared the handwriting to be his

father's (then some months deceased). I answered, "Well, sir, it was only written yesterday." He replied, "I should like to see Mr. Bielfield." Mr. B. and myself together went to Mr. Owen on the following day, when this statement was repeated to him. He subsequently recommended the Planchette to his numerous friends, and took some of them (I believe six) on his return to America, and hence their introduction into that country.

Prior to this occurrence a meeting had been held in order to ascertain the right method of making the Planchette, and the conditions to be observed in its manufacture and use. All this instruction was given by the aid of the Planchette, through the hand of Mr. Gilbert. These instructions I have faithfully kept, and in no one instance have I broken them. They are very simple. I will only say that the wood used must be hearty good stuff, and well dried. Laburnum, oak, ash, and many other woods will not serve, and are not rightly to be used. Other conditions and instructions I reserve. As to the reason why these instruments write or draw, as they sometimes do exquisitely, I have long ceased to trouble myself: enough for me they are true; and I freely admit that after many years' observation of the facts, I do not know whether the phenomena are spiritual, mesmeric, Odic, or vito-magnetic, and I therefore leave each person who studies the subject to his own opinion. I may, however, respectfully beg leave to say, that should any of your readers require information on this and kindred subjects, my experience of nearly twenty years is at their service. My experience has been gained by contact with numerous scientific gentlemen in carrying out their experiments, and also from the fact that in the person of my wife I have a very highly-developed, sensitive person, such as is described by Reichenbach in his work on the Odic force, who has enabled me still further to investigate several subjects which he had overlooked. Perhaps the next wonder of the day may be an instrument from my hand to find lodes of metal, coal, and springs of water, without the trouble and uncertainty of sinking artesian wells. It would be subject, of course, to the same law as the Planchette,—that is, only those so constituted could use it. This power is found to be inherent: it cannot be acquired, but may be educated and improved. Sometimes all of a family possess it, and it prevails most extensively among the ladies, simply because they are more subject to influences than men.

In conclusion, I beg to say that the whole subject is by no means a modern one. At all events, the Planchette was preceded by a prior invention analogous to it, but not identical with it; for, in 1852, a German, residing in Orchard Street, Portman Square, advertised an article for a similar purpose. It was cumbersome, complicated, and expensive; and so it failed, though true. Many of your readers must remember Rutter's Magnetoscope and its curious results; and for the last nineteen years I have frequently made to order vito-magnetic machines, of which the Planchette is but one. You must therefore excuse me if I acquit our American cousins of having stolen a march on us in the case of the Planchette.

I use two woods only in the manufacture of Planchettes—one is perfumed, scarce, and expensive; the other, of a cheaper and commoner kind. The cost of a Planchette is 12s. 6d. or 7s. respectively.

I am, your obedient servant,

THOMAS WELTON.

13, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, W.

LINDENHURST.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.—NOT NETTED.

"REALLY, Percival," said Branscombe the next morning, in his usual bantering way, "if you mope and keep such late hours I must pack up my tackle and be off to town. It's getting positively dull here. I can make allowance for a fellow in love, but this morning you look as though an ugly nightmare had been grinning in your face all night. Come, pitch into this bacon, it's capital, and anoint it with an egg or two."

Tom was right; I did feel out of sorts that morning; the incident of the previous evening had upset me beyond what I could have believed, and beyond what the matter probably deserved. I had spent a good part of the night in ingeniously torturing myself by forming all kinds of speculations as to the causes of the apparition, and mischievously striving to make a sublime mystery out of it. Our wills will be perverse at times, and mine had been of that humour that night. The ground-work of this feeling was irritation and annoyance, that such a thing could exist in Lindenhurst Manor House, and I not have been by this time apprised of it. It was far in the morning when I fell asleep, having resolved to wait patiently for a few hours more when I would ask Aurelia for an explanation.

"If you don't demolish more than that, doctor,—oh, I forgot to tell you," rattled on Branscombe, in his easy, careless spirit, "the people here call you the doctor."

"Doctor?"

"Yes—doctor; why, I don't know. Our landlord asked me yesterday if you were a physician from London?"

"And what answer did you give him?"

"I asked him his reason for inquiring. He only scratched his shaggy poll, apologised for asking, and said, 'As how he thought you was, you was so constant up at the big house.' This was all I could get out of him."

"But you didn't tell him why I go there?"

"Do you take Tom Branscombe for a fool? Why, what has come over you, Percival? First, you don't eat your breakfast, then you look ghastly pale, and then you suspect your old chum of being an idiot. If this is love, heaven help me from falling into it!"

"But why should they suppose me to be a physician?"

"How can I tell, man? They may have their reasons, but they are none of the sagest, I'll warrant you. As they do not know who or what we are, except as Nos. 3 and 4; you

having told Johnstone not to send on any letters, they have a right, I guess, to exercise their bucolic imaginations, and write you down a doctor, and me, perhaps, your valet; for I go into the parlour of an evening to hear what the good folks have to say about themselves and their neighbours."

"But they must have a reason for calling me doctor," I urged again, seriously impressed with the idea that there must be some connection between it and the apparition I saw the previous night, about which, by the bye, I had not told Branscombe.

"Maybe; but I wish you would eat something. You will never be fit for duty when you get back to head-quarters."

I pushed my plate and coffee-cup away in disgust, and rose to leave the room.

"Tom, I'm sorry to have been such a poor companion this morning, but something has occurred which perplexes me; I have no doubt an explanation will put all things straight, and when I return this evening I shall be as jolly as ever."

"Ah; the course of true love never did run smooth," I could hear him repeating for my consolation, as I closed the door.

When I left the Lindenhurst Arms, I intended to go direct to the house and hear what explanation Aurelia or Mrs. Blondell could give of the extraordinary vision I had witnessed overnight.

However, before I had gone far, I felt too heated to put any questions calmly; so I turned aside by the meadows and pursued the path that ran along the pebbly brook, to cool my excitement. There was something so exquisitely refreshing in the prattling of the clear, sparkling stream, leaping over mimic cataracts, or sweeping by fallen branches, that the fever within me was soon subdued. Perhaps the want of rest during the night had tended to heighten the pulse and quicken the vagaries of the brain; perhaps—but why speculate? My walk was a practical answer to all theorising. Before many minutes were passed, I found myself gathering wild flowers that grew on the bank of the rivulet, at the risk of a ducking, and weaving them, by the aid of a few rushes, into a coronal for Aurelia. Better have devised a fantastical wreath of straws and herbs, such as Ophelia wore to mock her sorrows!

Aurelia was waiting for me as usual, ready to take our customary walk. Had there lurked any shadow of irritation on my brow when I advanced to meet her, it must have vanished at the sweet smile she gave me as she held out her hand. It was a long time before I could bring myself to refer to the subject which had so perplexed me in the

morning. Not until we had reached the giant oak and sat down on one of the benches under its shelter, did I venture to mention it.

"I gave you a serenade last night, Aurelia," I observed, "but it was a silent one. Wandering about the fields in the brilliant moonlight, I found myself near the moat."

"And suppose some frightful duenna had caught sight of you, sir," replied Aurelia, laughing.

"Thank heaven, we are in no land of duennas, but in a land where love and marriage is free; and we need no female dragon to guard our angels."

"And you thought of me, you songless minstrel, and luteless lover, did you?" she observed, playfully. "It were a pity I was not awake; I might have played Juliet to your Romeo, and said—

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Percival,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world."

Juliet and Aurelia were identical, I take it, so far as sentiment went.

"You trust me now, Aurelia?" I remarked, replying to the general tenor of the lines she had quoted.

"You have pledged me your troth," she replied, "and I have confidence in you."

"And I in you." Then I added, "Had you played Juliet last night, your meeting with Romeo would have been sadly disturbed."

"Why so?"

"Mine with my invisible mistress was. Whilst I was thinking which might be your chamber, and was breathing blessings on your slumbering eyelids, I heard a fearful shriek."

The slightest shade of paleness passed over Aurelia's face; nothing more.

"A shriek?"

"A fearful shriek, and it came from the house."

I studiously avoided allusion to the pale face I had seen.

"Perhaps it was only an owl in the wood, and your imagination strained by the circumstances of the hour was startled at the wild sound."

"It was a human voice," I replied, seriously; "and I thought that perhaps you or Mrs. Blondell might be able to account for it."

"I cannot, indeed," she replied, in a voice slightly tremulous, that seemed to quiver between affirmation and denial.

"Aurelia, I think you must know what it

is; excuse my doubts for the moment, but I must have an explanation," I urged, firmly.

"Would you hear the history of a crazed girl we have in the house?" 'Tis nothing more, I assure you," she answered, with apparent frankness.

"You never told me you had such a being under your charge."

"Have I handed you in a list of dependents under our roof, Captain Hope? Come, let us change this subject," she added, with a slight *hauteur* in her tone and manner.

"No; not yet; I would know who this crazed girl is."

"I will answer you also; no, not yet," she replied, smiling, pouting, and assuming the airs of playful petulance which it was impossible to resist. "No, not yet; abide my time, and I will explain. Be patient and remember—the test."

We rose and continued our walk, touching no more upon the subject of the shriek. However, I was not satisfied with the summary manner in which Aurelia had dismissed the matter, and our intercourse during the day was constrained. This Aurelia felt, and in the evening put forth all her arts of fascination to keep her captive a submissive bondsman. We took but a short walk, the days drawing in rapidly at this time of the year, and the dew lying heavily on the grass. But she sang her sweetest songs, and talked with a vivacity and humour that for a while entranced me. Mrs. Blondell and Florence, too, were more than usually amiable and pleasant.

When we separated for the evening Aurelia whispered, as her words of adieu, putting on a smile of exquisite tenderness and affection, "Have faith in love."

Instead of returning to the inn direct, I veered off again into the wood, irresistibly impelled to revisit the scene of last night's adventure, if I may so call it, about which to me, at least, there hung a veil of mystery. It was no want of "faith in love" that induced me to go; it was no suspicion of Aurelia's insincerity that was the motive, although her explanation was very meagre and little satisfied me. No—I was not actuated by any such low reason. Curiosity, it may be, or pity for a poor sufferer, or, as I have said, the air of mystery in which that single chamber above all others in the house was shrouded, may have attracted me thither. I went and stationed myself on the same spot as I had occupied the previous night. All was still and quiet, not a sound disturbed the placid rest of man and nature. I was growing weary of waiting and about to retreat, when again that shrill, sharp, agonising shriek rent

the air. In an instant my eyes were turned to the window, and in another instant a pair of hands clutched the iron bars, and I heard a voice exclaiming, "Help, help!" Then there was a pair of hands visible violently struggling to unlace the other fingers from the bars to which they clung. The fingers relaxed their hold, the hands disappeared, and all was still and quiet again. The night was calm and unruffled as the sleep of innocence; there was not a sign to tell of the anguish that was breaking a human heart. So have I seen in the morning the meek and placid ocean smiling over the spot where, but a few hours before, he had dealt death and desolation.

I felt soul-sick at the scene I had witnessed, at the ghastly misery sheltered beneath that roof. I longed to know more of the history of that poor sufferer whose ineffectual struggle I had caught a faint glimpse of; I would I had not known so much. Who could have inferred from Aurelia's manner that woe dwelt with them; yet she was not heartless.

I did not at once quit the spot where I stood a trespasser, but waited half-an-hour to see if there would be a further cry of distress. But it was not repeated, and at length I emerged from the wood and began to walk back slowly, full of troubling thoughts.

As I came within a few hundred yards of the Lindenhurst Arms I could perceive an unusual bustle before the door, and had not advanced many steps further when who should come up but Branscombe.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I was about to ask, when he took hold of my arm firmly, as though he was an officer of the law and were about to take possession of my person.

"Come along, my lad; we must enter by the back door, as the people of the village are in a terrible state of excitement, and it will be dangerous to attempt to enter by the front."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Well, I can't tell you here," he said, "but when we get to my room I will explain what I have heard; it seems a strange story."

"No, I don't stir a step further till you tell me what you know; and as for that loutish rabble yonder, you and I are enough for them though they double the numbers."

The reader may well imagine that I was in no mood to be trifled with, and the sense of defiance which had been roused in me acted like a strong cordial, and dissipated for the moment the perplexities that were bewildering and unnerving me.

"Tell me, what is this all about?"

"Well, if you will know, you must. About a quarter of an hour ago a fellow came into

the inn and said, that as he was passing the Manor House, he had heard a scream and a cry for help. Every one in the room cried 'Shame, shame!' and one said it was the doctor again, and that he ought to be ducked in the horse-pond; another observed, 'He will be here presently,' and in an instant every one was on his legs and the news fled through the village, and in five minutes there was a muster of all the men, women, and children, in the place. They are furious, and now waiting for your return before the inn, convinced that you are a doctor."

"Tom, we must face them; you don't suppose I am going to sneak in by the back door?"

"I don't mistrust your courage, Percival; but pity the poor creatures. Why should we let ourselves be compelled to break their heads?"

"Come, button your coat up; and if we must fight our way through, we will. There is more in this, Branscombe, than you suspect, and I would sift the matter to the bottom."

We advanced steadily up to meet the enemy, and with such an air of resoluteness and defiance, that the outposts yielded room for us to pass, only saluting us with malignant scowls. But now the throng grew thick and obstructive; still there was no show of fight, only a slight hustling and a few groans. As we drew near the door-step, however, an attempt was made to hem us in and crush us; but Tom's sturdy, disciplined shoulders, sent the wave of human bodies rolling outwards, whilst I easily clave that which intercepted my passage to the inn. When we had arrived safe and sound upon the highest step, the good people thought it time to manifest their resentment. Yells and groans greeted our ears, and every now and then a savage taunt of "there's the doctor," followed by a volley of hisses. Branscombe and I manfully maintained our position at the door, never flinching or meditating retreat.

When the clamour had somewhat subsided, and there seemed a chance of making oneself heard, I called out,—

"My friends, what is the cause of this disturbance, may I ask?"

A shout of derision, and a cry, "Hark'ee the doctor's a speakin'," followed my question.

"I can assure you, my friends," I continued, "I am no doctor."

"Hark'ee, he's no doctor, he says," cried two or three, in voices of savage scepticism.

"I can assure you I am no doctor," I repeated; "and as to the cause of this commotion, I am as innocent of it as any of you."

"Who shut Fanny Blondell up in her cage

for four years?" shouted out a tall fellow with a lusty voice. And the crowd echoed sarcastically "Who?"

"I never heard of the name of Fanny Blondell till this moment," I exclaimed. "Who is she?"

This confession was received with a roar of incredulous laughter.

Tom Branscombe was getting impatient of my parleying with the crowd, and took hold of my arm to drag me into the inn. But I resisted his good intentions.

"My friends," I said, turning to the crowd, "there seems to be some mystery in this matter which it is as much my interest as yours to have cleared up. I am no doctor, but an officer in Her Majesty's Regiment of the Guards. Here is my card, and this is my friend, Captain Branscombe, also of the same regiment. If any of you can explain to me the cause of your misdirected, though perhaps just anger, he will earn my sincere gratitude."

There was a marked change in the manner of the people, when I concluded. Whether there was that in the frankness of my declaration which won their hearts, or whether the awe with which the presence of an officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments inspires the masses subdued them, certain it is that their irritation and excitement vanished, and both Branscombe and myself were treated with marked respect.

"Who, may I ask, is Fanny Blondell?" I inquired, availing myself of the favourable turn events had taken.

"Why, old Blondell's eldest daughter," cried a voice from the crowd.

"What, daughter of Mrs. Blondell, and sister of Miss Aurelia and Miss Florence?"

"Ees," replied half-a-dozen bucolic informants.

"And is she shut up in the Manor House?" I inquired.

"To be sure she is," replied the man that first answered me. "Don't you know she is?" and the crowd seemed inclined to revert to their original incredulity at this insinuation that my ignorance was not genuine.

"No, I do not know it; but I can now readily believe it, for I heard the scream and cry of help that has been reported to you."

"And why didn't you go and rescue her?" called out one who appears to have been the wit of the parish, for everyone laughed at the idea as a good joke.

"Because," I replied, "I did not know what it meant, and intended to inquire about it to-morrow morning. But you, my friends, can give me perhaps a satisfactory explanation. Why is Miss Blondell shut up?"

"Because she is mad," cried one.

"She is no more mad than I am," replied a female voice.

"Because she's got the tin," shouted a second.

"Shame! shame!" groaned a general chorus.

"It's all the doctors' work," cried out another, "they'd swear your soul away for a guinea."

"But what motive could Mrs. Blondell have," I urged earnestly, "in confining the eldest daughter, if she be not insane?"

"Because she's got the tin," repeated the same voice that had previously offered this explanation.

"You mean she is the heiress. Have not her sisters money too?"

"Not a stiver," answered two or three voices.

"Can you presume seriously to charge Mrs. Blondell," I observed, becoming somewhat indignant at this popular denunciation of a woman who was my hostess and the mother of my *fiancée*, "with so cruel and illegal an act?"

"Why, didn't she tell old Mrs. Jarvis that she wouldn't let Fanny Blondell out till she had married off the two younger girls?" exclaimed a shrill voice, sharpened with feminine indignation; "and didn't old Mrs. Jarvis tell her she'd repent of it to her dying day; and didn't she say she didn't care, and that she'd do it to spite her husband, who left nearly all the property to Fanny?"

"It's the truth!" shouted several voices.

"My friends," I replied, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear the statements you have made to-night, and to-morrow shall certainly investigate them. I have only recently made acquaintance with the family, and that in London, and never heard a word about this elder sister, Miss Fanny, till now. I trust what you have told me is exaggerated or based upon misrepresentation, and that what now seems black and foul will prove to be less heinous than you believe. Still I thank you for listening to me, and answering my questions; and I hope you will go quietly to your homes. Perhaps some of you are thirsty, and, if so, call the landlord to give you a mug of beer to drink the healths of my friend here and myself."

A shout of applause followed this short speech, the peroration of which produced a splendid effect, for everyone made a rush for the bar, little heeding Branscombe and myself, who retreated at once up-stairs.

No sooner was the door closed than a revulsion of feeling overwhelmed me like a torrent of roaring waters.

HAROLD KING.



THE STROLLERS.

THE little village, all astir,
Has turned out, to a man, to greet them ;
And anxious urchins, wide agape,
Run down the leafy lanes to meet them ;
The crone who basks her wint'ry hair
Half hidden in a russet hood,
Looks up and wisely shakes her head,
And murmurs, " Player folk's no good ! "

The sturdy clay-streaked ploughmen pause,
As two by two the strollers pass,
And wonder if the Squire will swear
At folk who " furret up his grass."
The busybodies of the place
Watch as the bills are posted there,
And know exactly who these are,
And how they've seen them at the Fair.

How, "him, the thin one walking yon,—
Him with the lass that moves so slow,
And leads the child with golden hair,
Had played in Lunnon years ago!
And though their faces seem so wan,
And though their clothes are far from bright,
Them two could play the King and Queen,
And look—ah! mortal fine at night!"

Then slowly wags the lumbering cart,
And slowly rises stage and tent,
And through the cracks of yawning planks
Sly youngsters peep in wonderment.
And ere the sun has quite gone down,
The band—a fiddle, horn, and drum—
Perambulate the lanes, and urge
Reluctant villagers to come.
Whilst, ere they play kings, queens, and knaves,
And ere one-half the seats are taken,
The company has sallied forth
To buy their humble eggs and bacon.
What if they strut and fume and make
Sad havoc with the text and action,
They have their mystery, their fame,
And "give their patrons satisfaction."
And children point and wonder how
That stooping man with face so long,
With husky cough and dragging gait,
"Be chap as sang that funny song!"
And that same meagre figure there,
So worn, so broken, and so mild,
Could be the haughty tyrant king
Who slew his wife and cursed his child!
Ah! little fleeting fame ye seek!
And little fleeting means of life;
Too little for the hard-worked man,
Too little for the ailing wife.
No wonder if the tyrant seems
So stern, so bony, and so gaunt;
No wonder if his captive acts
And "looks" so well disease and want!
The Ghost is halfway to his grave,
And weakness gives his measured walk,
And poor Ophelia's face is pale
Without the adventitious chalk.
The testy dotard of the stage,
The "heavy father," as they say,
Is heavy only in his heart,
Nor wants a wig to make him gray.
And he, whom vacant hinds applaud
And roar at ere his jest is sped,
May have his private tragedy,
And scarce a place to lay his head.
Ah! pardon all their little faults
For the great woes they struggle through,
And, when you quit the booth to-night,
Pray God to bless the strollers too!

R. REECE.

A DAY'S WANDERING IN GOSLAR.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

THE custodian of the place, who was my cicerone, was a well-educated man, who seemed to have grown old and musty with the antiquities he showed, and spoke about Henry the Fowler, Lothar, and all the other German emperors, as if they had been his most intimate

friends. On leaving the chapel I asked him if he could show me the way to the Zwinger, which I had been advised to visit, and how far it was from here.

"Ein Büchsenchusz" (within the reach of a gun-shot), was his answer.

I endeavoured to follow this lucid description, and really did find myself in about ten minutes' time, upon a piece of the old fortification of Goslar. The Zwinger, formerly used as a dungeon, as its name implies, is now turned into a *restaurant*, a place where the visitors at Goslar wander to in the cool of the afternoon, to drink their coffee and sit for a few hours. The tower, of a moderate height, is said to have the same depth in the ground, the walls are twenty-two feet thick, and good-sized rooms have been hollowed out in them. I asked if I could go to the top of the tower, hearing there was a capital view from above over the town, and was told if I would venture up a very decrepit-looking staircase, I could do so. I mounted it, really in peril of my life at places, nor did I care to stop till I reached the top, for the floors of the different stories were so rickety that they shook and trembled as I stepped over them, and in places large holes in the boarding admitted of my seeing the floor beneath.

But the look out from the parapet well rewarded me. Here I saw more clearly than ever, that I was in a place that had been, that belonged to the past. Straggling, narrow streets lay before me, houses tumbling to pieces, propped up here and there, and within the very walls of the town, large fields and market-gardens, in the places where streets must have stood formerly. As it is, houses stand empty. I believe it is possible to get an ancient baronial residence for next to nothing a year. Distinctly I could trace the whole outline of Goslar's walls, could see the many massive gates, and the other strong zwinger on the opposite side of the town, all showing that once it was strongly fortified.

When I had seen my fill of the crooked streets and gabled roofs, I once more descended the perilous stairs, and went to sit on the other side of the Zwinger, where little tables were placed in the open air, and people were sitting, eating, drinking, and smoking.

While sitting here I got into conversation with a lady who sat near, and one word giving rise to another, she asked me:—

"You have seen all of Goslar that you can in one day, I suppose, all the chief objects of interest? Of course, I need hardly ask you, if you have been to Lampe's Curgarten?"

"Lampe's Curgarten! What is that?" I asked.

"Ah, my friend," she cried; "then you

have certainly not seen all that is worth seeing in Goslar. You may have seen well the Goslar of former times, but you ought to see the great object of interest in the Goslar of to-day."

"Beyond doubt," I assented.

"Why," she went on, "hundreds of people who would never dream of coming to this place otherwise, pour here in crowds all the year round to be cured by Lampe; and the people of Goslar live almost upon his patients; they were not nearly as prosperous by a great deal, before he began his cures."

"But tell me, who is this man?" I said, much interested.

"First let me see," she said, pulling out her watch, "how much time you have. You must be at his garden before six, for after that time he leaves to go out for a drive among the hills. Come with me, my husband is there, and I promised to join him."

I gladly assented, and we went.

"Well," she said, "this man Lampe was originally a shoemaker here, a vulgar and totally uneducated man. Some years ago, he professed to have found a medicine that would cure any disease, and he began to doctor the poor people round about him with it. He had effected some wonderful cures, and had drawn many people from neighbouring villages to come to him, when the government interposed, as it is not lawful to give medical advice and medicines without a diploma, and having studied at some university. He was asked to reveal what his drink was made of, but this he obstinately refused to do. The government then forbade him to practise any further. However, some of the poorer classes who had been cured by him, still retained their faith in his wonder-working drink, and he continued secretly concocting and retailing the same. His reputation spread. Some old noblemen at the Hanoverian Court, whom no doctor could cure, determined to put themselves under his care. Lampe, being successful in restoring them to health beyond their expectation, they returned home full of his praises, and the queen hearing this, was seized with a fancy to consult the quack. She came to him and was cured completely. This drew public attention once more to the man, and the queen begged the king to empower him to leave his trade of shoemaker and to devote his attention entirely to the art of healing. This the king did by creating him *Sanitätärath*, a thing altogether out of the usual routine. The old man then established himself fully, and people flocked to him from all parts, and in greater crowds than ever. Above all, *grandees* sought his advice, and the Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia, spent all the winter of 1864—1865 here. The Queen of Hanover

comes here very frequently to visit Lampe, and to place herself under his care."

"But in what does this cure consist?" I demanded.

"He has a decoction which is supposed to be made of herbs; this his patients must drink twice a day, morning and afternoon, in quantities ranging at a time from one to one and a half, and even two claret-bottles full. In the middle of the day they must take a bath containing some mixture of his, and after the bath, must be rubbed all over with some ointment, by persons whom he appoints for the purpose."

"All this must occupy the day."

"So it does, and is a fatiguing and expensive cure. Every bottle of medicine costs a thaler, (three shillings, English,) every bath and ointment the same; so that each person has alone to pay for these things as much as twelve to fourteen thalers a day."

"Has any diet to be observed?"

"An enormously strict one. When a patient first comes to Lampe, to place himself under his care, he does not allow him to hold a conversation with him on the subject of his health, like any other doctor would, but he simply eyes him from head to foot. If he thinks him to be suffering under any decidedly incurable disease, such as consumption, he will not admit him; and it is thus that he has gained for himself the reputation of never sending away a patient uncured. If he finds the patient suits him, he says 'Come to me in my garden to-morrow morning at such and such an hour, and go and lodge with the baker or butcher So-and-so; they know what you may eat and what you may not, and upon any infringement of my rules of diet, you will be turned away from my "Cur," and remember, I have my spies everywhere about, who will tell me when you transgress, so even if you commit one on an excursion in the neighbourhood, I shall hear of it. Good morning;' and with that the gruff old fellow ends the only private interview he has with his patients."

"What a tyrant!" I exclaimed.

"He is, indeed," my friend went on. "And not only will he turn you out for the slightest infringement of a dietary rule, such as eating butter, drinking beer or wine, eating fruit, &c., but if that rule has been broken in the house of the people with whom you reside, he will make you and every one else in the house leave, and not send any more visitors to board with the people, whose sole sustenance the lodgers often are. You will therefore understand that it is to their interest to see that no breach of rules occur, and the name of Lampe is feared and revered by all the townsfolk."

"You astonish me!"

"Nor is this all. The nauseous medicine which he makes you drink, is boiled fresh by him every night, but, notwithstanding, in warm weather it is apt to turn sour, and, bad to take always, it is positively repulsive then. Still, if to escape drinking it all, you were to pour a few drops of it on the ground, or leave a little in your glass or bottle, he would send you away instantly, and never admit you again; for he has an excellent memory, and does not forget a patient he has turned off."

"Is the medicine then drank in his presence?"

"Yes, in his garden. You will see presently, when you get there; but one thing I must entreat of you, whatever you see there that strikes you ludicrously, do not laugh at it, do not let a smile pass over your face. He, or one of his people, will see it, he will come to you at once, be extremely rude, and turn you out of the garden; and if he sees you are with one of his patients, he will turn that patient off also."

I promised to be careful, and my curiosity was excited to a high pitch to see this extraordinary man, whose commands are more feared, and better obeyed, than those of any world-known physician. We entered the garden at this point of our conversation. It was large and prettily laid out, a band played in the centre, and little tables were placed all about, round them sat groups of people each with a large bottle before them drinking, while others were walking about tumbler in hand, for I believe it is necessary to do a vast amount of walking immediately after drinking this stuff, or the feeling it produces is unbearable.

At one corner was a coarse wooden booth, in which was standing an old vulgar-looking gray-haired man, slovenly dressed in a dirty morning wrapper, a skull-cap on his head, and a common clay-pipe in his mouth. Each of the patients on entering the garden, goes first to this booth, and telegraphs to Lampe—for this is he—with his fingers, (all conversation with him is strictly forbidden,) he then hands them one or two bottles, as he thinks proper, a maid standing by reaches them a tumbler, and they go off to some table where friends may be seated, and swallow their drink as well as it is possible. I saw some after each glass-full put small pieces of bread or biscuit in their mouth surreptitiously, to try and take off the taste, which is, I am told, horrible beyond description. The look of the beverage is by no means inviting, for it has a dark and muddy appearance.

Why my friend had cautioned me not to laugh I could not comprehend, for, though the whole matter might easily be turned towards

the ludicrous side, it was so intensely sad at the same time, that the latter feeling out-weighed the former. I saw the old and young, men and women, youths and children, blind and lame, pinning their hope of cure upon this quack; and to see the flock-of-sheep manner in which he treated them all, not making any difference for individual constitutions, &c., struck me as painful in the extreme. The men under his cure outnumbered the women, and they seemed mostly to be grandees, for I heard one called Fürst and another Excellency, Graf, &c.

But it makes no difference in Lampe's treatment towards them, he is rude and rough to all alike, and the Queen of Hanover has to come here to drink her medicine as well as all the others; he makes no distinction for rank or money. Certainly it is curious how many diseases he has been successful in curing; but who knows how much the quiet life, the herb drink, and a strictly wholesome diet, have to do with all this, in which matters he obtains an obedience which no doctor could enforce. Lampe, the old shoemaker, with his rudeness, and his system of espionage, has the advantage there.

I went to sit down near to my amiable friend and her husband, after I had walked round the garden, and as we conversed together, a lady friend of theirs came up.

"Ah, Mrs. V——," they exclaimed, "are you here too? We did not know you were ill and under Lampe."

"Nor did I, twenty-four hours ago," replied the lady addressed. "Fancy! I came up to Goelar two days ago to see Lampe, and intercede for my brother, whom he has refused to accept as his patient. 'But, Doctor,' I said, 'the physician in F——, said he was suffering from liver-complaint, which is what you chiefly undertake to cure, why won't you let him enter as your patient?' 'Because, madam,' thunders Lampe, 'I know he's not suffering from any such thing; he's consumptive, and consumption neither I nor any one else can cure. But you'll take, you I can cure, it is you who are suffering from liver-complaint. Come to me to-morrow morning in my garden.' Of course, I was quite taken aback, but as I have really not felt well lately, though I did not think it enough to consult a doctor for, I have stayed, for Lampe's manner has inspired me with great faith."

I was amazed at such credulity; but it is only fair to Lampe that I should add that since then the young man has died from consumption, at that time merely incipient and unsuspected by his medical man, and that Mrs. V—— left the garden stronger and better than she had been for many years.

At a quarter to six Lampe left his booth, walked once round the garden to see that all was right, bowed to the assembly, and went into his house. Punctually at six his splendid carriage and pair—which together with magnificent silver trappings for the horses, was given to him by the Queen of Hanover—came to fetch him for his daily drive.

I heard from my friends that the greatest favour he ever bestows upon his patients, is to let them see all the presents that have been given him at various times; he has them placed in one room, under glass cases, and I understand he has a splendid and valuable collection of diamond-inlaid snuff-boxes, jewelled pipes, locketts, &c.; none of which, however, he ever uses; but is always seen in the same dirty, careless attire, with a common old pipe in his mouth.

My friend's husband having finished his afternoon portion of medicine, we left the garden, and, thanking them most heartily for their great amiability and kindness, I parted from them, and wended my way to the place where the stage-coach halted.

"It would indeed have been a pity," said the gentlemen to me at parting; "if you had only seen the Goslar of old, and had missed visiting a person who draws strangers to this town, which, but for him, would only be looked up by a few lovers of antiquities."

I visited Goslar in 1865; since then Lampe is dead. His enormous wealth he has left—if I am rightly informed—partly to his house-keeper, to whom also he divulged his secret, and who continues to keep on the garden; and partly to his native town, for he was a widower and had no relatives living. Z.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

PART II.

If an editor may judge from the extensive quotation of its contents by the metropolitan and provincial press, and from a long and elaborate criticism upon it which has appeared in the "London Review," the question opened up in an article with the above heading in *ONCE A WEEK* for October 19th, is of a very wide and general interest—far more wide and general, perhaps, than even the most sanguine of editors could have hoped or expected.

Not a day has passed since the appearance of that article without bringing to the office a deluge of correspondence upon the question from old friends, from strangers, from professional writers, from amateurs, from successful and unsuccessful contributors, and from would-be contributors. It would be impossible for the editor to insert in his columns, or even to answer privately as fully as he could

wish, a tithe of these writers, most of whom contrast in favourable colours the treatment which, as "outsiders," and "amateurs," they have always received from the office of *ONCE A WEEK*, with that which they have experienced elsewhere. Some are kind enough to acknowledge the justice of the editorial sentence which from time to time has marked some of their manuscripts with the words "not suited;" others, with curses not loud but deep, complain of the frauds practised upon them by other editors and other proprietors,* less conscientious than those who hold literary sway in Bouverie Street; others want to know why an "amateur" or "outsider," as such, cannot write as good papers as a professional hand, urging, with much justice, that there was a time when even Charles Dickens and Thackeray were "outsiders." Another, less considerate, makes the article itself an excuse for sending some verses deficient alike in sense and sound. Another often rejected writer, with amusing candour, and infinite cleverness, takes up his pen to say that the "London Review," in mentioning the editor's idiocy as only a thing of time, has given him at last a clue to the cause of his constant disappointments. If this be so, the said often-rejected writer may take to himself comfort that his articles may now stand a better chance than hitherto of finding acceptance.

But to speak more seriously. It seems fit and proper for the editor at the present moment to say here (what he has already been allowed to say in a letter in the "London Review" of November 2nd) that the former article entitled "Author and Editor" was not written by himself, but by an often rejected and at length successful contributor; and that the main purpose of the article—for which the editorial pigeon-holes and his own experience supplied materials—was not to give expression to editorial complaint or dissatisfaction at the results of the plan hitherto professed, and what is more, honestly and fearlessly followed, in *ONCE A WEEK*, but "to give to beginners some clue to the secret of success in writing for serials,"—in a word, to be of some real use to the world of "amateurs" and "outsiders." The editor may add that his own work, though heavy and constant, and possibly somewhat tame and monotonous, is far from being distasteful or wearisome to himself. If, as the "London Review" seems to suggest, the individual who tries to read such a mass of manuscripts as that which comes to Bouverie Street,

* This is a subject with which we have no concern; we can only say that as there is a legal maxim "*Caveat Emptor*," so there should be a parallel maxim in literary matters, "*Caveat Scriptor*."

is in great danger of becoming an ass, let him have the satisfaction of reflecting that an ass of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to find nourishment even in the poorest of thistles.

In the prospectus which announced the first number of ONCE A WEEK an invitation was given to outsiders to submit their papers; to quote its very words, the editors and proprietors "invited contributions from writers with whom they were unacquainted, and to whom they promised an open field and a liberal recompense for successful efforts." The present editor pledges his word that that promise and that principle have been always kept in view in dealing with papers proffered alike by friend and stranger, and that in no case has it been consciously departed from through motives of personal favour. No single paper from the first has been declined without some good reason. Either it was political, or theological, or far too long, or illegibly written, or hopelessly bad in spelling and grammar; or it was vulgar, or offensive to good taste, or it touched on subjects already treated, or on subjects which it was not desirable to treat, or it did not come to hand authenticated by its writer's name. Other reasons may have contributed to this result. For instance, the writer may have sent his paper clogged with stipulations, as to rate of pay and date of appearance, which did not meet the views of the proprietors or the arrangements of the editor; or the author may have shown himself unreasonable and intractable on a previous occasion, or have been one of those persons, few in number it is to be hoped, of whom editors and publishers have the best of reasons for wishing to "steer clear." Be this as it may, however, the editor can boast with pride, that many writers, whose names now stand well with the public and with publishers, and who in almost every respect are his own superiors, first "fleshed their literary swords" in the columns of the periodical which it is his pride and his pleasure to conduct.

From a host of letters, the editor selects the following as most thoroughly bearing out his statements, and placing in the clearest light the whole question of "Author and Editor." The letters are both genuine, and both are written by persons who have more than once been mortified by seeing their manuscripts returned to them marked as "unsuited to ONCE A WEEK." The first letter runs as follows;—

"MR. EDITOR,

"I have read with great interest a most useful paper which appeared in your number for Oct. 19th, under the title of 'Author and Editor,' and also an article under the same heading, in the *London*

Review. Assuming to myself, in all humility, the position of author, it was with feelings both of curiosity and pleasure that I felt myself admitted to a peep behind the scenes into the sanctum of the editor, and I accepted in the kindly spirit in which they were offered, the many hints and useful suggestions which the writer in ONCE A WEEK puts forward. As the *London Review* remarks, and probably with great truth, there is "no escape from the measles of incipient authorship;" but it is well that those who have not already passed through that necessary stage should be made fully aware of what is thus certain to come upon them. It is well that we "outsiders" should learn that the table-drawers and pigeon-holes of that office to which all our ambitions tend, are not mere replicas of the celebrated scene in Monte Christo where diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, lie thick as the sand on the shore, and that the office itself is neither paved with gold, nor papered with bank-notes. But still the tone of the *London Review* implies—I hope without reason—that the paper in question was but a sigh of editorial weariness, 'a groan under the burden of useless contributions;' and more than that—it adds an opinion that 'the editor of a popular magazine which admits tales, sketches, and verse from every quarter may not wholly become an idiot, but that sooner or later the continued cursory glancing at bushels of fatuity and insipidity which come before him must have a ruinous effect on his temper and intellect.'

"It is said that the process of tasting wine is so bewildering that after the first six or seven spoonfuls, champagne and ditch-water may be mistaken for each other, and the writer in the *London Review* evidently anticipates a parallel melancholy result for the reader of six or seven 'bushels of fatuity.'

"I am, however, prepared to give strong proof that such is not necessarily the case; that the scales which stand on the editor's desk are after all the traditional scales of justice, and speaking from personal experience, I can assert that proofs of that even-handed justice which has always marked the conduct of ONCE A WEEK have fallen largely to my share. Even without turning every fifth page of my contributions upside down to test the editor's attention to my tale, and drive him distracted into the bargain, I have occasionally found towards the end of a *rejected* manuscript (and I must own that I have had several 'declined with thanks,') pencil notes and observations in his own handwriting, which, as they accorded with the rules of common sense and of grammar, proved beyond a doubt to my mind that my papers had not been returned unread, that his patience had carried him through,

even when his judgment had occasioned him grave doubts, so early perhaps as the middle of the story, as to its eligibility.

"Perhaps I shall express my views more clearly, if I offer a short biographical sketch of two initials, "G. T." as a case in point. As a mere speculative stranger—an unknown "outsider"—the initials some time ago sent a ghost story of alarming tendency and probably questionable grammar to the office of that large-hearted magazine that 'invites (tacitly, I suppose) all the world to write for its columns' confidently expecting by return of post a large cheque—or black despair. The initials waited, neither came. After a few weeks the tale was returned, and with it a letter of so consolatory a character that all their emotions—if initials have emotions—were changed into pity for the editor, who declared himself 'overstocked with ghosts.' Alas! there could be, I said, no peace in that office, day or night.

"Doubtless that editor died of ghosts; for after a time a new editor arose, who probably succeeded in laying some of the ghosts, for he wrote to the initials to say he would like to read the story again, which he had read before, in his then capacity of sub-editor, when it was first submitted, and the plot of which he happened to remember and to think available for illustration. And this fact would certainly seem to prove that with *ONCE A WEEK*, at all events, 'favouritism is not the order of the day, and that the best of papers, if it comes from an outsider, is not tossed unread into the waste-basket.' I should add that "G. T." was a perfect stranger to the editor, and did not even know his name, his family living in a northern county, and none of them being in any way connected with the world of literature.

"Well; the initials revised their story, and sent it up: the story was accepted. It was published. In due time, about six weeks after the initials had been delighted with their first appearance in print, a post-office order arrived, and since that time the initials have, in various manners and in divers ways, tested the patience of the editor, and have never found it wanting. As I have said, many of my papers have been accepted and several declined. Verses that would not scan, spelling that tallied with no known dictionary at all, tales that, by their desperate and sensational character, threatened to scare Morpheus from the downy pillows of the over-excitable daughters of over-anxious mothers—all this the editor has borne from me, and by precept, example, and suggestion, he has enabled the initials so to improve and decorate the personal appearance of these tales and verses, that many of

them have finally presented the respectable and attractive form which is desirable and necessary for his columns.

"If justice has thus been meted out to one chance 'outsider,' surely it is a fair inference that it has been so meted to all.

"'Most people are fools,' Mr. Carlyle observes; and such an undoubted authority must necessarily be right. But it is also true that there are more fools than there need be; and if 'a batch of returned manuscripts is the end of every man's desire,' it would greatly promote the attaining of that innocent ambition if (when the first symptom of the literary measles appears) writers would carefully take notice of the hints given in 'Author and Editor,' and also duly attend to them when the disease has reached its height. If, after having laboured through the harrowing tale of the 'lady whose husband has deserted her,' and the thrilling narrative of the young lady whose 'tale is no worse than the one that appeared a month ago;' if, on arriving at the inevitable marriage at the end, the editor finds no address attached to the author's name, or all the pages unnumbered and unstitched,* who shall wonder if the story never returns to the hand that wrote (or scrawled) it, or that, if it does, the brain, from which it had better never have emanated, finds his duchess married to somebody else's coalheaver, and his gallant young soldier returning spruce and neat from the wars, appearing in the next sentence as a miserly septuagenarian dying of starvation, with six pieces of sugar in his pocket, and eleven biscuits and two candles in his mahogany chest of drawers?

"But if sorrowing ladies, gay damsels, and aspiring youths will only put their names and addresses on their MSS., stitch their papers together, strongly and carefully, and write their stories in a clear and legible hand, and number their pages correctly, they may be certain, supposing they have chosen a fitting subject, and one that has not been treated before in his columns, that their attempt will have its full and fair share of attention from the editor, who will be only too glad, if he sees a glimmer or sparkle of real merit in the composition, to foster and encourage it. And should he decline the article, for reasons of which he is the best judge, they may be sure they will have it re-posted to the address which it bears on its front.

"I fear my interest in the question of 'Author and Editor' may have led me to occupy too much of your space, and remain, Mr. Editor,

"Faithfully yours,

"G. T."

* "G. T." is mistaken here; in such a case the paper would not be read at all.—Ed.

The second letter is couched in very similar terms :—

"DEAR SIR,

"Your contributor who furnished the article on 'Author and Editor,' which appeared a week or two ago, says in his concluding paragraph—

"There are magazines perhaps, in which favouritism is the order of the day, and where the best of papers, if it comes from an outsider, is tossed unread into the waste basket. However, in ONCE A WEEK the case is different. Acceptance goes by merit, and stress may be laid on the fact that the veriest tyro in literature has as good a chance as the most experienced *littérateur* of the day.'

"I feel that it is only just that one of your oldest contributors should confirm this statement.

"When the prospectus of this Magazine was published, it contained the following assertions :—

"They (the proprietors) invite contributions from writers with whom they are unacquainted, and to whom they promise an open field and a liberal recompense for successful efforts . . . They are free from the disabilities of clique, and ready, and even solicitous, to enlist aspiring talents . . . To be accurate, without being tedious; to be popular, without vulgarity; and pointed, without affectation, is the standard they steadily set before themselves; and they will accept the co-operation of any writer who can contribute to its attainment.'

"This was an encouragement to beginners; and, though I am not the boy who sent the joke to *Punch* and received the proverbial five pound note, I did send the very first story I ever wrote—'The Queen of the Arena'—to ONCE A WEEK; it appeared in No. 3; and I did get a cheque for five guineas a few weeks after its publication, besides a very nice note from the editor, stating that he should be happy to hear from me again.

"Since that day in June, 1859, I have contributed more or less constantly to your columns, and though I have had some and not a few of my articles returned as 'unsuitable,'—why so, I could not always tell,—I have had no occasion to complain either of delay or of any want of courtesy or kindness on the part of the editorial chair.

"Of course, during this time, I have sent articles to other magazines also, and with varied success, some having been fortunately accepted, others rejected, and still lying in my drawer; but, with one exception, I have always, though quite unknown, received the treatment which, as a reasonable man, I should have expected. If my papers were

deemed unsuitable, they were returned within a few weeks; if considered suitable, they were published as the necessities of the magazine called for them.

"I need scarcely, however, add, that I have never sent any of my papers to other magazines than those of high standing, and have kept cautiously aloof from periodicals issued by those firms whose 'abnormal literary activity' and sharp practice in literary matters has recently provoked some severe and well-merited chastisement in the columns of the 'Athenæum.'

"With regard to one other point, I should like to say to all intending authors,—Take my advice—*experto crede*—don't imagine that authorship, as a profession, is a paying one. If a man has genius, any profession giving scope to his special talents is profitable; but for those who must occupy the ranks, there are few professions more harassing, and wearing, and unprofitable. For one man who has a prize in the shape of a good, fixed income, earned by regular and expected contributions to a daily or weekly paper, there are hundreds who pick up a precarious subsistence by the expenditure of an amount of pure brain energy that, exercised in any other department of life, would have made them rich and contented.

"The muses in this age do not shower gold upon their worshippers; or, if they do, it is upon those who are on the mountain-top, not workers in the lowly valley. If a man writes for pocket-money, he may be a happy man; I think he runs a great risk if he writes for anything else. As an experienced literary man said once to me (quoting from a story which dates from the last century), 'Literature is a very good walking-stick, but a very poor crutch.'

"I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"FRAXINUS."

To the above remarks and letters not a word need be added, as they exhaust the question of "Author and Editor," and it is to be feared, that if the subject be pursued further, it may possibly exhaust the patience of the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

THE EDITOR.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XXI. A CLUB DINNER.

WHERE do you think I dined yesterday, Mr. Nomad? You may guess every hair off your head, but you will never guess right. So I may as well tell you at once: I dined at a club. Not one of your tavern slap-bangs;

not one of your Pig and Whistle clubs, where a lot of shop-keepers, and vestry-men, and low penny-a-liners, dine together off a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, and fuddle themselves with half-and-half, and goes of hot gin-and-water. No: the club I dined at was one of the places you literary men call palatial mansions; an establishment with a French cook, and servants in livery, and Turkey carpets, and choice wines, and genuine havanas. You think, I dare say, that a glass more than usual has got into my head; and I don't wonder at it. I don't suppose you ever dreamt of asking me to dine with you at the club I have seen you coming out of many's the time; and I am certain, if you and I were to change places, I should not ask you to dine with me. There's not one man in a thousand would have had me for a guest; but that one man it is my luck, you see, to know. I don't think the warmth of the rare old port I punished last night has quite died away. Anyhow, I feel more like talking about myself than I mostly do; and so I don't mind telling you how it all came about; but you must not mind if I tell it you in my own rambling way.

Did it never strike you, I should like to know, what an odd lottery life is after all? It does me, I can tell you, often enough. Take any dozen men you have known, and tell me why some have succeeded and others failed. You may lay down all the rules you like about the way in which men are to get on in the world, or the manner in which they are sure to come to grief; and at the end, if you are honest, you will confess that there is no accounting for ups and downs except that luck was in it. Why, some thirty years ago, there was a knot of young fellows about town, of whom I own now I was one—who were all engaged in trying which could ruin their health, fortunes, and reputations the fastest. It was a close race; and I don't think for many a day there was as much as a head between any one of us. We wasted our substance in riotous living; and, like prodigals in all time, we found ourselves, ere long, in a sorry plight. It is an old story, new editions of which are being daily issued and will be issued "in sæcula sæculorum," to recall one of the few scraps of Latin which still remain to me from my old college days. Some of us went home to our kindred, and found the fattened calf toothsome at the first meal, but wearisome as a daily repast; others, when they came home footsore and penniless, were treated as "hired servants," only their wages were never paid them; and others, again, took to swine-tending in various forms as a permanent pursuit, and filled their bellies with

husks with more or less of satisfaction. But one way or another, we all, as a New Yorker would say, "went under;" and even of those who got their heads above water again, very few had strength to reach the shore. At Madeira and Mentone you may find the tombs of some of us whose constitutions, happily for themselves, could not quite outlive their resources. Bruges and Boulogne saw the last of not a few. In California, or on the West Coast of Africa, you might, perhaps, still pick up a stray waif of the old lot; and I would not feel altogether confident that an old pal or two might not be discovered on the list of the gentlemen for whom board and lodging are provided, without their asking for it, at Her Majesty's expense.

There were a few—a very few, however—who lived out the storm. H. made a fortune out in the opium trade; he was always a hard man, and shabby even in his dissipation; and has come home and bought an estate, and become a country magistrate. M. was very near dying abroad, and joined the old faith when he recovered, and is a priest somewhere or other in the far West; and Willie, strangest of all, has become prosperous, well-to-do, and settled. It was thinking of him which made me say life was a lottery. If there was one of us who seemed certain to go to the bad altogether, it was dear old Will. He was as foolish, as extravagant, as idle, as any of our set, and, to add to all, he had just that sort of soft, kindly nature which would seem destined to be a prodigal's ruin. Yet somehow he crept through. It may have been that his kindness of heart made others more anxious to set him straight. Anyhow, some way or other he stumbled into respectability. I don't know that he'd more chances than any of the rest; I am sure it was not in him to make a better use of them; but, you see, the chances came to him at the right time. He happened to leave England for a while, just before we all were ruined, in the Derby year when Semiramis run second; and his name was not used when we all began to draw bills upon each other; and when the final smash came, he was not in it. Then he got a little money left him, which kept him afloat till we had all sunk out of sight; and then he got an appointment which took him far away from the old haunts; and then, at last, he fell in love with a woman who, by some odd luck, was at once respectable and rich; and so he came back a successful man, whom his relations were rather proud of than otherwise. Many and many a time have I watched him riding on his cob down to the Park, or walking up Regent Street with his children by his side, and I have wondered often whether he thought

much of the days that were gone, of the "good fellows" who knocked about the town with him when he was known as "Wilful Willie." He has grown stout, and somewhat gray about the whiskers, and, I see, uses an eyeglass often; but there is the old kindly smile about his mouth, and I have always fancied he was one of the few men in the world who would be glad to learn that I was still among the living. We were like brothers together, you see, once,—we lived in the same lodgings, belonged to the same clubs, frequented the same haunts, and really cared as much for each other as was possible for men leading the life we led.

You may wonder, perhaps, why it was I never spoke to him before, even in my worst need and want. Well, in the first place, I was not quite sure of him,—in my sort of life it is hard to be sure of anybody,—and I felt somehow as if I could have borne anything sooner than see Willie turn me the cold shoulder, as he might very likely do after all. Then, too, if I came to see him, I knew he would think I had come to borrow money; and if you don't know what it is to see that an old friend is expecting every moment you are going to ask him for money, I only hope for your own sake you never will know it. No, it was a pleasure to me to feel somehow that there was one old friend left me who had never had cause to regret that he had known me. I don't doubt, I tell you, he would have done a good deal to help me; but I did not want to live on an old friend's charity. I have sunk pretty low, but not so low as that. I am not particular as to how or where or from whom I get the little I require; but while there is breath in this old body, it shall not be kept alive by the alms of those who were my companions in better days. Everybody, I suppose, has his own pride, and that is mine.

So, as I tell you, and you may believe it or not as you like, though I knew well enough where to have found Willie, and could have drawn him, I dare say, for many an odd five-pound note, I never went near him till the other day, when I had a service to ask of him other than the loan of money. You recollect, perhaps, I told you that I had a notion I knew something which might be of use to Arlingford. As I picked up his story night after night from his feverish talk, my mind kept travelling back more and more to the days when I had lived in the same world with old Major Morton; and the more I thought, the more I felt convinced I had heard some club rumour, that the Major had got let in for a marriage with Kate Colville of the Theatre Royal Portsolet, under the impression

she had saved money. At the time I heard the rumour, I had troubles enough of my own to think of; and now though I could not distinctly remember from whom I had heard it, I felt sure such a marriage had at one time been talked of to me. At any rate, I felt there must be some reason in the background why Mrs. Fitz-Maurice, or Colville, or Morton, or whatever my lady's name was, had never come forward to claim her rights as the mother of the supposed heir to the Arlingford estates, and if old Morton could only be bullied or bribed into telling the truth, he knew more of her affairs than any living soul. Now I fancied I had the means of forcing the Major to speak out. In spite of all his disrepute, and difficulties, and debts, he had kept his name somehow on the books of the Bellona Club. The members of that establishment were not proud of him; the committee would have jumped at any chance of getting him struck off the list; but yet, though all sorts of ugly stories were whispered about him, nothing had ever been positively proved which would justify his being peremptorily requested to retire; and to the club the old scapegrace stuck like grim death. Not only in a business point of view was it all-important to him to be able to date his letters from the Bellona, to give the Bellona as his address, and to ask the young lads he picked up to dine with him at that resort of respectable old fogies. But as a mere matter of sentiment I believe the Major would have sacrificed everything sooner than give up his one claim to be considered an officer and a gentleman. If he lost that, he sunk at once to the level of a vulgar swindler, jackal, and blackleg. I don't suppose he could find much pleasure in frequenting the Bellona, where the members looked askance at him, and the very waiters showed him scant attention. But what he loved was to talk about the Bellona out of doors, to brag of it amidst his Whitecross intimates, to swagger about it in the cafés of Boulogne and Brussels.

I need hardly tell you that if I laid the statement of what I had witnessed on the night when I acted as waiter at Philomela Lodge, before the committee of the Bellona, the Major's membership would be terminated then and there. But you see a poor devil in my position, an itinerant advertisement board, like myself, would never get a hearing from the committee, even if I chose to make myself known; and if I got a hearing, why nobody would act upon my evidence alone. Besides, it was a matter of indifference to me whether the Bellona had one blackguard more or less amidst its members. All I wanted to do was to use the threat of making a report to the committee, in order to force the Major to

tell the truth about Mrs. Fitz-Maurice and her marriage or marriages. If I went alone to the Major, he would know well enough I was too poor and helpless and disreputable to do him any injury by anything I chose to say. So I determined to go and look up Willie, and see if he could take the matter in hand for me.

I have always, as I mentioned to you, kept an old ring by me, to help me at a pinch; and so with the money I raised on this, I went and hired the loan of a second-hand suit of clothes for the day. They were very old, and shabby; too short in the cuffs, too long in the tails, but still they were not actually in holes, or out at elbows. I had myself shaved, and with a new paper collar, and a pennyworth of ink rubbed over the seams in my boots, I fancied I looked decently respectable. It was only when I took a peep at myself in the glass—a thing I doubt if I had done for years—that I knew how old, and worn, and tatterdemalion-like I had grown. Still, I was got up so that I thought old Willie would not be ashamed at being addressed by me in the street, and so I went round to his house, and waited till he came out, and then I spoke to him.

I am not, you may well know, Mr. Nomad, of a sentimental turn of mind; but I think I should make a fool of myself if I told you much about our meeting. I feel something rising in my throat, and my eyes growing moist and dim when I think of how Willie welcomed me, and shook me by the hand, and called me by the dear old name I have not heard for so many a day. It was all I could do to hinder him from taking me to his home then and there; but for once in my life I kept firm, and held to my resolve, that our paths in life must remain apart. Neither he nor any one can make the crooked straight, or can do much for me in this bad world. I began to tell him of what I wanted of him; but he would listen to nothing, hear of nothing, except that we should go first and dine together at the club where we had had so many a dinner in the old time. I would sooner not have gone, I say honestly; but I saw that I should hurt him if I refused to go, and so I went. He meant it kindly; I know he wanted to show me he was not ashamed to be seen with me, and I loved him for the wish. But still every sup of food, good as it was, seemed to choke me; I grew dizzy, and my head swam, and I longed every minute to get up and run away. I felt so strange and dazed, that it was only when I had drank glass after glass of the 1820 port, I could begin to tell him what it was I wanted.

AN AUTUMN DAY AT CHERTSEY.



PLAIN, quiet, dull, country town is Chertsey; and yet it is well worth a visit in this 19th century, if not for its own self, at all events for its past reminiscences, and the charms of its neighbourhood. Few

towns, indeed, are to be found within twenty miles of the great metropolis, which have equal claims to our notice on either score. Had the stones of its once noble abbey but tongues to speak, how eloquently would they discourse about the olden times. Although the Thames runs by it, yet it passes at a more than respectful distance; and till lately, when a branch line from Weybridge to Virginia Water has been opened, with a station at the end of the town, it lay very much out of the beaten tracks of visitors, and was almost as little known to Londoners as was St. Albans itself.

In the ancient documents quoted by "Manning and Bray," and other county historians, the place is called "Certesseye," or "Ceroti Insula;" and indeed it is still all but an island; for on the north and east it is bounded by the abbey river and the Thames, while on the south and west it is washed by the little stream of the Bourne, in its course from Virginia Water down to the Thames, which here, and indeed all the way down from Laleham to Weybridge, affords excellent sport to the followers of Isaac Walton. Indeed, as Mrs. Hall remarks, "Nowhere, within twenty miles of London, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond, does the beautiful Thames appear more queen-like, or sweep with greater grace through its fertile dominions, than it does at Chertsey."

It is now more than 1200 years since a religious building first marked out Chertsey as a sacred spot. An abbey was founded here* by Erkenwald, afterwards Bishop of London, about

* According to Dugdale, the abbey was founded in A.D. 666, in the reign of Egbert, King of Kent, by Frithwalde, Earl or Viceroy of Surrey, under Wilfrid, King of Mercia, and Erkenwald, who was afterwards made Bishop of London. The register of Chertsey, in the Cotton Library, contains the charter of privileges granted to the monastery by Pope Agatho, and brought from Rome by Erkenwald himself. The same register contains a confirmation of the possessions of the abbey by Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 787, and another from King Ethelwulf, A.D. 827.

A.D. 664-6,* on the conversion of the Saxon inhabitants of these parts from Paganism to the Christian faith. We are told that Erkenwald, who died, like all founders of abbeys in those days, in the "odour of sanctity," was a younger son of Anna, King of the East Saxons, and that before his elevation to the episcopal chair, he presided over his new foundation as its first abbot. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that as early as the seventh century, long before Alfred thought of founding an university at Oxford, and when Cambridge was an open expanse of meadow-lands, a noble abbey crowned the low-lying meadows of the Thames at Certeſeye. It was an abbey of the Benedictine order, and therefore a school of the arts and of literature. The institution prospered greatly, and it was finished and largely endowed by Frithwalde, Earl of Surrey. As time went on the abbey steadily increased in wealth, and in its reputation for sanctity and learning; and some idea of its size and importance may be gathered from the fact recorded by its historians, that when it was sacked and burnt by the Danes† in the ninth century, no less than ninety monks along with their abbot perished by the sword. But though desolated, it was not destroyed; the holy plant had struck its roots deeply in the soil, and again bore fruit upwards.

Per damna, per coedes, ab ipso
Duxit opes animunquę ferro.

For scarcely were the Danish pirates fairly driven back to their distant homes, when King Edgar, as we read, became the second founder of the abbey, which he dedicated to St. Peter. Edward the Confessor, in his turn, became a large benefactor to the house, on which he bestowed the broad lands of Chertsey town, and the villages of Egham, Thorpe, and Chobham. Nor did the change from Saxon to Norman sovereigns make any great difference to the monks of Chertsey, for at the Conquest King William confirmed to them the gifts of his predecessors, exempted them from taxes, and gave them full rights of jurisdiction. These were continued and increased by his successors; so that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the abbey of Chertsey be-

came one of the most powerful in the land. It was one of the mitred abbeys, and though its abbot did not sit in Parliament* as a baron, yet he was a tenant of the Crown, and held his lands under the king by military service. As a matter of fact, we hear little of the abbey in the records of secular history; while the rest of the nation was being drained of its best blood by the Wars of the Roses, it quietly held its own, carefully shunning the fierce tide of politics and strife, and thus remained in quiet possession of its riches, until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was swept away at the dissolution of the greater houses. No force or violence was used at Chertsey; the king did not hang the abbot as a traitor, as he did the prior of the Carthusians in London; but he quietly suggested that it was his royal will and pleasure "for the honour of God and the health of his soul . . . to incorporate and establish the abbot . . . of Chertsey as abbot . . . of Bisham, in Berks," which the pious king forsooth intended to "refund." The abbot, John Corderoy, and his brethren had no alternative but to accept the terms offered by the king; and the document still is extant, whereby they "give, grant, sell, and confirm to the king their house and all manors belonging to them." In so doing, too, it appears that they realised the fable of the dog and the shadow; for though Chertsey was dismantled and levelled to the dust, they did not obtain the broad acres and proud walls of Bisham; or if they did, they did not hold them long, for Bisham also speedily passed into lay hands, and has long been in the possession of the Vansittart family.

The list of the abbots mentioned by Dugdale includes some twenty or thirty names of men who, doubtless, did good in their generation, but appear to have been most remarkable for acquiring broad acres in various villages in Surrey, Berks, and Bucks, and extending the domains of the house. One of them, John de Rutherwyk, appears to have been a church-builder and ritualist; for he added a chancel to the church at Egham, and also (as we read in the register), "Contulit Deo et ecclesię Sancti Petri apud Certes, casulam, tunicam, et dalmaticam de rubeo velveto." John May appears to have been abbot at the time when the body of King Henry VI. was temporarily interred at Chertsey, whither it was brought by water up the Thames from the Tower, where he was found dead.

John Corderoy was joined by fourteen of his brother monks in resigning the house to

* Reyner, from "Capgrave's Life of St. Erkenwald," will have it that Chertsey Abbey was founded in A.D. 680; but the date which we have assigned to it is fixed by the Chertsey register, according to Dugdale.

† Dugdale states that during the Danish wars in the latter part of the eighth century, Beocca the abbot, Ethor, a presbyter, and all the monks, to the number of ninety, were slain, the church and monastery burnt to the ground, and the surrounding possessions laid waste. The restoration of the monastery, according to Dugdale, was not effected till a century after this, by Œthelwald, Bishop of Winchester, who sent to Abingdon for thirteen monks to refund the house. They elected an abbot from out of their number, and began at once to rebuild their ruined church and home.

* In his account of the ward of Queenhithe, Stow writes: "There is here one great messuage, sometime belonging to the Abbot of Chertsey, in Surrey; and it was their home, wherein they were lodged when they repayed to the citie."

King Henry VIII. But the wind of the royal tyrant's favour suddenly shifted round again, and in little more than eleven months afterwards we find the same John Corderoy signing his name to a deed surrendering Bisham also to the rapacious Henry. At the dissolution, the gross revenues of the abbey were about 745*l*. After the dissolution, the site of the abbey was granted (7 Edward VI.) to Sir William Fitzwilliams; but Dugdale tells us no more of its subsequent history.

As we walk now across the pleasant meadows between the town of Chertsey and the Thames, it is almost impossible to imagine that we are standing on the very site of one of the largest mitred abbeys of the middle ages, so complete has been the work of the destroyer. Indeed, with the exception of one or two walls of mingled brick and stone which now serve to mark off some well-stored market gardens and a farm-yard, there is scarcely one stone left upon another. Church and cloister, dormitory and refectory, the abbot's house and the monk's ambulatory, the once hospitable "guest chamber," the once learned "Scriptorium," and the formidable apartment of the novices, all are swept away in one undistinguishable ruin. The abbey river (as an artificial branch of the Thames is called) still flows on deep and clear, and the orchards are bright with apples and pears, descended from parent stocks planted by monastic hands; but the rest has all passed away as a dream. Aubrey, who wrote nearly two hundred years ago, remarks that even in his day scarcely anything of the old buildings of this great abbey remained except the outer walls; and Dr. Stukely, nearly a century later, having been taken by the gardener through a court to inspect the scene, thus describes its condition:—

"The east end reached up to an artificial mound along the garden wall; that mound and all the terraces of the pleasure-garden, to the back front of the house, are entirely made up of the sacred rudera or rubbish of continual devastations. Bones of abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in large numbers in the church and cloisters which lay on the south side of the church, were spread thick all over the garden, so that one may pick up whole handfull of them everywhere amongst the garden stuff."

Brayley mentions in his "History of Surrey" that this artificial mound was levelled in 1810, and its materials employed to fill up a pond, many human skulls and bones being intermixed with the chalk and the mortar of which it had been formed. There were no County Archaeological Societies in those days to extend the *Ægis* of their shields over mouldering ruins, and to save the ashes of the dead from desecration.

And so it came to pass that, a little more than fifty years ago, the scanty remains of the abbey-house were purchased by a London stock-broker, who speedily pulled them down and sold the old materials to mend the roads. And so ended the glories of the once mitred abbey of Chertsey.

To the present day the men who work in the adjoining market-gardens, with their spades turn up human bones and skulls, mixed with encaustic tiles, and carved stones; and there is no doubt that, even after this lapse of time, a well-directed search would bring to light many buried treasures and many curious remains.

"At the further end of one market-garden," says Mrs. S. O. Hall, "a vault has been discovered which is of considerable length and breadth; but the water rises so high in it—except when a long continuance of dry weather has sealed the land-springs—that it is impossible to get to the end of it without wading." . . . "But the most interesting remains in this place are the 'stews,' or fish-ponds, which run parallel to each other, like the bars of a gridiron; these ponds do not communicate one with the other, nor has the water any outlet: a little care and attention might make them valuable for their old purposes, but they are deplorably neglected. Occasionally you see the fin of some huge fish, whose slow movement partakes of the character of the stagnant water he has inhabited for years—who can tell how many?"

But it is time to quit the abbey ruins, if we may dignify with such a name the few walls which still stand among the tangled hedges and smiling orchards on our left and right. A short walk along a crooked lane takes us past the parish church, which must have once been handsome, to judge from the chancel and the lower part of the tower; for unfortunately, about sixty years ago, just in the depth of the "dark ages" of Gothic architecture, the collective wisdom of the men of Chertsey resolved to pull down the nave, and rebuild it after a style of their own. A more hybrid and absurd production than the present edifice it has never been our lot to behold.

We will now bend our steps in a westerly direction, and follow the course of the road which winds along pleasantly to the foot of St. Anne's Hill—a spot for ever sacred as the home and haunt of Charles James Fox. We walk a long half-mile, and find ourselves close to the very picture of an English road-side inn, The Golden Grove, before which, on a small green, rises a noble elm, the last of the clump of trees which, no doubt, gave a name to the spot. It has evidently been pollarded, in the days when the Stuarts, or possibly the

Tudors, sat upon the throne. Its branches spread out luxuriantly at about eight feet from the ground, and support a railed platform, fitted round the central stem, and making a rustic arbour. Embosomed among the leaves and branches, the arbour contains a table and some seats "for whispering lovers made;" and the ascent to it is by a flight of wooden steps.

It is almost needless to add that the Golden Grove is a favourite hostelry for visitors and tourists. It stands close at the foot of the hill. We take the right of two well-shaded roads; the thick foliage of the shrubberies of Monksgrove on our right hand, and of Fox's residence on our left, affording a most pleasant contrast to the hot and dusty road behind us. We leave the tall iron gates of the deceased statesman's house on our left, and soon after enter a wicket gate, not without reading a printed warning (needless, we hope, in our own case) against the English cockney practice of committing injury and depredation on the property. Lady Holland, the present owner of the estate, very kindly allows the public free access to a large portion of her domain, through which are cut a number of rustic paths in every direction. Following the widest, and steepest, and most beaten of these, we soon find ourselves at the top of a hill, where two gigantic elms offer a hospitable shade, and a rustic arbour invites the traveller to "rest and be thankful." The interior of this arbour is adorned with a fresco of a sage teaching a little child, and another of the arms of Lord Holland. Close by is a heap of stones—all that now remains of a chapel once dedicated to St. Anne: this chapel was served in old times by the monks of Chertsey, and still gives its name to the hill, which was formerly called Oldbury, or Eldbury, and bears traces of an encampment still more ancient than the chapel. Passing on a few paces, we come to a central space in the green sward, where the trees have been cut away upon the slopes at intervals, so as to open a series of vistas, each affording a different view. The panorama is charming, and truly and thoroughly English. Below us, a little to our right, are the red roofs and tower of Chertsey; before us is the silvery Thames as it flows past Staines and Laleham—Arnold's own beloved Laleham; beyond, we catch the white spire of Stanwell, and the woody heights of Richmond, and the hills of Harrow and Hampstead, clear of the smoke of London, which only just allows us a glimpse of St. Paul's, and fairly conceals the clock tower at Westminster.

Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;

Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.—DENHAM.

Down in the meadows below our feet is "Almner's Barns," for more than ten centuries the home of one yeoman family, the Wapshotts, who, till within the last twenty years, tilled the same acres which they tilled in the days of Alfred, and realised the description of the model farmer of our old friend Horace:—

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni sœnore.

They never rose to the dignity of Justices of the Peace, or aspired to be reckoned among the "County Families" of Surrey, but remained for a thousand years in the middle rank of simple yeomen, free from the curse alike of poverty and of riches, and proudly rejoicing in the "aurea mediocritas" which they handed down from sire to son as the best of inheritances. What other country can produce a parallel to this?

To our left rise the woods which surround Cooper's Hill, just above Egham, and by the side of which we get a peep, and that is all, of the royal standard as it floats on the round tower of Windsor Castle. Passing on still further, we see the Hog's Back, and St. Martha's, near Guildford, and further still to the south and south-east, the hills about Leatherhead, and the grand stand at Epsom. A little path among the fern and heather on the north side of the hill, leads to a pretty spot, the Nun's Well, which is still famed for its healing properties. "Even now," writes Mrs. S. O. Hall, "the peasants believe that its waters are a cure for diseases of the eye; the path is steep and dangerous, and it is far pleasanter to walk round the brow of the hill and overlook the dense wood which conceals the well, fringing the meadows of Thorpe, than to seek its tangled hiding-place in the dell."

The spring itself rarely freezes; it is lined with stone, and it is nearly hidden by the vegetation which springs up luxuriantly around it. It is said that in Monksgrove wood, on the east side of the hill, there is another spring, which was formerly celebrated for its medical properties.

As we came down from St. Anne's Hill, we repassed the gates of Fox's former residence; but not having any introduction, I did not see the interior. Those who have seen it, however, say that the gardens are laid out with great taste, and kept up with reverent care, and that a noble cedar on the lawn was

planted by Mrs. Fox, the statesman's widow, in early life. There is also a temple," says Mrs. S. C. Hall, "dedicated to Friendship, which was erected to perpetuate the coming of age of one of the late Lords Holland; on a pedestal ornamented by a vase, are inscribed some verses by General Fitzpatrick; another pedestal, placed by Mrs. Fox to mark a favourite spot where Mr. Fox loved to muse, is enriched by a quotation from the 'Flower and the Leaf,' concluded by two graceful stanzas—

'Cheerful in this sequester'd bower,
From all the storms of life removed,
Here Fox enjoy'd his evening hour
In converse with the friends he loved.

'And here these lines he oft would quote
Pleased from his favourite poet's lay,
When challenged by the warbler's note
That breathed a song from every spray.'

I may add, on the authority of Mrs. Hall, that at the bottom of the garden is Fox's grotto, or summer-house, which must have once possessed many attractions: above it, there is a pretty little quaint chamber that was used as a tea-room, when, according to the custom of the time, the English drank tea by daylight; it is adorned by painted glass windows; there are portraits of the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Fox, when both were looking their best, and the balcony in front commands a delicious view of the surrounding country. There is a shady arbour, too, in the grounds, which still is called by Fox's name. At St. Anne's Hill, Pitt's rival enjoyed as many intervals of repose and tranquillity as generally fall to a statesman's lot; and here he realised, in company with his wife and a few choice spirits, the picture drawn by Horace in his satires:—

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scenâ in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiade et mitis sapientia Lœli,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere donec
Decoqueretur olus soliti.

As all the world knows, Fox died not at Chertsey, but at the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. Yet, on his death-bed his thoughts went back to Chertsey, and here it was his wish to be buried; the nation, however willed it otherwise, and he lies in Westminster Abbey, hard by his rival Pitt.

Returning leisurely back into the town, on our way down to the railway station in Guildford Street, we pass, on the right, an ancient house, now covered externally with a coat of white plaster, which once was tenanted by Cowley, and still bears his name. In former days it had some high-pitched roofs and gables, and a porch which might almost be termed a transept, projecting some ten feet into the street upon two posts; but this part

of the house was removed about eighty years ago as a dangerous obstruction to the thoroughfare. The front of the house still bears a tablet on which is inscribed, "Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue." *

The house, which clearly dates from the reign of James I., or probably of Elizabeth, is quaintly cut up into a variety of oak-panelled rooms, two of which, at the least, were tenanted by Cowley himself. He died in one of the front-rooms facing the street; and his study was a little room, some six feet square, on the second floor at the back. Its tiny, latticed window still projects towards the garden, and commands a pleasant view of St. Anne's Hill across the meadows. The room is adorned with a few scarce prints of English celebrities; the staircase leading up to it is heavy, but handsome of its kind; it is made of chestnut. It may be added that the interior fittings of the rooms are religiously kept in the same condition in which they were 200 years ago; and that every tradition about the poet is venerated by the hospitable and amiable owner, the Rev. John C. Clarke, who most kindly showed me over the house, and whose father, a former chamberlain of the City of London, purchased it towards the close of the last century. On the wall of Mr. Clarke's dining-rooms are two small pictures of the old house as it was before the porch was removed; they are by Thomas Daniel, R.A., whose aunt was formerly the landlady of the Swan Inn in this town. From one of these our illustration is taken. The garden which once, no doubt, was the poet's favourite lounge, as being one of the—

Genus ignavum, somno quod gaudet et umbrâ,

of the days of Horace, is no doubt entirely changed from what it was in Cowley's time, with the exception of the river which still runs through it. By the side of the little river is one of the most wide-spreading chestnut trees in the land; but much as we should like to picture to ourselves the poet himself seated under this tree, we fear that its age is not such as would justify such a freak of imagination.

Here, then, amid peaceful and tranquil scenes, the "melancholy" Cowley passed the latter days of his short but rather eventful life; here we may fancy him receiving Evelyn and Denham, and the other poets and men of letters of his troubled age, who found the disappointments of courtly life more than their philosophy could endure. Here, too, his

* Mrs. S. C. Hall states that on the front of the old porch was another inscription, written by the poet when alive:—

*Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,
Coulæus hic est conditus; hic jacet.*

friend and biographer, Sprat, cheered his lonely hours. Cowley died July 28, 1667, and rests in Westminster Abbey, whither, it is said, his body—like that of Henry VI.—was conveyed by water. There is something

solemn and highly poetic in the idea of such a funeral for such a man; and to it, possibly, allusion is made by Pope when he writes,—

What tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led.



Cowley's House, Chertsey.

Old customs still reign in Chertsey. For instance, the curfew bell is still rung nightly, tolling the hour after which, under our Norman sovereigns, the townspeople did not dare to appear in the streets. As Mrs. S. C. Hall says in her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," "It serves at once as a relic and a reminder of ancient days, when it rung as it rings now, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, at eight in the evening. The worthy sexton of Chertsey first 'rings up,' that is to say, raises the bell; he then rings for a few minutes, and stops a little while; after which he tolls the number of the day of the month; on the first day of the month he strikes the bell once, and on the last day, thirty or thirty-one times, as the case may be." We fear, however, that the young folks even of the sober and steady town of Chertsey do not pay such respect to the curfew as to abjure all moonlight walks.

The neighbourhood of Chertsey is thoroughly English, and thoroughly lovely in almost every direction. There is peaceful and quiet Laleham, with its tall, dark cedar trees, still marking the house where Arnold lived,

and where his elder children were born; it lies just across the ferry, at the distance of a mile across the greenest of meadows. Then there is Anningsale, once the adobe of Thomas Day, the eccentric and accomplished author of "Sandford and Merton," the friend of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and the civiliser of the neighbourhood which he turned from a waste wilderness into a smiling village. There is Addlestone with its firs, and the park of Woburn, and Crouch Oak, and Weybridge, with its new, tall, and graceful spire, and its quaint little chapel beyond, that contains the remains of Louis Philippe and his widow, the noble-hearted Queen Amélie; and beyond it Oaklands Park, once the abode of royalty, but now turned into a splendid hotel; and a little to the left, Walton-on-the-Thames with its bridge, familiar to all who know Turner's earlier and soberer paintings, and its church, where poor Dr. Maginn lies buried.

But an autumn day draws rapidly towards its close, and the shades of evening remind us that we must return to head quarters at Chertsey.

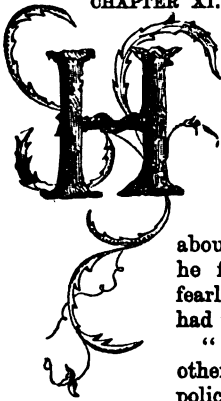
E. WALFORD.

UP-STAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

A Story of a Lodging-House.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER XI.—PUNISHMENT.



HE was callous and shameless. How far his reckless, swaggering air might be assumed I could not tell. But his face was very white, I noted, and there was a tremble about his lip. I don't think he felt quite so bold and fearless as he would have had me believe he did.

"We must look up our other customer," said the policeman. And then he entered the front parlour—the engraver's workshop. I followed him.

All was confusion in the room. The furniture had been disarranged; the engravings torn from the walls; the carpets pulled up; cupboards yawned open, and table drawers were stretched out exposing their contents. The place had been ransacked; everywhere an examination rude and violent, if complete, had been carried on, and apparently with success. A stout, hard-featured man—whom I at once set down to be a constable in plain clothes—was standing by the window studying certain copper-plates he held in his hand.

"Neat, very neat," the man muttered; "uncommon well got up, to be sure. Never saw the trick better done."

I looked over his shoulder. Upon the plates were engraved the forms of foreign bank-notes of some kind. Without pretending to understand Russ, it was not difficult to decide that the words upon the plates were in that language. I ventured to ask where they had been discovered?

I obtained no answer until after a few telegraphic signs had passed between the man I had addressed and the policeman who had recognised me in the hall, and whom I had followed into the room.

"A black case," the speaker shook his head with a mournful air that yet had somehow about it a curious element of triumph. "These 'ere was hid away behind one of the pictures on the walls. You know *that* can't be said to look wholesome, or regular, and

businesslike; brings home guilty knowledge to the party, I should say. And no mistake at all about it."

I turned, attracted by a moaning noise behind me. The open door had hid from my sight the sofa standing against the wall. Mr. Murgatroyd was sitting, or crouching rather, hiding his face in his hands. Over him bent his wife: her arms circling him. There were no tears upon her face, but its expression of utter and hopeless misery was simply heart-rending. Yet there was no look of reproach in her eyes; no word blaming or accusing him, I felt persuaded, had been permitted to fall from her lips. In that time of cruel trial it was not of herself she was thinking; it was not the shame and degradation in which she was involved, that, so far as it affected herself, was most present to her mind, most terribly weighed down and distressed her. She was wholly occupied by the thought of her husband's suffering, of his peril, of the fate his folly and weakness must so surely bring down upon him. There was no shrinking from him. His error—his crime—had not made him in her eyes less her husband. Indeed, her tenderness seemed to gain increase of force under pressure of the present great calamity. It was not for her to judge him. She preferred to close her eyes—to suspend her powers of judgment—to restrain herself from the contemplation of his sin. To one thought only would she yield herself. Now, more than ever, had he need of the support of her love. Well; she was by his side; her fair head was resting upon his shoulder, her arms were about his neck. She was wholly his—it would need violence almost to sever her from him—they were husband and wife until death should them part. What more could she do?

"I did it for the best, Nelly. I did it for the best; indeed, indeed I did," he moaned.

"Hush, hush, dear," she whispered. She had not lost presence of mind. She knew that for every word he spoke he would be held accountable by-and-by—that he was already a prisoner in the hands of justice, charged with a very grave offence—and that any chance admission of his guilt would but the more surely bring down upon him the penalties of the laws he had outraged. But

he was not to be restrained. He had abandoned all hope. His tone was that of absolute despair.

"I did it for the best, Nelly, to make some poor provision for you, my child, when the darkness which I knew must come had closed in round me. I had dreamt of flight and refuge with you, Nelly, in some quiet place abroad, just secure from pressing want. I never hoped or asked for more than that. It was not for riches I sinned—only to escape hunger and misery, which, otherwise, I could not hope to avoid. I felt bound to make some effort—to run some risk—to stoop to crime even, if need was, to effect this object. I owed you so much, my child, I thought I must strive to repay you in some way. I could not bear to think of your suffering, of my becoming a burthen to you and dragging you down gradually into the depths of hopeless poverty. Then the temptation came and I yielded, not knowing at first to the full what I was doing, but obeying that man's orders, yielding myself to him, asking no questions, but working on. I doubted, suspected, then gradually I knew all—knew the crime of which I had been guilty, and knew," he said with a shudder, "the nature of the man whose accomplice I had become."

"No more, dear, no more," cried his poor wife. Her lips were so white and parched, she appeared to be in such a paroxysm of terror, that she had a difficulty in uttering these few words.

"I was wrong, Nelly; I see that now, too well—and too late. But I am punished; and further punishment has yet to come. Not the least—not the least part of it, my child—the thought that after all I have sinned in vain. I leave you helpless, Nelly."

"No, no," she said; "have no fear—Heaven will help me!" She kissed him, and then the tears came streaming from her eyes. She yielded herself to an outburst of passionate grief.

There was a movement among the policemen. Vandel was heard calling out loudly in the passage outside, stamping his feet, as though to hurry the departure of his fellow-prisoner and himself.

"I am ready," said Murgatroyd, staggering to his feet. "I confess everything. Take me where you will."

"Not yet, not yet!" She clung to him with a wild and desperate fondness.

"Bring a light, some one," said the engraver. "Why it's grown quite dark; I can see nothing." He stretched forth his arms, as though feeling his way. "What does this mean?" he cried. "Oh, God!" He pressed his hands upon his forehead. His sight had

gone. Dr. Webber's words had come true. *The man was stone blind!*

He tottered forward a few steps, trembling in every limb. He disengaged himself from his wife's embrace.

"I am ready; take me away. Lead me, some one," he said, feebly. Then suddenly he seemed to throw up his hands in the air, and before any one could interfere to hinder or save him, he fell forward heavily on the floor.

Vandel was taken away alone.

"I'm quite as well pleased," he said, as the cab was about to drive off with him. "I've been sufficiently bored with old Murgatroyd's society; and I suppose he wouldn't have brought his pretty wife with him. I see what his game is. He'll snivel, and cry 'peccavi,' and try to get off in that way. But he'll find it won't do. He can't prove he didn't engrave the plates."

"Well, I don't know so much about that," I heard the policeman say, as he shook his head, sagely. "To my thinking, it will be rather a job to get a jury to convict a blind man of having committed a forgery—especially the forgery of a foreign bank-note."

"Shamming blind, is he? A deuced good notion. I didn't think he had it in him." And with a noisy, nervous laugh, and an impudent nod of his head to me, Vandel was driven off.

I never saw him again. After one or two remands, he was fully committed for trial. From the first he could have had little chance of escape. Yet it seemed that but for his absurd vanity he might at least have avoided arrest, and made good his flight to the Continent. He had fancied, however, that his pretensions to the favour of Mrs. Murgatroyd had been countenanced and encouraged by that lady. He could scarcely have made a greater mistake. He had not the slightest grounds for such a belief, beyond his implicit and most mistaken conviction that every one was as corrupt and vicious as himself. He had re-appeared at his lodgings, persuaded that upon revealing to her the crime of which her husband had been guilty and the dangers which surrounded him, Mrs. Murgatroyd would, without hesitation, have become the companion of his flight. He thus fell into the hands of the police. For Mrs. Murgatroyd, she never regarded him otherwise than with the most utter contempt and loathing.

He was found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

CHAPTER XII. THE CONCLUSION

MR. MURGATROYD was never brought to trial.

His health was so shattered, his strength so

broken down, the affliction that had fallen upon him had so overwhelmed him, that he was not even placed in confinement. He remained in the custody of the police, and by my advice, seconded by the authority of Dr. Webber, he was at once removed to the hospital, in order that he might receive every possible care and attention.

He was incurably blind. Upon examination by the most skilful physicians of the country, it was made manifest that his state in that respect was quite hopeless. For the remainder of his life he was doomed to suffer what is medically known as "perfect amaurosis."

Everything was done that was possible with a view to the preservation and restoration of his general health. But it was soon apparent that his constitution was gradually but certainly giving way. It was a melancholy reflection, that even if our efforts had been successful, the only result would have been that we should have placed our patient by the side of George Vaudel in the felon's dock, to answer for the forgeries in which he had taken part. Still, it is the physician's duty to heal at all costs—to cure, asking no questions, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, looking neither to the future nor to the past. To us, a sick man is a sick man, and nothing more. We leave to others the task of investigating his misdeeds, and judging and punishing him on account of them.

He remained an inmate of the hospital for some weeks, sinking slowly. Though his sight was gone, yet I feel sure that he knew, as thoroughly as though he could see him, that the policeman, in whose custody he was, sat ever but a little distance from his bed-side. The man performed his duty with much kindness and consideration. Yet his presence must have been acutely painful to the dying man. He was reminded constantly of the sin he had committed. Perhaps he had deserved no less a punishment. Yet he was not without consolation. If the constable was on one side of his bed, his wife, as often as the regulations of the hospital would permit, took up her position on the other side. Her anxiety for his welfare was ceaseless. She was never tired of exerting herself for his comfort. As she smoothed his pillows with her hands, so she seemed to lighten his pathway to the grave, strewing it with the flowers of her undying love, her inexhaustible tenderness. He had sinned for her sake. She, at least, was free to pardon him—to judge leniently his wrongdoing. She was with him at the last moment. He breathed his last in her arms.

He died penitent, having made a full confession of his guilt. Restitution was beyond

his power; he was without means to recompense the losses of those who had suffered by the forgeries in which he was implicated. Indeed, his own profits by the nefarious transaction had been small enough. He had been rewarded rather by the promises of Vaudel than by any actual pecuniary benefits. The lion's share of the spoils had fallen to the younger yet more consummate criminal.

In one respect Murgatroyd died with his mind at rest. The future of his Nelly was well cared for. There was no need for further fear on that account. The story of the forgery had, of course, appeared in the newspapers, and attracted much attention. The father of Mrs. Murgatroyd one day came upon the scene. If he had something to forgive, he had also much to be forgiven. He came to beg his daughter to return home with him. He appeared deeply moved by the story of the sufferings of the Murgatroyds. "I did not deserve that you should trust me, Nelly," he said to her one day, in my hearing. "I know that. Yet if you could have believed a little in my love! It was in my heart, my dear, though it was hidden away out of sight; so that I hardly myself knew that it was there. But I know it now, Nelly. You must know it too. I have done very wrong. I have been very selfish; but the future shall make amends. Home shall be home once more, both to you and to me. There is no further need why you should be ashamed to take shelter in your father's house. Forgive me, Nelly."

Her step-mother, it appeared, had been dead some weeks. The old gentleman was now a widower.

After her husband's funeral she quitted London with her father.

I got through my examinations in due course, and giving up my rooms at Mrs. Judd's, went into the country to take charge of a large practice. I was absent from town for some years.

When I last visited the street in which stood Mrs. Judd's establishment, I found that various changes had taken place. The house was still standing in which my student days had been passed. I looked at it curiously. I thought of my dingy rooms on the second floor; of the narrow staircase, up and down which I had so often ascended and descended; of the drawing-room in which the scoundrel Vaudel had dwelt (I felt then, as I feel now, that I had been justified in my hatred of him); and of the front parlour, poor Murgatroyd's workshop; and the last sad effort of engraving upon which his failing sight had been employed. My memory was distinct enough in regard to all the events that had happened in

the house; and yet what a dream-like effect time had spread over the picture! With what a curious atmosphere of unreality the lapse of years had, as it were, glazed these incidents of my early life!

The house was the same, yet not the same. For it now looked clean. I need hardly say that the name of "Judd" no longer appeared upon the door-plate.

THE END.

THE BLOEMESTRIES OF HAARLEM.

THERE is a sight to be seen in Holland; a sight connected with one of the historic industries of that country that very few travellers have the good luck to see. I allude to the bulb farms of Haarlem and Overveen, which can only be seen to advantage in the spring time, when the glow of colour which they present to the eye astonishes all who see it. It is of little use for the traveller to visit the tulip gardens after the month of May; in July and August they are in disabille, and would sadly disappoint visitors, especially visitors familiar with the well-kept flower nurseries in the neighbourhood of London.

The Dutch have long been celebrated for their cultivation of bulbous roots, especially tulips and hyacinths, and from March till June the district around Haarlem is carpeted with a succession of beautiful flowers, beginning with crocuses and ending with ranunculi. The sandy soil of the district, which is derived from the dunes, is highly favourable to bulb culture—indeed, some of the flowers grow on the sand hills, and hundreds of acres of valuable land are, in consequence, devoted to flower farming. In the proper season, as one drives along the roads in the neighbourhood of Haarlem, he is surrounded on all sides by plantations of hyacinths and tulips in full bloom, forming a mass of colour, exceedingly varied and rich, while the scent exhaled is most delicious. Every little house and villa in the neighbourhood of Haarlem has its bulb garden, and for long distances the eye can feast on glorious masses of richly-hued flowers. In one of the bloemestries there is a bed of tulips, two hundred yards in length, which, in the spring time, is resplendent with gorgeous colour; and, in order to the better setting of them off, they are framed in a border of crown Imperial lilies, and bridged over for effect every here and there with a wooden arch. It is a great pity that such a lovely flower as the tulip is scentless; Nature must have exhausted herself in the colouring. The hyacinth, however, exhales a delicate perfume, especially about midnight, and at

Haarlem great beds of these favourite flowers, covered over with roofs of canvas to protect them from extreme heat or rain, may be seen so arranged as to present the most vivid contrasts or exhibit the finest harmonies of colour.

Holland is never likely to see another tulip rage, nor will roots ever again bring the fancy prices which prevailed during the *Semper Augustus* mania; but the steadily cultivated bloemestries yield much more money now than they ever did in the speculative time alluded to. The prices of Haarlem raised flowers are high, new varieties ranging in the catalogue at from twenty-five to one hundred guilders; and as thousands of roots are annually exported, the money return to the farmers must undoubtedly be very large. Hyacinths, when they first became celebrated as florists' flowers were very expensive; the attention of the growers was therefore directed to the production of new varieties, and, at one time, a hundred pounds was not deemed an extravagant price for a new bulb; indeed, there are instances of double that sum having been obtained for a choice specimen of a new colour.

It is in the production of new varieties of these bulbous-rooted flowers that the Dutch excel: as one of the bloemists said to me, "Mynheer, we invent all the colours that Nature has forgotten to give us, and we devise new arrangements every year." One cannot but look with interest on the progress of such a poetic industry.

Being provided with letters of introduction to Mr. Polmon Mooy, and one or two more of the celebrated bulb growers, both at Haarlem and Overveen, I had excellent opportunities of gaining correct information, both as to the mode of bulb cultivation and the extent of the trade. Nature has bountifully provided in the neighbourhood of Haarlem the particular kind of soil required for bulb growing, and the gardens being chiefly situated near the inner side of the dunes or sandhills, that protect the land from the sea, are well sheltered in consequence. Without being too technical, I shall endeavour "from information I received"—chiefly from Miss Mooy—to give the reader some idea of how the culture of these bulbous roots is carried on in Holland; and, that Mr. Mooy is a successful grower, was evinced to me by his show of gold and silver medals, there being, I should think, more than thirty of these trophies of skill hanging on the branches of an artificial tree in that gentleman's drawing-room.

Nature, as I have said, has provided liberally in Holland for the cultivation of hyacinth and other bulbous and tuberous rooted flowers

in giving the gardeners a fine soil; but they have, as they think, improved on Nature by an earth-mixture of their own, according to the following recipe:—Two parts of gray sand, two parts of well-rotted cow-dung, one part of equally well-rotted tanner's bark, and one portion of decayed tree leaves. These ingredients must be well mixed, and lie exposed to wind and weather for a period of twelve months before being used, during which time the mixture requires to be frequently turned to render it perfect. The first point that I learned, in reference to bulb gardening, as practised at Haarlem, was, that successful roots were not grown in a season, but required six or seven years' careful watching and nursing to bring them to perfection; and, in growing from the seed, these persevering Dutch florists are well satisfied if they obtain half a score of profitable plants out of every thousand seedlings. I did not see very many labourers in the Dutch bloemestries, but those whom I did see were all busy; some working at the heaps of compost, and others trimming the flower-beds, many of which were protected from the wind and sand by numerous palings and hedges.

One of the chief rules of bulb cultivation is a strict rotation of crops. First, there is a year of hyacinths, then come crocuses, while in the following year there may be tulips. After these varied crops of bulbs have been taken off the ground, it must be occupied for a year or two by culinary vegetables, as beans or peas, and sometimes, after the early flowering crocuses have perfected their bulbs, an excellent crop of potatoes can be raised during the same season, and before being again used for bulbs, the ground has to be trenched to a considerable depth for new soil, the hyacinths soon becoming diseased if they are not well attended to in this respect. Thus, a very large space of ground is required for a bloemestrie, or rather, for the bulb farms—for the bloemestrie is only the small place where the choice bulbs are kept for show to purchasers or strangers; if a man, therefore, have a farm of twenty acres, only about a fourth part of it can be devoted at one time to the bulbs, because of the care that must be taken to keep up a proper rotation of crops. The bulbs are easily pressed into the ground with the hand in moderate sized beds, made up of the compost I have described, which is the one generally adopted about Haarlem; with the addition of a layer of manure—cow-dung—by way of foundation. Great care is taken in planting, and it is thought as well not to use a dibble, as the pressure of the hand better ensures the contact of the bulb with the soil, which is most

essential in preventing the gathering of water around the root. There is abundance of moisture in the bulb gardens, as water in Holland is everywhere found at a slight depth below the surface of the ground. The bulbs being all laid down very carefully, in rows exactly six inches apart, are covered with the aforesaid soil to the depth of about a third of a foot, and are then left in a neatly trimmed state, in order that Nature may perform her part of the business.

The plants are lifted about June; but long before that time they have been deprived of their flower-stems, that operation being performed just as the flowers are beginning to exhibit symptoms of decay. The blooms are cut off for prudential reasons, and not, as may be supposed, to strengthen the bulb; it is done, in short, to save the leaves of the plant, which might be injured if the fleshy stems of the flowers were permitted to rot over them. Upon being pulled up, the bulbs, which are sprinkled over with a little sand, are left for a few days to air on the top of their beds, after which they are carefully picked, and the short stems and roots being removed, they are ready for exportation, or to be laid away in the store drawers till they are again required for planting. There is on each farm a warehouse, in which the bulbs are stored; in the centre of the building there is a large wooden erection filled with shallow drawers, in which the roots, after being peeled, are laid away till wanted. The building has large windows, which, on fine days, are opened wide to admit the air. Some growers prefer to have two or three small warehouses in place of one large one, in case of fire or other accidents.

In the warehouse of Mr. Mooy I saw thousands of tulip and hyacinth roots stored up ready for planting in September. Those gardeners, having large ranges of ground, have to begin their planting operations very early, as it requires all the time they have at their disposal to get their bulbs into the ground in time—that is, before November. As soon as they are all planted out, the beds are covered over with reeds or tan, and sometimes with planks, to protect the roots from the frost. Especial care is taken of favourite "breeders"—i. e., seedling tulips or hyacinths in their prime—the bulbs of which are planted deeper than the ordinary roots. As soon as these flowers spring from the earth they are carefully protected from rain and wind; the seeds are gathered with miserly assiduity in the hope of their some day producing other fine flowers. So far as I could learn there is altogether about a thousand acres of land devoted to flower farming in the neighbourhood of Haarlem, and, although the flowers of the

roses are used for obtaining scent, the flowers of the hyacinth have never been turned to account by perfumers or others; during the cutting season great heaps of these blooms may be seen rotting on the farms or by the way-side, and occasional cart-loads of them—only think, cart-loads of bloom!—are spread over the bloemestries to prevent the light soil from being blown about. These flowering roots are not considered edible in this country; but in Siberia, the bulbs of the tulip, albeit they are very bitter, are eaten. During the celebrated bulb-mania, a sailor is said to have mistaken and eaten, for an onion, a tulip root worth £500! which he had found lying on a merchant's counter. None of the modern Dutch florists have published a treatise on their art; but some of the old gardeners did so in the last century, and the general mode of cultivation has not changed very much since then; but each bulb farmer has certain little ways of his own, which he of course keeps to himself.

One of our florists would recommend to ladies that they should grow their hyacinths in pots rather than in glasses—pots may be so constructed as to be very ornamental, and there is no particular utility in crystal hyacinth holders; they only minister to curiosity, inasmuch as they show the daily growth of the roots. If pots are used they may be filled with the kind of mixture already named, and the bulb ought not to be planted deep if they are to be kept in the house. If, however, they are to be planted in the open border, then it is proper they should be well covered to protect them from the frost; if set in the usual kind of glasses, care must be taken not to allow the water to touch the root of the bulb, and it would be as well to cover the glasses over, or to keep them in a dark closet for ten or twenty days, till they start into growth. Soft water should be used to fill the glasses, and it ought to be changed every fortnight.

There is all over Europe and America a yearly increasing demand for these bulbous roots, and the growers export very large quantities to this country. I was given to understand by one of the bloemists that he sent out annually over two millions of the various roots, varying in price from sixpence to six pounds a dozen; other growers send away even larger quantities, so that the total export trade in these bulbous flowers must be represented by a very large sum of money. It is difficult to ascertain exactly the number of bulbous roots brought into this country; but the trade has grown so amazingly within these twenty years, that an Edinburgh seedsman, who used at one time to be contented with an annual parcel of the value of seven

pounds, now sends orders to Haarlem for Dutch flower roots to the amount of two hundred pounds sterling per annum. The total sum of money sent every year to Holland for these flowers from Great Britain cannot be less, I fancy, than thirty-five thousand pounds, and other countries are equally liberal with their orders. Hyacinths are in such universal demand as a winter flower for the drawing-room, that large stocks are now kept by all seedsmen and florists, and those readers who indulge in parlour floriculture will not feel the less interest in their tasteful occupation from knowing something about the Dutch bloemestries.

J. G. BERTRAM.

AMOR PATIENS.

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds."
Shakespeare, Sonnets.

Voices whispered in her ear,
Voices breathing words forlorn;
"Now no more he holds thee dear—
Scorn him, with a maiden's scorn."
She said, "Speak on, an' if ye will—
For all your words, he loves me still."

Comes her sister to her side,—
"Alice, did my lover prove
Once so slighting of his bride,
Crushed for aye would be my love."
She said, "Your love were quick to kill,—
For all your words, he loves me still."

"Hear thy mother, daughter mine,—
Passing years have made me wise,—
Many a love, as strong as thine,
Withered by man's falsehood, dies."
She said, "Be wise, an' if you will—
For all your words, he loves me still."

"Read thou then his words, poor child!—
His own words. Dost now believe?"
Through her tears the maiden smiled,—
"I may love, though I must grieve,"
She said, "you cannot have your will,—
For all his words, I love him still."

S. PHILLIPS.

LINDENHURST.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER IV.—FREE AGAIN.

WHEN I rose the next morning I felt like a man who had had all the gentler feelings crushed out of him.

During the many hours of the night I had lain restlessly awake, my brain had been actively engaged in criticising the statements I had heard from the hoarse voices of the angry villagers. I endeavoured to sift the true from the false; to ascertain how much I was to believe, how much to reject as improbable and unfounded. It was, in the first instance, im-

probable that a mother would shut up her own daughter on the plea of madness, unless there were some reason in fact for so doing; it was improbable, in the moral nature of things, that a lady of Mrs. Blondell's refinement and taste, and, I must say, amiability of disposition, should be guilty of so gross an act of cruelty, so scandalous an outrage on the laws of the community; it was improbable that, if Mrs. Blondell were thus guilty, her conduct would not have been blazoned abroad beyond the confines of Lindenhurst, and she and her daughters been tabooed society; it was improbable, again, that Aurelia and Florence, girls of excellent good feeling, of great tenderness, and deep sympathetic natures, could be accomplices with their mother in so fiendish an affair. It was, on the other hand, probable that Mrs. Blondell might not be a special favourite with the villagers, for she was very stately and repelling in her manner to inferiors; it was probable that she had offended some old woman, who, out of spite, had not scrupled to spread false and malicious reports, and we know how rapidly false and malicious reports spread, and what hold they have of the popular imagination; it was probable that there might be a basis of plausible fact for the slander to rest upon, and that the pale face I had seen gazing out from behind the bars of her caged window was the face of Fanny Blondell; it was probable, too, that Mrs. Blondell would have charge of whatever property belonged to her unfortunate daughter, and this circumstance would of itself be a poisonous weapon in the quiver of a vindictive enemy.

Thus I strove for a time to balance the *pros* and *cons* as impartially as I could, in my reason. But my heart was not equally dispassionate—its judgment leaned towards the evidence of the villagers; it adopted the rôle of the accuser, and vaguely believed in the guilt of the accused before she had been heard. Were there no independent grounds for this dark bias? Yes. Aurelia's evasion in the morning awoke a painful suspicion, which I could not suppress, that there was something wrong. Her attributing the shriek to an owl, when she was aware of the real cause; the momentary pallor that stole over her face, as though I had made an undesirable discovery; her confession, when firmly pressed, that it was a crazed girl and nothing more, when she knew it was her own sister, at length convinced me that there was some deep deception being played upon me. I felt angry and bitter to the heart's core. Gentleness, the offspring of love and confidence, yielded to a sternness engendered by a sense of wrong. No wrong is, perhaps, felt so great as that

which springs from the discovery of violated trust.

An old inflexibility of temper, which had been melted at the soft fires of Aurelia's blue eyes, prepared me for the duties of the day. When I met Branscombe at the breakfast-table, he bade me good morning in the tone of one afraid to speak too loud, lest he should disturb a spirit of affliction. This I had not expected, for Tom's general specific for a disconsolate friend, was banter and the assumption of extra gaiety. Now he was quiet as though he had met with or had been called upon to share in a calamity.

The breakfast was proceeded with for some time in silence. At length I made bold to say, and that in a steady voice,—

"What do you think of the disclosures of last night?"

Branscombe was surprised at the apparent indifference with which I put the question, and looked hard in my face, as though to detect what kind of spirit was moving me.

He did not speak.

"If it is as I suspect," I continued, "we must put away all tender feeling; there is a work of justice to be done—stern justice, and we must not flinch from it."

"I understand you, Percival," replied Branscombe. "I am glad to find the old heart of oak in you. She is not worthy of you."

Tom saw that he had wounded me.

"I am sorry I have pained you, Percival," he apologised, quickly; "I will not mention her name again," and he held out his hand to me.

He was as gentle as a nurse afterwards.

"Thank you, my friend. Whatever amount of wrong-doing may attach to Mrs. Blondell, we have yet to ascertain how far the daughters are implicated. They may be comparatively innocent."

This I urged in Aurelia's defence, though it was far from my conviction.

"Tom, I must ask you to accompany me this morning to Lindenhurst. I could hardly undertake the task by myself."

The proceedings of the previous evening at the inn had evidently been reported to Mrs. Blondell; for on our arrival at the house she was fully prepared to receive me. She had not, however, expected me to bring a friend.

Usually I was ushered into the drawing-room. On this occasion we were shown into the library, probably, perhaps, because it lay back from the offices of the establishment, and any unpleasant proceedings could there take place with closed doors, as it were, without fear of being made public. Mrs. Blondell was sitting in state in a high crimson

leather arm-chair, at the further end of a large oak table, also covered with crimson leather. Aurelia and Florence were standing together a little on one side of the chair, in the shadow of a fine old carved bookcase. Aurelia was pale as death.

There was no advance to meet us as we entered—no cordial greeting. This was in itself suspicious; but the line of tactics Mrs. Blondell had chosen was that of defence. Without waiting for an attack, she opened fire from behind an intrenchment of august stateliness, defiance, and *hauteur*.

"You have brought your friend, I see, Captain Hope, to hear my refutation and denial of the wicked slanders your ears were regaled with last night. You have done well."

"I hope, Mrs. Blondell, to find that there is not the slightest truth in the statement I was a reluctant and pained listener to," I replied, in as firm a voice as I could command. I dared not cast my eyes to where Aurelia stood, half leaning against the book-case.

"It is a gross calumny, the whole that you heard, Captain Hope,—a gross calumny."

"Then you have no daughter confined in this house in a demented condition?"

"No," and Mrs. Blondell indignantly disclaimed the idea.

I looked at Branscombe, and he seemed inclined, from the surprise he evinced, to think that we had been stupidly deluded. I was inclined to think so too, after this short and positive denial; but piqued to ascertain the name of the girl who was a perpetual inmate of the barred chamber, I observed,—

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Blondell, if, after the positive statement I had heard last night that the girl is named Fanny Blondell, and that she is your daughter, to clear up matters, I press you to be kind enough to tell me her name. There is no antidote so potent against calumny as truth."

"She is no daughter of mine," replied Mrs. Blondell, calmly; but in a tone of contempt for the poor imprisoned creature.

I did not like the tone or the evasion.

"Is her name Fanny Blondell, may I ask?"

"Really, Captain Hope, I shall be happy to answer all reasonable questions; but these are family matters, and I cannot allow them to be discussed in the presence of a stranger, especially after the denial I have given you that the girl is any daughter of mine."

"I shall be sorry to give offence here, Mrs. Blondell," I replied, firmly; "but I must know whether the girl confined in this house is named Fanny Blondell. To this question I must have a plain answer; as yet you have only equivocated."

Mrs. Blondell did not condescend to reply;

but a voice from the recess in the window tremulously answered,—

"It is."

The voice was Aurelia's.

"But she is no daughter of mine," repeated Mrs. Blondell, hurriedly, working herself up into a tempest of rage.

"No daughter of yours!" I echoed. "Then she is, perhaps, the daughter of the late Mr. Blondell by a former wife?" I added, the idea forcing itself upon me like a flash of lightning.

No answer.

"All is explained, Tom," I said, mournfully, turning to Branscombe; "a *step-daughter*."

"Mamma," interposed Aurelia, coming forward and throwing herself on her knees before Mrs. Blondell, "do explain all. Make it clear to Captain Hope that there is nothing wrong in what you have done—that Fanny really is incapable of taking care of herself, or acting like a sensible human being."

"How am I to persuade Captain Hope, when he has evidently come here prejudiced against us?" replied Mrs. Blondell, in a tone that was a kind of appeal *ad misericordiam*. "What can I do to disabuse Captain Hope's mind?"

"Let me and my friend, Captain Branscombe, see this girl," I answered, quickly; "and we can satisfy ourselves and set this calumny at rest."

"No difficulty in that," conceded Mrs. Blondell, with a frankness that surprised both Branscombe and myself. "Perhaps they expect to find the girl enclosed in a bare room, fed on bread and water, and chained to the bed-post," continued the enraged lady, with bitter irony, addressing her daughters. "Ring for Mrs. Newton, my dear."

How well the parts were played.

"Mrs. Newton," here observed Florence, "told me this morning that Fanny has a lucid interval. It began after her paroxysm was over last night, and is likely to continue till the moon is in her third quarter."

Mrs. Newton entered; a large, muscular woman, with a hideous physiognomy, repulsive enough, it struck me, to cow a poor, timid, helpless girl into any degree of insanity, according as she chose to exercise her baneful power upon the unfortunate object of her charge.

Seeing the influence that the presence of such a woman was likely to have upon her victim, I observed, "We should wish to see the girl alone."

"Mrs. Newton will go no further than the corridor," was the reply, which was intended as information for us and an instruction to the ill-favoured guardian of Fanny Blondell.

We followed "the woman with the repulsive face," as Branscombe was fond of calling

this ogress whenever he spoke of her, up two flights of stairs, protected by massive carved oaken banisters, then through a long passage, till we came to a narrow flight of stairs, at the top of which we could notice a grille or gate of ironwork. Mrs. Newton mounted the stairs, unlocked the gate and allowed us to pass. She again shut the gate, with no further observation than, "You will find my patient in the room on the left-hand side;" then adding a shrill call, "Miss Fanny!" just to let her know that her keeper was at hand.

Branscombe and myself trod gently along the corridor, which was light and airy, being glazed at the top, till we came to the room of the ill-fated sufferer. The door was open. There was no appearance of harsh or cruel treatment; the place was neatly furnished with a clean truckle bedstead, washing-stand, toilette-table, a chest of drawers, and two chairs. There were also a few books on a shelf. The room, like the corridor, was spacious and light, a part of the ceiling being formed by a roof of glass. There was only one window; it was less than six feet from the ground and fenced with iron bars.

We sought the maniac girl. There she sat, crouched in the further corner of the room, trembling and timid as a hare. She eyed us with a quick, suspicious, piteous glance as we entered, like one terror-stricken. But what was she like? How different from our normal idea of a poor lunatic, with tattered raiment and dishevelled hair. With the exception of a slight wildness about the eyes, the effect of fear, and sorrow, and hopeless punishment, she exhibited none of the symptoms we associate with madness. Her face, indeed, was pale as marble, but exquisitely beautiful; her features were soft and regular, her hair of the richest brown, her eyes a shade darker, her hands small and delicate, and her complexion white as alabaster. Had we not been told that she was the daughter of a former wife of Mr. Blondell's, we should have set her down as being younger than Amelia or Florence. She was clad in a light morning dress that hung loosely about her, and which was gathered in at the waist with a tasselled girdle.

I essayed to open the conversation: "Are you Miss Fanny Blondell?" I inquired, softly.

There was no answer; but the fairy-like figure slunk back from us farther and farther, till she was almost doubled up against the corner formed by the bedstead and the wall.

I advanced with my hand held out in token of amity, saying at the same time, "We are your friends, Miss Blondell."

It was piteous and painful to see how she

regarded my approach with fawn-like fear; she was thoroughly cowed by our presence.

Branscombe came forward, and in his soft, bland, soothing voice repeated my words, "We are your friends, Miss Blondell."

She viewed us over and over again with a look of mingled dread and suspicion; then appeared to gather a little confidence from a final inspection, for she meekly and submissively observed, "Are you the doctors?"

"No, Miss Blondell, we have nothing to do with doctors; we are your friends, and would know why you are confined here, and see if we cannot set you free."

"Mamma won't let you, and the doctors," she replied, still shrinking from us.

"Who is your mamma?" I asked.

At this the poor girl burst into tears. After a while she cried, "Alas! I have no mother, or I should not be confined here."

"But why are you confined here?"

"Because I am mad!" she exclaimed, pressing her hands to her temples as if to still their throbbing.

"Who says you are mad?"

"Mamma and the doctors;" force of habit had evidently ingrained the word *mamma* for Mrs. Blondell on her lips.

"But we do not think you mad, and are come to see you, and tell your mamma so, and get you released."

These words drew the cage bird from her retreat; she rushed forward, threw herself at Branscombe's feet, and kissed his hands for gratitude. Tom had evidently won her confidence, for she studiously avoided me, replying invariably through him to my questions.

Tom lifted up the prostrate creature, seated her on a chair, and gently opened the cross-questioning again.

"If you are not mad, why do they keep you here?" he observed, affectionately.

"Because mamma, and the doctors, and Mrs. Newton, say I am."

"Do you ever see your sisters?"

Fanny shuddered. "Never."

"Why not?"

"They were not kind to me."

I hinted that we should ask her about her property; but Branscombe objected, saying that there was no necessity to worry her. "She is as sane as you or I," he added.

I thought it as well, however, that some allusion should be made to it, to see what the girl really knew on the subject.

After beating about the bush for a little, Branscombe said to her, still as gently as human voice could utter the words, "You are rich, are you not?"

Another burst of tears followed this appeal to her knowledge. "Papa said I should be

rich, and an heiress. This was when I was a little child; but he died soon after, and mamma says I am poor and dependant," and the poor girl wept again.

"Do they treat you kindly?" I ventured to ask. At this her frail, delicate body trembled violently, and her sweet face became distorted with a sudden cloud of dread. I was pained at the idea of having put her to so much anguish; but I wanted an explanation if possible, of the struggle and scream of the previous night. The look of horror and the alarm was a sufficient reply.

After we had soothed the poor girl a little longer, Tom held out his hand, which she trustfully took, bathing it with tears. We then rose to leave. "We are your friends," he said at parting, "and will tell Mrs. Blondell that you must not be detained here any longer. We will soon return to see that you are set free."

When we reached the landing, Tom gave me an expressive glance of the eye. I understood it. It meant that the girl was wickedly imprisoned and must be liberated at whatever cost or trouble.

When we arrived at the foot of the staircase we were shown into the drawing-room. The library, a sombre chamber, was well suited for a judicial process, or any business that should be invested with awe and solemnity. But that was passed now. Mrs. Blondell had descended from the throne where she had assumed the character of defendant, judge, and jury, and now sat triumphantly in an embroidered fauteuil in her sumptuously furnished saloon. The noon sun of a bright, warm, September day, poured a flood of rich light in upon the amber satin tapestry, and the golden ornaments of the splendid room; whilst the flower-variegated lawn outside glistened and sparkled in the cheerful sheen. But that light fell with richer lustre upon the auburn hair and the pure complexion of Aurelia Blondell. There she stood, as we entered, in the centre of the room, her pretty foot playing with the handsome life-like figures woven into the velvet carpet. With a sweet and apparently artless smile, her face beaming with a happy expression, she advanced to meet me.

"I am glad, Percival, that you have had the courage to go up and satisfy yourself as to the condition of that poor girl. You cannot conceive the pain that her necessary confinement has given to all of us in the house, who love her dearly—the once amiable sweet girl! How did you find her? Was she still under the delusion that it is mamma who has kept her there, and that she is not deranged?"

Aurelia approached me with her hand ex-

tended and with all the coquetry of a beautiful woman in her grace and manner. To avoid taking her hand—that hand which I would but yesterday have given my own to secure,—I moved to another part of the room. It occurred to me, however, that it would best be to meet Aurelia's syren manoeuvres by a little by-play of hypocrisy.

"She does not look like one deranged, and her talk is rational," I observed, quietly.

"Just now," put in Florence, naively, "but when the fits are on she raves like a maniac, poor darling!"

"My opinion, Mrs. Blondell," said Branscombe, rather sharply, "is that the girl is no more insane than you or I, or any one in this room."

"And you are at liberty to enjoy your opinion," retorted that great lady, indignantly; "here is the certificate of two medical men."

"Two medical men!" sneered Branscombe.

"Oh, Percival!" exclaimed Aurelia, with persuasive tears in her eyes, "do not let mamma be insulted in her own house."

"No one wishes, Miss Aurelia, to insult your mamma," I replied, coldly, in spite of my intention to proceed cunningly. "For your sake, Captain Branscombe will be polite whilst under this roof where I have received so much hospitality. You must, however, perceive that as long as the mystery which surrounds Miss Blondell is not cleared up, our intercourse is suspended."

"You mean, Captain Hope," replied Aurelia flushing up and speaking with her natural animation, "that you reject my hand because I am so unfortunate as to have a sister whose mind is deranged."

"I am not convinced that she is deranged," I rejoined, without however manifesting any of the bitterness of feeling that I felt was goading me to madness. I was anxious to advance a step further. I therefore continued, "Miss Blondell has property in her own right, I believe?"

This brought out Mrs. Blondell, who had sat silently in her magnificent fauteuil.

"It is the question of money, Captain Hope, that you are anxious about, is it? I am surprised that you should raise up so delicate a point before a gentleman, who, though he may be your friend, is a stranger to our family. Know, Captain Hope, that Aurelia and her sister are well provided for, although their capricious father did leave the bulk of the property to that——" Mrs. Blondell, who was evidently sore on this subject, was going to say "minx or vixen," or use some surly word; she, however, exchanged it for the more politic one of "poor girl."

This was exactly what Branscombe and

myself wanted to elicit. Here was the motive for the incarceration. We looked at each other significantly; and before either could speak, Aurelia had seized my hand, and, in a voice tender with emotion and with eyes beaming with love, whispered in my ear: "Remember the test. You said that you would love me though I were stripped of all my possessions. I am stripped; I have nothing; it is all Fanny's."

I disengaged my hand, observing with no little sternness,—it was requisite to keep my heart from melting and yielding to her artful blandishments,—"I then thought you spotless and innocent. Oh, Aurelia!" I could not resist the impulse, "who could have thought you guilty of joining in so cowardly a conspiracy? You, with your refinement, your cultivated taste, your boasted love of nature, your apparent simplicity, your delicate softness! You, who could find pleasure in the gilded ballroom, in the opera, and the concert, whilst you were conscious of being one in a league to despoil an elder sister, and convert the mansion which was her own into a narrow prison for her. Who could have suspected one so fair and loving of being so foul and cruel?"

At these reproaches, Aurelia sunk upon a sofa, sobbed for a moment, and then became hysterical.

Neither Tom nor myself offered assistance, leaving her to the care of Mrs. Blondell and Florence. The latter busied herself with laying her sister along the sofa, and then, sprinkling her face with water from one of the flower vases. When she had contrived to lay Aurelia into an attitude of repose, she looked at me with bitter wrath in her face.

"I know not what term to apply to a man who woos a woman for money, and when he finds she has none brings a friend to see how grossly he can insult her by rejecting her hand."

I endured the taunt in silence, quietly looking on at the remedial measures adopted by mother and daughter.

Mrs. Blondell was more wily, and addressing me in a manner she intended to be dignified and impressive, observed, "I perceive, Captain Hope, that there must be an end to the prospect of a union, so auspiciously held out to us, between Aurelia and yourself. I can see no good in your remaining here any longer. I trust, however, that you will, as a gentleman, consider all that has transpired within these walls as private and confidential."

We saw through her object at once. Branscombe replied quickly, and even menacingly, "This is not a private question. Miss Blondell is wronged by being imprisoned upstairs; it is a public wrong, and I shall seek for it a public redress."

Mrs. Blondell trembled faintly, and a slight paleness blanched her face.

"Your language is violent, Captain Branscombe," she replied, quietly, but with a spice of *hauteur* in her tone. "You may take what steps you please, but so long as I hold this certificate I can defend myself against malignant accusers, and am confident of justice before the bar of public opinion. I hope your conscience gives you as little trouble as mine does me. Our interview is at an end."

"Conscience!" cried Branscombe, who could scarcely repress himself when we got outside the gates, he felt so relieved; "Conscience! I wish it did trouble her a little more; it would be all the better for her victim. She carried it off, however, famously, though it will not be, I expect, triumphantly. We must take immediate steps for the release of that poor girl."

"Not an hour must be lost," I replied, eager to get some distraction for my mind, which was sorely beaten and harassed by the events of the last twelve hours.

That same afternoon I wrote a letter to the Commissioners in Lunacy, calling their attention to the case of Fanny Blondell, and pointing out the propriety of a speedy investigation. The letter is too lengthy to be inserted here, but one passage I must quote. After detailing the general circumstances of the case, and the visit of Branscombe and myself to the imprisoned girl, I observed, "You will naturally seek a *motive*. The motive is obvious. So long as Miss Blondell is declared a lunatic, Mrs. Blondell, her step-mother, enjoys the large revenues which spring from the estate, which belongs by the will of the late Mr. Theobald Blondell to his eldest daughter, Fanny Blondell. I have reason to believe, from what I hear, that the late Theobald Blondell was an eccentric old gentleman, and took a strong dislike to his second wife and their two children, having his eldest daughter, the issue of his former marriage, constantly with him, and doting over her with the most blind and partial affection. I have also ascertained that when he died he left nothing to his second wife, *née* Aurelia Wills, and only a hundred a year each to his two daughters. The equity of these bequests, however, does not touch the matter before us; the question is the legality of the detention of Fanny Blondell on the plea of insanity, a question which I trust, through your lordships' instructions, to have decided by an enlightened and impartial British jury." The letter was signed by Branscombe as well as myself.

It was a fortnight at least before we received any notice of our communication; a

cold, formal, official, printed paper was sent for us to sign, and it contained also certain questions for us to answer. The paper was promptly signed, the questions duly answered, and the missive despatched by return of post. A month of impatience elapsed before we heard again, but we found we had advanced a step further, for the Commissioners had been communicating with Mrs. Blondell, and had obtained her justification. It was evident she was not to be frightened into releasing her victim, and that she intended to show fight. It also became evident, as we proceeded further, and matters seemed to be getting more entangled and complicated, that we should have to employ a lawyer. This we did, and felt a great relief, for we saw that justice was in danger of being strangled by sundry technicalities which we could neither understand nor guard against.

But why should I drag the reader through the slough of this judicial investigation? Let it suffice to say that the proceedings from first to last took an anxious and a weary six months, and that while the trial was going on every day was harassing and perplexing. No one would venture to say which way the jury would decide, the learned counsel for Mrs. Blondell oppressing the brains of the twelve enlightened jurymen who sat on the occasion, with an infinite variety of precedents, from our medical jurisprudence stores, and puzzling their intellects with abstruse definitions of insanity, and subtle distinctions between reason and unreason.

One good result of the prolixity of the trial, however, was, that it threw Tom Branscombe, who was indefatigable in "working" up the case, and gave the lawyer no rest, a great deal into the company of Fanny Blondell, and it required no keen perception to discover that what had been undertaken from a love of justice was being pursued from a love of Fanny Blondell. Tom himself did not know this, I feel convinced; but I, to whom he spoke in raptures, nay with pathos, of the beauty and sufferings of that poor girl, of her simple nature, warm-heartedness, and tender gratitude, felt sure how it would end, should the suit prove successful.

Successful! How doubtful are the issues, when they hang upon the nice discrimination of subtle points and the polished eloquence of a professional sophist! But I had put my trust in the truth of our allegations, in that sterling common sense which pre-eminently characterises Englishmen, and in their inherent love of justice. Nor was I deceived. The proofs of insanity were very vague, whilst the *motive* of incarceration was glaring. Unanimously the jury returned a verdict of

"Not Insane." This was received with cheers by the court, and Branscombe, who was standing by Fanny Blondell's side, which by the bye he had never quitted since the trial began, in the ecstasy of his delight, caught her up in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and kissed her. The next moment he placed her back in the bench, blushing like a child who had been caught in *flagrante delicto*.

The subsequent history of the persons who have figured in this little drama is soon told. Mrs. Blondell and her daughters quitted for ever the neighbourhood of Lindenhurst, and retired to a remote part of Yorkshire, where they were able to live comfortably on their united incomes, Mrs. Blondell having a small private property of her own. There Aurelia's beauty, grace, and accomplishments were not thrown away; for in less than two years she became the wife of the squire of the parish, a bachelor of forty, by which means she re-entered, though on a limited scale, the arena of fashionable life. A few months later Florence accepted the hand of the vicar of a neighbouring village.

Branscombe, having accompanied Miss Blondell back to Lindenhurst after the trial, and acted for her as a confidential steward in the direction and management of her affairs, what more natural, after what we know of their intercourse, than, having confessed his love, she should confess hers? Tom's was a pure, unselfish affection, and no man ever deserved more than he the happiness he enjoyed with Fanny Blondell and her estates.

As to myself, the reader will excuse me if I am reticent. The indignation I felt at the wrong which I suffered, together with the preoccupation of my mind during the legal proceedings tended to divert and deaden the blow which would have fallen heavily and cruelly upon me, had my connection with Aurelia Blondell have been otherwise severed. Time is an effectual cure for most evils; it has proved so in my case, and I can afford to look back upon those three months of courtship with Spartan coolness.

HAROLD KING.

WHAT WE SAW OF THE STAR SHOWERS.

Founded on fact.

"WELL, all I can say is, I wish star showers were expected oftener," said my friend Dickenson, as he was polishing the glasses of a large telescope, about nine o'clock on the evening of the 13th of November; "a more beautiful sight can scarcely be imagined than myriads of stars shooting across the sky, and——"

"And all I can say is, that I wish there were no such things known as star showers," I interrupted, in, I fear, rather an unamiable voice; "for this last month you have talked of nothing but stars, and comet-trails, and meteors, and showers, till my ears quite ache with the very sound of astronomy, and I feel inclined to pitch your telescopes and clever books into the fire! I should have thought you saw enough star showers last year."

"Then you are very much mistaken," said Dickenson, with unruffled temper; "what I saw then only makes me the more anxious to see to-night's showers. You know some people think they will be even better than those of last year. I would not miss the sight on any account. I shall sit up all night."

"What is the use of doing that?" said I; "the best authorities don't expect to see anything till four or five in the morning. You had much better go to bed for some hours, at any rate."

But Dickenson shook his head. "No," said he, resolutely; "I won't risk it; it is possible the showers may begin sooner; and, for my part, I think it probable they will do so. I have already seen six shooting stars."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, sarcastically; "that must have been a fine sight! Well worth sitting up for! I intend to go to bed at my usual time, and if anything very wonderful is to be seen, you may call me up; but don't disturb me unnecessarily. I shan't care about having my night's rest broken for the sake of a few shooting stars—do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Dickenson, with a smile; "you certainly are one of the laziest fellows living, Arthur; you ought to have been a bat or a dormouse."

"Much obliged, I am sure," said I, with an answering laugh; "but I am quite satisfied with my present position as a man and a brother. Take my word for it, Dickenson, there's nothing like a good sound sleep; it is better than seeing dozens of stars and meteors."

"Different people have different opinions," retorted my companion; and so we went on, according to our custom, arguing with, and chaffing each other; for although Ned Dickenson and I have been the best of friends for many years, we constantly ridicule each other's opinions, "manners and customs."

At 11 o'clock I retired to rest, leaving Dickenson with his largest telescope properly cleaned and polished, and mounted on a stand by the window (which he intended to open as soon as I had made good my retreat), a blazing fire, a teapot filled with strong green tea, which

he meant to drink from time to time in order to render himself particularly wide-awake, and a sheet of foolscap paper, whereon he purposed recording his observations of the night.

"Good night, old fellow," said I; "I hope you will enjoy yourself, and be amply repaid for your trouble; you need not disturb me before 6 o'clock; I think the show is not expected to attain its height till near 7—is it?"

"I believe not, but then it will be getting daylight, and of course the effect will be greatly spoiled. But don't worry yourself, Mr. Lazybones; I won't wake you without good cause. I expect to have a rare treat. Make haste, and take yourself off, for I want to open the window and begin my observations."

"Ah! they'll be something wonderful, I expect. Mind you don't forget to write them down; you can send them to the newspapers," said I laughingly, as I opened the door. "Good night; may you be happy."

To bed I went, and in a very short time fell asleep; by-and-by dreams began to float before "my mind's eye"—not unnaturally they bore reference to the star showers.

I thought I was standing by the open window, looking up at the sky in eager anticipation of the expected phenomena. The clouds were very dark and lowering, not a star was visible, and, being for the time endowed with my friend's love for astronomical marvels, my disappointment was very keen.

Suddenly I thought the clouds opened, and showers of stars descended after the manner of snowflakes, and lay on the ground. With feelings of awe and delight I gazed upon the extraordinary scene: thickly, and yet thicker fell the stars, some of them streaming through the open window and resting on my clothes, and on the carpet at my feet. Never had I seen such a beautiful and marvellous sight. I still seemed to be gazing with mingled awe and delight at the glittering stars around me, when a hand suddenly laid on my shoulder caused me to start—and wake. There stood Dickenson close by my bed-side, candle in hand.

"Well," said I, springing up eagerly, for I was still under the influence of my vivid dream; "well, Ned, what have you seen? Are the stars still falling? I'll be up in a moment. Out of the way!"

"There is no occasion for you to get up at all," said Dickenson, in a doleful tone; "it is past six o'clock, and there is nothing to be seen."

"Nothing to be seen!" I repeated, feeling as disappointed as I had done in my dream; "do you mean to say you have really seen nothing all this time?"

"I have only seen one," was the dismal reply, accompanied by a shiver.

"Only one shower!" I exclaimed. "What a pity! But what was that one shower like? Beautiful? Why did you not call me?"

"I did not say anything about a shower," said Dickenson in the crossiest tone I had ever heard him use. "I said I saw only one—one shooting star I meant. You wouldn't care to have been disturbed for that, would you? I just came to tell you I am going to bed to try and get warm. As to going to sleep, that, I fear, is impossible, for I have drunk enough green tea (cold green tea too) to keep me awake for a fortnight. I am dreadfully cold, for my fire soon went out, and I sat by the open window till I was nearly perished, and all I saw was one shooting star! Ugh!" and he shivered again.

I hope my readers won't think me very hard-hearted if I tell them that my reply to my friend's doleful account was a burst of laughter. I could not help it. The idea of any one sitting up all night by an open window, and drinking cold green tea to keep awake for the sake of seeing one shooting star, was to me irresistibly ludicrous.

"My dear fellow, I'm very sorry for you. I am, upon my word," said I, when I could control my risible muscles sufficiently to speak. "I really feel quite—quite—" and again I laughed, louder than before.

"Yes, you seem deeply grieved; we all know laughter expresses profound sorrow and sympathy," said Ned, with a grim smile. "You won't catch me sitting up all night when star showers are expected again."

"And now perhaps you will agree with me in thinking a good night's rest far better than star-gazing," said I; "for whilst you have been shivering in the cold for hours, I have been snug, and warm, and comfortable; and moreover I have seen a great deal more than you, for I have seen in my dreams the most beautiful star showers that could be imagined; and as for you, you have seen but *one* paltry star. But, never mind, old fellow; you can console yourself with the reflection that in all probability lots of other people have been sold as well as yourself; although, doubtless, the star showers were visible *somewhere*, and duly excited admiration and wonder. But, I say, Ned," and here my laughter threatened to begin again, "how about the written observations? Of course you'll send them to the 'Times' the first thing after breakfast, eh?"

No reply was vouchsafed me, unless the abrupt exit of my friend, Ned Dickenson, and the loud banging of the door behind him might be looked upon in the light of an answer.

A. C. WHEELLEY.

IMMA AND EGINHART.

From *De Vigny*.

I.

How dear it is, how dear, in accents low,
To hear tales told of time long past away,
When the world's barren arms are black, and snow
Falls on the frozen ground with dying day!

When the tall poplar in the pallid air
Stretches itself alone, and still white rain
Falls on the crow which motionless rests there,
As on the high church-tower the sleeping vane.

What small and lovely feet step through the snow,
Which the king, hid behind the casement, sees,
And looks on what he fain would never know,
Fearing what anger and his power may please.

Over his brow grey hairs are floating wide,
His iron crown has sown sad wrinkles there;
Over his velvet habit, purple dyed,
Hangs heavily the brown skin of a bear.

And as he forward bends, there spreads a wave
Of cloudy sighs upon the sombre pane;
His Roman sandal strikes the marble pave
With heavy footfall, once and once again.

What loving burden bears young Imma, say?
White Imma, princess, of all France the flower;
Page Eginhart, whom on his knees the day
Surprised, not sleeping, in the secret tower.

Her ivory neck his folding arms clasp light,
Lightly his kisses press her night of hair,
Her half-averted cheek, her shoulders white,
Fair lilies, than her ermined robe more fair.

His fearful breath he holds within his breast,
As thinking thus to ease his lady's pain;
Plains for the feeble feet which will not rest,—
Fain would he warm them in his bosom lain.

For Imma never loiters, only when,
With smiling face uplifted, she would pray
The quickening guerdon of a kiss, and then,
With faltering step, renews her silent way.

But sudden, dark-mailed guards the pair surround,
The vaulted arches with harsh echoes groan;
From her sweet arms the page slides to the ground,
And fainting Imma falls into his own.

II.

A MIGHTY throne, a monarch seated there
In purple, German colours round him seen,
And German nobles, mounted stair on stair,
Their mantles glimmering with golden sheen.

All on their long swords rest their mailed hands,
True swords, by them thrice dipped in Saxon gore;
Their heart-shaped shields show lively-coloured bands
Which throw a trembling light along the floor.

Old Moorish labours all the chamber ceil,
The giant soldiers in a circle glow,
Their morions only burning eyes reveal,—
Dark morions, crested with their pride of snow.

They, with linked hands, in that cold crowd alone,
Each for the other prays, to each more dear,
In silence tremble, kneeling on the stone,
Now red with memory, now pale with fear.



IMMA AND EGINHART.—BY W. SMALL.

Around, that frozen silence seems to fall;

While he, for whom his fair hair happy proved,
Timid, beneath that labyrinthine wall,
Seeks the dear sight of her so dearly loved.

She, weeping, waits the bursting of the storm,
In her white hands hiding her head away;
Till the long calm unlocks her fingers warm,
And gives her weeping eyes the light of day.

Then, from the lips of Charlemagne, a voice,
Sweeter than wont from lips of warrior, fell;
And Turpin blessed for both their dear heart's choice,
And the wide chamber echoed, "It is well."

How dear it is, how dear, in accents low,
To hear tales told of time long past away,
When the world's barren arms are black, and snow
Falls on the frozen ground with dying day!

J. MEW.

A SHORT TIME IN GERMANY.

NO. II.

THERE is not much to be said of a town by those whose experience of it is limited to the railway station and principal hotel. Our knowledge of Bonn extended so far and very little further; under such circumstances it would be unfair to make any remarks on the manners and customs of its good inhabitants, or to attempt a description of its public buildings, of which we only saw the outlines in the dark. I might be inclined to say harsh things of the railway porters—one of them having let fall a box of mine containing a valuable scientific instrument—but I am to blame for carrying about such luggage, and have therefore no right to complain. We reached Bonn from Cologne at eight o'clock in the evening, having come thus far up the Rhine by railway for two reasons: 1st. To avoid the necessity of early rising; 2nd. To get past the monotonous part of the river between the two towns as quickly as possible. The steamer leaves Cologne at seven in the morning, calling at Bonn at nine; the two hours' difference was a matter of importance to us, as it must be to anyone who cares for travelling at ease. Some people seem to have a knack of making themselves as uncomfortable as possible on the road; every journey to them is a pilgrimage; they start at the most inconvenient times, dress themselves in the most outrageous costumes, and appear to consider that, when they are in a railway carriage, they are out of the world, and, of necessity, exposed to some unpleasantness. Have you never noticed this even on the shortest journey? How one of your fellow passengers will change his hat for a travelling cap, wrap himself up as if the change of air were likely to kill him, settle himself, in short, as though he had made up his mind to

suffering and misery to the end of time. For my part, I do not see why you should not be as comfortable and as sociable in a railway carriage as anywhere else for the time being. It is one of the privileges of living in the present age, that you are able to be perfectly at your ease while travelling—a very difficult matter in the days of diligences and stage coaches. I can remember, and never shall forget, being one day and two nights inside a diligence, coming from Basle to Paris. It is many years ago; nevertheless the cry of the baby is still ringing in my ears; I still feel the elbow of the fat priest pressing against my left ribs; and as vividly recollect how vainly I tried to keep the head of an old lady, every time she went to sleep, from falling on to my right shoulder, until at last, in sheer despair, I let it stay there—her musty wig, notwithstanding. We were six inside—or rather seven with the baby—and how any of us survived the suffering of the journey is a marvel. Such torture as that is unknown to the rising generation; it has happily become as obsolete as the rack, the thumb-screw, and other means of gentle excitement, in which our ancestors were wont to indulge. But, as I have said, some people continue to look upon travelling as of necessity disagreeable, and conduct themselves accordingly. They are probably unable to change habits contracted in the coaching-days, when inside passengers were packed together like herrings in a hamper, and got savage with each other because there was not more room.

"Pray be careful with this box; carry it upright," said I, addressing an obtuse-looking porter, who came to the carriage-door as our train moved into the Bonn station.

"*Ja wohl, Mein Herr,*" he replied.

I handed him the object in question, and as soon as he had it in his charge, he let it fall heavily on the pavement.

"*Himmel!*" I exclaimed; and in my best German began abusing the obtuse-looking porter for his stupidity. The effect of my voluble remonstrance was the reverse of that intended. The man laughed.

"Good, good, *Mein Herr, nein Goddam,*" he replied, while picking up the box, which was shattered to pieces.

Now that practice has untied my tongue and brought back all I ever knew of German, I can easily imagine why the porter laughed, and forgive him for doing so. Foreigners often make fools of themselves when they get into a rage in a language of which they have not spoken a word for four or five years. At least, I hope I am not singular in this respect.

We stayed that night in Bonn, at the Grand Hôtel Royal. The love of titles is a national

characteristic with the Germans, and it is not to be expected that "mine host" should be an exception to the rest of his countrymen. Why should he not call his "house of entertainment for man and beast" "Grand and Royal," if he so please, and it flatter his vanity? I am not going to quarrel with him for doing so, as long as the "entertainment" he provides be good. And good it certainly is at the Grand Hôtel Royal in Bonn. It would have been all the better had there been more newspapers to read; but these were very few and of old dates; so that for literature we were thrown back upon the book containing the autographs of visitors to the hotel—that large, well-thumbed volume in which you are asked to write your name, where you come from, and what you are, and which is brought you in every Continental hotel as soon as you arrive. In this instance I was interested in observing how common military titles have become among Englishmen abroad. "Captain" seems to have usurped the simple "Mr.," and "Militaire" to be the avocation of the former "Rentier." In one case I was astonished at seeing "Lieut.-Col." written in a well-known hand before the name of a peaceful country squire, and wondered for a moment how the rank had been attained. Recollecting the volunteers, I soon accounted for all the phenomena, although, as far as the Lieut.-Col. was concerned, I could not help thinking the time-honoured name would have looked (like a certain ambassador at the Tuileries) all the more *distingué* without the distinction which its worthy owner had placed before it.

I was sorry not to see the Beethoven statue at Bonn, but to tell the truth, did not get up early enough to do so. The American boat was to call at the landing-stage at 9 o'clock, and we were told to be sure not lose it, as it was the best means of conveyance on the river. Following these instructions we were on the landing-stage sometime before the hour named, and had to wait until our patience was well nigh exhausted. We were early and the boat was late, so that between the two the time hung heavily on our hands. At last the long looked-for steamer leomed through the morning mist.

"That's the American boat," said "boots" of the hotel, who had charge of our luggage, pointing to a long white hull that was slowly nearing the landing-stage. In about five minutes it was alongside and we proceeded on board. The vessel is certainly a vast improvement on the old Rhine steamers. It is essentially a river-boat built after the American model. On deck there's a long saloon, the roof of which forms a splendid

promenade. From the windows of the saloon you can view the scenery of the river while you are lounging on luxurious sofas or sitting at the *table d'hôte*—for there's a *table d'hôte* on board; in fact, eating and drinking seemed to be the only occupation of everyone on the American boat. All our fellow passengers were hard at it when we joined them, and the waiters, steward, crew, and captain were similarly employed whenever I saw them off duty during the day. The cooking was decidedly good, the cook being, I was assured, a Parisian *chef*. Having secured our places and received a bunch of wooden tickets for the luggage—they give you one for each article—we looked round and took stock of those with whom we had to pass the day. The majority of the people on board were tourists like ourselves, travelling for pleasure. There was an American family, and a Scotchman; also a German couple, who, as we subsequently learned, had met after a long separation that morning at Cologne. Add to these a few burly Prussians, and the ship's company is "all told." The Americans were certainly the most worthy of attention. The flowers of that particular transatlantic flock were two young ladies, who displayed their nationality as distinctly as peculiarity of costume could possibly render it. There was no mistaking the country which claimed the honour of their birth and bringing up. The chignon (or was it really back hair?) perched on the top of the head, the oyster-shell hat, worn at an angle of 45° between the "top knot" and the forehead, apparently in constant danger of sliding down over the eyes; the bright-coloured scanty dress, undeveloped by any crinoline; the short petticoats and high-heeled boots; they were all there, and remarkably fascinating they looked, for the "Yankee gals" were very pretty "gals," and moreover, had a "go" about them which it is impossible for any pen of the masculine gender properly to define, however strongly its holder may feel on the interesting subject.

The mother of the two young ladies was a pleasant little body, and proud of her fair daughters, who, in return, tyrannised over their good-natured parent to no small extent. Their father, whose acquaintance I made, proved a philosopher in thought as he was at first sight in appearance. If we English are accused of dressing extravagantly when abroad, the Americans are equally eccentric in their travelling costume, although not perhaps quite so absurd as we, in some instances, are in ours. In this *paterfamilias* you have a specimen of their eccentricity. He wore a long black coat, waistcoat, and (saving

your presence, ladies) trousers to match, and a remarkably bad hat—a regular chimney-pot, which, since it paraded Broadway, had evidently seen much service, and been exposed to the roughest usage. That hat might have been sat upon, it looked so shabby and out of shape. You will generally find some one in a party of Americans “on the trail” dressed after this fashion, and the rest to differ from the chief only in degree.

As the morning was damp and chilly, we did not remain long on deck, but took to the saloon, and looked at the beauties of the Rhine through the windows; although that is not the orthodox way of seeing the river, it was, at any rate, the best way to avoid catching cold.

We followed the map most carefully; in fact, one of us sometimes lost the sight of an old castle while trying to find out what it was called. We did all Murray told us to do, particularly as regards that quaint bit of advice which he often gives, viz., “enjoy the view.” We did enjoy the view, and although I had seen it many times before, it seemed to present new charms, and to be lovelier than ever. The Scotchman praised it, although, in a moment of pride, he declared it was “nae so gude as the Fa’s o’ Clyde.” As none of us had ever had an opportunity of making the comparison, he was not contradicted. The Americans were enchanted with everything they saw. At one o’clock the waiter announced dinner, and although apparently everyone had been eating all the morning, strange to say, we hurried to take our places with as much haste as though we had not seen food for four-and-twenty hours.

It was during dinner that I made the acquaintance of the black-coated American.

“I knew a very clever countryman of yours,” said I, addressing him when our introduction was over, and we were on speaking terms.

“Indeed, so; and who was he, sir?” he asked, drily.

“Artemus Ward,” I answered.

On hearing the name of the late lamented humourist, the ladies smiled; it reminded them, I suppose, of his droll writings.

“He was a talented man, and pretty successful in his line,” rejoined paterfamilias.

“No writer in so short a time, and having written so little, ever made such a world-wide reputation,” I remarked; “his name is a household word in England, where everyone has read his book. He has had imitators innumerable, but none are comparable with the witty original.”

“He died very young,” said the Scotchman, who had been listening to our conversation.

“Yes; in a decline,” I replied. “His death was hastened by the lectures he gave in London when in too delicate a state of health to resist such fatigue as they incurred. I did all I could,” I continued, “to persuade him to abandon them, and to go to a warmer climate; but he was self-willed, and went on, until, at last, the hard work proved too much for him, and he succumbed.”

“But there never was any such person as Artemus Ward, was there?” asked one of the young ladies, who was thereupon informed by her sister that the name was assumed by a Mr. Browne. “I attended one of his lectures in New York,” continued the last speaker, “and never laughed so much at any entertainment.”

“The last time I saw Artemus Ward, or Mr. Browne, as you rightly call him, it was under rather singular circumstances.”

“Oh, do tell us!” exclaimed the young ladies together.

“He called on me in London when I was a prisoner in my own house,” I continued. “It was between one and two o’clock in the day. I was at luncheon with a lady. Requiring the servant, I rang the bell. The servant came; but on trying to open the door of the dining-room, in which we were, found it impossible to do so. She knocked. ‘Come in,’ I cried.

“‘I can’t sir; the door’s locked,’ was the reply.

“‘Nonsense,’ I exclaimed, and rose to open the door. I turned the handle round and round in vain; the lock, in some way or other, had got out of order, and resisted all our efforts, outside and in, to set it right. The door could not be opened. What was to be done? The lady got nervous—the servant more vigorous in her attempt to effect an entrance. She was the only domestic in the house, which made the position still more embarrassing, for there was no one to send for assistance, or, rather, to admit her again if she went out. Most fortunately, I had the key of the street-door in my pocket. I requested the servant to fetch a locksmith, and gave her the key out of the window. She started, and stayed away long enough to fetch all the locksmiths in London. She was gone at least two hours. During this time, several people came to see me. The first was Artemus Ward. I saluted him from the window, explained my position, and asked him to wait. He did so. Presently Alfred Mellon drove up in a hansom. I had to receive him in the same distant manner, and introducing him to the first comer, begged them to have a little patience, and that they should be let in. Then a well-known member

of the Bar arrived, and took such delight in chaffing the two unhappy prisoners, and made so much noise in the street, as to attract the attention of the opposite neighbours, who soon came out upon their respective balconies, and enjoyed the strange scene that was being enacted. Other friends were shortly added to the three already parading the pavement, until, at last, there was a crowd before the house. At length the long-looked for locksmith made his appearance, and after a difficult operation on the lock of the door, we were set at liberty, and those outside obtained admittance. The lady, my fellow prisoner, was a relative of mine, which was rather fortunate under the circumstance."

"We are now passing Stolzenfels," said one of the waiters. On hearing which all the tourists rose to obey Murray, and "enjoy the view."

"Aye, that is vary fine, we have naething like that on the banks o' the Clyde," remarked the Scotchman, with a drawl.

"But what was the end of that story you were telling us?" inquired one of the ladies when we were reseated at table.

"The temporary imprisonment resulted in our passing a very pleasant afternoon with Artemus Ward," I replied; "he was greatly amused at the dilemma in which we had been placed. To commemorate the event, he and Alfred Mellon wrote their names in my scrap book. By a sad coincidence the two died within a short time of each other, very soon after. Both their names are on the same page; one signs himself twice.

"Faithfully your's,
CHARLES F. BROWNE.

Trooly your's til deth,
ARTEMUS WARD."

"He was a quiet man in society, I have heard," said the American.

"Very much so, and spoke but seldom," I answered. "When at home he always had his attendant with him, a boy to whom he was very much attached. I never knew any victim of consumption in whom hope and confidence in ultimate recovery were so great. He would not acknowledge any failing of health, but always declared he was strong and hearty, although his pale face, emaciated appearance, and fatal symptoms, too surely indicated his forlorn condition to all who saw him."

A pause occurred here in the conversation. Those who were sitting opposite were watching something that was going on behind me. I turned round, and discovered the object of their attention. It was the German couple

who had met that morning at Cologne. The two were making desperate love to each other, rather more conspicuously than is usual with married people in public. The lady was feeding the gentleman, while the latter fondled the lady's curls. It was "*passez moi la main dans les cheveux et appelez moi Arthur*" reversed. Perhaps you have never seen the *vaudeville* in which those words are spoken, and will not therefore appreciate the allusion. It doesn't matter. You *must* be astonished at the conduct of this happy pair. I never saw anything like it in real life, and can only attribute it to the wonderful expansiveness of the German heart compared to the reticence of more ordinary natures.

We left the saloon. I fancy the tender demonstration made the ladies uncomfortable. It had been raining at intervals all the morning, but now the sun was shining, and the roof of the saloon was certainly preferable to the inside. The scenery of the Rhine was splendid; rendered more magnificent than ever by the changing colour of the foliage.

I was "enjoying the view" when the American came up.

"Grand scenery," he said.

"Yes; but I suppose you have as grand on your side of the water," I replied.

"We may have the scenery, but we have not the associations," he answered.

"Nor the castles," I rejoined.

"That's just it; this is a mill stream compared to our rivers, but it's worth coming any distance to see, on account of its historical interest."

We were leaning over the side of the boat, the water passing under us with fearful rapidity.

"What a place for suicide," continued the American, looking down into the river; "one would be swallowed up in an instant."

"Indeed, you would; but you don't contemplate trying it?" I exclaimed, involuntarily seizing him by the arm.

"Not I, although I opine there's a great deal more fuss than is necessary made over those who adopt that means of leaving this world," he answered, smiling at my alarm. "I have never yet heard any satisfactory argument against a man doing what he likes with his own life."

"You surely do not justify self-murder!" I returned.

"Well, I guess I do," replied the philosophical Yankee; "and if I had the courage, that's the way I should shuffle off this mortal coil—with a bare bodkin, eh?" and he looked at me, as if to say, you see I can quote

Shakespeare if I like. "But it's courage that's wanting," he continued.

"And very happily such is the case," I answered. "It's strange the father of a charming family should hold such opinions."

"May be it is; but I'm not going to act upon them, stranger—so don't be alarmed."

With that, he offered me a cigar: and the topic of conversation was changed.

We were on the Rhine until nearly nine o'clock that evening. A long day it was. The last few hours were dreary enough. The evening was very dark, and owing to the lowness of the water, the boat had to be very carefully navigated through the shallow channels of the river. Every now and then we grated against a sand-bank, or mud-bank, or a bank of some sort, which threatened to prevent us going any farther. We called at several villages, the lights of which were all we could see of them; they looked like so many will-o'-the-wisps peering through the gloom. At length Mayence was reached, and we disembarked, delighted to stretch our legs once more on shore. The motion even of a river steamer for eleven hours is not pleasant to those who are unaccustomed to it.

At Mayence, we went to the *Englischer Hof*, the host of which recognised us as former customers of his, and welcomed us, if not with open arms, at any rate, with as much bowing and scraping as any one individual could well manage.

How glad I was to get hold of a copy of the *Times*! I hadn't seen one for a week, and it seemed ages since I had perused the familiar print.

All the *Moniteurs*, *Indépendances Belges*, or *Kölnische Zeitungen* in the world cannot atone for its absence. News does not seem to be genuine coming from any other source. The affection every Londoner has for the Thunderer, is of course to be attributed to the force of habit. I dare say a Parisian has the same sort of feeling for *Le Petit Journal*, *La Patrie*, or any other native publication which he is daily in the habit of seeing and believing, but I doubt if the Germans care so much for their newspapers, which are most perplexing things to look at, and next to impossible to find anything worth reading in. The news seems to be all huddled up into a corner, and very little indeed said about that which is of all-absorbing interest. Now, the English and French papers have the tact of giving their intelligence in the most palatable form. The editors know how to "*faire goûter*" the tit-bits of information, and that is, perhaps, why their journals are so popular, and have become a daily feast, the want of which is such a deprivation.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XXII. HANNAFORD'S INN.

I SUPPOSE you must know Hannaford's Inn, Mr. Nomad. If you don't, you had better be quick in making acquaintance with it, because some one of these fine days it is sure to be pulled down for building ground, and then you will miss the opportunity of knowing a very queer place, occupied by still queerer people. I have not the faintest notion who Hannaford was, or whether there ever was a Hannaford at all. If you want to learn, you had better write to "*Notes and Queries*," and solicit the assistance of some of the wise-acres who spend their time in the interesting controversy how Piccadilly ever got its name. The old doctor I told you of, who used to frequent Sally's night after night, had spent the sober portions of his life in acquiring a lot of knowledge which never could be of the slightest use to himself or anybody else; and, amongst other things, he was specially fond of descanting on the antiquities of London. He had a legend that Hannaford's Inn was originally a religious hostelry, founded for the abode of poor and godly students, who, in return for board, shelter, and raiment, were to offer up daily orisons for the soul of a certain Hannah Ford; and one of his favourite topics was to moralise on the negative results that the prayers of the brethren of the inn were likely to produce. I don't know whether the whole story was not invented to annoy a certain singularly graceless brother who used to be one of Sally's regular customers. But if it was true, chapel and chaplain, pensioners and brethren, had disappeared long ago. Hannaford's Inn, whatever else it is, is not a resort of godly or hard-working pensioners. The brethren to whom the inn belongs, are a set of third-rate legal practitioners, who meet together a certain number of times a year to dine at the expense of the estate; and if Mistress Hannah Ford derives much satisfaction in another world from the conversation held on these occasions, in her hall, by the fraternity, she must be a lady of singularly advanced opinions.

Well, the chambers whose rent is supposed to provide the funds for the Hannaford banquets are let out, pretty well, to anybody who can give security for a year's rent in advance. Somehow or other, Hannaford's does not stand very high in public estimation as a professional abode. It is supposed to have a sort of legal connection; but barristers and the more respectable solicitors fight very shy of it. Attorneys whose names are not to be found in

the Law List, lawyers unattached, who have more to do with loans than conveyances, and practitioners whose native modesty forbids their appearing in court, form the staple of the professional residents. Men about town whose address is at their clubs; gentlemen whose business in life appears to consist in advertising for partners, and whose letters are taken in under initials at the Post Office round the corner; London hermits, who love solitude without being anchorites; and a number of waifs and strays who gravitate towards Hannaford's by a sort of inexplicable attraction, fill up the roll-list.

There are two peculiarities about Hannaford's. The names upon the doors are generally those of tenants who have left ever so long ago, and gone no one knows whither; and the doors are almost invariably kept locked. It is not the custom to be at home at Hannaford's. To keep your doors open so that anybody may know whether you are indoors or not is contrary to the fashion of the hostelry. Even the street cadgers and beggars, the vendors of steel pens; the benevolent but impoverished philanthropists, who go about collecting shillings for workmen who have just tumbled off a scaffolding, and widows, who within a month of their husband's death have been confined of twins; the ladies in reduced circumstances, who go about soliciting admissions to hospitals, without any preference as to the nature of the malady to be treated at the institution; all these, and the scores of other begging impostors who frequent London decline to visit Hannaford's. There is nothing to be picked up much in that No Man's Land of London. If you give your address as Hannaford's at a shop, you will not find any great anxiety displayed to induce you to run up a bill; and if you notice you will observe that at most times of the day shabby-looking men with battered hats and greasy coats and very dirty faces, hang about the entrances to Hannaford's. It is very seldom the case that somebody is not wanted there. Writs have a sort of affinity for the place; and a savour of stamped paper attaches to it. Yet Hannaford's is not an Alsatia, a resort of rollicking gentlemen in difficulties. There is not much jollity at any time about the inn. After dark, when the gates are closed, and no sheriffs' officer could enter; on Sundays when writs cease to run, Hannaford's is as quiet, still, and silent as usual. Supper parties and carousings such as take place in the Temple chambers do not find favour with the Hannafordians. In fact it is one of the peculiarities of the inn that the tenants fight very shy at all times of one another. As a rule, the gentlemen to

whom the worshipful the brethren act as landlords, select the inn because they want to be out of the way, for some cause or other. Hannaford's is not indeed a monastery. There are a good many men about London who are supposed by all the world to be confirmed bachelors whose rooms at Hannaford's are occupied by ladies, who, if they chose, might exhibit what they call their "marriage lines," with these supposed bachelors. I have heard a baby's cry behind the closed doors of Hannaford's chambers; and about most of the gentlemen of the inn, I think moralists would say, that if they are not married, why they ought to be. But somehow or other even the natural loquacity of the female nature is a good deal subdued at Hannaford's, and except that every now and then you hear the rustling of silk dresses over the worn, tumbledown wooden stairs, you see but little outward trace of women's presence in the inn. If the old walls could tell their stories, they must have seen a good many odd things in their time. There are chambers there whose occupants hardly ever enter them, that stand empty and closed week after week, month after month, except at uncertain intervals, when gentlemen whose names are not there upon the doors, come in with latch-keys, carry off the letters which have accumulated since their last visit, and go away as quietly as they come. There was one set, which the porter, who had looked into it from a ladder, said were splendidly furnished, the blinds of which were never raised except twice a year. On Midsummer's day and New Year's day, a gentleman would come there carrying a child with him, and throw the windows open for a bit to let in the air. Then an hour or two later a lady would come with her face covered with a thick black veil, and then after no very long time the lady would go away again as she came, always sobbing violently; and the blinds would be drawn down again for another six months' spell. It is said that there are collections of books, prints, gems, in some of these mouldy rooms that would make a collector's mouth water. Books have been written there, swindles concocted there, time out of mind.

Well,—as, perhaps, I ought to have told you before I began chattering about Hannaford's,—old Major Morton lived there, or, perhaps, I ought to say he had rooms there. It was only those who had very close relations with him who ever knew about his crib at Hannaford's. If anybody ever asked the Major where he lived, he would give the address of a very respectable lodging-house in a street near the clubs; and if you asked for the Major there at any hour of the day or night, you were always told that he was not at home at present, but that any

letter left there would reach him. In fact, he was a lodger without a room or a bed. His letters were taken in, and fetched by him every morning; but his real abode, as far as he had any, was at Hannaford's. Nothing pleased him so much as living at other people's expense; and there was generally some "dear lad" or other, on whose lodgings the Major quartered himself while acting as his mentor. He lived a great deal abroad; and the business of the various young friends whose affairs he was always setting straight, compelled him to pay frequent and lengthened visits to Brussels, Baden, Florence, Homburg, and Boulogne. Then, too, I suspect, he was pretty frequently at Philomela Lodge, so that it was not often he availed himself of the hospitality of Hannaford's; nor, indeed, were the boys he loved, with whom he would share his last shilling and his last bottle of wine, as he was fond of repeating on every possible opportunity, made free of Hannaford's. On the very rare occasions, when he entertained anybody, it was at a tavern, and the quiet games of cards in which he delighted were always played at a friend's room, never at the Major's own. There was an old woman who swept out the rooms and lit the fires, but even she had no latch key, and was never allowed inside the chambers except when the Major was in. When he was at Hannaford's, visitors came to see him not unfrequently; but they were visitors who knew their man, and generally stood in with him in the rogueries by which he gained his living. Any ordinary person might thunder for hours and hours at his door, if by any chance he had followed the fox to his hole, without unearthing Master Reynard. In fact, I believe old Slyboots rather enjoyed hearing people knock at his door in the confidence that they would get tired of knocking much sooner than he would get tired of listening to them. You must know the Open Sesame to get in, and, as a rule, I should say that any one who had the *entrée* into the Major's rooms was not a person I should like to see in a house of which I was the master.

Years ago, no matter how, I happened to learn the trick; and so, on the evening after the club dinner, when my day's tramp was over, I got Willie, who knew nothing of how I was living, to come down with me to Hannaford's. The place did not seem to have changed a jot since I had trod last over its mouldy, grass-covered pavement. There were more bills, perhaps, of chambers to let, a few more broken windows, and an increased look of general mildewiness about everything. We went up the staircase, passed door after door, all closed like the cells of a gaol; and then, at the top

of a high flight, stopped before a battered nail-studded door, on which the name of Jones was painted in half-blurred-out letters. Four slow knocks, given at intervals of a few seconds each, and then a sharp one, two, three; and we heard a stir in the room, as if papers were being shoved away, and drawers opened and closed. Then the latch was pulled back, and before the Major could see exactly who we were in the dim light, we had made our way into the room. There was no luxury about the place. After a life spent in swindling, a few cane-bottomed chairs, a carpet in rags, a tattered sofa, a dingy iron-safe, a wooden chest of drawers, a truckle bed, and a cracked looking-glass, were about all the possessions in the world which the Major could honestly call his own.

When he caught sight of us, though he hardly recognised either, we were both so changed from the days when we, in our time, had been "dear lads" of his, the blood flushed up into his puffy, mottled cheeks; and I could see his hand stealing towards the drawer in which I recollected he used to keep his pistols. Willie, I could see, with his kind, soft heart, felt a sort of pity already for the old ruffian whom we had come to expose, and hesitated a little how to begin. But for my part, the recollection of how he had wronged, and fooled, and sold me, in days gone by, seemed to rouse my blood once more; and I was startled when I heard my voice speaking to him. It was so like the voice I used to have before I became what I am.

"Major," said I, "I am altered, I daresay; but if you look hard at me, you cannot have forgotten the man who, when in an evil hour he first knew you, was called"—and I told my name then and there. "You need not fumble for your pistols; we are not come to repay the debt we owe you. The time has gone by for me when I cared about paying off old scores. I am come to tell you simply that you are a swindler and a card-sharper, that I can prove you to be so before the world; and that I will have you kicked out of any place where decent people meet, unless you tell me what I mean to ask you." And then, I told him what I had seen at Philomela Lodge, and how young Vivian could confirm the story. Well, as I expected, he burst into a torrent of oaths and abuse; and, at last, defied me, taunting me with things that were alas only too true; with charges, which though he should have been the last man to bring them, had yet that amount of fact about them, that they would have rendered my own testimony of little greater value than his own. Then at last Willie spoke up; and with one of those strong asseverations which carry such

weight when they come from the mouths of your quiet men, who, for the most part, let things be as they will, swore that he knew every word I said to be true, and that unless the Major consented to our terms, he would then and there write a letter containing the statement of the whole story to the Bellona Club, guaranteed, as he said proudly, by the honour of an officer and a gentleman. For a minute or two the old gambler calculated the chances; then he saw that the cards were against him, and said with an odd strained voice, "Let me know your terms."

A DAY IN "THE CITY."

THERE are not many men who have been possessed of three millions of sovereigns. I am one of them; and will relate how it happened.

"Bob," said my father to me, one morning at breakfast, "here is another Christmas, and you are idling your time at home. I wish you would determine upon some occupation, and put yourself in the way to earn a livelihood. You have been thinking about it now more than twelve months, and I must have something determined. What are you inclined to?"

"Well, father, I should prefer the army, you know."

"Nonsense," interposed my mother, "you have been told over and over again, that we will not listen to such an idea."

"Then why do you——"

I was about to argue, for the twentieth time, the absurdity of consulting my inclination, when there was not the slightest intention of indulging it; when my father, who merely intended to reintroduce the question in his own peculiar way, enunciated a determination, at which he had been enabled to arrive the day before; and at once concluded all further discussion upon the subject.

In the common participation of weaknesses, the old gentleman possessed more than his share as "Laudator temporis acti," and if there was one subject more than another upon which he was always ready to be "brought out," to his own solemn delectation, and the risibility of his chums, it was his military experiences.

Yes, oh ye riflemen of 1867! My respected parent was regimental surgeon and captain of the Grenadier Company of the old "King's Own (George III.) Regiment of Staffordshire Militia;" commanded by him, who afterwards left a leg on the field of Waterloo, and died "Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglessey," &c. &c., full of years and glory.

This I preface in the governor's own style.

But none but he could recount the story of his only campaign, and the march of this celebrated corps from Stafford to Plymouth in 1793. None but a veteran of the mitre-cap-powder-pigtail-knee-breeches-and-gaiters era could tell how, for three-and-twenty mortal days, they sung and shouted, eat and drank, kissed and gambled, all through the counties of Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, and Devon; how they filled every town and village with uproar, and not a few families with——

But I must not overrun my subject. Suffice it then to say that my father, whose military experience was of that roystering, ramshackle, anti-Boney stamp of the beginning of this century, would not hear of my following his footsteps; albeit the gorget, sash and sword, combined into a kind of trophy, greeted my eyes every morning I came down to breakfast; although a parchment commission under the sign manual of GEORGE R., appointing R. W. Dash, Esq. to a captaincy in the corps aforesaid, was duly framed and glazed, and suspended over the book-room fire-place; and although the muster roll, route, and orderly book of the same corps, honourably bound in red morocco, extra gilt and lettered, was deposited upon the drawing-room table. All this was to be the Omega, as it was the Alpha, of our family heroism.

So my gallant parent firmly said: "No, no. It's come to this, Robert; if you cannot fix upon some peaceable and (proh pudor!) respectable occupation, I shall. I will give you four-and-twenty hours to think about it, and to-morrow morning it shall be concluded."

I did not waste a second of the four-and-twenty hours in thinking anything about the matter; so, true to his word, the old gentleman took the trouble for me, and at once informed me that my destiny was to sit on a wooden stool, at a back desk, in a back office at the banking house of Messrs. Dash, Blank & Co.

Now I must observe in passing, that Mr. Dash, the senior partner, was my uncle, my father's elder brother; and it may appear odd to the reader that I should not have been "done for" by him long ago. But there was a reason. It was naturally supposed, that in course of time I might expect a share in the business, in which case there would be a difficulty by reason of my impecuniosity; for my father had never recovered the exhausting effect of his campaign, plus the subsequent maintenance, clothing, and training of what he facetiously called his thirteen yards and a half of children.

This difficulty was, however, in due time reconciled by a proceeding which some of my

fair readers may be able to conjecture, but which it is not the object of this narrative to declare.

This *coup* of my father's was completed with true military energy and promptitude, for the next morning found me perched upon my stool, ostensibly engaged in the familiar and dull exercise of summing up long columns of £. s. d., but really contemplating the *esto perpetua* reality which had so suddenly and so effectually demolished the little aerial structure I had so carefully erected, and dismissed all my visions of scarlet and gold, shako, sword, and sabretash.

Possessing the ordinary allowance of common sense, I therefore determined after dinner (*viz.* 2 P.M.) to turn the current of my speculations into another channel; and do that which, as it seemed necessary, was certainly desirable—learn my business.

I soon became acquainted with the routine duties of my department, and obtained a general knowledge of banking, as a trade. I read about it, and talked about it; heard Mr. Joplin lecture upon it from a scientific point of view; was told that there were essays upon the philosophy and poetry of banking, but never saw them. In fact, at the end of three years I found myself a banking enthusiast; every stitch of speculative ideas and inconsequential theories "taut home and belayed," but no ballast except the light wares of a provincial practice.

Whether I was aware of this or not, I cannot now say; but I knew I had yet much to learn, and that there were many things relating to the trade of money of which I knew but little, and had seen nothing.

The City article in the *Times* had occasionally odd expressions, such as "Abackwardation,"—"Contango,"—"Agio,"—"Scrip,"—"Omnium,"—and so forth, to which neither context, glossary, nor Mr. Fortune could furnish any very intelligible clue. The Rates of Exchange were,—as they are to this day,—about as familiar to nineteen-twentieths of the mercantile public, as the integral and differential calculus.

Statesmen had great horror about disturbing the standard of value; and then some wag or philosopher, carelessly asked what a pound was; and nobody could, can, or ever will answer him. And although the "Ballad metre-mongers" of the day sung,

"A guinea it will sink, but a note it will float;
I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound note,"

the Brummagem metal-monger did not believe them; and therefore, because Tom Attwood vowed that nothing but £1-notes would save the nation from bankruptcy, they have carved

him in stone. But how about Muntz (the pioneer of the total beard fashion), who dittedo him? Will he have his effigies in yellow metal? No, not he! Because he realised a fortune of £600,000 under a metallic currency.

Apropos of metallic currency—are you content, gentlemen of the House of Commons, about legal tender?

Should it be silver or gold, or both, or neither, my Lords?—

Whilst all these things and many more were rattling about in my head, it came to my turn to take a holiday. I waited for this, and now with feelings akin to those which attend the first trip on the Continent, I accepted a long-standing invitation to spend a week in London with my schoolfellow and fellow-townsmen—John Smith.

Now, John Smith was not a common John Smith. He was not of lineage and wealth to have received the deepest impress of intellectual coinage; but what he showed, was good. He had picked up every digestible scrap of horn-book lore that drifted about the dead sea of a Dame's school; and afterwards devoured the entire stock-in-trade of a presumptuous advertising "Academy."

This academy being located in an inland town, where French prisoners on parole were domiciled, Smith learnt from them and became fluent in French and Italian. He imbibed a fair readable knowledge of German, by the aid of an old watchmaker of Faderland; and was well off for Greek and Latin.

Thus armed, and not being very well backed by a step-father, he coolly walked up to London, Whittington-wise; and arriving there, asked the way to Chopping Lane; presented himself at the counting-house of Messrs. Schwinehasser & Co., Bankers, Bullionists, and Brokers, of European reputation; inquired for the Principal, told him who he was, what he could do, and what he wanted.

Schwinehasser senior, who could see as far into a millstone as any Israelite of modern days, agreed to employ him, subject to his references being satisfactory. At the time, and for some years previous to my intended visit to him, he was the confidential foreign corresponding clerk of this establishment.

To my letter announcing my intention, I received the following reply:—

"MY DEAR DASH,—I am delighted to receive yours of yesterday. Come up at once. We are very busy with a large transaction in specie, and I should like to show an embryo banker something to disgust him with giving twenty shillings for a £1-pound note."

"I have not time to write a letter now even if it were necessary.

"Very truly yours,
"JNO. SMITH."

With expectation almost amounting to excitement, I booked myself for London by the next morning Liverpool Mail; and at 4 o'clock A.M., took my seat by that paragon of "whips" Dan Herbert, and at the Peacock at Islington, found my friend; who knew very well when and how I should be there.

We had not far to go to his lodgings; but before we arrived there, I had communicated the outline of what I desired to see and do, and ascertained how he proposed to fill it up. Continuing the subject over our supper, he told me what the transaction was, of which he spoke in his reply to my letter.

At this time, the French Government was about to effect a reduction of the interest on their five per cent. rentes. In order to do this, it was necessary they should be prepared to meet the demands of dissentients, which were estimated at 3,000,000*l.* sterling. It was also necessary, because it was politic, that this sum should be known to be ready in specie, in the French Treasury. This could only be done by borrowing for the nonce, and Schweinhasser & Co. were the only people in the world who were able and willing to lend. It was this ponderous operation which had to be effected.

Nine o'clock next morning was appointed for commencing the heavy work of weighing and packing the coin.

My friend had obtained permission, upon explaining who I was, and what had brought me to London, to have me associated with him in the management of this transaction. There may appear to be some improbability in this, but Mr. Schweinhasser, to whom I was introduced, seemed rather proud of exhibiting such an operation to a country bankerling; and knew perfectly well there was no more risk in the permission than there would be in assisting the shipment of a cargo of "Rowley rags." *

Smith's office, or pen, was a small back enclosure, similar to, but not half so comfortable, as a churchwarden's pew, and was lighted—which was but seldom—through a small sky-light. Gas, however, generally performed that duty, as upon the present occasion.

Entering this important little enclosure, I sat down on a box, the only accommodation in the character of a seat, excepting the high desk stool, which the office contained.

"I am not in the habit of receiving visitors here," said Smith; "but when they do come,

they must, like yourself, accommodate themselves to circumstances. Kings, however, are not enthroned in so costly a manner as you are at this moment."

At this remark, I rose to examine what I was sitting upon; and observed that it looked very like a case of champagne.

"You shall see," said my friend; and he took a small instrument from his desk, something like a "Jemmy," and raising the lid, which was loosely held by two nails, and dropping the front, which was as easily liberated, a splendid coffer of metal was displayed.

It was throughout elaborately embossed and chased, in the highest style of cinque-cento art. If it was not the work of Benvenuto Cellini it ought to have been, for I am convinced its fellow does not exist, and, moreover, it was of pure gold of immense substance.

Not to dwell upon this incident, I will merely add that I could not stir it an inch from its position, and that it was pawned—that's the word—by His Holy Infallibility, who had "done" a little bill for 10,000*l.* with Messrs. Schweinhasser & Co.

This was a good beginning of what I call the golden day of my life.

Taking a few papers from his desk, Smith put into my hands two of them.

"There," said he, "those are yours. Mind you don't lose them; and now for Lothbury."

The two papers given to me were Schweinhasser & Co.'s cheque on Jones, Loyd, & Co. for 1,500,000*l.*, and the like on the Bank of England. At Jones, Loyd, & Co., the cheque was exchanged for another on the Bank of England, whither we now proceeded.

Having passed the *visé* of a venerable looking clerk, who put an indorsement upon the cheques, we threaded several passages, escaping the trapping propensities of various heavy, brass-bound oak doors, and presented them to another official, who, from the better style of his "get up" and more exclusive position, was evidently of a higher order of the genus "bank clerk."

This gentleman retained the cheques and substituted a hieroglyphic, which at once introduced us to those marvellous caverns, which, up to that time, had existed in my imagination only in connexion with "The Forty Thieves" and "The Arabian Nights Entertainment."

Numerous four-wheeled trucks or "trolleys," as the "navvies" call them, were there, loaded with well-stuffed bags, reminding me of a pile of shot in an ironmonger's shop, at the commencement of the shooting season; but which, in fact, were sovereigns. And in the recesses of this stone begirt and comfortable room,

* Paving-stones: Staffordshire dialect.

were stacks, which if they had been of turf, would have been a "mighty dacent" provision for an Irish winter, but they were ingots of gold.

We had to see three millions of sovereigns weighed and packed, and there was not to be a light coin in the lot. Accordingly, one of the trucks was brought alongside a magnificent pair of scales, and twenty-five sovereigns were taken from one of the bags and weighed separately in Mr. Cotton's beautiful machine. These were put into the scale and another twenty-five weighed against them. Again these were united and fifty more weighed against them; and so on until 5000 were collected into one scale. I suggested that as they were not bran new, a very trifling degree of wear on such a number might affect the accuracy of the counter weight; probably to the amount of one sovereign.

"Try it, sir," said the clerk in attendance; and he handed me a half-sovereign.

There were now five thousand sovereigns in each scale; the leverage was applied, the balance was perfectly accurate; but the addition of the half-sovereign in either scale immediately caused the other to kick the beam.

The process of weighing proceeded as rapidly as a hundred weight of loose coin, at a time, could be passed through the scale; but it took seven hours' steady work to complete the process. At length we had thirty tons of sovereigns packed in three hundred strong iron-bound cases of ten thousand each, and placed in fourteen bank waggons. The next proceeding was to see these waggons safe to the Tower wharf, and their contents on board Messrs. Schweinhasser's steamer.

A procession of fourteen smart-looking open waggons, conspicuously lettered, "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England," and each containing a double row of unmistakable new deal chests, was not to be seen on Cornhill every day, and consequently there was an unusual curiosity observable even amongst the well-to-do City men.

Brown, leisurely strolling past 'Change, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his double-breasted blue velvet, gilt buttoned waistcoat, stops Robinson, who is bustling along with a lot of loose papers in his hand, and pointing over his left shoulder, says, "D'ye see that?"

"Ay; Belgium, I suppose," replies Robinson. "The rate's touching them up now." And a lot of street urchins, always on the *qui vive* for anything unusual, followed the train "to catch the gravy," as one of them said.

Slowly the consignment rumbled through Cornhill and into Gracechurch Street. To

this point Smith and I had walked side by side, but the foot-path becoming narrower, Smith dropped behind. We had not thus proceeded far, when I heard him call my name twice rapidly. I turned, and to my alarm, saw he was ill; his face was unusually flushed, and there was a violent spasmodic affection of the muscles. He tried to say something, but it was unintelligible; he grasped my extended arm convulsively, closed his eyes, and fell on the pavement.

A crowd was soon collected, and plenty of hands willing to carry him to a neighbouring druggist's shop, which was immediately done. The occurrence was witnessed by one of the carmen, who stepped up to me, and asked if they should proceed. Seeing at once the impropriety of bringing fourteen waggons to a stand-still in such a thoroughfare, and the impossibility of returning to the Bank, I ordered them to go on, and followed my friend to the druggist's shop.

I there found, to my great satisfaction, a gentleman who knew him well, had recognised him as he was passing, and was attending to render any assistance in his power. He had despatched a messenger for a surgeon; and when I told him we were engaged in a business which required immediate attention, he undertook the charge of our mutual friend, and promised not to leave him till he was properly cared for.

I then took possession of the papers relating to the business in hand and followed the waggons.

As I shall not have occasion to speak of my friend again in concluding this narrative, I will mention that his illness was a slight attack of apoplexy. He recovered in the course of the evening sufficiently to be removed to his lodgings, and kept his bed a week, during which time my holiday was chiefly occupied in attending him. The following summer he had a similar but fatal attack. He dropped down dead from the stool in his office.

I was now *de facto* in possession of this enormous amount of money. It was mine by a perfectly legal title. Cheques for the amount payable to *No* — or *bearer*, were duly delivered to me; I was identified as the proper holder at the bank. The bank clerks gave me the money for them, as the person entitled to receive it; and the bank servants and carriages were placed under my authority for the disposal of it. I speak of the transaction now in the first person singular; for although I was united with my friend (the real agent) in it, his present disability devolved the right and responsibility of the trust upon me solely.

The trust I say, "there's the rub."

Well, suppose I had ordered the men to drive the waggons to London Bridge instead of the Tower? they would probably have done so. And suppose I had agreed to give the rascally skipper of the "Black Rover" steam cutter five hundred pounds to cast off instantler, and take me and my cargo to Antwerp? Of course, Messrs. Schweinhasser & Co. would have followed, &c. But who will say I was not legally possessed of the money, and that I must be legally dispossessed of it?

However, either I was not inclined, or I did not think proper "to run such a swag." So I only became extremely proud of my responsibility, and acting to the letter of instructions, saw the three hundred chests safe into the locker of my employer's steamer, took the captain's receipt for the same, locked down the hatches, delivered him his written instructions, stepped ashore, and was again a mere bank clerk at a modest salary of 100*l.* per annum.

Calling at the druggist's shop in Gracechurch Street on my return, I found my friend had just been removed to his lodgings; and when I reached Chopping Lane, I found Mr. Schweinhasser senior (who had heard of Smith's attack) quite at ease, waiting the return of another clerk, whom he had despatched to look after the business.

I delivered the keys and the papers *en règle*. Mr. Schweinhasser thanked me for what I had done, said Smith "was a foolish veller, was inclined to be gorpulent, and would drink beer;" and concluded by telling me he should "be very happy to do any discount business for my friends."

As I turned to leave his private office, I observed on a side table some beautiful specimens of rare china and glass. I paused to look at them, when he said, "Dose are very gute. Do you understand china?"

I replied that "I did not; but like many others, I fancied it."

"Den I will gif you this tea-bot;" and he took from the chimney-shelf one of those very small, flat, red ware toy tea-pots, which you see at some of the shops on the West Cliff at Brighton, and elsewhere, mixed up with shells, Malacca canes, and pots of preserved ginger; and which, though probably made at the Staffordshire potteries at a shilling each, are modestly sold, as bargains of real Japan ware, at five shillings.

However, I pocketed my testimonial, made my bow, and am probably the only man who ever possessed a tea-pot, the consideration for which was three millions of sovereigns!

F. S. A.

LOST AND FOUND.

THE storm-clouds drave o'er the lowering sky,
The storm-winds raged and the waters roared,
The windows of heaven opened wide
And the tempest went abroad.
The thunder pealed and the lightning flashed by,
The storm spirits shrieked with a terrible cry,—
"Oho, the brave vessel we drive before us;"
And the reckless breakers echoed the chorus.

The heavens above are as black as night,
But the faces on deck are ghastly white,—
"So near to land, yet, so near to death,"
The stalwart captain drew in his breath;
"So near to land, and so near to life,"
The stalwart captain thought of his wife.
"So near! Oh God!" and the raging sea
Mocked at the captain's agony.

Fettered men are crouching below
As the storm-tossed vessel rocks to and fro;
Fettered men, all bent with pain,
Calling on heaven to loosen their chain;
And the answer comes from the raging sea,
"Ere morning's dawn shall the slave be free,
Moored in the port of Eternity."

Breakers ahead! with a fearful shock
The slave-ship dashed on the splintered rock,—
The stately ship midst the billows reeled,
And wilder than ever the thunder pealed;
Rang one cry from the deck—one cry from the hold—
Then the waters over the vessel rolled;
Whilst the storm-spirits laughed in fiendish glee
To see the brave vessel go down at sea.

The night wore on, and the winds were hushed,
And the purple skies were all rosy flushed,
And the sun arose from his golden bed,
And shone on the grave of the drowned dead;
He looked on the waves, but never a trace
Of wrath was seen on the ocean's face;
And the calmed down waters quietly swept
O'er the sepulchre where the dead men slept,
And the spray-crested billows placidly rolled
O'er the store-house that held the slaver's gold;
And the storm fiends muttered, "The treasure shall be
In the searchless vaults of the mighty sea,
Hidden to all eternity."

Fathoms deep for many a day
The treasure-ship 'neath the waters lay,
And the sun rose up, and the sun went down,
And the stars shone out and faded away
From the crown of night as she paled before day.
And those who were but babes in the town
When the vessel sank to its rest midst the waves,
Were old men now, or in their graves.
White skeletons strewed the ocean bed,
The planks of the stately ship were rotten,
And sea-worms crawled, and twisted, and slid
In the eyeless skulls. And the sea-crabs hid
Midst the sea-plants that waved o'er the treasure
forgotten;
And bones, and treasure, and tall masts riven,
Lie unheeded save by the eye of heaven.

Again the storms were out; the host
Of storm fiends raged along the coast;
The clouds were rent, and a mighty blast
Lashed the waters that heaved and rolled

And tore from their hidden prisons vast
Spoils that the ocean in its greed
Had swathed in wrapping of ocean-weed,—
And 'mongst them the slaver's gold.

Lo, a rumour goes forth through the town,
"Gold and silver all scattered lie,
Costly relics of days gone by,
Coins and crosses and golden rings,
The angry ocean in passion flings
Upon the shore." Then flocking down
Came a motley crew of young and old,
Eager with life's eager thirst for gold.
O gold! O gold! if men longed in such measure
After the incorruptible treasure,
How many fewer would be driven
To shiver outside the gates of heaven!

The beach is covered far and near,
And the workers work, and the axes sound,
And clear through the air rings a lusty cheer
Whenever a prize is found.
And here and there as they turn up the turf,
By a silver coin gleams a dead man's bones,
Or a hollow skull grins forth from the surf
By some trinket of precious stones;
And close by a crucifix carven in Spain,
A piece of a rusty iron chain.

Then night drew its dark shroud over the land,
And entombed the workers within its fold;
But never is slackened the worker's hand,
Still toiling for magic gold.
When the harvest is ripe shall the labourer sleep?
And torches flash, and the lamps shine out;
The spoils disgorged by the mighty deep
Shall bid the sorrowing cease to weep,
And make the faint-hearted stout.
Many a home shall be richer to night
For the slaver's treasure thus brought to light.

There were little children weeping at morn,
Little children wailing for bread.
There were mothers sighing that aye they were born;
But, with gold the hungry can be fed:
Starving men crouched by the empty grate;
But, gold can relieve the desolate.
For He who heareth the free and the slave,
Hath planted His footstep upon the wave,
Hath ruled the storm, and loosened the hold
Of the storm-fiends over the slaver's gold,
Hath opened the prison vaults of the deep,
And sent life and help to them that weep;
The ocean flood-gates in mercy unbound,
And earth hath rejoiced for the lost is found.

JULIA GODDARD.

HEKLA.

Of all the Icelandic volcanoes, none have made themselves such a name as Hekla. I remember thinking that the mountain deserved its name, when I first saw it from the land side. I had been riding from Thingvellir, the great plains of lava on which the old Parliament of Iceland was wont to meet under the blue arch of heaven, when the land was free—not as now, when it is in bondage, in a white-washed room, adorned with the Danish arms—and, on surmounting a long

hogsback of moss-covered trap, one of the most glorious views in the world burst upon me. Beneath my feet lay spread the lake Laugarvatn, with a film of steam lying upon its smooth surface produced by the heat of the upper stratum of water, which is warmed by scalding rills that trickle into it, and by boiling springs in the lake bottom. On the right, further off, lay the larger sheet of Apavatn like a plate of burnished silver. And before me stretched an almost boundless plain, dying into cobalt blue on the horizon, but emerald green near, and barred in the middle distance with saffron and crimson lights, streaking low, bare hills which just showed themselves above the dead level of the plain. And in the remotest distance, poised in air, shone out the lamp-like heads of Tindfjalla and Eyjafjalla Jökulls, too distant for me to distinguish aught save the blaze of reflected light from their crowns as the sun went down in the north behind my back.

But nearer, like a stranded ark, stood Hekla, with no little daughter mountains, and babe hills, gathered at her skirts and staying her up; but solitary, grand, and defiant, in the midst of a solitude she has created. I can see from here how every shred of verdure, every fibre of nature's tracery of herb and flower, is burnt and beaten out for miles about her; and she reigns a queen in a waste of bristling lava and erupted ash. As the sun now touches her charred sides, the redness of the burned rock becomes vermilion, and the snows of her long back glare as a sheet of fire. Let me sit down for awhile on this stone, amongst the dwarf birch, and pick a few ultramarine gentians which speckle the grass, and hold them up against the blue glens and rents in Hekla, and wonder which are bluest; or pluck yon glittering yellow saxifrages, and hold them against the sunlit snows of Hekla, and wonder which are most golden. The queen of Icelandic volcanos from this point has the appearance of a long ridge rising into three slight points.

Now, come upon her from the west, as you journey from Eyrarbakki. The day has been one of toil; you have had marshes to plunge through, then rivers to swim across; marshes again, and rivers once more—and now, as evening comes on,—that is night elsewhere—we rest our weary steeds, and cast ourselves down by a pool, from which two wild swans rise with a wild strain, and sail away through the grey evening shadows, necks extended, wings expanded, feet folded back. Hist! the land-rail steals through yon reedy covert, and we have a shot at him, for he is worth the skinning for supper. And up and down, in and out among the strata of sunlight and

shade above our heads, dive the mews and kittiwakes, flashing into sight and vanishing, and not the least alarmed at the crack of the gun. There flies as an arrow the solan goose, and we can mark the three black wing feathers of his otherwise white plumage as he shoots along. And by yon little bubbling spring sits demurely a Sclavonian grebe, with breast of spun-glass, and whiskers of the now fashionable auburn. In a moment he has reversed his position, and, head-foremost, has gone down like lead to the bottom of the black pool. When he reappears let me know.

Here and there rise from the green marsh spurts of white steam, some puff and jerk, others trail unintermittently and lazily along the green herbage. This mighty plain, seventy miles by fifty, is studded all over with hot springs of more or less interest; but all with a family resemblance. There are the *geyser*, which are jetting springs, the roystering ones of the stock, puffing, and blustering, and tossing their heads high in the air. There are the *hverir* or simply bubbling and boiling springs, which, for all the world, might be cauldrons full of water let into the soil over an invisible fire, and boiling furiously; but never spiriting high. There are the *laugir* or warm pools, in which man may bathe and come out not boiled to rags; and there are the *ðilkeldir* pools, through which bubbles of carbonic acid rise, and are of an acid taste; the *reykir* are those of the class which are so hot as to give off abundance of steam, and the *ndmir* are pits of boiling mud. So there is abundance of choice.

Now let us look at Hekla from this point, and the whole character of the mountain is altered; it rises as a solitary peak from the plain. Just now a belt of mist envelopes its base and curls up its sides, but its crest stands out against an evening sky of gold.

From Eyrarbakki, Hekla when in eruption is best and most securely seen. Nothing intercepts the view, and the mountain stands in lone majesty in the east, from thirty to forty miles distant.

A Dane who witnessed the last eruption from Eyrarbakki, assured me that the sight was incomparably magnificent. "The mountain-top glowed like the sun, and as the lava descended the side it seemed a pyramid of fire; it looked, sir, like—like—" and groping for a simile, he found one decidedly significative, if not majestic; "like a lighted pastille on a green dessert plate."

Hekla has no proper crater, such as we suppose is the correct thing for volcanos to possess; but it is not the fashion in Iceland for these disorderly mountains to have such articles. When they explode, they blow

themselves all to pieces, and then re-form themselves as best they can.

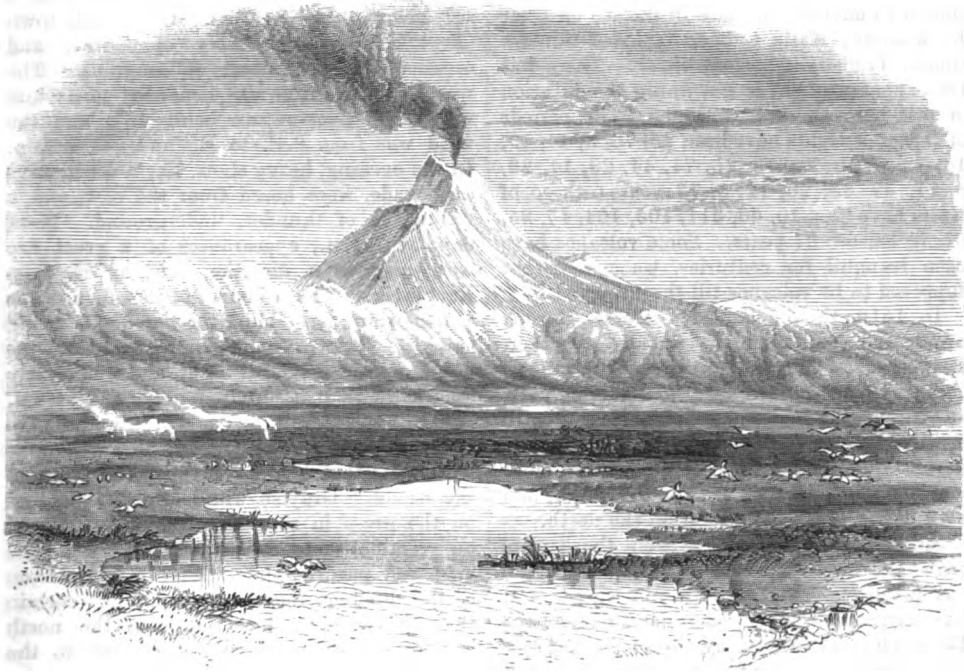
There are, however, some craters in the island. Eldborg, the castle of fire, is a most perfect specimen of one, with its rugged vitreous walls, and a huge porch out of which the lava has made a sally and never got back again. There is a quaint little crater also near Myvatn, called Hverfjall, which is most perfect, formed entirely of erupted dust and ash, but one which has never discharged lava. At Baula, however, is the most extraordinary specimen. A huge crater was formed in ages gone by, then in the ring a smaller bowl was opened, in the midst of which rose a cone of red erupted slag, far above the level of the wall of the crater. In the ring of the original vent, exactly opposite this, an immense sugar-loaf of trachyte, 3500 feet high, was forced into the air by the elastic vapours beneath, splitting and starring the surface of the surrounding country like glass; and there it stands to this day, one of the most eccentric freaks of nature that man has seen.

A remarkable instance of the peculiar character of the Icelandic volcanos is seen in Katla, a huge domed snow mountain, the vent of which is visible from the plains, in the shape of a huge zig-zag rent extending across the summit of the mountain, and of unknown depth. Indeed the characteristic of the igneous operation in the island is the breaking forth, not from foci, but in long lines. The surface of the land is snapped, and the lava boils up through the rift, inundating the surrounding country, and at intervals relieving itself by fiery jettors, which toss up cinder and ash, till the eruptive force is expended, and after having heaped up a cone of slag above its own mouth, is choked and subsides into tranquillity. But should the eruption conclude with a grand display, and not languish towards the close, it leaves a crater of circular form, without a cone. The reason of this peculiarity is, that where much force is used, the slag and scoria thrown into the air falls at various distances from the orifice, the heaviest masses of course nearest, and by this means a circular mound is raised around the vent, which, however, keeps the centre free. But as the vigour of action languishes, the eruptive matter encroaches on the throat till it finally chokes it, and raises a mound above it. Where both ring and cone coexist, there is certainty of a pause in the action of the volcano, a lull after having formed the crater, before it commenced throwing up its molehill.

Few spots of more interest and importance to the geologist can be explored than the trackless deserts east of Myvatn, bare wastes

of scoria and volcanic sand, extending as far as the eye can reach, the monotony only broken by ragged hills cropping up at intervals of precisely similar contour. On investigation these hills prove to be volcanic

craters ranged in lines along lava-filled rifts, such as I have alluded to. These craters rise from 100 to 200 feet above the surrounding desert, and are in most instances perfect in their formation, and are in some cases used



Hekla, from Eyraðbakki.

as sheep-pens. The surface of the country has been rent, and the fissures from which the lava issued are clearly traceable.

Eirek's Jökull is a mighty dishcover of snow resting on precipitous trap walls rising some two thousand feet above a sea of lava which bathes it feet. This great flood of vitrified stone issued from the base of the mountain, and I was able to trace a stream to its very source. The subterranean fire which must originally have forced the mountain up like a cork out of a champagne bottle, was unable to tear a vent perpendicularly through its huge mass, and it burst forth at the side, it seemed to have literally spirted out laterally, and opening several vents, of which I was only able to examine one, poured forth a volume of molten rock with a blast of fire and ash. The violence with which the fluid stone was ejected, is observable in the petrified waves which have rolled up one above another into gigantic billows, near the source, crushing the lower strata of cooling lava into the most perfect prismatic crystals of basalt. It is under enormous pressure that the beautiful Staffa columns

of basalt are formed, and in these piles of lava, where wave on wave of fluid has been poured one over the other, the formation can be observed with nicety. The surface lava bed is broken into a confused mass of angular fragments. The next bed is shattered into regular masses of similar form, and of a rude columnar appearance, whilst the lowest bed of all presents the columns arranged with all the perfection of the reeds of a Pan-pipe.

If the traveller ascends Hekla with the hope of seeing a majestic crater discharging fire and smoke, he will be disappointed. True there are craters on the summit, but they are small and unworthy of the dignity of the great volcano; they are in fact small rents formed as the mountain exhausted its fury. And they are not now in activity. It is a peculiarity of the Icelandic volcanos that they relapse into perfect tranquillity after an eruption; like mischievous boys, who having done some damage, try to look innocent.

Hekla has the credit of being the volcano *par excellence* of Iceland. Why it has obtained this pre-eminence is due partly to its position

near the sea, whence it is visible, partly also to the fact that it is the most fretful of all the burning mountains in that island.

Since the discovery of the island, fire has broken forth from as many as twenty-seven different vents; since 1004 Hekla has erupted twenty-six times, twelve outbursts are recorded to have taken place in the sea off Cape Reykjaness; Katla to have exploded thirteen times; Trölladyngja seven times. There has been apparently no law governing the duration of rest between each eruption. The periods of repose of Hekla have been 25, 76, 8, 44, 49, 16, 72, 6, 40, 34, 16, 46, 74, 44, 29, 14, 22, 6, 11, 57, 35, 26, 12, 8, 73 years; those of Katla have been 40, 66, 311, 105, 164, 45, 35, 61, 6, 28, 68, 37 years. Some volcanoes have been tranquil for centuries, some were not supposed to be volcanoes till they erupted.

In 1510, three mountains, Hekla, Herdubreid, and Trölladyngja, exploded together. Between 1724-30, twelve outbreaks took place, eight of which occurred in 1728. This year, an eruption has taken place in the Vatnajökull, a vast mysterious region of ice and mountains never explored, and far from the habitation of man, bounded by the sea on the south, and by a desert of lava and sand on the north.

Since the above was written the papers have announced that another volcanic eruption has taken place in Iceland; an account of it has been sent to Mr. Buchan, secretary of the Meteorological Society, by two of the society's observers at Reykjavik—viz., the Rev. S. O. Pálsson, Knight of the Dannebrog, and Dr. Hjaltalin, a member of the Althing. The Rev. S. O. Pálsson writes:—"On Thursday, the 29th of August, it blew a stiff breeze from the east, and the sky was rather cloudy. At 9 A.M. the air became suddenly impregnated with a strong smell of sulphur, which lasted the whole day, and was felt even in the rooms if doors and windows were not carefully closed. In the afternoon reports were heard as of artillery discharged at a great distance. On the following day the same reports were heard at intervals, but no smell was observed. In the evening, at half-past 7, there were seen in the direction of E.N.E. sheets of flame ascending into the air like lightning. The same appearance was observed in the west part of Iceland for several nights following and in the same direction. It has been ascertained that this eruption took place somewhere in the desert vicinity of Vatnajökull. It has fortunately not been attended with any serious consequences. Sulphurous ashes were seen on the grass in the nearest inhabited tracts; and for some days, until rain fell, the pasture was not very wholesome for the cattle, which were unquiet, and gave less milk than

they used to do. This eruption must have been somewhat violent, as the flames were seen at great distances over the mountains; and a column of smoke was also visible. Since the middle of September no further symptoms of this eruption have been observed."

Dr. Hjaltalin writes:—"On Aug. 29th a sulphurous odour, felt over all our little town (Reykjavik) became very oppressive, and occasioned a good deal of coughing. The weather at the time was somewhat misty and warm, the temperature being 46°; and the wind was from S.E. to E., and not strong. In the evening, heavy shots, like a continuous cannonade, were heard from the east, and a rolling, as of thunder, underground. Next day, at 7 P.M., appearances of a great fire were seen in a direction S.E. by E. from Reykjavik. The colour of the flame was bluish-white, resembling the flame of burning sulphur. It was half a mile broad at the base. It continued all night, and was clearly seen more than a hundred miles out at sea. Lightning and rolling peals of thunder were heard, but, as far as known, no earthquake was felt either here or in any other part of the island. Grayish-white ashes were found on the grass in some places, which I found on examination to consist of a black pumice dust and pure sulphur. From a comparison of the different reports, it is all but certain that the eruption took place on the north side of the Skaptarjökul, or a little to the north of this great glacier. The centre of the eruption was thus about 125 English miles from Reykjavik, and in a desert 60 or 70 miles from any inhabited place. The sudden appearance of the eruption, the absence of any accompanying earthquake, the enormous breadth and height of the column of flame, which seemed to overtop the hills between it and the sea, the strange and disagreeable odour which it spread over the whole of the island, and its short duration, make it one of the most extraordinary volcanic eruptions that have ever appeared in Iceland."

S. BARING-GOULD.

BEAULIEU ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I was much delighted with your article* on Beaulieu Abbey (in your Number for October 5), as I was for some years resident there, and love the place dearly. Permit me, however, to tell your readers that the Manor is 8888 acres (not 888) in extent. You may also feel interested in knowing that there is still living at Beaulieu, at the age of ninety-six, an old man who helped to build the men of war at Bucklers Hard. If the writer of the article had found him out he could have learnt from him many traditions about the old Manor.—I am, yours sincerely,

W. B.

* See ante, p. 413.

MATTIE'S DREAM.

A Story in Four Chapters.

BY M. B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE MILLIONNAIRE.

WE shall have Master Weedon and his missus holding up their heads fine and big now their cousin from Australia is coming to live with 'em," said Mrs. Betts, the village oracle. "They say he's got hundreds of pounds; but set not your heart on riches, the Scriptures say, and far be it from me to envy the poor man. I only hope that it will be given to him to use his money well."

"Dick Weedon was a wonderful man at catching rats and turning a penny when other people would sit still and eat dumplings," said her quiet husband. "And couldn't he just tell a fool when he seed him!"

"He'd much better ha' sat still and eaten dumplings sometimes, as you say, and read the Scriptures afterwards," rejoined his wife, the oracle. "Those over-sharp people don't always turn their wits to a good use; and though I have an understanding for which the Lord be praised, I'm not one of those who look down upon a man for being born a fool or a woman either—though that is ill-convenient, as she's got all the contrivin' to do, and wages are none too high."

"I heerd talk of Dick Weedon taking a farm, so I 'spose his uncle won't go to plough with such as us any longer," put in Master Frost, a neighbour. "I thought, maybe, I might get his place as head-man at Mr. Turner's."

"What do you think, missus?" asked Betts of his wife, the oracle.

"Oh, it's every dog to his bone in these days, Master Frost; and though I hope Mr. Weedon will befriend his own, I wouldn't go to say that he'll remember to give all that he has to the poor, for such is the law and the Prophets."

"It gets over me wholly entirely that there are such countries where people walk like flies on the wall, and dig up gold as we dig up taters," rejoined Master Frost, and he looked at Mrs. Betts inquiringly.

"It gets over me too," added Betts, scratching his head. "They say the world is round, but how does the water hold together? That's what I want to know."

"I 'spose it's boarded up," added Master Frost; "isn't it, Mrs. Betts?"

"I wouldn't be so bold as to say that it is, or it isn't," said Mrs. Betts, cautiously; "they're things, I hold, we must trust to Providence, like lightning, and thunder, and the telegraph wires."

As the sun went down, other neighbours left their supper-tables and joined in the conversation, the women, for the most part, getting the credit of all the wisdom.

Amongst these honest Suffolk labourers, there was more than one village politician who would have given women votes and every privilege of the other sex; not one who would have dared to take upon himself the spending of the week's wages. And, somehow, amongst the unlettered people of the country, there seems to be some reason in this apparently uxorious submission. Take a dozen peasants, equally untaught, equally inexperienced, equally removed from outward enlightenment, and, ten chances to one, that you will find all the tact, character, and mother-wit on the side of the women.

To-night the conversation turned chiefly on the all-important event of the day: namely, the return of the Australian. Dick Weedon was known personally or by hearsay to every one. As a boy he had stolen cherries from one garden, had drowned this neighbour's cat, had kept crows with the other, had called Tom Smith's Polly his little sweetheart before going away; what, indeed, had he done and not done?

Just as tongues were wagging fastest, a young girl came tripping by, dressed in the cheap, smart finery with which rustics delight to imitate their betters. She was a sweet, fresh-looking thing, of seventeen, with just a touch of coquetry in every look and movement; and to-night she was more coquettish than usual.

"Good-night, Mattie," began one of the gossipers, a worthy shoemaker and the village wag. "You'll have rings on your fingers and bells on your toes, when somebody comes home from foreign parts."

"I don't want rings or bells either, and I think you're very rude, Mark," said Mattie, reddening.

"Tell me now, ain't your folks at home bakin', and fryin', and brewin', for the rich man coming from Australey, and haven't you been to shop to buy all sorts of fipperies to put on, Mattie?"

"I shan't tell you," answered the girl, hastening on. "Good-night, Mrs. Betts; good-night, Master Frost; good-night, Mark; and I hope it'll try to mend your manners."

With this she left them. It was a dusk and dreary road she had to take, but her young mind was too possessed by pleasant fancies to think of anything else. Mattie was just a little vain, and everything connected with her Australian cousin had touched her vanity. He was so rich, so much of a gentleman, and so clever, that the very fact of his being her relation made her hold up her head higher. And he was coming too to stay in her parents' house; he would most likely walk to church with them on Sunday; he would wear black cloth clothes like the curate, and speak grammar as he did. She decided what frock to make stiff with starch for church, and thought that she should be sure to please him somehow.

Mattie's father was considered the best ploughman in the village, and in his capacity as "head-man" to Squire Turner, occupied one of his off hand-farms. It was a dreary old house, situated at the end of a very long lane bordered with trees, called in Suffolk "a drift," and poor Mattie had often thought how she should like to live away from the Drift, in the cheerful, gossiping, sociable village. To-day, however, the Drift did not seem an unenviable place. Money, wit, and that indescribable something which is acquired by travelling, were soon to make Mattie's home as enchanted as the streets of Ipswich on a fair-day. She had just caught sight of the twinkling light of the farm-house, when some one overtook her walking quickly.

"Good evening," said a voice that was strange to her.

"Good evening," Mattie answered; for in the country it is considered almost a duty to greet the passer-by.

"Are you going past the Drift Farm," continued the stranger; "because, if so, I will go with you. It is dark for a young woman to be walking in such an unfrequented part by herself."

"I live at the Drift Farm," Mattie said, "and I dare say father will meet me, though I'm not at all afraid."

"Why, you're Mattie, then, and I'm your cousin, come all the way from Australia!

Won't you let me kiss you, Mattie, it's many a long year since I went away," and before Mattie could answer, he had kissed her.

There was something so natural and straightforward in the manner of the deed that Mattie could not feel angry with him; though she blushed in the dark, half-pleased and half-ashamed. Then he offered her his arm, and how different was his way of doing this, from that of the village youths! Mattie would have teased and played with the best of them for a year before according such a privilege.

"Well, Mattie," Dick began, "I suppose everything is going on in the old place as it did ten years ago, when I went away. How's my uncle?"

"Father's middling, thank you, now the summer is come; but the last two winters he's been laid up with rheumatism, and we had a hard time."

"You shan't have any more hard times, Mattie. I've made enough money to keep those belonging to me from want or the work-house. And what do you think I've brought from Plymouth for you? A silk dress for Sundays."

Bewilderment made Mattie silent for a moment, then she answered,—

"Oh, Dick! father will never let me wear it!"

"We'll see to that, Mattie; things are going to be very different with you all now that I have come home. Your father won't plough much more, I reckon."

"You musn't spend all your money on us, Dick."

"No fear of that," answered the Australian, loftily. "You wouldn't believe me if I were to tell you how many hundreds of pounds I possess in the world. I've worked hard for them, and now I'm come home to enjoy them. But we don't want all the world to know about it, Mattie."

This somewhat damped Mattie's ardour. She had no idea of hiding her cousin's riches under a bushel. Half the pleasure of wearing a silk dress, for instance, would be the sensation it must produce upon the whole village!

"Why not?" she asked, naively.

"People are so envious," he said, "and so inquisitive, and so suspicious——"

Just then they reached the farm-house, and great was the stir of all the Weedon family. The old people had a good cry, that seeming the easiest way of solving an unlooked-for difficulty. The children—there were four fair-haired Matties in miniature, and a big boy of fourteen—hovered round the stranger wistfully, expecting sixpences. Master Weedon was a good man in the main, but rather deaf

and apt to be fretful. His "missus," was a first-rate housewife, had been considered the handsomest girl in the village, and had a temper of her own, as the best of housewives have.

"Says I to my John, Dick," she began, preparing supper, meantime, "that boy'll take no harm, though he be your brother's son, and it isn't befitting we praise and glorify our own. Come, children, what do yer stand a-gazin' and a-gapin' at Dick, for? Sit down to table, this minute, and be thankful you've got a mother to cook yer dumplings. Mattie, make the tea in the teapot yer father won at the last ploughing-match."

Poor Mattie was too bewildered to do anything, and got more than one scolding before supper was over. She only dared now and then to steal a glance at her cousin, when he would smile or nod to her, as if they two were on more intimate terms than any of the others, and could understand what such things as smiles and nods meant. In the young girl's eyes, Dick was of necessity handsome, young, and, compared to themselves, quite a gentleman. She never thought of his looks in any other way; and when he told marvellous stories of travel and adventure, and spoke of his money and to what uses he should put it, she looked up, flushed and smiling, and quite too fascinated to see that he was prematurely old and certainly ugly. Soon after supper Master Weedon fell fast asleep in his easy chair, and Dick had for his listeners the women and children only. It was quite wonderful how he charmed them all, by sheer force of speech, for he had no pleasant way of taking children to his knee, no kisses for the youngest girl, a toddlekin of two years old, and no kind things to say about his old friends and neighbours. But he had been about the world for ten years, and had come home a rich, wise man!

In a sudden Master Weedon woke up.

"Ye've never told us what became of Tom Catchpole," he said,— "him as went with yer, I mean."

"What does he say?" asked Dick. "I've lived so long out of Suffolk that I can't understand the talk now."

"Father wants to know what became of Tom Catchpole, who went out with you," Mattie answered. "That's all."

"How should I know? We parted company years ago? That's always the way with your homestayin' folks," Dick said, shortly. "You fancy Australia is no bigger than Westthrop parish."

And the question seemed to irritate him so much that no one dared ask another. Dick was certainly gifted with the art of making himself an autocrat.

CHAPTER II.—HOW IT SPED WITH THE WOOING.

IN a fortnight's time, events had followed one upon the other so quickly, that the little community of Westthrop hardly knew whether it stood on its head or its heels. First came the news that Dick Weedon had hired a farm close by, and was going into it the approaching Michaelmas: then, that he was about to make a man of his uncle, by employing him as bailiff, with good wages and a cottage rent free: then, and that was the most astounding fact of all, the great rich Australian was engaged to Mattie, and their banns were to be given out the first Sunday in October.

The people of Westthrop were thoroughly well-meaning, kind-hearted souls; but that they should accept such unwonted prosperity on the part of their neighbours and not cavil, were hardly to be expected of anyone. For the old Puritan spirit still lurks in these primitive places, and blazes forth on fitting occasions. Accordingly, poor little Mattie was called to a "Burning of the Vanities" from morning till night; and the whole Weedon family had to do penance for their good luck a dozen times a day—as, indeed, who does not?

At the little Methodist chapel was added on Sundays an especial clause in their behalf, by Jerry Cross, the principal preacher of the village. How many texts deprecatory of the vanities of the world were dinned into their ears on week-days it were hard to say; and nobody, of course, forgot to add to any congratulation, "I hope it will all turn out well, that's all."

Master Weedon, being a thorough-going Conservative, almost wished his Australian nephew had never come back.

"Yer see, missus," he said to his wife, "it's all very well to be able to keep in the warm and dry, if my rheumatics are bad again in the winter; but a pig won't be driv' to eat beans with a fork, and I can't wear my Sunday clothes i' week days to please any body."

Mrs. Weedon, who was a thorough-going radical, as all women are, and always on the look-out for a change in the right direction, would make answer,—

"I niver seed the like of mankind—niver. Yer ought to be fine and pleased, and thankful to the Lord too, that our neffy is come back from the uttermost parts of the world without-end-amen, safe and sound, and ready to take our Mattie to be his wedded wife. But a judgment will come upon yer, for yer unbelief; I know it will. Only last night I saw a magpie, and this mornin' I overturned the salt."

"Well, well, missus," Weedon replied, meekly. "Don't let us be too forrard i' makin' much o' ourselves, that's all. When the dumplin's biled and eatin', let who likes say that he's light, that's all."

To Mattie it was a dream for which she had no words. What mattered it that the village lads, her old lovers, teased her, and twitted her, because she was going to marry a rich man, and never go gleaning or hay-making any more? What mattered it that her old friends, Mrs. Sharman, who kept the shop, Mrs. Barnes, who kept the post-office, Mrs. Betts and others, preached to her upon every occasion, it being their duty, as they said, so to do? What mattered it that Mrs. Dupuis, the rector's wife, invited her into the rectory parlour for the purpose of giving friendly advice albeit, stern and unpalatable? And, alas! Mattie could not feel that it mattered much to her now, when her old playmate, and hitherto most favoured admirer, Harry Simmons, lost heart utterly and enlisted for a soldier.

For Mattie's lover was a regal lover, and he bought her a bright pink frock, and smart shoes, and a coquettish littleshawl and a bonnet that, as good Mrs. Betts expressed it, "was enough to bring on the parish the judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah," it was so fine. How could Mattie help loving anyone who gave her all these? and she loved him, nay, worshipped him, despite his ugliness.

She feared him, too. If she chanced to say or do anything he disapproved of, the look in his eyes that said so, made her tremble all over. She was never at ease in his presence, and yet miserable if he were away. She involuntarily appealed to him as if she was a five-year-old child. It was always with her, "If Dick likes." "Shall you do so and so?" not "Shall we do so and so?"

Yet there were times when Mattie felt that she had power over him, and the conviction was delicious. Partly from her Puritan bringing up, partly from innate coquettishness, she was the most provoking little siren impatient lover ever bent knee to. In any other relationship but that of lover, Mattie submitted to Dick in everything; here she held her own with the witchery of a Mary of Scots, and the primness of her cousin Elizabeth. Dick would fain have had kisses, idle talk of love, hand clasps, and more common things between them. Mattie, who had lorded it like a little queen over the village youths, knitted her pretty brows, pouted her pretty lips, and got her own way. When Dick expected a hundred kisses he had to content himself with one, and it would be difficult to express the power that this sweet, untaught,

thing thus obtained over a hard practised man of the world.

It was near September, and all the country was glowing with the glory and joy of harvest. Mattie had hitherto gleaned with the rest of the women and children, but she was too busy now with other things, and Dick had put his veto on gleaning and all laborious work.

"We'll keep a couple of cows, Mattie," he said, "and lots of poultry—you know farmers' wives reckon much on their egg-money—and with a stout wench to help you, you'll always be able to sit down in the parlour before tea. I'm not one of those who like to see women slaving and drudging from morning till night, and as to working in the fields, that's all past and gone; your mother should never have let you do it at all."

Mattie did not plead, as she was half in the mind to do, that she could not enter service on account of helping her mother with the children. Dick's words had an unkind sound, but how should a man understand such things?

So Mattie sat indoors during those golden September days, sewing and stitching at her wedding clothes. She had bright thoughts in her mind always, but she looked wistfully towards the corn-fields, longing to join in the work and the frolic for a little time. It made her head ache to sit still so long, delightful though it was to snip up pieces of snow-white calico and gay stuff. Dick had bought her wonderfully beautiful things besides, which she tried on a dozen times a day,—a silk mantilla, and white silk gloves, a jet necklace, and so on. No wonder that Mattie dreamed and dreamed, and was happy.

"Where's yar Mattie?" the neighbours would ask of Master Weedon.

"A' nanickin' (*Anglick*, trifling) arter flipperies and furbelows, and the sooner Dick ha' took her to church and it's all over, the better for me."

Mattie's mother, who would have "gone a gleanin'," supposing Mattie to have married a duke, was never tired of boasting about Dick and his doings. Poor soul! she had never known what it was to be envied of her neighbours before, and the sensation was too delightful to forego.

"That ever I should live to see my gal go i' white cotton stockin's like a lady, and as true as I stand here, Dick's gone half way to buyin' on her a Joanna!"

Mrs. Weedon meant by this a piano, and it is easy to understand the effect such a piece of information produced in the gleaning-field.

Some of the women prayed that Mattie might be kept from the wrath to come, thereby meaning some friendly deprecation of evil; others hoped that Mattie would not become

stuck-up, and turn her poor old father and mother into the workhouse; a few blurted out their belief that "them as made hay too quick must expect to see it catch fire;" indicating their distrust of Dick's prosperity altogether. Yet they were all well-meaning souls in the main, and would have given their last crust to the Weedons, had want overtaken them.

One afternoon Mattie had gone into the village to buy some thread, when a violent thunderstorm came on. She would not return to take shelter in the little general shop, because Mrs. Sharman had talked at her about "fine clothes, and fandangles, and a right understandin' of the Scriptures," and she feared to enter the long, dark, lonely Drift alone, whilst the storm lasted. To a modest, well brought up girl, like Mattie, it would have been next to impossible to enter a public-house alone, though the Greyhound tavern looked a tempting place of refuge from the hail and lightning. She paused irresolute for a moment, and then decided to wait a little while in the porch; even her mother could not blame her for that.

The door of the tap-room was a-jar, and Mattie heard two or three voices in deep and earnest talk. She recognised the speakers at once, and withdrew more into the shadow, lest she should be observed. Of the three men, one was the gossiping master of the Greyhound, and the others, two of the most respected and least amiable of the Westthrop labourers. Both of them were prosperous men, and far-sighted men, and men given, as the village-folks expressed it, to speak in parables. Moreover, both of them had sons on whom Mattie had looked favourably till the advent of Australian Dick. Judge, then, whether or no the Weedon family had not been well dosed with saws and parables during the last few weeks.

During the first minutes of Mattie's halt, she had not dared to listen what the men were talking of; but, by-and-by, the words, "Dick Weedon," "dishonest money," "queer stories," "the poor girl, Mattie," &c., caught her ear, and she listened open-lipped.

"I'm not goin' for to say he done it, or he didn't," began John Simmons, poor rejected Henry's father; "but I should be fine and glad to know how he come by his money, and what's come o' poor Tom Catchpole. Yer know what the Scriptures say, mate, the one shall be taken, and the other left. I kinder count that in this here case it's the rogue as is left, and the innocent man as was took."

"No, you don't say so, Mr. Simmons!" said Mr. Barnes, the innkeeper, who possessed a little knowledge of grammar, and the ways

of the world. "You don't think so bad of a man born and bred among us, do you?"

"It isn't I as thinks," pursued Simmons; "it's the Lord as writes things on the wall afore me, and the writin' says Dick Weedon is the darndest rascal that ever wore shoe leather, and folks who don't see it are like the blind leadin' the blind, and 'ull fall i' the ditch."

"Master Simmons 'ull see through a brick wall afore any on us can say 'Jack,' Mr. Barnes," put in Joe Pipe, the second speaker; "and I maun say it looks very queer that Dick Weedon 'ull niver talk o' his matte, and his relations niver got proper news o' his death, and no one seems to ha' seen feather or bone o' him arter he and Dick Weedon started a gold-diggin'. Tom Catchpole writ home for many a year to his own people, and tells 'em he's diggin' up lumps of gold as big as akerns, and then his letters don't come any more; but instead comes Dick Weedon, a puffin' and blowin' himself out as if he could buy all the farmers in Westthrop over and over agin."

"Ye're right, mate, and I'm fine and wexed for that poor little gal, Mattie; she'll find she's been buyin' a pig in a poke, as I reckon."

"She'd better ha' took my Ben or yer Harry, an 'a looked so high," added Pipe; "but sars a mind, it's like all women: they'll jump over a five barred gate for a man as ha' seen foreign parts, and speaks like a book."

"When is the weddin' to be?" asked Simmons.

"Three weeks come Thursday, I heerd my missus say; for Weedon's folks are going to kill their pig the week afore, and want my missus's sausage chopper. But the pig won't die to my thinkin', and Dick Weedon 'ull never take Mattie to church."

Mattie could hear no more. She knew well enough that her mother would be angry with her for getting wet to the skin, and, unless Dick were present, go on scolding for an hour; but what was her mother's anger over spoiled clothes, what was anything in comparison to the torment of hearing those inexorable, fearful words?

She sped through the storm, which as yet had not nearly spent its fury, and reached home drenched and distracted. Dick was not yet back from some sale of farm implements to which he had gone, so that Mattie's mother was able to scold at will. And oh! how thankful the little thing felt for some excuse to cry!

"There, don't take on," Mrs. Weedon said, when she saw Mattie's mouth quivering and round eyes running over; "but be thankful yer got a mother to dry yer clothes, and put yer in the way yer should go."

Mattie went to bed and cried herself to sleep, like the child that she was. Sleep was sweet anyhow, whatever might happen on the morrow.

ABOUT CRABS.

AT first sight, the subject I have chosen for this article may appear common-place and uninteresting; for although most people have both seen and eaten crabs, and, consequently, feel a certain amount of interest in them when cooked, very few, comparatively speaking, know or care anything about *live* crabs.

"Ignorance is bliss," says the proverb—well, in some cases it may be so; but the more we examine and study the numerous productions of nature, whether animate or inanimate, so much the more, I think, shall we be convinced that total ignorance on such subjects is by no means a state of bliss, but a condition to be deeply deplored and regretted.

Nevertheless, the generality of people, if they bestow any consideration on the subject at all, are content to look upon crabs simply as an article of food,—a savoury dish for tea or supper, and a useful one at dinner when game is scarce, and spring-ducks and chickens still in their downyhood; but beyond this they venture not, and care not to venture.

But that is no reason why you and I, dear reader, should not endeavour to render ourselves acquainted with the private life and habits of the poor creature whose probable destiny is to be boiled to death, and then picked to pieces in a most ruthless manner; and who, moreover, possesses such an extensive tribe of relations and connections, that volumes might be written upon their various idiosyncrasies.

So numerous, indeed, are the different kinds of crabs, that it is quite impossible for me to touch upon one-half of them in an article of this description; I shall, therefore, confine myself to giving a few particulars concerning the common, or edible crab, and to mentioning some of the varieties which we have from time to time captured in our dredge.

It is not necessary for me to say much about the personal appearance of the edible crab (*Cancer Pagurus*): his broad back, small eyes, formidable claws, and sidelong mode of progression, are familiar to most of us from our childhood. One of the chief peculiarities of this crustacean (and also of some of the other kinds), is the extraordinary transformations it undergoes ere it attains its proper shape. Young crabs are now known by the name of Zœa, but at one time these Zœa were supposed to be a distinct race of creatures, and to have no connection whatever with crabs.

And small wonder is it that this mistake was made, for when the tiny beings are first hatched, they bear little or no resemblance to their parents.

Dr. Harvey, in his "Sea-side Book," gives an interesting account of the different stages of the Zœa. In its first stage of existence, "it has," he says, "a helmet-shaped head, terminating behind in a long horn, and furnished in front with a pair of huge sessile eyes, and it moves through the water by means of its long swimming tail. After the first change of skin the body assumes something like its permanent shape; the claws are developed, and the legs resemble those of the crab; but the change is still incomplete, for the tail is still long and furnished with false feet like that of the lobster. The swimming habit has not yet been laid aside. At the next stage, while the little creature is still about the eighth of an inch in diameter, the crab form is completed, the abdomen folding in under the carapace. All the subsequent changes are mere changes of coat consequent on the growth of the now complete animal."

Another interesting characteristic of crabs is the power they possess of casting off their shells; this is done very often when they are young, for the shell is hard and incapable of dilatation, and does not admit of the growth of the crab. The shell is not cast away bit by bit, but the entire covering is discarded at once, even to the coating of the antennæ; the poor crab is left in rather a forlorn state, with only a very thin coat, and it is probably owing to his mingled feelings of fear and shame, that he hides himself in some obscure corner till he can again issue forth in all the glory and comfort of a new suit of armour.

An instance of the defenceless state of crabs when their shells are first discarded occurred under my own observation the other morning. As I was examining the inhabitants of my aquaria, according to my custom, in order to see if they were in a state of perfect health, I noticed that the shell of one of the crabs was pushed slightly forwards, and knew at once that he was about to throw it off. I watched him with much interest, for until that time I had never seen the process of repudiation. For some little time the crab was very restless, and crawled round and round the aquarium; but at length he stationed himself close to a large shell. About ten minutes elapsed, and during that time the shell of the carapace had been moving very gradually forwards; the claws of the crab were slightly elevated, and his legs extended. Suddenly he changed his position, lowered his claws, doubled up his legs, and the next moment he was free! No sooner had he effected his escape than he

caught hold of his old shell, examined it for a few seconds with apparent surprise and interest, and then pushed it contemptuously from him, and crawled away in search of a place of refuge.

But he had scarcely moved three inches when a tiny crab (about a quarter of his own size) darted from beneath a stone, seized him by one of his legs, pulled it off, and actually proceeded to eat it!

I felt quite disgusted with the cowardly little cannibal; no doubt he had been watching his companion's movements with still greater interest than I had done, and had been longing for the moment when the poor thing would be unprotected by any armour, and would, consequently, be in a position to be attacked with impunity.

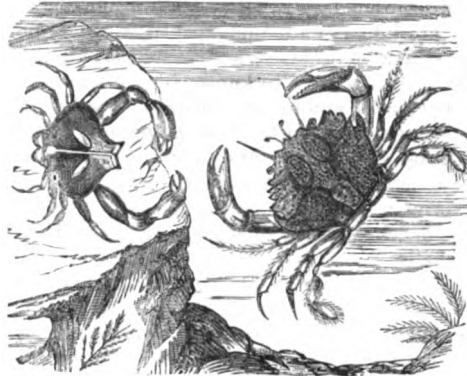
In order to save the defenceless crab from further insults and cannibalistic attacks, I removed him to another aquarium where there were none of his own species, and there I intend to keep him till his shell becomes hard and he is able to fight his own battles.

In a former article I have stated that starfish frequently break off their rays when alarmed;* this peculiarity is also shared by crabs, lobsters, and other crustacea; they can break off their legs, and even their large claws, at will, without any apparent suffering; and this accounts for the dissimilarity of size sometimes met with in the claws of lobsters and crabs, or the total absence of one large claw, or of some of their legs.

Although edible crabs, and many others, can crawl with great rapidity, they are quite unable to swim: some of their relatives, however, the *Portunidae*, or swimming crabs, are capable of the mode of progression indicated by their name. The bodies of these crustacea are generally broader than they are long, and the fore-part of the carapace is ornamented with several points; their hinder legs are broad and flat, and are used by their owners as oars or paddles. The most beautiful of this class is the *Portunus puber*, or velvet-crab, so called on account of its body and legs being thickly covered with soft hair; its colours are golden-brown and blue; it is not a rare crab, but we have not lately been fortunate enough to obtain one in our dredge.

We have, however, captured numerous specimens of the nut-crab (*Ebalia*). A quaint-looking little creature it is, with its short legs, plump claws, and wide carapace, whereon is depicted a strange resemblance to a human face. The movements of this little crustacean are sluggish, and its disposition is shy and retiring; its favourite position in an aquarium is to squat itself down amongst the

pebbles, in the apparent desire of looking as much like one of them as possible; it may easily be tempted from its place of seclusion

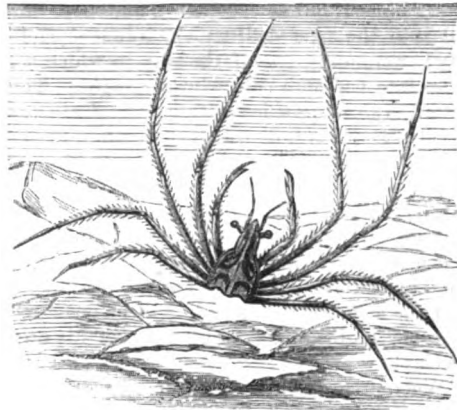


The Nut-Crab.

The Swimming-Crab.

by the offer of food, and will readily seize and devour bits of meat or fish.

In total contrast to this compact-looking little creature, is the spider-crab, with its long slender limbs, and triangular-shaped body. There are several varieties of this crab; the one I have drawn is a dull-brown; its body is semi-transparent; its legs are particularly long and thin, and covered with very fine hairs. Some of the species are of stouter proportions, with opaque bodies, adorned with spikes and hard knobs; they possess a strong



The Spider-Crab.

pair of claws, which, as well as their legs, are of a hairy nature. I had two of this kind, but they did not live long. The one first described, has been in an aquarium for about six weeks, and is still, apparently, in a good state of health.

A very amusing inmate of an aquarium is

* See ante, p. 268.

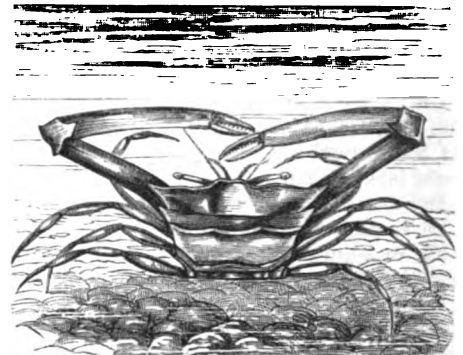
the hermit-crab (*Pagurus Bernardus*); the expression of his face as he peeps out from his house is inquisitive and impudent in the extreme; very pugnacious, too, is the little recluse, and rarely will he allow another of his kind to remain undisturbed in the same aquarium, but quarrels and fights continually. Hermit-crabs are also known by the names of soldier-crabs, and soft-tailed crabs; the former appellation is given them on account of their warlike inclinations; the latter, by reason of their tails being unprotected by any hard covering; and it is also in consequence of this deficiency that they take up their abode in shells.

As the crab grows, and the shell in which he has enaconned himself becomes too small, he changes it for another; when in captivity, the hermit often becomes restless, and will frequently vary his place of residence if suitable shells be given him. I have often watched him as he flits from one habitation to another, and have never failed to be amused at his comical evolutions.

No sooner is an empty shell dropped into the water close to the crab, than he darts at it, and seizes it with his claws, with every appearance of delight; he then proceeds to turn the shell about and examine it thoroughly; diving his legs and claws into it as if desirous of ascertaining its depth and breadth. If this examination should prove unsatisfactory, the crab pushes the shell on one side with an air of disgust; but if, on the contrary, he is satisfied with his investigation, he suddenly draws himself out of his house, and pops his tail into the new shell with marvellous rapidity; reminding one of the way in which we jump into bed on a cold winter's night. The hermit crab is provided with a pair of pincers at the end of his tail, which enable him to fix himself so securely in his shell-house, that it is scarcely possible to pull him therefrom without injury. If he quits his shell without making any effort to seek another habitation, it is a tolerably sure sign that he is going to die; and when dead, it is not at all unlikely that the soft part of his body will be devoured by other crabs, and even by those of his own species!

When dredging in deep water, we frequently capture the angled crab (*Gonoplax angulatus*). Some are very small, with delicate pink shells and limbs; others again have long-stalked eyes, and arms of an extraordinary length; the carapace is broader in front than behind, and on it (as on that of the nut crab) a distorted impression of a human countenance may be traced; in some specimens more perfectly than in others. The upper part of the back, the arms, legs, and the stalks of the eyes, are

generally salmon-coloured; the lower part of the carapace is considerably lighter in hue: the eyes themselves, and the moveable joint of the large claws, are black. Judging by the one in my possession, the angled crab is of a



The Angled Crab.

mild and peaceable disposition; he never attempts to bully or fight his smaller companions, but suffers them to crawl quite close to him, and, occasionally over him, without evincing any signs of anger or annoyance; if, however, they presume upon his good-nature, and become too troublesome, or disrespectful, he either pushes them gently away, or seeks refuge beneath a stone or piece of sea-weed.

Such, my readers, are a few, and a very few, of the crabs which inhabit the seas round our own little island. I could tell you of many more were I not fearful of trespassing too much on your patience, and on the columns of ONCE A WEEK; but I trust sufficient has been said to prove that the study of crustaceans (of which crabs form only a part) is fraught with interest; and that it is a subject which will amply repay us for any time or trouble devoted to its investigation.

A. C. WHEELLEY.

POOR BROTHER JACK.

MY father, sir, was a coster before me, and that's about as much as I can tell you. I recollect playing with the boys in our court at marbles, and being cheated, and thumped if I said so. The life of a coster lad is a hard one, but we soon get our wits about us. As for education, all that my father taught me was to buy for as little as I could, and sell for as much, and I don't suppose there is many as is taught more. I was about seven years old when I was first taken into the streets. I had to walk with the barrow, and guide the donkey, and shout by turns with the governor,

who, when all was sold, would let me ride home on the tray. I'd to go with him to the markets; he showed me how to work, and put me up to his dodges. But all fathers does this as a sort of legacy. I can tell you, sir, I'd to work pretty hard—I was up by four in the summer and by six in the winter. Work began about nine, and when all was over the governor would take me to the pub with him and give me a drop of beer. My father had his regular customers, and if we had vegetables, they were generally got rid of by twelve, and then off I had to tramp, to do what I could hawking fruit in the streets.

All we coster lads were mighty fond of gambling, and I don't think the liking's died out. I've known chaps, not more than twelve, be off to the pub and play cribbage for beer, and keep up the play till midnight. I don't suppose there was one of us youngsters who wasn't at his stand on the gambling ground regular of a Sunday morning. If we couldn't bet, we'd loll about and watch them as could. There were boys, sir, who'd work all the week, thinking of the money to be won on Sunday, and sometimes, even, when waiting for the market to open we'd find out a pieman and toss him for what he had, though we might lose all our own doing so. I can tell you, sir, a lad would go on till he'd lost the coat off his back. He'd borrow what he could, and if he was still in bad luck, he'd even part with his "kingsman," or change trowsers with the winner for one more chance. The coldest weather wouldn't drive us from the river-side, and if it was wet and the ha'pence stuck to the ground, we'd find out a quiet arch or a beer-shop, muffle the table with our handkerchiefs and play secretly. Sometimes we'd keep on till dark, forgetting our hunger in the excitement. If there was a cry of police from the looker-out, somebody would make a rush at the money, for a coster would sooner a stranger had it than the bobbies. It wasn't thought dishonourable to leave when you'd won what you could, but if a chap was cleared out we'd start him with twopence for every shilling lost, or give him what we thought he deserved.

When about fourteen I quarrelled with the governor, who turned me away, and I'd to start for myself. This is often so with the costers. But I was as up in the market-work as the best of them, and knew where to borrow stock-money, and to get a barrow. The hire of a barrow was threepence a day, or a shilling a week, for the six winter months, and fourpence a day, or eighteenpence a week, for the six summer months. The lender didn't want security or deposit, but found out all he could about me. The lenders must make a deal of

money, for there's few that start as ain't rich in a few years. There's not many donkey-carts borrowed, scarcely any; nor are the mokes themselves let out on hire, though one coster will lend his to another when he doesn't want it, and then the pay is about three bob a week. Some of the costers use ponies, but for every-one of them there's six donkeys or more. P'raps a donkey-cart costs two couter, p'raps eight or even nine, but more often about three and a half. A moke isn't more nor three pound, nor under one, and you'll get a decent pony enough for eight or ten. Some of us borrow stock-money from costers who've saved or keep beershops. But we don't go up high, or lower than ten shillings.

I once went and borrowed a pound and paid two bob a week for it all through the year, but then I didn't repay what was lent. I recollect, too, getting five bob for a day, and I'd to pay half a crown for the use of it. If shopkeepers know us they'll sometimes lend money, and don't charge interest, but they'd sooner deal with the women than the men. Beershop-keepers lend too, and make a fortune. Once, when I was down in my luck, I borrowed five bob at sixpence a day. Times didn't get better, and I went on paying the sixpence for months; so you see, sir, I was let in for fifteen bob a month for the use of five. Some parties find stock. A coster gets a pound's worth, which hasn't cost much more than fourteen bob in the market, and he must take twenty to the lender or he won't be trusted again. But he has not to pay all up the first day, only about ten bob, and the rest the day after. There isn't much cheating, for a coster knows that if he don't do as they say, it'll be told amongst the lenders, and he won't have the chance to borrow again, and his business will be done for.

Soon after I had set up for myself I thought of a mate, and went to the dancing-rooms to look out. It was quick work, as it mostly is. It was all made up the first night. I wasn't much over fifteen. Some marry earlier, not Church of England fashion of course, but they stick close for all that. The costers' wives is generally faithful. They're mostly picked up at the dancing-rooms.

We are all fond of the twopenny-hop; men, women, boys and girls. The women behaves themselves and doesn't show their necks as the aristocrats do in the pictures in shop windows. The dances are jigs, the clog-hornpipe, flash-jigs, hornpipe in fetters, polkas and country dances. The hops is all hard work; none of your sliding and gliding. There'll be as many as a 'undred at once, and more gals than men. They begin after eight, but it's all over by ten, as costers must be up early. Sometimes

there's a tidy bit of drinking. The youngest men and the lads spend the most, treating the gals. The music is the fiddle, sometimes with a harp or a corneopean. The band is purvised by the costers, but if times is hard the landlord will now and then throw in the harp.

As a boy, sir, I didn't like work of a kind for long, and I think that's the case with most. I couldn't stick to selling the same thing for more than a week together, and I don't think I could ever have settled to a stall. I liked to lead a roving life, and I was fond of good living. For the first week or two that I started for myself, I eat nothing much but cakes and nuts. I liked a relish for breakfast—a couple of herrings, or a rasher. I can't say I ever dined but on Sundays. When waiting for market, I'd sometimes spend a shilling in the puffs and butter biscuits sold by the Jews. I liked to dress flash, and so did the rest. I wouldn't take no leavings. What did I wear? Why, a cord jacket with brass buttons, and plenty of big pockets; good boots; trowsers tight at the knee, and a red kingman. Hair long in front, and twisted back to the ears, Newgate-knocker style.

It's harder work than you'd think, sir, going the rounds, and calling in the streets. It breaks the voice, and I've often lost it altogether. Most of us go out with a boy to do the crying. If two or three hallo together, things go better, and the boys shout louder than the men.

We've mostly our bit of a round, and if we don't sell, we work back the same way. We work the poorer parts, or if we go in the genteeler streets, we keep down the gentry's mews. Its only such as has lobsters, or onions, or rabbits, as cares to go down the better sort of streets. If we want a price, we tries it on with the working-men, or the gentlefolk's coachmen in the mews. They like good living. But if we've anything bad, it does for the low Irish. They doesn't care what it is, so long as it's plenty.

Some costers goes country rounds; but the railways has cut up the work dreadful. The fine times was six or eight years back, and if it hadn't been for such as us, there's many a country labourer as wouldn't have tasted a fresh herring from year's end to year's end. If the dodge didn't pay, the men would sell off at any loss, and walk back home, getting drunk to begin with, and perhaps pawning their barrow for beer.

As for our earnings, they've much to do with the time of year. In January and February we mostly sell fish, and going the rounds don't get more than eight bob a week. Monday and Saturday is the days we do least.

March is a bad time; but near the end of the month it's better, because flower roots is in. That goes on till April, and then times ain't quite so bad. In May we have fresh fish, and the weather don't spoil it; so we do pretty well. In June we may make a pound a week, as new potatoes, peas, and beans, are in. In July we mostly sell cherries, pitch fish to the —, and stick to the fruit. We may make about thirty bob a week. In August it's plums, greengages, apples, and pears—you see, we don't care to sell fish or vegetables when fruit is in; and in September, there's apples, and we get, say fifteen bob a week. In October the work is mostly in fish, soles, and oysters, and the trade is uncertain. In November and December it's still fish and vegetables, and profits is small, though we do better when sprats first come in. About Christmas-time we have oranges and lemons, holly, ivy, and so on, and then times are pretty good again. On the whole, we don't make more than enough to keep body and soul together, and our life is a hard one. There's not many of us as lays by for a rainy day; but some become settled men, and perhaps have money in the bank, or get a coal-shed, with a green-grocery business, and an oyster and ginger-beer shop. They'll lay out money furnishing rooms as lodgings for single men, or lend it at interest to the costers. There isn't much of what you call speculation—they're too wide-awake for that. Some will keep money in their pockets, thinking it safer there, and doing nothing at all with it—if a man's steady, that is; if he is fond of gambling or the theayter, it'll soon be all gone again.

We ain't much for home, sir. Our busy life is in the streets and the markets, and after work we are at the beershops, or the dancing-room, or the theayter. You see, sir, we are uneducated men, and we like the warmth, and something to keep us going, and a chat with our mates. We talk over trade. We've a slang, and strangers can't make head or tail of it. We are fond of cards, and most of us can play first rate. Our games are all-four, and all-fives, put, and cribbage. We mostly play for beer; but there's bets made by the lookers-on. We don't lay less than a penny, nor much more than five shillings. We play fair amongst ourselves, but not with others. Cards come from the landlord, and if he won't give them, a sporting coster. We don't quarrel much, if strangers are about; then all the costers side together, right or wrong.

Costers like rat-killing, and they're all fond of dogs. If they are out working, and see one handy, they'll whip him up, not caring much, some of them, if he's stray or not.

They're fond of dog-fights, but these must be done on the sly; in a tap-room, or a back-yard, and away from the bobbies. The boys have all the use of their fists, and they'll serve out a peeler if they've a chance. Some of them has been locked up eight or a dozen times for it, and when they are out of quod, the hat's sent round to set them going again.

They are up to a trick or two, and will hide from the bobby, and send a brick after him when he has passed, and be off in no time. They think it plucky to bear pain; and to show off, they'll tattoo their arms and chests with anchors, and laugh and joke the while, as if they didn't feel it. They love danger, and in crossing a bridge they'll get over the parapet and walk along the ledge outside, for a lark.

Besides cards, the costers play "shove half-penny" and "three up." You throw up three halfpennies, and if they fall all heads or all tails, it's a mark, and the man who gets most marks wins. We play fair with ourselves, but not to strangers. We've a knack of putting the money on the finger and throwing it up so that it falls as we please. Costers like skittles, too, and think they are the best players in London. The game is always for beer, but there's betting by the lookers-on. They like "sparring," but it's never for money, only for beer or a lark. Gloves can be had from landlords for 2d. or 1d. a night. The sparring don't often last long, for no one cares to look on long, and in beer-shops only two mill at a time, though fifty or more may be there. It don't often lead to quarrelling. The winner is the man who gives the first "noser." The costers are all handy with their fists, and they're a match for any but the reg'lar boxers.

We are fond of the theayter, and the best to-do will be at it three or four times a week. We like love and murder best, but anyhow we'll stay to the last as we've paid our money. We are fond of music. Flash songs, and patriotic songs, and sailors' songs, go down best, but if a tune is to take hold of us it must have a good chorus.

Religion, sir? The costers haven't much. We hate tracts, and hate them because the people who leave them give nothing besides. Then you know, sir, we can't read. But we'll listen to the city missionaries because they come to us if we are sick, and read to us, and give a few oranges to the children. If we had to change our religion to-morrow, we'd all turn Catholics. The priests and the sisters-of-mercy take care of the sick Irish, and men, and good men, who are not Catholics, have died without a body going near them.

Besides, if a coster who is a Catholic is cracked up, he's always set going again by some chapel fund. But we hate the low Irish though we like the Catholics. No, none of these "saints," and such like, have made converts amongst the costers.

We've a slang, sir, and it is only known to ourselves. It puzzles the Irish, and bothers the Jews. I've heard a gent say it is made of words roughly spelt backwards. But I can't spell, sir, so don't know. The gals use the slang more than the women, and the men more than the gals, and the boys most of all. We say yenep for penny, erth-yenep for threepence, neves-yenep, for sevenpence, and so on. A shilling is a "gen," and then we go on as before—"owt-gen" for two shillings, and so on. Here are more costers' words, sir. "Cool him" for "look at him," "tumble to your barrikin," for "understand you," and "a doogheno or dabhenno" for "is it a good or a bad market;" and we call a sovereign a "couter," a half-sovereign a "half-couter or netgen," half-a-crown a "flatchynork." For "look at the police," we say "cool the eeclop," for "look at the old women," "cool ta the dillonemo." It's not all costers, sir, as takes the trouble to get up the slang. It's useful to keep what we say about trade from the Irish, and such like, but chaps who've taken to the business, not because they've been born and bred to it, but because they've been cracked up in their own, don't bother to learn the language.

Costers is hardly ever known by their real names, but by nick-names, as "Brassy," for an "impudent fellow;" "Foreigner;" "One-eyed Buffer;" "Lushy Bet;" "Curly;" "Pine-apple Joe," and so on.

Yes, sir, costers is mostly kind to their children, but in a rough sort of way. They don't educate them, and they are not sent to ragged schools, unless to keep them out of the way. In the evening, boys and girls are sent out to sell nuts and oranges at the doors of theayters and in the streets. They are sharp enough. They like amusement. They want money and no work. They can put up with plenty of cold and hunger, and hate indoor work of all sorts.

You ask, sir, if costers is honest. Well, they doesn't steal from one another, or allow stealing from a neighbour's stall. A stall-keeper will leave for a bit of dinner or a game of skittles, and his friend will keep a look out, and there'll never be anything missing. If costers catch a thief, it's lynching. They never give them in charge. Coster lads cheat their masters, but they don't steal from them.

"Slangs" was used much once, sir, but not so much now. A "slang" quart is a

pint and a half, and it was let out at 2d. a day, 1d. extra being charged for the risk. Costers wouldn't cheat if they wasn't forced to it, but when a kid is alongside and singing out 2d. a pound, and only giving half what he says, what's a man to do? We don't 'dulterate as the tradesmen does, and some don't use slangs at all, as they can work the trick without them. They're mostly used for measuring nuts and pears. Costers ain't hard, but when you've to deal with a scaly customer, it won't do to refuse an offer, and you must do your best. Some years ago a lot banded themselves together and said they'd not only deal fair, but make all the street sellers do the same. They wore a medal with a number, and people, if they were cheated, could see it and complain to the committee.

I don't know that I can tell you much more, sir, but if you like to ask questions I'll answer them. Ours is a hard life. We are not so bad as folk think. No, sir, we don't like prying. But I think you only wish us good.

What poor brother Jack told us we have written out from memory. Correctly in the main; perhaps with a trifling blunder—no more—here and there in the wording. Jack is an honest, hard-working fellow who has seen much trouble, and had a tough fight to keep things going properly. He has a wife and three children; the eldest only five and a cripple—of course the pet of the family. We went home with him, and were surprised at the cleanliness, the comparative comfort of that poor lodging, the determination shown to make the best of a hard lot, and not to be conquered by poverty. We could see too that the good fellow was loved. The wife, who was putting out the tea—things—Jack doesn't drink now—smiled, we fancied, proudly; the poor cripple put his thin arms round father's neck, and kissed that rough, sunburnt face as if there wasn't such another man in the whole world.

But within the last week or two things have changed sadly.

Jack can work no more—the laws won't allow him to. He doesn't say much. He merely sits with clenched hands by the empty fireplace, and gazes despairingly into vacancy. We went to see him the other day, and as we peeped in at the door we feared things must have gone wrong; the good wife laid her big, red hand gently on the father's shoulder and tried to comfort him. But though her mouth moved—twitched rather—no words came from it. The eyes of both, turned to the frightened, hungry-faced children, rested on the little cripple; then the rude, boisterous man, and

the brave, yet unconquered wife, could control themselves no longer; they bowed their heads, and gave way to tears and sobs that seemed to tear themselves from the very heart.

Dear reader, you who on these long, cold evenings sit by the fire, with your arm pressing the dearest form of all, with the children playing near, and murmuring and laughing under their breath in "blindman's holiday," winter's kindest gift, think of poor Jack and his starving family. Christmas is coming on. At night you look at the little ones sleeping in their cots; you put your hand towards theirs, and they clutch it eagerly, lovingly, and smile in their dreams. You have been getting them warm clothing; you have been settling in your mind what small, innocent pleasures they shall have when the holly berries are brightest, when the snow covers the ground, and the shops are at their fullest and gayest. See in the distance poor Jack, and those wan, hungry little faces, that cold cheerless home; think of that present, so wretched, that still more wretched future, not far off, that promises *starvation*. If you can help those poor ones angels will thank you. It is not much that they mutely ask for: their wants are simple. Think of 200,000 souls in abject wretchedness. Those who give to such, it is said, lend to the Lord. What would your own feelings be at seeing the home you have struggled for broken up, your darlings crying for bread? Do to poor Jack and his little ones, as you would wish your own children to be helped if the distress was yours.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

DANAË.

I.

THE hour of noonday sleep was o'er,
And Danaë dreamt her dream no more,
Yet still its image lingered on her loom;
For there, in woven colours bright,
And touched to life by purpling light,
Smiled the one Godhead of the captive's room.
She raised her from the Tyrian sheet,
And clasped her sandals on her feet,
And lightly drew around her virgin zone;
And sighed,—and knew not why she sighed;
And murmured, while her work she plied,
"The world may leave my love and me alone."
Thus sang the maiden of the brazen tower,
And longed, unconscious, for the golden shower.

II.

"The days and months have grown to years,
And I have dried my childish tears,
And half forgotten why they ever ran:
My soul is pledged to the sky,
And we,—my wrinkled nurse and I,—
What matter if we see no more of man?
She wearies me with omens dire,
My son foredoomed to kill my sire,—
But sire and son are empty names to me.

My love! I only rest awhile,
To dream the beauty of thy smile,
And only wake again to picture thee."
Thus sang the maiden of the brazen tower,
And longed, unconscious, for the golden shower.

III.

She ceased: for now began to fade
The figure of that mighty Shade,
With loins and shoulders meet to sway the world;
And awful through the gloom appeared
His massive locks of hair and beard,
Like clouds in lurid light of thunder curled.
Yet, long as twilight glimmered there,
She gazed upon a vision fair;
His brow, more beautiful than Parian stone:
And, nestling nearer like a dove,
Soft on his lips she breathed her love,
And lit his eyes with lustre of her own.
Then passion stung the maiden of the tower,
And fast she panted for the golden shower.

IV.

She stood, with white arm fixed in air,
And head thrown back, and streaming hair,
"Oh Lord of Dreams!" she cried, "dost thou behold?"
Then thunderous music shook the cell,
And, sliding through the rafters, fell,
On Danaë's burning breast, three drops of gold.
Her bosom thrilled—but not with pain:—
Faster and brighter flowed the rain,
And starred with light the chamber of the bride:
Her cheek sank blushing on her hand,
Her eyelids drooped, her silken band
Unloosed itself,—and Jove was at her side.
Black loured the earth around the captive's tower,
But Heaven embraced her in the golden shower.

W.

"HIS FIRST LETTER."

"BABY-LINEN and Berlin wool! Queer start, John; thought you'd have looked higher than a milliner's girl, with a fore-finger like a nutmeg-grater, and red eyes."

"If you'd seen Ada, or heard more, I should be savage with you, my dear fellow; but I think I can set you straight. Ada is not a milliner at all."

"Shopwoman then?"

"If a woman who serves in a shop occasionally, during her aunt's absence, is a shopwoman, she is; but she does not depend upon the shop or her aunt. She has three hundred a year of her own, when she's of age."

"Oh, that is a different affair, John. Why didn't you say so before?"

"Only because of your bursting criticism, Frank. Of course, as I had not consulted you, you found fault."

"But I'd no idea of three hundred a year; it's handsome; that and the practice will make it nine. Quite respectable, I declare. You must give me a lift in the brougham now and then, you know; but about the 'baby-linen,' eh?"

"It's very simple, my dear fellow. The

aunt who, so Ada tells me, is one of those angels in bombazine that occasionally gladden this world—was her father's sister. He went to India; but, before going, set up his sister in the Berlin-wool line, as it is called. He commanded an opium clipper for a number of years, made some money, and came home a widower, and in a few months died, leaving his child Ada, a twelvemonth old, to the care of the old lady, 'Aunt Sally' as she calls her. The will provided one hundred a-year till she was fourteen, and then two hundred a-year till she came of age. When she heard of it, Aunt Sally said she would take the child, and bring her up as she had promised the father, but not one halfpenny would she receive. The executors urged upon her the folly of depriving the child of her proper means of education and support; and Aunt Sally told them they had the legal right to the child, and if they liked they could take it away and let some one have it, but if it came to her, as her brother wished, she would keep on the shop, and pay for the child's maintenance and education herself."

"Quixotic old dame! Well?"

"Of course she had her way, and the money has accumulated ever since, till it's about three hundred a-year now; so that's how it comes about that Ada serves in a Berlin-wool shop."

"And does she make it do? Those places mostly give me the horrors, with their tawdry paper patterns of little capes, and hats, and little glass trays of two-penny and sixpenny things—regular struggle for existence, as Darwin puts it, in which the weak species, old maid, is crowded out by strong sheriff's officers, succeeded by an alternating growth of beer-shop, and coal-shed keepers."

"Do! my dear Frank—I should think so; I've never dared to go in, but from the outside its look is rather severe and awful; looks as if a fellow ought to take his cheque-book, if he meant to buy—nothing seedy about it; though, very old-fashioned."

"And Aunt Sally, herself?"

"Well, I've not seen her; you see I only met Ada at the Forsters', at the sea-side; and I've only spoken last week, when we were both leaving. I don't suppose they know, and I'm sure Aunt Sally doesn't; I don't know how to break it to her, for Ada declares if she waits a hundred years she'll never marry without Aunt's consent. Of course I ought not to have spoken till I got leave, and all that; but the sea-air, and the idleness, and one thing and another, won't allow a man to act in these matters by rule—it all came out one night when we were on the cliff, walking home in the moonlight. I didn't mean to

“speak, but a man’s heart at those hours is like a thin glass vessel, a grain of sand shatters it—a word, a pressure of the hand, a look, and the stream pours incoherent from his lips, spite of all prudence and resolve. Upon my soul I feel quite guilty about it, just as if I were hiding an ace in my coat-sleeve.”

“You’ll have to speak soon; can’t carry on like this long; you’d better write.”

“To whom?”

“To her, I should say; and say you’re going to call, and then she’ll have to tell Auntie about it. That will help you a little; by-the-bye, I may as well ask before I go, has she any sisters?”

“No.”

“I only thought if she had, you know, any sisters similarly situated with regard to certain matters, that you might, perhaps, say a word or two for an ‘old and valued friend’ of yours, who would not object to a matrimonial partnership on liberal terms.”

“No, no, Frank. There’s none for you.”

“Well, old man, I wish you every happiness, and you must introduce me to the future Mrs. Burns at the earliest opportunity. Ta, ta; see you in a day or two. By-the-bye, what’s the money in? Been sharp enough to find that out?”

“I don’t know about ‘sharp,’ but I understood Forster to say it was in The Singapore and Shanghai.”

“Damn it, man, don’t say that.”

“Why?”

“Why! because it’s gone this morning; here it is in the *Times*’ money article. Here you are: ‘The Singapore and Shanghai—loans on opium and silk;—dividend likely to be most unsatisfactory.’ There you are, John, clear as possible; there will be half-a-crown in the pound—regular sell, old man, eh? I could have told you it was going two days ago—the Stock Exchange thugs marked it down, and down it’s gone. What are you going to do? Back out of it now? Six hundred won’t start the brougham and pay the Finsbury rent as well.”

“Frank, if I’d not known you so long I’d kick you out of the place—I wish to God you’d go and let me alone.”

“All right; I’ll see what more news there is, and call in the evening. Good-bye.”

“Bad job,” sighed John. “I’ll write at once, or she’ll be making this an excuse to flutter away—poor wounded birdie.”

“Two-pence to pay, miss, please; not enough stamps on. On the large one, miss; it’s marked. Thank you, miss.”

How ridiculous!—the postman thanked her

for two-pence, out of which he got nothing but the trouble of accounting for it, and she could almost have kissed him, for, amongst the letters, he had brought her “his first letter.” She knew it, it was the same writing as in the “*Idylls*” she had upstairs; yee—the same firm, thick strokes, and the funny little capital E in the middle of the words. What did he want? What did he say? She could not read it there. Upstairs, it must be, in her own little room that led out of Auntie’s. How long Auntie had been out! And the young lady in the shop had a holiday. Martha was never fit to be seen on a Friday.

At last Auntie came home and looked at her list to see if she must go out again.

“There now, dear, Mrs. Roberts promised it at twelve, and it’s now half-past one; I must go and see about it.”

“No, Auntie, she sent word that she must have a little more insertion for the last row, and would have it all ready at two o’clock.”

“You gave her the right—the three-hole pattern?”

“Quite right, Auntie. Shall I take your things up?”

“Thank you, my dear, yes; I am tired. They’ve got the paving up in Newgate Street, and the man was so troublesome about putting me down; and then the worry about matching the fringe for Mrs. Alexis. And you’d better get ready for dinner after you’ve brought down my cap.”

Ada brought down the cap, and put it on Auntie, and kissed her, without exciting more than momentary suspicion in Auntie’s mind; but then Auntie knew, as all elderly ladies do, that to most girls at times it is a relief to kiss something, if only a kitten or a brother. And then Ada was free in her own dear little room, and the door shut, and then she put the point of her fore-finger under the flap of the envelope, and tore it so gently round the pretty seal, and then took out the thick note, and saw what made her blush and crimson with pleasure, and her eyes almost swim over with tears of happiness.

“MY DEAREST ADA,—I shall call this evening to see you, and speak to Auntie; please prepare her a little. You can’t tell how nervous I feel; I could ask your father if he were alive, with less dread.

“It seems months since I saw you, and yet it is only four days; if it were more, I should feel quite guilty towards your kind aunt. I heard my father speak of a Sarah—it’s so long ago I’ve forgotten the other name; if your aunt is like the Sarah he described, she must be the perfection of kindness.

“Good-bye till the evening, birdie.”



See page 676.

And he had signed it—as if she didn't know who it was from! How many times did she read it!

He was coming to-night. Two o'clock—he would come at six o'clock, or seven—just after tea—and how to break it to Auntie—what would Auntie say?

"Please, miss, dinner's ready."

Oh dear! why could she not be left alone

a little? Dinner! why did people eat stupid dinners?

Auntie noticed that she did not eat, and went off into short trances, and talked half-hysterically for a few minutes, and then relapsed into dead silence and statuesque attitudes—noticed the flushed face and the swimming eyes.

"You can go, dear, if you like, for a walk,

and call on the Forsters, and I'll come round for you after tea."

"Oh, no, thank you, Aunt. I'll go up-stairs; I—I've my things to put tidy, and—" and the trance came on for an instant.

Aunt looked at her through her round-glassed spectacles, and said nothing, and then went into the affairs of baby-linen and Berlin-wool work, while Ada went up-stairs to set her things tidy, and to read her letter, and screw up her courage to tell Aunt he was coming.

Tea was over; the shop shut up; and then she came and stood by Aunt, and said—

"Aunt, dear?"

"Yes, Ada."

"I've had a letter, Aunt."

"Oh! who from? Why, it's a gentleman's hand."

"Yes, Aunt. Will you please open it and read it—it's about you;" and then she put her arm on Aunt's shoulder, so Aunt opened it and began to read it, and as she read on, the hand that held the envelope stole round Ada's waist, and Ada's arm clasped round Aunt's till her head was laid on her bosom like a child's, and so standing, she with shy, half-averted, flushed face, read over again the letter, and when it was finished hid her face and sobbed.

"Well, dear; and do you?—but of course you do; poor child, this is your first trouble."

"No, Aunt; not trouble," said Ada, a little hysterically.

"Well, my dear, I supposed it must have come to this sooner or later, but it quite took me by surprise."

"But you won't say no, Aunt? Indeed, he is so nice, Aunt dear."

"I suppose, miss, I may see him when he does come?"

"Oh, Aunt, he's coming on purpose."

And at last, when Ada had dried her eyes, and Miss Maurice's applications of her handkerchief to her nose had a little intermitted, and the ladies had mutually kissed, at intervals of about half a minute, hundreds of times—he came.

"Dr. Burns, ma'am."

"Ask Dr. Burns to walk in, Martha."

"My God!" exclaimed Aunt Sally, "how like your father!" and went forward and took him by the hand, and smiling in his face with tears in her eyes said, "your father was the only man I ever—, we were obliged to part. God bless you!" and she leant forward and kissed him on the forehead and then walked unsteadily out of the room.

And that was the way that poor dear Aunt Sally unfolded to her astonished niece the closed manuscript of the romance of her life; poor dear Aunt Sally.

Aunt did not re-enter the room for half an hour more, and when she did, her return was almost as tragic as her previous exit.

"Oh, Ada, my dear! my dear! Here's awful news! Ruined! Ruined! and all through me and my stupid pride."

"But do tell me, Aunt; don't cry so. What is it?"

"Read it, dear; read it, and forgive me if you can."

Ada read a note from Mr. Forster the executor, informing her aunt that by the failure of the Singapore and Shanghai Bank, Ada had lost all she had in the world; and himself a very large sum; and then she handed the letter to Dr. Burns, and drew herself away and sat by her weeping aunt.

"I need not say, Dr. Burns, that I do not, and cannot, but ask you,—to give me back the promise I made; I—I thought we should have been so happy, but of course it's all changed now, and I wish,—please, you'd go away,—and I'll—I'll write to you."

"My dear Ada, I assure you most solemnly, I knew of this ruin and loss, two hours before I wrote that letter."

"But it will make such a diff-diff-er-ence."

"Difference—I don't deny it; but I never knew till the day after I spoke to you that you were anything else, or any better off than your apparent station here warranted one in believing. No, dearest Ada, I want you, not the money."

"So like his father," sobbed Aunt Sally.

"I assure you, Miss Maurice, I am entirely uninfluenced by this affair; I'm sorry for it, but it makes no difference in my views."

"And you did write the letter afterwards?"

"I did, madam, indeed;" and so at last his repeated assurances had their due effect, and as grief cannot last long if nobody is very sorry, they grew consoled with each other; and when I came in to see Miss Maurice, look over the books, and bring her the news of the failure of the bank, I found a very happy party just sitting down to supper, though in full possession of all the news I meant so carefully to break to them.

The doctor seemed determined to sit me out, but I too was determined, and at last he was obliged to go; and as Ada got up to get the candle to light him out, I ventured to say,

"I don't think it will be so very bad; I think from all I hear there'll be a fair dividend."

"That means they'll give us something, doesn't it, uncle?"

"Yes, dear; about four shillings, instead of twenty."

"Well, that will be better than we thought, uncle," so with even a more happy face than

I had seen her wear before that evening, she went to light the doctor out, and then came in, in a few minutes, hurriedly, and let her aunt kiss her, and shook my hand hastily, and ran up-stairs.

One day last month I called in Finsbury Square, and saw Mrs. Burns, and then I heard how Aunt Sally, disgusted at the universal introduction of sewing machines, had given up business and taken the first floor; and while I was sitting there a letter came from the doctor.

"There now, Aunt, John's obliged to stop to a consultation with Dr. Paget, and can't get home till to-morrow evening; and oh, Uncle Joseph, how funny that you should be here; he says that I'm to send round and ask you to take me to Turquand's about the dividends to-morrow; he was going to take me himself."

"Oh yes, I'll take you with pleasure. What makes you waste the paper, Ada?" I said, as I saw her put the letter in the fire.

"Not waste, uncle, see I've saved the fly-leaf; but it's awkward leaving John's letters about with the servants, you know."

"Ah," said I. "That's his *last* letter, I wonder what has become of his *first* letter?"

"What did you say, Uncle Joseph?"

"Nothing, Aunt dear, he's only making one of his stupid speeches again."

"Stupid!" Yet I think Uncle Joseph knows where to find "His First Letter."

FRAXINUS.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER VI. ITALY.

In the sunlight of Italy—a sunlight which I will frankly confess disappointed me—I opened a letter which my revered parent did me the honour of sending me in reply to a day-dream I had that I was rocked on the blue bosom of the Mediterranean. To that honoured parent and admirable gentleman I committed my vision, giving the freest play to my fancy, and beseeching his goodwill. It is grateful to the true heart to pray to those who are noble and generous. To be the recipients of their bounty is to honour them and yourself. Their goodwill sits as a grace upon you, and your selection of them is a tribute to their acknowledged goodness. It is with a sharp sense of pleasure that I pour out my thoughts to the noble author of my days; and crave his forgiveness for my short-comings. He expected solid information from his vagrant child: the acuteness of a fin-bec, and not

wanderings amid the mazes of gastronomic literature.

And thus the Count de Montmaur replied to his dutiful son:—

"MY BELOVED BOY,—You will find that Owen Feltham says (I trust you sometimes take the volume your mother, with my complete approbation, gave you, on your rambles),—'Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. It is an inviting gin to catch the woodcock man in.' I fear I detect in my boy's letter, amid its protestations of strict regard for duty, a wavering mind, that is caught by the first trifle. It has been said, 'Straight is the line of duty;' but a butterfly crosses it, and the virtuous steps turn in pursuit among the weeds. Since you left Tunis, you may have been playing chopsticks, for aught I can gather to the contrary. Your principles are good: you desire the right thing. When Quarles tells us that the heart 'desireth great matters,' and yet is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, he expresses handsomely that which I mean. Desire one great matter—and one only—and you shall prosper.

"You are in Italy. Keep your *couvert* open constantly under your eyes, that you may not lose sight for one moment of the object of your journey. You have nothing to do with Rome for the Romans. This question, of the very first importance to the politician, should be known to you just enough to exchange a word or two on the subject over your macaroni. The macaroni—the capri—the lacryma Cristi, are your important concerns. The change of dishes is your change in the ministry. I don't want you to make gastronomy the whole and sole business of your life; but, being on a Journey round the World with a Knife and Fork, you should belt the earth with a table-cloth, and keep your eyes fixed upon the belt. This will not prevent you from letting the gentlemen of various countries see that gastronomy is not all you know.

"*'Même quand l'oiseau marche on voit qu'il a des ailes.'* Observe the case of Camerani, to whom the second volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands* was dedicated. He invented a famous soup; his *Langues de bœuf à la Vénitienne*, the secret of which he obtained from the renowned Baptiste, and his receipts for the best macaronis compelled the gratitude of the leading gourmands of his time. He was deemed worthy to take the first place after M. d'Aigrefeuille. He could cook, and exquisitely. He was a scholarly judge of wines. He knew above most men how to eat, and, I fear, how to eat too much; which was the

vice and mistake of the gourmands of his time. In the dedicatory epistle to him, he is complimented for his power of attacking every dish put upon the table, with the help of a little 'reparatory sleep' between the courses. This, and the other grounds on which I have touched, gained him the vice-royalty in the Empire of Gourmands. He is enthroned with exquisite delicacy of compliment. Who knows how to eat, knows how to flatter.

"M. Camerani is reminded—not because he required the hint, but because the world, who not only dig their graves with their teeth, as the English physician said, but dig it clumsily—that the perfect gourmand is not great at table only. 'But appetite, taste, and erudition, are not enough to make the perfect gourmand. These virtues beseech only the table, and you should be able to distinguish at any hour of the day the man deserving of this honoured name; which is usurped by so many pretenders, who can reach only inglorious indigestions.' The festivals of these, we are told, are but hecatombs. Our complete gourmand must, in short, be a complete and sociable gentleman. M. Camerani, we are to believe, was this happy man; and director of the National Comic Opera in 1805.

"Your lot has been cast in happier place than that which M. Camerani occupied. You have ample time for the cultivation of the graces he grew in his rare leisure moments.

"See, my son, how none may despair of gastronomic honours. The authors of the third *Almanach des Gourmands*, not only dedicated their volume to a harlequin—but to a dead harlequin!—one Carlin Bertinazzi, of the Comédie Italienne. He is addressed in the shades, as the worthy successor of the Dominiques and the Thomassins. The grounds on which this honour is paid to his memory are, that during forty years he made all Paris laugh, and consequently helped a whole race of gourmands to digest their dinners. For this good work, his memory is commended to the gratitude of posterity. These dedicatory epistles of the famous *Almanach* are worth your serious study. The first, to M. d'Aigre-feuille, ex-Procureur-Général, is a good example of polished courtesy. He is the model *convive*; the man of finest taste in society, as in *gourmandise*. More—he is the friend and patron of the arts. He is as at home with brilliant guests, as with exquisite, and learned, or crafty dishes. The 'warm friend and enlightened judge' precedes Camerani and Carlin Bertinazzi!

"Now-a-days, men's ways are not so gracious as they were,—yea, in the time of social disorder—of war and revolution—and

the humiliation of France by the Bonaparte. The Bonaparte was coarse enough himself—with his eternal *poulet*. The man never knew whether he had dined or fasted. Volney wrote a letter to him on his diet, and warned him that he swallowed his food unmasticated. The picture disgusts. The almost unbroken food was digested with the help of wine, coffee, and punch. Volney is clear, and sharp, and candid enough. The way of life he recommended to the Corsican general was admirable—to my mind. He besought him not to pass his nights at work. To take from your natural sleep, said he, is false arithmetic. Sleep from eleven till six or seven. Don't have your ragouts highly spiced. Drink water with your wine. Call in few doctors, for few really heal. Bonaparte took little of this advice; but, I pray, observe the wisdom of it in most particulars: and, dear boy of mine, be temperate in all things. Be early. 'Drink water with your wine.' A better maxim for a man's guidance through life I cannot call to mind. He who observes it may snap his fingers at the weak churls who can keep sober only by hanging a medal about their neck, and inflaming their minds with songs of triumph over pump-water. I would have you one of these rather than a sot; but I should be ashamed of you decked with a teetotal medal, because it would be, in my sight, a badge of your weakness—a sign of deficiency in gentlemanly spirit. A gentleman has no need to take the pledge to keep him from the shame of exhibiting tipsy-feet to his neighbours. Temperance is a modern grace, wanting which, a man lacks all the rest of those seemly manners which become a gentleman. I know your spirit, and never doubt my pride in it. Who is a Montmaur must narrowly poise every item of his behaviour. The reason of this sermon is not that I fear your fall into excesses; but my anxiety to keep you firm in your path. I know the value of directness of aim, for, alas! I am infirm of purpose. Your dear mother laughs when I say so, for, to her soft nature, I am adamant. She kisses you—as in her womanly way she says, leaning over my shoulder, to see that I address no harsh word to her darling boy—a thousand times; and we both pray to God to shield you from all harm, and keep you as, to this day we have tripped to make you (your mother will interpolate *have made you*), a righteous gentleman.

"Your affectionate father,

"MONTMAUR."

"Your macaroni will be cold, signor," said the waiter.

It was cold.

W. B. J.

BABIANA.

It was during the terribly hot summer of Christmas, 1860, that, together with a few companions, I took what the Cape colonists term a "trek" into the wild country that lies between the Kei and Umzimvubu (or "Hippopotamus") rivers. Our object was pleasure, especially that particular branch of it which consists in hunting, and a general release from the cares and turmoil of civilised life.

The party was composed of, firstly, myself, secondly, my friend Captain T. M——, whom we will for brevity's sake call by his cognomen "Scud," thirdly, my Kaffir servant "Sola," and fourthly the "Totty" waggon-driver "Jahn." Besides these human companions there were, of course, certain native dogs, and our "span" of fourteen oxen. Our waggon (which article, by-the-bye, is in the colony only honoured with one "g") contained all the necessaries for bush-life, and was a kind of centre round which we circled at most various distances, sometimes leaving it for a day or more.

But it is not my object to describe the adventures which befell us in our hunting expeditions. Such tales are repeated with certain deviations from a fixed track, and alas! too often from the truth, *usque ad nauseam* of the constant magazine reader. No; mine is a tale of psychological interest, and for a brief space I beg the reader's attention, although doubtless it may be thought more exciting to follow the impossible and hairbreadth escapes of a theoretical lion-hunter.

We had outspanned on the right bank of the Umzimvubu, and were sitting one night by the waggon smoking our last pipe, and grumbling at our ill-success during the day, when Scud observed that he had seen two or three *bushmen* while out shooting, and proposed (being of a scientific turn of mind) that we should spend the next morning in investigating the adjacent river banks, and trying to discover some "bushmen's caves."

These caves, as probably some of my readers know, are of particular interest on account of their paintings, which though rude, are ingenious, and often bold in conception. The figures and forms of men and beasts remind one somewhat of the ancient Egyptian school of art, but are always endowed with such character that it is seldom not possible to distinguish nationality or genus. As far as I know, these paintings are never found except in the caves formed by the "krantzies" (or precipices) of a river bank; and not in all of these, for krantzies are the most common

phenomenon of South African scenery, except perhaps flat-topped mountains, while bushmen's caves are not nearly so easily met with.

Scud was particularly anxious to discover the materials of which the bushmen made their paint. On this subject he had some pet theory of his own, and as he pressed the point, and I was getting sleepy, I yielded to his suggestions. We then turned in, if, indeed, one can call "turning in" the act of rolling a blanket round our semi-stripped limbs, and choosing a spot under the waggon, which would be sheltered through the night from the baneful influence of the full moon.

Early next morning we were astir, and after having taken our usual cup of milkless coffee and slice of "biltong," started on our tour of investigation. It was with no small difficulty that we made our way along the steep and rocky banks of the river; however, the labour was not in vain, for, besides bagging a considerable number of guinea-fowl, we came at last upon what we wanted. At a bend in the river we found a group of three or four caves, all of which were more or less decorated by the art (if art it can be called) of the bushmen.

While Scud was occupied in his scientific researches, Sola and I explored the adjacent bushes and caves in search of game. We were near the last and smallest of these water-worn cavities, when the Kaffir, suddenly ejaculating "Inkao," (baboon!) threw his knobkerry at some animal which was making its way out at the other extremity. "Dubela! dubela!" (shoot! shoot!) he shouted; but I always had a repugnance to shooting anything that was of the monkey or baboon tribes, and to the latter the animal in question evidently belonged. I therefore did not shoot—whether fortunately or not I leave to the reader to decide by the result.

I had gained a glimpse of the creature when quite near, and was struck with its ungainly motion, and with the fact that it possessed but very little of the only covering that nature has allotted to baboons, namely hair. It was, in fact, nearly bald from tip to toe, and of a yellower tint than is usually seen. We watched it ascending a neighbouring hill with slow and deliberate steps, until it climbed into a "mimosa" tree, and in turn watched us. At this moment our scientific friend approached.

"Well, Scud," said I, "how has the clay-and-cactus-juice theory been progressing?"

"More and more satisfied on the point," he responded. "But, by Jove! why didn't you tell me about these?" he added, pointing to a curious panorama depicted on the adjacent wall.

The painting seemed almost, if not quite, fresh, and was still unfinished; but Scud would not allow that it had been painted within the last century, for another of his theories was that the bushmen had lost the art which their pigmy ancestors possessed. I did not care to question the fact, so we departed, much to the satisfaction of Sola, who, Kaffir-like, despised everything connected with the hated "Ulaos" race.

Nothing more was done that day: and my thoughts, having nought else to occupy them, kept constantly recurring to that strange-looking animal. I could not banish it from my mind, and when I lay down in my nightly resting-place, the image of the uncanny brute floated so vividly before my internal organs of visual perception that I found it impossible to go to sleep. I therefore occupied myself with speculating on the possible condition, both physical and mental, of the creature. He was evidently an outcast from the polite society—indeed, from all society—of "babiana." Perhaps he was a voluntary exile, who, disgusted with his fellows, had resolved to cast them (as well as his natural covering) off for ever. By the way, he was probably improving his mind with the study of the fine arts, when we disturbed him. Aristotle would hardly allow that point, I should think, for it would, as he says, "go on to infinity" (*πρόσκειν εἰς τὸ ἀπείρον*), and end in the baboon sending pictures to the Academy, and writing a favourable critique on them in the next "Saturday." With such reflections, I fell asleep, and dreamt Darwinian dreams of all descriptions.

Waking early next morning, I determined to go before breakfast and try to catch another glimpse of my friend, and satisfy my mind as to his nature, so that I might not again be deprived of sleep by speculative theories.

As I did not find the gentleman at home, I spent a few minutes in scrutinising the picture which I mentioned before as being fresher-looking than the others. It was a scene of a night attack by Kaffirs on a bushmen settlement. The full moon glared overhead with a sickly yellow aspect, and through the partial gloom flared torches and burning "kraals," while naked, pitch-black figures were stealthily creeping about, and using their "assagais" with great effect on the diminutive Ulaos, thus causing a most profuse spilling of bright red blood. The style of the painting, as well as its apparent newness, struck me. However, I was no judge of such matters, and was but little interested; I therefore, be-
thinking me of my breakfast, turned to go.

The sight that met my eyes speedily put all thoughts of departure or breakfast out of my mind. About thirty yards off I saw my old

friend the baboon approaching with leisurely steps, and evidently making straight for the cave. I immediately ensconced myself behind a projecting rock, half blessing the opportunity given me for watching the beast, half cursing my foolishness in not bringing a gun; for had we come to blows, I should have stood a poor chance.

Evidently he had not observed me, and, shambling with an awkward motion into the cave, he sat down within ten paces of me, and anxiously surveyed all around him.

I was, as might have been expected, rather excited at being at such close quarters; but *excitement* does not express the "creeping" sensation that came over me at that moment. It was not terror, but a sickening and chill faintness, that seized me, as I heard the creature before me utter a hoarse chuckle, and saw him quietly sit down, and devote himself to *finishing the unfinished picture*. Lifting a stone, he uttered (believe it not, reader, if thou list) the word "Elungile," that is, "all right," and drew forth some paint and primitive-looking brushes. I could stand it no longer, and, weakened by the want of breakfast, fainted away, as I suppose, for the next thing that I was conscious of was the loud report of a gun.

A moment after, my friend Scud entered the cave, and was not a little surprised to see me sprawling on the ground before him. He had come partly on the chance of meeting me, and partly to take another look at his beloved pictures.

"For heaven's sake," I faintly gasped, "where's the—the——?"

"Oh, the baboon, do you mean? Why, I've just had a shot at the beggar, and peppered him pretty considerably, as I'm thinking."

I had not breath to say more, but pointed excitedly to the place where the dreadful apparition had been sitting.

He went up to the spot, and immediately exclaimed,—

"Why, you don't mean to say you have been trying to spoil this picture with your daubings?"

There, sure enough, was the still wet paint; there were the materials and brushes.

Some days afterwards we heard that a Kaffir hunting-party had come across the half-vulture-picked body of an old *hairless* baboon; but though we made many inquiries, we never learnt more.

Dixi! I have told my tale.

Of late after days have I mused upon this strange encounter; oft have I striven to disbelieve that my friend's random shot took no mere life, but sent a human soul into eternity.

I cannot but believe that the creature was a bushman; that, through the massacre of his own people by Kaffirs, he had fled to the woods, and, through lack of communion with fellow-creatures, had been brutalised, and had naturally acquired many habits and qualities adapted to a life which he shared in common with baboons.

Doubtless, his mind never forgot the dread and fierce hatred with which he regarded the Kaffir race—such feelings, indeed, the brutes themselves will cherish; but no brute—no living creature but a human being—could have given expression to his feelings by painting that terrible scene of midnight butchery.

H. B. C.

AT MICHELSBACH.

IN that desolate district called the Hunsrücken, in the heart of Rhenish Prussia, an old-fashioned quaint town called Simmern nestles in a hollow of the plateau. Anyone who twelve years ago had left this town by the lower gate on the Trèves road, would have seen, about half a mile beyond the town, a wooded patch of about eighty acres, descending in a gentle slope to the road. It was a rendezvous for small game of every description, and the sportsmen of the town had a pride in this preserve of theirs. But the foresters had always had great trouble with the wood-stealers, who lopped the growing trees, and never let them alone. This scrubby patch belonged to the State, and had been called from time immemorial, though no one knew why, the Schmiedel. That the State derived no great profit from it is self-evident; anyone who went there now would find a radical change. The wood has entirely disappeared; at the further end of it there is a stately farm, with its out-houses and barns; to the edge of the district extend flourishing fields and pasturage; on the south side of the farm is a large garden, and the fruit trees, planted all over the estate, produce ample crops. This farm is managed by sixty-three male and female children, under proper inspectors and teachers. In a word, the Schmiedel has been converted into a Refuge for destitute children.

The year 1848, though sadly significant to Germans in many respects, had the advantage of stirring up the inhabitants, and calling their attention to the defects of the nation. Some further-sighted men were of opinion that the growing evil was the careless education of children, which, injurious in all classes, is doubly so among the poor, and is the main cause of the prisons being filled. After the subject had been dis-

cussed for some time, a number of clergymen, teachers, townsmen, and farmers, assembled at Simmern on August 7th, 1849, and resolved to establish a society, expressly intended to help deserted children. The members went home, talked the matter over with their neighbours, and at another meeting held on the ensuing November, a resolution was passed to found on the Hunsrücken a Refuge for this class of society, and help was solicited from the surrounding country.

The first great point was to commence the operation by getting money lent without interest, it being hoped that charitable donations would enable the debt to be discharged. At the outset 300 thalers were raised in shares of five thalers each, and this amount was, ere long, increased to 2000. Every holder of a share, or every donor of money or money worth, to the amount of five thalers, or who promised to pay ten silver groschen (one shilling) a year, was entitled to a vote at the general meeting, which would be held at least once annually. Finally, a committee of five members was chosen to manage the administration. The first operations began with hiring a house at Michelsbach, a village five miles from Simmern; and the "Hunsrücken Chronik," which had been founded as the monthly organ of the society, opened the proceedings by an urgent appeal for support, a portion of which is worthy of quotation.

"Lo! the door of the Michelsbach refuge stands open. But it does not look as if smoke will soon issue from the chimney. A mouse never returns to it after once peeping in; empty rooms, empty fireplace, empty cellars, empty corners above and below! And the children who, God please, will enter before the first snow, bring nothing with them, except hunger and thirst, wretchedness, nakedness, poverty, and every sort of misery. Hence, charity must take the first walk through the open door, in order to place what is absolutely necessary in the house, and to this you are all invited and heartily entreated.

"There are so many things in and about a house, which nobody notices when once they are gone. Such things occupy their place admirably in an empty house. Such are a basket of potatoes, a cabbage or two, a bushel of beans, corn, oats, carrots, and so on, not forgetting salt and dripping.

"And, in order that all this may be put on the fire, one man has perhaps an old pot or pipkin. And another can take care that the table can be laid, and will bring a spoon, or a fork, or a knife, or a cup, and the saucer with it.

"Perhaps, too, there is a worthy carpenter, who will not mind knocking up an article of

furniture or two, if another supplies the wood for it.

"Further, the children must be dressed in woollen-stuff, and have shoes and stockings. Bring us whatever you think of—old and new, so much as can be spared. One a bit of leather, another a pound of wool, a third a hank of flax; but we have no objection to their being made up. Linen for wear, table, and bed is also very necessary. And, to speak out plainly, you fine ladies and misses in town and country will, now and then, favour our poor refuge and its much poorer inhabitants with a specimen of your handicraft with the needle and knitting implements. It will help bitter need, and those are ever the sweetest hours which are occupied with kind, merciful charity. Here high and low can help with much and little. No one need shirk and hold back because he has only a kreuzer's worth to offer—the giving and loving heart is the main thing.

"Hence, then, let all this pass through your ears to your hearts, and make your offerings with pious love!"

These words were not thrown away. Daily household articles and food arrived; and when, on the solemn opening of the institute, October 15th, 1850, the procession started from the church, it was closed by a waggon filled with the donations of two adjacent villages.

The house-father, who had been trained for his duties at the Rauh Haus of Hamburg, began the undertaking with two boys; one of them, a native of the Hunsrücken, but an orphan and fourteen years of age, had been vagabonding for years, now working, then begging, and usually living in out-houses; the other, from the Moselle, was the child of poor parents, and, though only seven years of age, his parents were unable to keep him in control. At first it was intended that the number to be admitted at the Michelsbach house should not exceed six. But, ere long, the young refuge was so besieged by supplicants that the overseer could not refrain from admitting double the number, selected from the worst cases. But the number was too large for the capability of the building. During the winter all the inmates were attacked by a very painful ophthalmia, owing to the necessary lengthened confinement in low rooms, and an injurious atmosphere.

But the troubles were destined to be at an end ere the close of the second winter.

The Refuge had in the meanwhile secured its own ground by the purchase of the Schmiedel wood, eighty acres of good arable land, for the low sum of 1703 dollars. A square of twenty acres was temporarily mea-

sured off for occupation, and the rest was let. At this moment the "Chronik" implored,—

"Listen! God be praised that we can begin building on the Schmiedel. Hence, dear Hunsrücker, a helping hand is needed, so that the carpenters may have something stout under their axes! So push to work your parishes that lie among your fresh green forests! Oh, how delighted the chronicler will be, if he can tell everybody in his next issue that his faithful friends and neighbours have so and so much wood ready for the Refuge!"

Nor were these words thrown away: for not long after, above eighty sound and chiefly large oak-stems were lying on the building site, given by the villagers around and even drawn by them. Then the carpenter's axe began whistling cheerily. It had the chief work to do, for it was not to be a stone mansion, but a regular chalet in the Hunsrücken style.

The next thing was to work bravely from morn till night, and the volunteers flocked in by hundreds. By autumn 1851 the building was completed, consisting of a dwelling-house, six-and-thirty feet long and thirty feet deep, and farm buildings, forty feet in length, forming a right angle with it. On Michaelmas day the Michelsbach family were able to leave their old quarters, but did so with tears in their eyes, for they had truly found a home there. The children marched through the new house, and then collected round the large circular table in the keeping-room, on which these significant symbols were laid: an open Bible, a salt cellar, and a loaf of bread: for the word of God is the real condiment of food and life. No sooner was the new house reached than there was a regular shower of entreaties for admission. As not one-tenth could be attended to, a second house was built two years after, and opened on March 22, 1854, the anniversary of the present King of Prussia's birthday, and the third house was completed three years later. This house has its special history and significance. It was founded as a memorial to the Elector Palatine Frederick III. The old town of Simmern was the birth-place of this prince, who was Pfalzgrave bey Rhein, Duke of Simmern, and Count of Sponheim. Afterwards he attained higher honour and was called "Elector of the Palatinate." By a decree of July 16, 1557, he introduced the Evangelical Confession into Sponheim and a portion of the old Electorate. He was the father of the Heidelberg Catechism, and for a long time the protector of the whole Evangelical Church of Germany, a prince equally distinguished through his unfeigned humility before God, as through his chivalrous courage

before man. On the 300th anniversary of the memorable July 16th, five synods of the Rhenish Prussian Oberland combined to hold a festival at Simmern, on which occasion the new Frederick's house was opened.

This house was devoted to female children, and contains the kitchen for the entire family. Here the girls assist the house-mother, in cooking and sewing, washing and mending, and it is an excellent preparatory school for domestic service. The ground-floor room of the house is the school, chapel, and holiday room, and is large enough to hold all the occupants, now above eighty in number, as well as guests, who never fail on festive occasions. The farming operations have grown with the buildings, and now the whole of the land is under cultivation. The stalls became gradually filled with kine, and ere long the second barn had to be built.

How has the institution acquired all this property, which really appears a miracle? We have already said that a sympathy with the Refuge spread from the mountains down into the adjoining valleys: how the first money was raised by shares, and how the expenses for building, furnishing, &c., were gradually covered with donations. As moreover the Refuge is open to children from all the Rhenish provinces, it has obtained permission from the authorities to make church and house collections throughout the whole region, which have proved of great assistance. Lotteries have also been held, the articles supplied by charitable ladies, and these have produced the institution 500 thalers. And as charity is inventive, it has more than once occurred that persons at law have settled their dispute in favour of the Schmiedel. Thus God's blessing drips and rains, and has enabled the Refuge to flourish in spite of many cares and obstacles, and oftentimes crushing poverty. The cares and obstacles are daily renewed: but the hopes of the institution are set in the Lord. The management of the Institute is truly most difficult. If in well-regulated houses the training of children requires unremitting attention, how much more is this the case with children who are received exclusively between the ages of eight and thirteen.

They come from the high road, from behind hedges and fences, out of a begging life, or from a broken-up home. Many of them are so devoured by uncleanness, that it injures their health. How long does it take to make merely their bodies clean and wholesome? But not a few have attained a state of heart corruption far beyond their years, and, as it were, have grown gray in sin and iniquity. The roads to the heart and conscience which have been stopped up by a vagabond life

have to be sought and smoothed. Often the work of correction appears in vain—and yet the patience of love must endure, ever lay hand on the plough, and hope that some day, light will penetrate even this darkness. As a rule none of the new-comers have any school learning. Nor have they the slightest inclination to learn, for their ideas are unpractised, blunted and fickle; even the eldest have to begin with the A B C. In addition to the worthy house-master, who was formerly school-master at a village in the Hunsrück, the institution has a trusty, careful teacher, and an ex-pupil who is preparing to become a schoolmaster. All these work hand in hand in training and teaching. The duties of the house-mother are of great importance for all the children, and the family of girls more especially. Nor must it be forgotten, that even the farm-servant or the housemaid must assist in the training by giving the example of fidelity and honest industry.

Through the domestic regulations, which are those of a Christian, God-fearing farmer's family, prayer and work, the heavenly and the earthly calling, are brought into proper harmony. The day's work begins and ends with public prayer. In summer the children rise at five, in winter at six. Each family says prayers by the bed side with the inspecting brother. After they have arranged their beds, they wash and dress, and then remain till half-past eight at school, when the bell summons them to the prayer room. A hymn is sung, a prayer offered up, and a chapter of the Bible read. Then comes breakfast, followed by the daily tasks, which begin with school. After lessons the children spread about the garden, meadows and fields, in the houses, stables or barns, separately or in parties: each finds his allotted task, and on all sides are heard singing and merry shouts: between-whiles there are a few minutes devoted to sports and gymnastic exercises, and then comes the mid-day meal at twelve o'clock. At six the bell rings to leave off work, and the children are allowed to enjoy the other hours as they please. After supper at eight o'clock, there is service in the praying room, and at nine the children go to bed, closing the day as they began it with private prayer.

Acquiring property and keeping it are noble arts which not everybody understands, though neglect of them has brought many to beggary. Hence at the Schmiedel it is considered an important branch of education to train the children, who require it more than all others, in these noble arts. Each pupil has a savings-box, and if industrious, has a pfenning put into it daily. They have also extra sources of

profit. The children have all been taught to make paper or pasteboard toys, and are very clever in plaiting coloured stars, crosses and other figures, and framing small pictures in glass and gold. When there is a festival at the Schmiedel, these articles are neatly arranged on tables, behind which the little work-people stand and watch eagerly what the visitors will choose. The proceeds are then placed in the savings-box of each. Lucky children have already contrived to lay up several thalers. They are at liberty to spend their money as they like, under the supervision of the house-father. They may all contribute willingly to missions or works of charity, and it gives them great delight to pay the postage of letters to their relatives out of their own earnings. Any one who does damage by carelessness or anger, must pay for it out of the savings; this they feel so bitterly, that it has proved an excellent restraint. Each child has a garden, and makes what arrangement of it fancy dictate as it likes. The system is original and significant, and is a sort of open journal, which reveals, unconsciously and involuntarily, the thoughts and temperament of the owner. The lazy boy's patch overgrown with weeds is as much a testimony, as the industrious lad's well tended one: a bed crowded with beans, pease, cabbage, carrots and potatoes reveals the hearty eater; while the blooming flower bed of the thoughtful gardener displays a gentle temper. As "a thing that will become a thorn, soon becomes sharp," house-father and assistants keep a watchful eye upon the inclinations and disposition of the children. The institution has its own tailor and shoemaker's shop, in which the boys learn a trade in turns. And it is carefully observed which are best adapted for trade and which for agriculture. The school gauges the mental qualities, and after confirmation the hour for decision arrives. And many shoemakers and tailors, workers in ore and iron, carpenters and farm servants, now working on their own account, have the Home to thank for their wellbeing.

Of course, the boys have many a hard fight, and at times form into separate camps. The house-father only interferes in cases of necessity; but at other times he overlooks a good deal, and is pleased when two boys exchange a few blows: for this in no way prevents the good fellowship which generally springs up among young people. It was a much affecting scene when a little boy of the name of Ludwig had to leave the Refuge and accompany his father to America. The pleasant, gentle lad had grown into the hearts of his comrades. When the packing came, they all

pressed round him weeping bitterly, and all wishing to do him a kindness, one brought a picture, another a book, the third a highly coloured star made of paper. One, however, and he caressed the little emigrant, who was unable to read, helped him to learn by heart a passage in the New Testament.

Over new-comers the rules of the house, so inexorably firm, exert a restrictive power. The majority soon give up their defiant obstinacy, and receive the stamp of at least external discipline. It takes long ere they feel at home at the Schmiedel, and this is generally the fruit of several festivals. For this reason holidays are regarded as important aids to education. The Anniversaries of the Institute and public holidays are celebrated with singing, playing, story telling and a *fête* meal, and if possible by a walk through the woods to adjacent villages. From one of these walks they once brought home a delicious booty, namely, a swarm of bees presented to the Institute by a farmer. As this occurred on Oct. 15, the birthday of their late beloved king, they christened the present the "king's bees."

The feast of feasts, which exercises the greatest influence over all the children, is Christmas. On that day each family assembles in the bed room round a Christ-tree, and on the richly covered tables, the children search for their presents. Eyes glisten and voices peal with joy. When the minds have grown calmer, the house-father reads the history of Christmas, and the director of the Institute delivers an address, after which the Advent hymn is sung to the accompaniment of the organ, which was presented by a deceased lady who was a true friend to the Refuge. Those children who have spent one Christmas at the Schmiedel no longer wish to leave, and henceforth find their home there.

The pupils in the Friedrich's house enter it under different circumstances. They are carefully kept separate from the other children, and are generally educated to a higher point. After confirmation the children are discharged from the Institute and proceed to their various callings, either as apprentices or servants. When we bear in mind the origin of the children, it is an excellent testimony of the education given at the Schmiedel, that the majority of them are equal to the scholars in the elementary schools, while in religious knowledge they surpass them. And it is a distinction from other Institutes, that the children here are fresh and natural in their demeanour, and cling to their rustic simplicity. The Schmiedel remains the home of the discharged pupils, the house-father keeps up a communication with those far away, and any

who can pay him a visit at Whitsuntide, all are heartily welcomed, and return to their several callings with gladdened hearts.

But the Refuge also performs another important duty besides training castaway children, for it spreads a rich blessing over the surrounding parishes. It preaches to them charity and the Christian discipline of family life. On Sunday afternoon visitors in blue blouses and dark aprons are frequently seen coming up from the village. As they see their own peasant life faithfully depicted, though more purely, they have learnt to love and understand the Institute. And they bear the lesson home with them in their hearts and apply it.

In conclusion I think it right to state that the facts of this article have been taken from "die Spinnstube," an excellent little Almanac, which, by its pure and admirable teaching, exerts a most beneficial influence over vast masses of the German peasantry.

THE MESSAGE.

"SING me a low, sweet song," the Lady said,
"With not a touch of sorrow in its tone."
I passed my hand across the trembling strings,
And lo! their answer was a wailing moan;—
A sound as of the sea in caverned bay,
Or winds that through some ancient mansion stray.

Fair was the evening;—very calm and still;—
In silver moonlight steeped the dewy ground.
The tinkle of the burn o'er gleaming stones,
'Twixt heathery, ferny brakes, the only sound
That broke the solemn silence; and there crept
So strange an awe upon us, that she wept,

And bade me sing to cheer her. So my hand
Essay'd a wild, sweet prelude. But my lute
Would wail and sigh, as though a spirit breathed
Upon its chords, and then for grief was mute.
Awestruck, she bids me cease, but still there lingers
An echo drawn forth by no mortal fingers.

"Tell me a tale," she said, "of joy and hope."—
But as she spoke a shudder chilled each frame.
I strove to while away her fears with jest,
And lightsome legend; but alas! there came
Forth from my lips, I knew not how, a tale
Of direful omen, and of winds that wail

Athwart old chambers, when some woe awaits
Their inmate; and of forms that dimly glide
Along the wainscot; or transparent gleam
In the pale moonlight, or stand hushed beside
Some loved one. Then she bowed her golden head,
And pressed her hands upon her eyes in dread.

"The dream! the dream!" she moaned. "Oh! vain
to strive
Against the truth. Though dark the space and wide,
That lies between our mortal forms, I know
Surely as lips had told me, that *he* died
A moment since, and now is hovering near,—
In spirit, as in mortal presence, dear."

There was a sigh:—a faint, low rushing sound,
As though of something passing; and a gleam—
Pale as a fleeting ray of light;—a waft
Of colder air, as in the Lady's dream.
And then she *knew* that on an Indian shore
Lay a pale form,—the spirit's home no more.

C. H.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XXIII.—PLAYED OUT.

DID you ever chance to read, Mr. Nomad, the story of some tyrant or other who hit upon a new device for making confinement in an underground cell, with no food save stale bread and mouldy water, more heart-galling than it was naturally? The old miscreant used to keep his captives fettered, and caged, and starved, till somehow they seemed to have got deadened to their misery. Then he would throw the prison windows open, heat the rooms, let the light shine in, and provide the prisoners with a repast of toothsome dishes and dainty wines; and then when he had made their hearts glad, and their bodies warm, and their bellies full, he would plunge them back into the cold, and gloom, and hunger of their prison life. If everything else failed to break their spirits, this trial never failed. Well, it is years upon years since I was told the story as a child; but it has come back to me the last day or so. I had got broken in to my treadmill round of life; and if the boards galled my shoulders, and the tramp, tramp blistered the soles of my feet, I somehow had ceased to feel much or care much about it all. But the incidents of the last few days, which brought me once more amongst men, and scenes, and faces, that recalled the bygone time, have made my present life so hateful to me, that come what may I can struggle on but little longer. I am playing my last card, as you will soon see from my story. If that turns up trumps, well and good. If not, I shall throw up the sponge. Bad luck or good luck, my days as a Walking Poster are well nigh at an end.

But I did not mean to talk about myself. I am not going to bother you, or any one about myself; and so you need not begin to explain how very limited your resources are, and what a number of calls you have upon your scanty funds. I have fought my own battle all my life, and a very poor business I have made of it; but still I have fought it alone, and I mean to do so to the end. All I need tell you now is that in trying to get Arlingford righted I am playing for myself as well as for him. I don't say I might not have done as much for him if I had never expected to get one single sixpence for my

trouble. I think honestly I should. But I have lived too long to be very sure about anybody doing anything that he ought to do, and least sure of all about myself.

Well, to come back to my story, it was evening when we had unearthed the Major at Hannaford's, and the dusk had closed in as we were talking; and seeing there was a gas jet in the room, I struck a match and turned the light full on. Then I seemed to see, for the first time, how very old and broken the Major had become. The agitation of the moment had spoilt his get-up; his wig had got awry, and the padding appeared to have shrunk away from his limbs; and the blood had died from his cheeks, leaving the patches of paint glaring on the colourless, wrinkled skin; and his hands shook with a strange palsy-like shivering. There was something almost pitiable in his forced attempt to look unconcerned, and the one thing which he seemed to be quite clear in his mind about was in his longing to get out of the room.

"You know old Jack, gentlemen," he began half querulously; "and don't need telling he was never good for business, save it was done over a bottle of wine. Unless my old wits have quite failed me, you, my dear boys"—the trick of the tongue, you see, was too strong for him—"never liked talking dry; and so, for God's sake, let's go to a tavern and settle our little business, like good fellows as we all are." And with that he seized his opera hat, which lay beside him. He was in evening dress, and was going, I believe, to the Regina theatre, to meet some of his young friends and discuss with them the charms of the ballet girls in *Amphitryon*. But I moved once more to the door, and stood with my back to it. Why he was so anxious to leave the room, I could not guess; but I knew him well enough to be sure that he had some hope of outwitting us by so doing; and the more I saw his eagerness, the more determined I had become. "Major," I answered, for again I saw that Willie looked like yielding to the old ruffian's piteous importunity; "your memory must have gone altogether, if you think that I would ever drink a glass, or break bread with you. If your nerves are shaken, and you want Dutch courage, I know from old time there is always brandy to be found in your rooms;" and I went to a cupboard in the wall, and there, sure enough, was an array of bottles. I took out a decanter half filled with liquor, for I felt afraid that the Major might give way if he had not something to rally him. He poured out a tumbler, gulped it down hastily, and then glancing uneasily round him, as if he was afraid somebody might overhear him, said

again, in a hoarse whisper, "Let me know your terms."

What I said, I can hardly recollect exactly now. I only know the substance of my words, and that substance was short, if not sweet. I told him, as I said before, that we could post him throughout the town as a black-leg and a sharper; that I knew as a fact he was married to Kate Colville before she had met Arlingford; and that unless he furnished us then and there with proof of the marriage, and with the date and place of its performance, we should go straight from his rooms to the Bellona, and leave a letter with our statement for the committee of the club. I don't say to you that all this was strictly true; I was not sure about his marriage: and, if the Major stuck to his denial, true or false, I had no means of disproving it. But I knew my man, knew he was a coward at heart; and felt pretty sure that if I had guessed right he would not stand to his colours: and the moment I had spoken I knew that I had hit the mark. There was no shame left about the wretched old conscience-stricken impostor; and when he found out that what I wanted did not affect him personally, he brightened up with a sort of cunning leer upon his face, more unpleasant perhaps than his former nervous terror. What action of his he thought we were on the track of, I neither know nor care; but of this I am sure, that when we began our questions he thought we were on the track of some ugly secret whose disclosure might bring him within the clutches of the law.

As it was, he took another mouthful of brandy, settled his wig straight, and then with something of his wonted jaunty air turned towards me and smiled with the old wicked smile I knew so well. "My dear sir," he said, as far as I can remember, "you of course know your own game best. Old Jack Morton is not to be taken in by the story that you"—and he put an emphasis on the *you*, for which I longed to strike him then and there—"are actuated by disinterested zeal for the rights of abstract justice. I suppose you stand in to win, and I don't see why I should not have my share in the plunder also!" But Willie, who had been softened by the aspect of his nervous fear, and had doubted whether I had not been too hard upon him, was hardened again by his returning insolence, and told him that he was not going to sit there and listen to his lies and sneers; that he must produce the documents we required, and that before five minutes were over.

Then the Major began to whine and wheedle again, and blurted out in a low, broken, and strangely inaudible voice, how he had been

wheedled into a marriage with that unhappy woman, whose name had been unfortunately introduced into this painful discussion; had been entrapped by her into the marriage, and then had found that his confidence had been betrayed; really knew nothing whatever about her subsequent life; had left her absolute mistress of her own actions, so long as she did not disgrace the name of old Jack Morton, by giving herself out for his wife; should be only too happy to repair any mischief, of which he might involuntarily have been the cause; and how finally he hoped and trusted Mr. Arlingford and his friends would hinder him from being a sufferer by the assistance he was proud to render them.

So he kept on alternately cringing and bullying, till at last Willie rose in anger to leave the room; and then the Major opened an iron safe which stood in the room, took out a packet of papers and handed them sullenly to me. I looked at them, and saw at once that amongst them there was the certificate of marriage between John Morton, bachelor, and Catherine Colville, spinster, at an out of the way church in the City. The dates showed that the marriage had taken place before Arlingford could ever have seen or met the woman; and I saw that I had won the battle.

As I was looking over the papers by the light of the gas-jet, I saw the Major was edging towards the door, in the hope—why, I then could not fancy—of making good his escape. But I was not destined to remain long in doubt. I had scarcely stowed the papers carefully away in my breast pocket, when a small door which led into a sort of half closet, half drawing-room, was thrown open, and Ada Fitz-Maurice stood before us. She had been in the chambers when we entered, had hidden herself in the closet, and had overheard the whole of our conversation. I am pretty well hardened to most things myself, but I would have suffered well-nigh anything sooner than have a woman look at me with such a look of withering contempt and scorn as she turned upon the Major. She was very pale, and the lines in her face looked strangely sharp and old; but she wore to the last that proud, brazen look, which became her so well.

"Gentlemen," she said, with a hard, measured voice, painful to listen to from its strange calmness, "I have heard all; and have learnt what even all these years have failed to teach me, the utter baseness of the man, who, for once in his life, has told the truth when he says he is my wedded husband. You see, I make no attempt to dispute the fact. The game is up: and even if it were

possible to play it further, I have lost the heart to do so. If you like, you may have me tried and convicted for bigamy. I shall make no defence. All I ask of you is, that before you arrest me, you will give me time to settle off my scores with this man, who has traded on me, and then betrayed me."

Then, woman-like, she burst into a fit of passionate, angry tears; and amidst her sobs she told us enough of her story to understand its general outline. Very likely she did not tell us all; no woman ever does when forced to confession; but what she did tell us enabled me to fill in what she left untold. The Major had married her, as she believed, under an impression that a large allowance she had from a friend was settled on her for life, and was not terminable on marriage. Then, when he had discovered his mistake, he left her to her own resources, hoping to get relieved from a useless incumbrance. It was while living as a deserted wife she made the acquaintance of the one man she had ever cared for, the Adonis of the Port Solent billiard-rooms. He was the only man she ever loved; and as she made this confession her voice for a moment grew soft again. Then he got into trouble, and she had gone abroad to meet him when he got over his difficulties; and abroad, as I have told you, Arlingford met and fell in love with her. The Major—so she swore, and I believe truly—heard, through her lover (who, I suspect, was about as bad a lot as her husband) about this boy's admiration of her, and advised her to marry him, with the idea that a large sum of money might be made afterwards by selling the proofs that the marriage was not a valid one. She was nearly at the end of her resources; she wanted desperately to raise money in order to enable the man she loved to go abroad and live with her; and she consented to the scheme. Then afterwards, I fancy, when she found she was likely to have a child, the maternal instinct became more powerful even than her love for the scoundrel on whom she had fixed her heart; and she formed an idea of concealing her first marriage, and passing off her child as the heir to the Arlingford estates. Both projects, however, were knocked upon the head by the disappearance of Arlingford. Till the day on the Epsom Downs she had believed him to be dead; and as her child had died not long after its birth, she had no motive to run the risk which must attend any endeavour to establish her second marriage. So she lived on, leading such a life as there is little good in dwelling on. Between her and her husband there grew up a sort of unacknowledged partnership. She assisted him in his swindling career, and he shared with

her some portion of his gains. She was in his power, and that power it needs little knowledge of the Major to know he used mercilessly.

Indeed, there was that in her looks, as she turned from time to time and glared upon the Major, which boded ill for his safety, now that the woman whom he had used so long as his tool had grown desperate. Willie saw it too, and beckoned to me to open the door while he took off Mrs. Fitz-Maurice's attention for a moment. I did so; and the Major had vanished almost before I could turn round; and, unless I am much mistaken, many a long day will pass before Hannaford's Inn—or London, for that matter—sees him again.

THE BASTILLE.

ON the fourteenth of July, 1790, amidst the noisy enthusiasm of a population which had just renounced every connection with the past, the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille took place. Paris was full of *fédérés*, deputed from all parts of the country to be present at the *fête*; the review of the regular troops and of the national guard had just finished, and the animated crowd was quite bent upon spending the evening of the memorable day in revels and merriment of every description. To those, of course, who had never visited Paris before, the great centre of attraction was the Bastille, or rather, the spot where the grim fortress stood in days of yore. Multitudes flocked along the boulevards in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and looked with mingled feelings of surprise and fear at the immense space, now quite empty, but which, only a year previous, was considered as the stronghold of despotism. A stone here and there, a few *débris*, were all that remained of the gloomy pile; and to the music of a wretched band of *guinguette*-minstrels the *bourgeois* and *bourgeoise* danced on the very site recently tenanted by La Tude, Madame de Pompadour's victim!

For the historian who could devote time and research to the annals of the Bastille, the subject would certainly prove a theme of immense interest. Let him watch the growth of the fortress; let him note its successive developments, from the day when Hugues d'Aubriot, *prévôt des marchands*, ordered the erection of the first tower, with its moat and drawbridge, to the eventful 14th of July, when the French guards and the Paris mob compelled governor Delaunay to surrender. The Bastille, in the first instance, is only a Bastille; that is to say, a fortalice, a castellated building, like all those which at

various intervals stood out of the walls of the metropolis, and served to protect it against the attacks of the enemy, whoever that enemy might be. Situated, however, at the most dangerous part of the line of ramparts, and commanding the approaches on the side of the river Marne, this particular tower soon became *the Bastille par excellence*. Fresh means of defence were added to those originally constructed; the fort was changed into a fortress, and in the year 1634 the reputation of the Louvre had been quite eclipsed by that of the Bastille. Here was the true key to Paris; the artillery planted on its walls could silence a revolution within, or effectually stop the progress of a foreign foe without. *Monsieur le Gouverneur* could boast that he was as powerful as the king himself. And what a tempting post his was! what a test of loyalty and of patriotism! With the Hôtel de Ville were connected all the traditions of Parisian liberty; with the Bastille those of despotic authority. Suppose a movement takes place against the king or his minister; suppose the movement a successful one. Yet the leader does not feel secure until he has won over the governor of the Bastille. That is his first care. We are sorry to add that in most cases the difficulty is speedily removed. In order to secure his appointment, *Monsieur le Gouverneur* has been obliged to lay out a great deal of money; for at that time all the public offices are saleable, and the revenue thus obtained forms no inconsiderable part of the king's exchequer. "I have purchased my governorship for one hundred thousand livres; if you will give me one hundred and twenty thousand, you are welcome to the keys!" Thus, when the Fronde had been subdued, Louvière, son of the *incorruptible* Broussel, and who then held the post of governor, sold himself, as everybody else did. He felt, nevertheless, some qualms of conscience; for he insisted upon standing a kind of siege, and, having taken care to place his guns out of reach, he requested the assailants to fire a few volleys on the state fortress committed to his vigilance.

We shall not attempt to describe at any length the architecture and the arrangements of the Bastille. The topography of most prisons is the same. A guard-house here, another there; bolts and bars, strong gates, walls several feet thick. This is the governor's apartment; that is the room where prisoners are questioned. A spacious yard for recreation; small rooms for common prisoners, or for those who cannot afford to pay; larger and better furnished ones appropriated to persons of quality. The soldiers are always on the alert: no crowd is suffered to collect

round the gates, no *flâneur*, no loungeer can tarry there. At the slightest sign of a popular disturbance in the neighbouring Faubourg St. Antoine, the entire garrison is under arms, and evil betide those who would test the governor's patience.

And yet groups will occasionally gather in some *café* or wine-shop of the faubourg. News! a prisoner of importance is expected. His arrest has taken place in the midst of the night, and he is now locked up in the *four* of *Monsieur l'Exempt* until he can be conveniently received.

Let us note the principal formalities which issue in a few days', months', or years' confinement within the Bastille. A well-known writer—we shall say Voltaire, for instance,—feels disgusted at seeing his country governed by an unprincipled *roué*, and still more odious ministers. He composes a song, in which he makes no mystery of his opinions. The song gets copied, handed about, repeated and commented on in every public place. Shortly after, the governor of the Bastille receives what is called a *lettre de cachet*, worded thus:—

“MONS. DE BERNAVILLE, I write to you this letter by the advice of my uncle, the Duc d'Orléans, regent, to tell you that my intention is that you should receive in my castle of La Bastille M. Arouet, the son, and keep him until further orders. May God have you, Mons. de Bernaville, in His holy keeping.

“Given at Paris, May 17th, 1717.

“LOUIS.

“FLEURIAU.”

Our readers have often heard of *lettres de cachet*; that is one. No motive is given for the arrestation; the king wills it, that is enough. It is true that often it would be either absurd or useless to say why such or such a man is condemned *carcere duro*. Could the blindest tyrant acknowledge that Monsieur A—— has been sent to the Bastille because his wife wants to live with another person? or Monsieur B——, because he

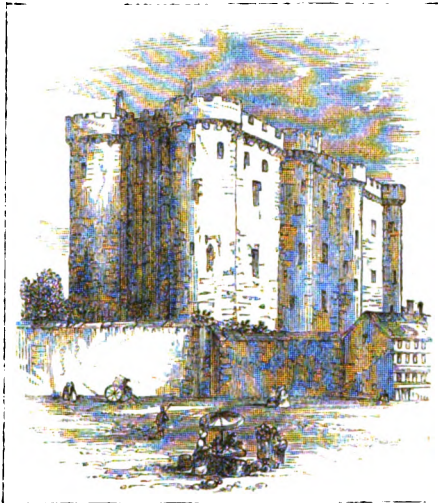
speaks disrespectfully of the mistress of a cabinet minister? or Monsieur C——, because he refuses to subscribe the Bull *Unigenitus*? The *lettre de cachet* is fulminated, however; and an *exempt* (police-officer) is entrusted with the due execution thereof. Accompanied by his subordinates, he goes to the house of the unsuspecting offender. In the blandest possible manner he requests his company. A few questions are put, a *procès-verbal* is formally drawn up, and if the hour is too late, the

prisoner is kept in the *exempt's* oven till the next day, the oven being a room just large enough to be thoroughly uncomfortable.

The preliminaries, however, are at an end; a carriage is called, and if no hackney-coach happens to be there, the first vehicle is pressed in the king's name. Under the protection of a strong escort, the victim of the *lettre de cachet* soon finds himself in front of the sombre gateway of the Bastille. A heavy bell announces the approach of the new

prisoner. “*Qui vive?*” asks the sentinel. “Order of the king.” All the soldiers on duty turn out at the call, but both they and the other persons present are obliged to hold their hats before their eyes, lest they should see the prisoner, and if extra precaution is required, they must turn round and face the wall. After the *exempt* has disappeared, duly provided with a receipt in full on the delivery of his important charge, a new and minute investigation of the captive takes place. If he has been committed to prison on a really serious accusation the questioning soon assumes a terrible character, the instruments of torture are brought to obtain the necessary evidence, and the last act of the tragedy is the block, if the criminal belongs to the aristocracy, and the halter if he is a *roturier*.

But we shall assume that the wretched fellow whom we have just seen safely housed in the Bastille has merely fallen into the venial offence of “calling” the prime minister “names,” or writing a song against the Jesuits. His fate is not very much to be pitied; he has, in fact, become a hero, a martyr to the cause of liberty, and the very men who now keep him



under their *surveillance*, from the governor to the lowest turnkey, look up to him as a kind of demigod. When M. de Malesherbes connived at the circulation of forbidden books through the kingdom, when prelates allowed pamphlets to be distributed, against which they had thundered in the pulpit, others would scarcely be more rigorous.

The worst was the extortion practised unblushingly by all the officials of the state prison. In the first place, the king supplies you with a room, but not with the furniture. There is so much to pay for a bedstead, so much for a chest of drawers, a table, a couple of chairs. Then, surely, monsieur will not like to reside in such a small box as this! Monsieur is too much of a man of the world; he has been accustomed to good society, and will expect sometimes to entertain his friends. How can one have a supper-party and drink Champagne in a *taudis* a few feet square? So much for a decent room. The tariff is fixed, it is no use looking glum about it, and as the fleecing system is the order of the day, you must pay for the hire of furniture, although you might easily get all you want sent from your own house.

We have just mentioned the word Champagne. What would Mr. Carlyle say of a model prison, the inmates of which were served "*à la Russe!*" Such was very nearly the case at the Bastille one hundred years ago. If his most Christian Majesty behaved like a Jew on the article furniture, he was sumptuously liberal as far as the victualling-department was concerned. But not even nectar and ambrosia could have satisfied those who lived at the government expense; and it would be hard if a prisoner might not abuse his jailor.

One of the most eccentric of men had, during the seventeenth century, found his way to the Bastille. Duly appreciating the excellent quality of the dinners served up to him, and conscious that at his own house he could never fare half so well, he arranged himself so as to spend most of his life in prison, and by acting as a kind of spy on his companions, he obtained the position of a semi-official character. What revels Constantine de Renneville (such was his name) used to keep! He has left to posterity as a curious *pièce justificative* most of his bills of fare: soup, entrées, joints, sweets, dessert; always two bottles of wine, one of Burgundy and the other of Champagne. A third was allowed *pour les besoins de la journée!* The most robust appetite could not possibly get through these viands, and Renneville laughs heartily at the turnkeys, who, when they took down the dishes, performed their journey to and from the kitchen as slowly as possible, in order that they

might have time to pick the wing of a pheasant, or to eat what was left of a *galantine aux truffes*. Then a thirsty prisoner will find it impossible to manage single-handed a couple of bottles of wine; one at least is kept to form a kind of reserve fund, in addition to the provision so bountifully made *pour les besoins de la journée*. Thus the prisoners, or most of them at least, had in their rooms a capitally appointed cellar. On festivals the governor sent them an extra supply, and Renneville tells us that on one occasion he received a hamper of six bottles of Champagne! In those days drunkenness was a fashionable vice, and more than one political offender boasted of having toasted the Prince of Orange with the wine of Louis XIV.

The question naturally suggests itself: why was such extraordinary waste? why was so much licence granted in one way to persons who, if guilty enough to deserve the punishment of incarceration in a state prison, ought to have been fed upon bread and gruel? Here again Renneville supplies us with the answer. *Monsieur le Gouverneur* received a "royalty" or bonus on each prisoner he entertained, and therefore it was his interest to keep them constantly in good health and spirits.

Writing materials to a certain extent, books and papers, were allowed, provided nothing in them had a political or a Voltairean character; we need scarcely say that billiards, draughts, chess and cards, being on that ground perfectly harmless, remained permanently at the disposal of the prisoners;—the entire system of indulgences constituting what was termed the "*liberties of the Bastille*," which were graduated so as to make the most trifling favours seem like gifts from heaven.

Under a system of despotism, such as the one prevailing during the reign of the last three Bourbon kings, we may take it for granted that light literature contributed an enormous quota to his most Christian Majesty's guests at the Bastille. Poor fellows! very few of them, when at liberty, knew what a *galantine aux truffes* was, to say nothing of a bottle of Chambertin; and yet such are the charms of freedom that when the order of release at last came round, they gladly left behind them the sumptuous living of the gaol for the cold leg of mutton and the thin *vin ordinaire* of their *chambre garnie*. As happy as the lark which has succeeded in getting out of its cage, they sallied forth, fully determined to take no notice for the future of the delinquencies of a minister or the scandalous life of the king's mistress, and they generally kept to their resolution, till the genius of satire waxed too strong within them. GUSTAVE MASSON.

MATTIE'S DREAM.

A Story in Four Chapters.

BY M. B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER III.—DICK GOES TO THE FAIR.

UT how was it possible to doubt in Dick or in anything bright and auspicious the next morning, with the friendly sun shining in every corner, and the brisk



September breezes singing happy songs through the trees? Whilst dressing, Mattie had asked herself a dozen times if she had dreamed an ugly dream only; or if the storm, and the shelter, and the terrible speeches of her neighbours were true. It was her duty to wash and dress the little ones—a duty hitherto done willingly enough, but to-day they cried and pouted in turns. It was, "Mattie, you put the soap in my eyes;" "Mattie, you are pulling my hair so;" "Mattie, you've tied my pinna too tight," all the time; and Mattie lost her temper, patted one, scolded another, and made them all miserable. What did it matter having soap in one's eyes, or having one's hair pulled? she thought; there is nobody in the world so wretched as I.

When she went downstairs, the first sight that caught her eyes was a pair of Dick's boots lying in the back kitchen. It was her usual task to clean his boots—it being thought derogatory to a man to do such work amongst country people—but she hesitated to-day, and found other employment.

"Come," said Mrs. Weedon, crossly, "black and shine Dick's boots, Mattie, and don't stand with your hands afore ye, as if the world had come to an end, for he's going to Saxmundham fair to-day. Dear me! seven o'clock and past, and he's not down yet. He's need have plenty o' money to lie a-bed so!"

Mattie took the boots and cleaned them in no very settled or submissive mood. She did not know how to deal with the facts that had been thrust upon her; for the neighbours' words were facts, however little truth there might be in their suspicions. To whom should she tell all—to Dick, or to her parents? She did not in the least know, and she dreaded the very idea of making a decision.

When they had done breakfast, the elder children were sent off to school, and Mrs. Weedon and Mattie set the table a-fresh for Dick. He, having seen foreign parts, must have toast and eggs, and delicate fare, whilst they were contented with cold dumpling, and "flet" (skim-milk) cheese. Mattie's little heart swelled as if it must burst when he came down, looking the same smart, ugly, clean, self-possessed, bewitching Dick as ever. She gave him her little, round, reddish, but none the less pretty, hand, and said "Good-morning" in the old way, though inwardly a sharp conflict was going on as to whether she was right or not. If he could only tell what was going on in her mind, would he not avoid her as if she were a serpent. Poor Mattie illogically took upon herself the blame of Dick's crimes, supposing Dick to have been criminal. She felt that the act of listening to those fearful accusations alone had made the things of which he was accused possible: as a child, who puts back the hand of the weather-glass to RAIN, feels that he has brought wet weather.

"Well, Mattie, what ahal I bring you home from the fair?" said Dick, as he handled knife and fork after the manner of a man who has seen the world, the women looking on admiringly.

"Bring her home an understanding, if them's things to be bought," put in Mrs. Weedon. "She's a good girl; but she's like all the gals—she's not got an understanding."

"What do you say, Mattie?" asked Dick.

"I want nothing," Mattie answered, curtly.

"Well, yer lucky; and I can't say as much for myself and the little 'uns," put in Mrs. Weedon, who saw no reason why Dick's liberal propensities should not be encouraged. "There's 'Melie without a shoe to her foot, Lettie with only one pinna to her back, and that only fit to tear up into dish-cloths."

"I'll bring Amelia home a pair of shoes if you give me the measure of her foot, aunt, and Lettie some pinafores. Where do you buy 'em?"

"I don't mean for to beg, but I won't say nay to the shoes, though the pinnas can wait. Run, Mattie, and fetch your sistor's old shoe as a pattern for your cousin."

Mattie obeyed the command, and deposited the shoe, neatly wrapped up, by Dick's elbow. Then she occupied herself in the wash-house silently. It was not in her nature to feign anything, much less a contentment she was far from feeling.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick; "you're so glum to-day, Mattie. Will you walk a little way down the Drift with me, and tell me all about it?"

That was just what Mattie wanted. The big pebble had been cast into the cup of water, making it overflow; and, before they were a hundred yards from the house, one corner of her lilac apron was saturated with tears.

There was a little bit of bank close by, shaded from wind and observation by an overhanging elder-tree; and Dick led her to it and sat down beside her. He did not try to console her, except by little whispered, caressing words; and how she was blessing him, and loving him, all the while for that quiet sympathy!

After a few infantine sobs, the whole story came out.

"I couldn't keep it to myself, and I dared not tell father and mother; and oh, Dick! you won't tell Master Pipe and Master Simmons that it was I who told you, will you, Dick?"

Dick had turned from red to white, and from white to red again, whilst hearing Mattie's story, and when she had done, thrust her from him in a passion of resentment.

"The jealous, sneaking cowards," he said, setting his teeth, and clenching his fist, "I'll teach 'em to talk ill of me, Mattie, and that you'll see. I've a good mind to go back to Australia, that I have! I hate Westthrop, and every soul in it—but you," he added, with a sickly smile.

Mattie clung to him, terrified.

"Oh, Dick! what does it matter what they say, if it isn't true?" she cried. "I oughtn't to have told you, perhaps."

"Do you think it's true?" he asked.

She was too frightened by his vehemence to speak.

He seized her with a grip and forced an answer.

"Do you think it is true?" he repeated; "because if you do, Mattie, you and I are not very likely to be happy together."

There was something in Dick's look and manner then, that made Mattie feel as if he must be master, anyhow, and as if nothing could be true unless he wished it. His quick, vigorous way of handling the report, as if it were some venomous reptile he felt sure of throttling in a moment, quite took her by surprise. How wise he was, she thought, and

how unlike we poor women! He did not distract himself by doubts and disquisitions. He was simply angry, and there it ended.

"As if I should believe any harm of you, Dick," she said, and put up her rosy child's face to be kissed.

He would not kiss her yet.

"Look here, Mattie," he said: "the people in Westthrop are jealous of me because I've been to foreign parts and have come home a rich man. It's my belief they'll make the place too hot to hold us. Would you mind going to live somewhere else?"

"I must hear what father and mother say," she said, the corners of her mouth going down again. Why had not Dick kissed her?

"Oh, you love your father and mother better than me, I suppose! Well, good-bye, Mattie. I shall miss the train if I stop talking any longer." And he made a movement as if to go.

But she would not part from him in anger. She was ready to fall at his feet since she had injured him, and she called his name endearingly, and caught one of his hands to her lips.

"I'll do anything you want me to do," she said. "I didn't mean to be unkind in telling you what they said: I thought I ought. Are you so angry that you won't forgive me, Dick?"

Whereupon, he either mastered himself by an effort, or was really melted by the little thing's pleading tenderness. When he had wiped away her tears with his own fine white handkerchief, and had said a lover's phrase or two, Mattie was conscious of nothing but his care of her, and was happy, though not happy in the way she had been two days ago. Finally they parted with a smile.

Over her washing-tub—it was washing-day—she could think of nothing else but Dick at the fair. Did he feel still angry with her or would he come back the same Dick as ever? Things could hardly be the same as they had been, anyhow, for Master Pipe or Master Simmons would be sure to talk elsewhere. With Dick present, she felt that she could bear anything; but whilst he was away, she dreaded every footfall, and every accosting voice.

What with washing and other blessed distractions in the shape of work, Mattie's day wore on apace, and she could hardly believe her own ears when the clock struck six.

She took up a rushlight to change her dress, blithely; for would not Dick soon be back, and Dick back, what harm could befall her. It was but a simple toilette she could make—just the changing of one cotton frock for another; but she scented her hair with some

cosmetic Dick had bought her, and soaped her face with scented soap, his present too: for these two processes seemed to make a lady of her. Dick was fain to have her dress in Sunday clothes every day; but Mrs. Weedon had strongly objected to it.

"No, no," she would say; "Mattie isn't yer's till ye've taken her to church, and I can't have none o' my gals a-dressing themselves in fripperies a' week days, like the Unprudent Ones, which may children o' mine niver be." And so Mattie kept to cotton frocks, having first pouted somewhat. Dick was not expected home till a late hour, that is, nine o'clock; but nine o'clock came and no Dick. Everybody was tired and sleepy but Mattie, though she dared not say so, and the flat went forth from Mrs. Weedon that the household should go to bed and leave the door open. What thieves would care to find out a poor man's cottage in the lonely Drift?

Mattie could not sleep. She wanted to see Dick's old easy loving look, to have Dick's endorsement to the draft of happiness he had left in her hands. He had cancelled his wrath by smiles, by kisses, and by saying such things as sound sweet in any girl's ear. But while he staid away she could not help distracting herself with doubts. Nothing mattered much to her now, but the assurance of Dick's entire forgiveness.

It seemed a very long night of watchfulness to Mattie, though unconsciously she had been sleeping by fits and starts. Rain came on, and the plashing on the panes so soothed her that at seven o'clock she was sound asleep.

"Come, Mattie, you've begun ladyfyin' early," Mrs. Weedon said. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, so get up and get your sisters their breakfast."

"Is Dick home, mother?" asked Mattie.

"Home, no! There's no knowing what to expect o' them who've been to foreign parts. Those who stay at home live reg'lar like, and yer can tell to a minnit when they'll put on their shoes, and when they'll take 'em off, and there's some comfort in doin' one's best for sich; but no good can come of a man who'll do what yer don't expect every day of his life; and so I tell yer, Mattie."

Mattie made no answer; but set about her daily work with a troubled face.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW THE DREAM ENDED.

THE next morning early came a neighbour bringing Amelia's boots and a message from Dick. He had to go to London on business, he sent word, and might not be home for two days, but would write by post. The messenger, a friendly jobber, who respected Dick and everyone else with whom the world went well,

slipped something into Mattie's hands slyly and went away. Mattie hid herself in a quiet corner and undid the packet, trembling in every limb. To her great bewilderment it contained a little silver watch, and nothing more; there was not a word from him scrawled anywhere. He had promised her the watch many a time, and she would have been proud of it and happy in it on other occasions; but coming thus, it was worse than never coming at all, for Dick could bestow a gift and yet be angry!

She put away the unwelcome treasure in a passion of tears, and determined to punish Dick by not thinking of him any more till he came back. Alas! how was it possible to help thinking of him all day long? Nothing helped her to a quieter mood. Mrs. Weedon, as the wedding drew near, got busier and more irritable every day. The children seemed to come home from school at an unconscionably early hour, and little Binnie, the youngest, had cried all day with ear-ache. It was very provoking of her to have ear-ache at that particular time, Mattie thought, though she nursed her and was careful of her nevertheless.

When her father came home, matters were worse still, for Master Weedon had been spending an hour at the Greyhound and was full of what the village said and thought of Dick. Dick was a swaggerer, a liar, a thief, and something else, which Mr. Weedon kept for his wife's ear only. But who could prove Dick to be all or any of these things? Mrs. Weedon rated her husband soundly for having listened in silence. "Had yer been a man yer'd have let 'em know how Dick had one of his relations to stand by him," she said; "and not ha' set by looking as innocent as our Binnie. But that's the way wi' all my sister's husbands—they'n be ridden over by any donkey if it wern't for their wives."

Master Weedon received his scolding meekly as was becoming a good husband, but stuck to his text nevertheless. He was not going to run down his own relations though there were queer things about Dick, he must confess. Why should he be so angry at the merest question concerning his camarade Tom Catchpole: he—Tom Catchpole—had no near relation to make a stir about him, but there must be something strange about his death. What had become of his money? Dick had positively denied having seen anything of Tom within three months of the time of his death. But there were letters from him much later than that, in which Dick was mentioned as being his companion, and nothing said about parting company at all.

This snowball of scandal, ill report, fiction,—call it what you will,—had been rolling about

the village ever since Dick's arrival, gathering a little day by day. No one dared to speak openly whilst Dick was in the place, and perhaps if he hadn't happened to go away, the snowball would never have broken against the Weedons' door. As it was, good Mrs. Weedon having talked her husband into a proper state of mind with regard to Dick, began to doubt in him herself.

Mattie, having put the little ones to bed, descended, just as her father and mother were tired of talking, and a little out of heart at the turn affairs had taken. Anyhow, things would hardly be so pleasant as they had been, they thought, through assuring themselves again and again that Dick was bad. They refrained from telling Mattie what had passed; Mrs. Weedon only saying as she went to bed,—

"Well, as long as we can keep clear of the workhouse, we ought to be thankful; and, as I always tell my children, let not the blind lead the blind, or they'll both fall into the ditch,"—a moral reflection which, with Mrs. Weedon, might safely apply to any and everything.

But Mattie's quick ears had gathered a few words of the dialogue here and there, and they rang in her ears and sank into her heart. She felt sure when Dick came back he would go among those evil-tongued neighbours like a raging Samson, and force them to be silent; but it hurt her and galled her inexpressibly that they should dare to utter such things. In her bare little room she walked to and fro, crying quietly. "Oh, Dick! why don't you come back?" she whispered to herself. And then she moved little rosy round-limbed Lettie, who had stretched herself across the bed, and lay down beside her, wetting the child's shoulder with her tears. Had Mattie been a dainty lady, it is ten chances to one whether she would not have remained wakeful for hours; but being a peasant only, she must work, and sleep after. Accordingly, she was soon fast asleep, and dreaming of happy things. She might have slept several hours or minutes, she could not tell which, when an intermittent sound of something striking the window roused her. At first she thought it was hail, and laid her head on the pillow, too drowsy to fear a storm; but the sound continued at regular intervals, and would not let her rest.

She rose in her bed, and saw that it was a brilliant moonlight night; it could be no storm, then. Was it Dick come back?

The one thought took possession of her, shutting out every other. Stealing softly to the little curtainless window, she looked out and saw that it was he.

"Don't disturb anybody, but dress your-

self and come down," he said. "I have something to say to you."

Mattie did not pause to consider whether she ought to comply with his command. She felt as if she must do as he bid her, and having hastily dressed herself, she put a shawl on her head and crept downstairs.

The night was so clear that every feature of the homely landscape—the gabled cottage, the apple-orchard, the still pool, the tall elms and oaks of the Drift—was as distinct as by day. Yet to Mattie the unaccustomed atmosphere of midnight had something fearful in it. The house looked as if haunted by unkind ghosts, the apple-trees were not clustered with golden fruit, but with leaden weights, under which she should fear to walk; the still pool gleamed with a ghastly light; the Drift seemed crowded with leviathans and other monsters she had read of in the Scriptures. She shuddered on the threshold.

"Come in, Dick," she said; "it is too cold to talk out of doors."

"No," Dick answered, hurriedly; "I don't want your father and mother to know I am back, Mattie. I can't come in; I must say what I have to say out here."

Mattie followed him as if under the impulse of some spell. He took her hand and led her a little farther from the house; and as he talked, he led her on and on.

"Mattie," he said, in the same eager, uneasy tone, "I have got enemies here in Westthrop, and I can never come back again to live among you. I will tell you more of that by-and-by. There is time enough," he added, laughing a laugh that had no mirth in it. "But what I have to say to you about other things won't keep so long, Mattie. Do you mind where you live as long as you are with me? Do you mind what people say about me so long as you are not among them to hear it? Will you go away and be happy, or stay and be miserable? That's what I want to know."

Dick's voice had little tenderness in it, and his fervour was not of that kind to melt and rouse a woman; but his power lay in that cold, clear, logical way with which he stated commonplace things. All that he had said was so sternly true and simple, that Mattie could but understand what she would never have understood by mere force of eloquence only. He saw that if she went with him she should be happy, and if she staid she should be miserable; and she knew him to be right. The facts of Dick's mysterious departure, and unexplained dread of what the Westthrop people said and thought of him, seemed quite second to the idea of his going with or without her.

"Well, Mattie, which is it to be?"

They were two or three hundred yards from the cottage now. With every forward step, Dick's words seemed to grow more incontestable. Mattie trembled and went on, listening.

"Think of what your life will be with me, Mattie: you will become a lady all at once, and I shall never grudge anything to make you happy. We will go to such a beautiful place called Natal, where nobody knows us, and nobody will think the worse of you for being a labourer's daughter. I shall buy a large farm there, and if we have any children, we can bring them up to be like ladies and gentlemen. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"If father and mother and the little ones could come sometimes," poor Mattie said. "If it's too far to walk, they could have Mr. Sharmon's cart o' Sundays."

Dick uttered an ejaculation of impatience.

"If you care enough for me to marry me, you must not think about that. We can't have everything in this world, Mattie. Will you give up the others for me?"

It seemed impossible to Mattie to give him up, but to go quite away from her father and mother and the little ones; never to see their pride in her marriage, never to share her good luck with them, never to go home on Sundays and walk between Dick and her father to church—such a state of things seemed equally impossible.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, "why can't we stay here altogether? Would not that be the best for all that people say?"

Then Dick got angry, and his looks and words frightened Mattie. She wavered more and more.

"I don't know what to do; I must hear what they say at home," she said, trembling and sobbing. "I do love you, Dick; but I must do my duty to them."

"Mattie, I can't give you any time. It must be now or never with us two to-night," and Dick, his anger being gone, tried to take her hands and to caress her into a willing mood.

His tenderness had something terrible in it to Mattie then. She felt as if being tempted to a horrible sin, and would have given worlds to flee away. But leaden weights seemed to clog her feet. "Come," said Dick; "you know you mean to come, Mattie. There is a gig waiting a little lower down and we shall drive straight to Harwich—why do you hesitate, dear? who is there in all the world you love but me?" and he kissed her and called her by pet words again and again.

Mattie said never a word, and though spell-bound and incapable of resisting by sign or

look, was all the time trying to devise some means of escape. She knew, she felt that she must do it; that to go with him was sin and retribution and gilded misery; to stay, was right and peaceful, though very sad. She had never been so nearly drawn to Dick as now, never so fascinated by him; but the old home love was stronger still, and the sense of duty, learned by the fireside and in the village schoolroom, made her shrink from such a passion with fear and shame.

In that momentary probation Mattie was conscious of a strength within her, that she felt sure would prevent Dick's mastery from being permanent. He might persuade her to go away with him, but he could never persuade her to give up father and mother and all dear to her. Poor little Mattie! she loved Dick almost as much as she loved them, and she would fain have tried for once and for all to keep him and not lose them, but he had said that was impossible.

"Dick," she said, and she deprecated the harshness of her words by taking his hand and holding it fast. "Dick, I cannot go with you now. If you could come back for me by-and-by, perhaps father would not mind it; but I dare not run away like a thief. They would never love me any more; and—" here she cried afresh, "I should not deserve it if they did."

Dick began now for the first time to foresee how the matter would end, and set his teeth, and knit his brows, muttering angry words. He really loved this little soft, rosy, exquisitely pretty, unkind thing, and he loved her all the better for her firmness.

"I have told you it must be now or never," he said; "I cannot stop any longer. If you will go with me, I will write to my uncle and make it all right with him. Haven't I got money?" he said, with a bitter laugh. "But there is one thing I must say, Mattie: if you throw me up, you must never tell any one we have met here to-night. Will you promise me that, anyhow?"

Mattie promised eagerly; gathering strength in Dick's admitted doubt. He was no longer sure of her consent, and, that being the case, she felt all the more sure of herself.

"Good-bye, and God bless you, Dick!" she said. "I wish you could have stayed with us. We shall never forget you."

"Mattie, how cold you are! you freeze me!" cried little Lettie, pettishly; and poor Mattie, who longed to hold the child in her arms for the sake of companionship, crept to the edge of the bed, and, after an hour or two, cried herself to sleep.

When she awoke next morning, she tried

to persuade herself that she had dreamed of meeting Dick in the Drift. Dick gone utterly from them all! Dick lost to her for ever! Dick fled to the world's end!—it seemed impossible. But, gradually, every phase of the night's interview came back, and she repented bitterly of the promise he had exacted from her.

"Run down to the village, and see if the postman has left a letter for us. Dick 'ud be sure to write," Mrs. Weedon said at breakfast; "and for all people say, Mattie, there's worse than him ha' worn out shoe-leather afore now."

Mattie had to run to the village, to come back without a letter, and to act a hundred times during the course of the day as if she knew nothing. After a day or two, a letter did really reach them from Dick. It was dated London, and enclosed a draft for fifty pounds. "I am sorry I ever came to Westthrop, to unsettle you all," Dick said; "but I did not know how impossible it was for one to return to the old life in England again. I am now off on my travels, and when I return to England I don't know. I am afraid you will all think I have behaved very bad to Mattie; but when I promised to marry her, I did not know how things would turn out, and I think she will soon forget all about it. Pray don't mind accepting the enclosed little present from me. It is the least return I can make for all the trouble you have taken about me. I hope to send you some more another time." And the letter went on to say other things which Mattie had to read to Master Weedon and his wife, they listening open-mouthed.

What with the bitter disappointment felt at home, the talk of the neighbours, and her ever lingering love for Dick, Mattie's life for the next few months was a weary thing. She used to look at the borders of their little vegetable garden sighing to herself, "Oh, when the crocuses come up again how glad I shall be!" feeling that by that time all the misery must have passed. She longed, too, for poor ill-used Harry Simmons to come back. He would be sure to use her kindly and tenderly, and not blame her for having once listened to Dick.

Whether or no Dick was guilty of half the crimes imputed to him, the villagers never clearly made out. They were a non-reading people, and had no opportunity of unravelling any mysteries except through the medium of cleverer outsiders.

Two or three facts, however, were quite sufficient to blacken his memory.

In the first place, Tom Catchpole was missing.

In the second, Dick was the last person who had been heard of as being in his company.

In the third, Dick had never explained his camarade's disappearance in any way, and had fled from the village as soon as such conduct began to be commented upon.

So Mattie's dream ended: and when the story of Dick's coming and going grew into a fire-side tale, she learned to smile at it too.

And Dick never came to disturb the peace of the village again. Mattie remembered him in spite of Harry's return—a hero from Indian campaigns—and prayed for him in church, and would fain have been a sister to him despite his sins.

BYE-DAYS OF SHOOTING.

THE PLOVER.

WE have said, in a previous number, that it is quite possible to tire of shooting partridges, hares, and pheasants, day after day; and all industrious gunners who have obtained their twenty-fifth, or, in extreme cases of enthusiasm, their thirtieth year, will agree with us. After a certain time the whirr of the partridge's rise ceases to excite; the smell of mildewed turnips palls upon the senses; if the sportsman shoots much upon his own ground, even the sight of certain fields and hedges becomes wearisome. The first days of covert shooting bring relief, but only for a time. It is monotonous work to be daily slaughtering petted birds and beasts. "Take Mr. Emeritus," says Paterfamilias, "to the corner of the wood; or, Emeritus, as you know the ground, you can find your way for yourself."

I should think I did know the ground. I have shot this particular wood for many years, and, as I take my stand, and exchange a nod with the silent guardian of the nets, I recognise certain well-known trees, and clumps of brambles. There is no sensible difference between their appearance now, and what it was ten years ago. I listen for the patter of approaching feet, or for the rustle of some pheasant, apprehensively bestirring himself; but all is still. After a few minutes I can hear that the last instructions are being shouted to the keeper; and then, in the distance, that tapping of trees and uttering of cries which tell that the beaters are at work. A short pause, and, some sixty yards off, here number one is seen approaching, evidently nervous and wondering what all the noise is about. She is in a line with the brakes, and in another moment will cross the ride close to the Scotch fir. I discharge my gun into the middle of the ride as soon as she shows herself, and there she lies. Her grandmother died by my hands in that identical spot last year, her

great-aunt the year before that, and now, before half an hour is over, many of her relatives will be lying around her as still as herself. As the beaters draw nearer to my station, the pheasants begin to show themselves, at first by ones and twos, gliding with outstretched wings in silent flight. I dispose of these gentry as best I may, and then, the beaters being not more than thirty yards distant from me, begins what is considered one of the great excitements of the day. This wood is much loved by the pheasants. Between me and the beaters are many, very many of them, and they rise, now that they are penned up closely, no longer in ones and twos, but, to use the execrable slang of the day, in "bouquets." The beaters spread from hedge to hedge, no great distance here, for the covert tapers to a point, and have got them all in front. A clatter of sticks, a many-voiced shout, and up rise a dozen or so of the victims, who are hardly allowed to top the trees before they are shot down at very close quarters. A pause for the sportsmen to reload—a very short one now that breechloaders are in vogue—and the operation is repeated, and so on till the beat is driven out. Perhaps each of us has an attendant behind him with a second gun. If so, no pause on the part of the beaters is necessary, but, instead of a succession of bouquets, one continuous bouquet is offered till all have reached the hedge. This is covert shooting after the most approved fashion. The proceeding is eminently tame, and inevitable is the craving for variety which will follow upon a too frequent repetition of it. We want an entire change. How shall we find it? In these days of drainage snipe are rare, and only to be found on very favoured estates. There is the partridge drive, to be sure, but this too we know by heart; and there are the rabbits, but we have shot so many of them, that, though not tired of rolling them over, we are ashamed to look them in the face. What shall we do? In many parts of England there is nothing to fall back upon. In others there are still one or two resources left to the active out-of-door Briton.

There is, first of all, the plover, a not uncommon bird in some districts. The pursuit of him makes a pleasant break in the ordinary routine of sport. Some day, when following the wild partridge, we see in the middle of a ploughed field, or later in the season, upon the young wheat, a cluster of birds, either basking in the sun, or running about in a darting kind of way, feeding. These are the plover, not the caterwauling pewit variety, valuable chiefly in the spring for their eggs, but the golden plover, next to the woodcock and the snipe, the very best bird that is eaten in

England. If they are basking they will, in the distance where the sun's rays touch them, present a whitish appearance, and may be further identified by the long low wailing note which some one or more of their number will utter from time to time. Provided that the sportsmen are keen, and not exclusively bent upon the destruction of the partridge, it is well worth while to interrupt the regular course of business, and to attack them; otherwise it is better to let them alone, for they are very shy—one blunderer will undo in a moment the manoeuvres of half an hour; or, if partridges are decidedly uppermost in the keeper's mind, he will resent as unorthodox any deviation from the day's programme, and will himself take especial care to bungle matters. Supposing, however, that all parties are unanimous, and desire the attempt to be made, one of two plans should be adopted. They must either be surrounded by the sportsmen (three, we will say, in number) on the open ground, or they must be driven by one of them and the confederate keeper within the reach of the other two ambushed behind one of the hedges of the field. In the first case, the gunners should quietly enter the field, at different points, beginning immediately to walk up and down in lines parallel to the birds, drawing constantly nearer and nearer to them and to each other, so as to form at last a triangle about, and not far distant from them. When arrived within seventy or eighty yards, all three should turn suddenly round and swoop down on them at a quick step, thus suddenly coming within range. If this be done successfully, one barrel should be fired into them on the ground, and the other be reserved till they wheel round, as they surely will do, in serried ranks to look after the wounded. Even if, as will most likely be the case, they should resent a near approach and be so inconsiderate as to rise prematurely, it is still probable that they will come within reach of one of the three, who must not calculate distances too carefully. It is surprising at what a range shot will take mortal effect upon them, when closely packed, especially if they be flying overhead and presenting their bodies to the discharge.

But, if it be properly managed, the alternative plan suggested is perhaps the best. In this case, the gunners in waiting must of course station themselves so as to cover, if possible, the whole length of the hedge which hides them, or if that may not be, they must lurk at the points where it seems most likely that the birds will make their exit, and the other gunner and the keeper must come upon the ground at the ends of the opposite hedge, walking quietly across and across the field, in

a line parallel with the plover, and, as before, constantly and gradually approaching them. If the ambushade keeps close, it is probable enough that the birds, although they have a predilection for the middle of the field, and an objection to being cornered, may be driven under their guns. Of course, when they have fitted into that position they must be shot immediately, lest they should think better of it, and draw away again or take to flight. It is also so very desirable to bag them, that there is no room for the indulgence of any feeling of delicacy. If the walking gunner should happen to come within range of them in the middle of the field, or before they are within his confederates' reach, he must by no means, out of consideration for them, neglect the opportunity given him. The only caution necessary to be added is, that the ambushed sportsman should be very careful that the plover, if behaving kindly and approaching, are really within range before they are fired at, for distances are not so easily calculated through the interstices of a hedge, and it is very easy to make a mistake in this important point.

The golden plover does not, however, simply offer an exciting episode in a day's partridge shooting. He deserves more formal attention, and may claim at least three or four days of the season expressly for himself. In all neighbourhoods which he affects he has his favourite haunts, some two or three fields on an estate, which, for good reasons of his own, he especially frequents. What there is in these favoured spots to attract him it is not easy positively to say, nor is it necessary that we should know. Suffice it that, if he is in the country, it is not difficult to find him. There are, too, times and seasons when he is more easy of approach than at others. He has his accessible moments, moments when he is so full of himself, and of his own pursuits, gastronomic or otherwise, that even if shot at three or four times in a day, he will three or four times return to be shot at again, just as a hungry pike will return to the bait, though he has been smartly pricked by the hook but two minutes before. Almost invariably before a fall of snow, which the sportsman may easily predict, if by no other signs, by the thirst which he feels when walking, the plover attaches himself thus obstinately to the fields of his choice—probably because his instinct tells him that his food will speedily be covered, and that he must make the best of it now that he has got it. What then, devoting a whole day to his pursuit, is the best way to approach him? Theorists have several at our service. "My dear fellow," says one, "if you want to get at the plover, I will tell you what you

should do. You should put on the shepherd's sloop, and then you may go as near him as you please, if you go quietly and as if you were intent upon anything rather than upon him. The shepherd told me this morning that he walked within twenty yards of a flock of them, and they did not stir. He says that if he had had a gun in his hand, he could have killed twenty of them at a shot." Now this sounds plausible enough, and is no doubt true; but if we waited for the shepherd's sloop there would not be many plover killed. Ask the man who recommends the expedient if he ever tried it. It is at least twenty to one that he has never done so. "Why, no," he will answer, "I cannot say that I ever did." Of course he never did. The fact is that the advice sounds well, but is not exactly practical. For, in the first place, it is by no means certain that a shepherd will be near the field of action to lend the sloop; and even if he were, what is he to do on a cold day while we are using his clothes? But, supposing this little preliminary difficulty to be got over, will the sloop fit the sportsman? He is possibly fat, and the shepherd lean, or *vice versa*, or he is tall, and the shepherd short; and what is to be done then? Anticipating this, is he to buy a sloop for himself? Of course he may do so, but, as he will not have occasion to use it six times in a year, it is hardly probable that he will. Supposing, however, that he does buy one, it is safe to say that he will not put it on more than once, for, if there be a dragging uncomfortable thing to wear, it is that very sloop; it suits the walk of no man except the labourer, who shoulders and swings along. Moreover, it is a question whether, if the sportsman did adopt it he would effectually disguise himself from the plover. Birds are keen observers; in all probability they would detect the imposition and laughing flee away.

The next favourite suggestion is that they should be stalked by the help of a pony. The plan would then be for the gunner to circle round them till he got within range, concealing himself behind the animal's shoulders, and keeping step with him as much as possible, so as not to display his own legs. This would, no doubt, in countries where stalking is much practised, be a very sensible and feasible suggestion; but in England it is, in most cases, impracticable, for obvious reasons. The English pony is not accustomed to this sort of work, and, snatched from his ordinary avocations, would by no means take kindly to it. Let it be considered how full of tricks the genus pony is. There is "the children's pony," excellent at carrying his light burden, and proud of his office. How quietly he

stands at the door! How peacefully he eats his lump of sugar! How entirely free from vice he is in the eyes of all but his groom. But just take that functionary aside, and ask his honest opinion about him. "Bless your heart, sir," he will say, "he looks quiet enough, and he's as fond of them children as if they was his own; but he's as owdacious a young rascal as ever was foaled, if he's wanted to do anything else." And, with all respect for his nursery-maid qualities, so he is. His stall is hardly big enough to hold him. He always bites at adults, and, to say nothing else, has a decided objection to being led anywhere, unless a child is on his back. Of what earthly use would he be on a shooting excursion? Besides, he is so small that, even if the impersonation of patience and steadiness, no grown up man could hide behind him. "My lady's pony" is open to the same objection on the score of size, and is, withal, hopelessly stupid. He must be so, or my lady would be afraid to drive him. Then comes the farm pony. He is steady enough, in all conscience, and sagacious, in his way. He knows, that is to say, exactly how to range himself alongside of a gate so that his rider can open it with the least possible trouble; but that is about the extent of his accomplishments. On a stalking expedition he would surely fail to understand what was required of him, would tread upon the stalker's toes, or stop when he ought to move steadily on, or persist in moving in a straight line, with, through habit, a preference for the furrow, rather than adopt the circular march which is necessary.

It will perhaps be suggested that the odd pony, the almost exclusive property of the groom-boy who goes for the letters, and carries out the invitations, should be enlisted into the service. It might be almost enough to urge in objection to this that the groom-boy *was* his master, and that whatever villany his own instincts did not incite him to, he has learnt too readily of that individual; but it is more just to point out exactly why his co-operation must be declined. He must then, of course, if taken on such an errand, be led, not driven; and it is quite certain that, though as a great favour he might condescend to walk quietly along the road till he came to the field of action, as soon as ever his feet touched soft ground he would be seized with an irrepresable desire to be agile. To place him under the charge of his own particular boy, who might be supposed to have some control over him, would not at all mend matters; for, even if he were minded to keep his spirits in check, and to walk quietly as he ought to do, it is an impossibility for two people to hide behind

him when in motion. If their heads and backs could be concealed, an extraordinary multiplicity of legs, no less indeed than six, appearing where nature had dictated only two, would soon put the plover on the *qui vive*. There remains then only the shooting-pony. He would be the very creature for the work if he could be had; but then the shooting-pony is a rare animal, and certainly the man who used him would not be the man to go out after plover. It may certainly be said, "have a pony broken in for this particular work." But, setting other considerations aside, how is this to be done? We cannot afford to experimentalise upon such very valuable birds; and it would be ridiculous to walk the animal round and round a flock of geese in a grass field for practice, particularly as the preliminary movements would hardly be crowned by shooting the geese. More reasonable than either of these suggestions is that of crawling up to the birds on all fours, or serpent fashion. But it is not likely that this will be practised, in spite of its apparent reasonableness. It may well be questioned whether the doctrinaires who recommend ever practised this mode of approach in their own persons. It is very easy to say "crawl up to them," when sitting over a pleasant fire in a dry room, but it is quite another thing to set about doing it. In England the crawl must be effected, not upon grass, or along a track in heather, or even up a clean watercourse, but upon heavy ploughed land, or, what comes to much the same thing, upon a field of young wheat. If the reader ever knelt down upon a wet gravel walk, or on a pasture, for even half a minute, he will, in a measure, understand what it must be to creep two or three hundred yards over such ground as this. It is not, as in simply kneeling, only the knees which will get into trouble, but it is the hands also, nay, more or less—for the stalker must keep as close to the ground as possible—the whole body. Of course, if by so doing his chances of compassing his object were much increased, not only should he not be dissuaded from the attempt, but even encouraged to make it. It is not, however, at all probable that he would by this mode of approach attain any result which might not as well, if not better, be attained in an easier way. The plover can see a crawling object quite as clearly as a walking one; and if, as in this case, the object could not be referred to a known and familiar class of animal, would be quite as sensitive about its approach as about that of a man walking. The plan, in fact, has nothing to recommend it, for it is troublesome, dirty, and unpromising.

No; the schemes above detailed do well enough to talk about, but they will not bear

the test of practical analysis. A much more simple one should be adopted. Suppose, then, the usual symptoms of coming snow to have made their appearance, let a companion (one is enough) who carries a gun, be found. Some keen sportsman in the neighbourhood will probably be forthcoming. If not, as it is not pleasant to prowl about alone, and the help of a confederate of some sort will be necessary, even though unarmed, enlist the services of an unemployed young labourer. In every parish, during the winter months, there are at least half a dozen such, idling about with their hands in their pockets, or holding no very profitable conversation at some corner not far from the public-house. One of these will surely have a taste for sport, which, if not led into a right channel, will make itself a wrong one. The boy, left to himself, will in all likelihood become a poacher. If taken in hand, and received into the staff of the shooting-field, where his natural genius will find its proper scope, he may remain a respectable member of society, and, in time, become a member of the game-keeper class. With this companion (for we will assume that no other is to be met with) repair to the plovers' haunts. If they are on the ground and flitting restlessly from one quarter of the field to another in short, low flights, it will be better for the gun-bearer to ensconce himself with all quietness behind the hedge nearest to them, and to send the lad into the field at its opposite end. There he must manoeuvre as described above, having been first strictly cautioned on no account to stand still to stare at the birds, for if he do so they would, keeping, as we may be sure they will do, one eye apiece on his movements, at once imagine that some plot was on foot against them and take to flight; in which case, though having regard to the coming snow they would soon return, the chances of the watcher getting a shot at them that bout would be very small indeed. If, however, he keeps moving hither and thither, approaching them by degrees and regulating the direction of his walk by the knowledge of his master's whereabouts, they may be brought into a position very fatal to their interests. Should they, on the other hand, be quietly feeding in the middle of the field, a different system must be followed. It is then best for the gun-bearer to leave his companion outside the field and to enter it alone, with as much appearance of carelessness as he can assume. As soon as he has crossed the hedge he must approach them on one side, not in a direct but in a curved line, and, if allowed to get within seventy or eighty yards, must suddenly turn round, and, with all speed, advance directly

upon them; when, if he is lucky, he may kill four or five of them.

For the reason already given, it is not likely that the survivors, notwithstanding the fright they have received, will remain a long time away. They will remove to some other feeding-ground for a space, to which he should follow them, repeating his manoeuvres. Or if he observes that there is more than one flock of them about, or that they keep moving from one haunt to another in small detachments, he may hide himself in some spot which he notices to be in the usual line of their flight, and shoot at them as they come and go. It is, however, cold work to crouch in winter long in the same place, and he will no doubt best please himself, while he in no way lessens his chance of success if he varies his tactics from time to time. Above all things, he must be patient and persevering; and, to encourage himself in these necessary virtues, let him reflect that it is a mean thing to be outwitted by a bird, particularly when that bird is so very excellent, and promises so satisfactorily to appease the hunger caused by the long walk after him.

EMERITUS.

SIR LAUNCELOT'S BOAST.

SIR LAUNCELOT boasted he never would wed;
He was proof 'gainst "woman's wiles," he said,—
And would lead the life of the free.
A smile would but glance from his shield of scorn,
A tear would be missed on the way it was borne,
And an army of Cupids, airy and dim,
Would fail in their aim if they aimed at him:
He never would marry—not he.

But Sir Launcelot's shield was lost in the fray,
And his heart of stone was melted to clay:
He was vanquished in spite of his boast.
One smiling face dispelled the dark frown;
A single aim had brought him down,—
'Twas only a waiting-maiden that won.
At a country inn his wooing was done
With a basin of milk and some toast.

Sir Launcelot's pleading already begun,
The maiden glanced shyly (as if at the sun)
At the suitor so tender—so gay.
She thought she might love, yet she feared to try;
With an innocent pride she was bashful and coy,
And she trembled as tenderer words he said,
As if his breath were a breeze she must dread,
Lest it blew all her summer away.

Sir Launcelot married, the news travelled far:
His boast was remembered—most evil things are—
And the world laughed aloud in its mirth.
But Sir Launcelot said he had grown more wise,
For an angel had dropped from her place in the skies;
And 'twas not the woman he loved, though he knew
That her face was fair and her eyes were blue.
'Twas the heart that he loved, for 'twas tender and true,
And bore none of the fashion of earth.

FREDERICK S. MILLA.

ZOE FANE.

A Love Story in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—AT NORHAM STATION.

It was growing dusk on a January afternoon as the train I was in puffed into a station on the Great Northern line, midway between London and York. I was bound to the latter place on some law business, and as I had only a very short time at my disposal, and wished if possible to return to London by the mail train that same night, I did not feel over well-pleased when the porter banged open the door of my carriage, announcing,—

"Get out here if you please, sir. There's been an accident a bit farther down the line, and this train 'll not go on for an hour and a half."

But it was no use anathematising either the train or the porter, who went on banging other carriage doors open in sublime indifference to my vexation; and after gathering together my rug and papers, I made the best of a bad job, and sat down to wait patiently in the gentlemen's waiting-room till the hour and a half should be expired. I had been there for about half an hour, and was beginning to feel very impatient, when the slow train, which had started from King's Cross some time before the express, and had enlivened the journey by stopping at every little station on its way down, arrived; and, like its predecessor, began to empty itself of its occupants. By way of amusement, I rose and strolled on to the platform, thinking to console myself by hearing other unfortunates lament their evil fate. As I passed a first-class carriage half-way down the train, I noticed two ladies emerging from it; and a sentence or two I heard one of them utter in an agitated voice immediately arrested my attention and curiosity.

"Oh, Willis!" she said, as she descended from the carriage, "it seems as if fate were against me. They will miss us and catch me now, just as I thought I was safe."

"Nay, don't fret so, Miss Zoë," said the other woman, who I saw now was evidently an attendant; "there's no other train from Birley till ten o'clock to-night."

"But you forget the telegraph, that dreadful telegraph," returned the girl. "I know we shall be stopped,—oh, Willis!"

The exclamation was uttered in a tone of the greatest terror, and involuntarily I looked round to see what had caused it. At the same moment a tall aristocratic-looking man who had entered my carriage in a great hurry at one of the few places at which the train had stopped, came up to the two and laid his hand on the young lady's arm.

"Well, Zoë," he said, in a quiet tone, in which, however, I detected a good deal of concentrated emotion of some sort, "I am glad to have found you with so little trouble."

The girl said nothing, but as I strolled slowly past—feeling, it must be confessed, a little curious—I saw that she was trembling violently, so violently that she was obliged to cling to her attendant for support, who passed her arm round the slight figure with a tender, caressing movement, and seemed to be trying to soothe her as one would soothe a frightened child.

"Thank you, Willis," I heard the gentleman say, quietly; "but, after this, I shall dispense with your services. Come into the waiting-room, and I will pay you your wages. Now, Zoë," he added, sternly, "no more of this nonsense. Come immediately."

I heard a quick low cry, and caught a few expostulating, entreating words from the elder woman, and then the whole party vanished into the waiting-room, and I heard no more.

I felt considerably puzzled, and instead of returning to my seat, walked up and down the platform, hoping to see or hear more. It was no business of mine, but somehow the intense terror in the girl's voice had interested me, and I felt a little curiosity to see her face which had been closely veiled. I can generally picture a woman's face to myself from hearing her voice, and this one, even in its fright, was especially low and musical; I argued, therefore, that its owner must be very pretty. I have sometimes found myself mistaken in this theory, and once a voice belonging to a lovely face I saw in a London ball-room startled me from its very harshness; but in this one I thought I could not be mistaken. I glanced undecidedly towards the ladies' waiting-room, which by this time was brilliantly lighted, and then making up my mind I walked boldly to the door. Surely, if that gentleman had a right to be in there against the rules, so had I.

When I reached the door, however, I paused, for there before me, plainly visible through the panes of glass which formed the upper portion of it, was the face I had come to see. The girl was standing by the table with her veil thrown back, and the full glare of the gas-lamp shining on her face.

And what a lovely, innocent, childlike face it was! In spite of the terror, and almost despair, depicted upon it—in spite of the tears, which were streaming from the large blue eyes, I thought it then, as I think it now, the loveliest face I have ever seen.

The other woman was weeping also, whilst the gentleman, with unmistakable anger in

his face and with a haughty contemptuous movement, was throwing down sovereigns on the table before her. The woman did not heed him though, and I gazed on at the strange scene half fascinated, till the gentleman turned round, and seizing the girl's hand, utterly regardless of her imploring face, dragged rather than led her to the door. Then I moved away, and began to saunter up and down as before; but when the two—the lady and gentleman, whose relation to each other I now began to wonder about—went through the booking-office towards the entrance, I followed too, and heard the direction given in a hasty tone to the cabman,—

"To the best hotel in this cursed place, and be quick."

Then the door was shut and the cab drove off, leaving me interested and curious; and determined somehow or other to know more of its occupants.

Full of this determination, I returned to the waiting-room; where, as I expected, the other woman was still seated in an agony of grief; and making up my mind what to do, accosted her—after the manner of benevolent individuals one reads of in good books—with,—

"You seem in great distress, my good woman. Can I do anything for you?"

For a long time my efforts to make anything out of her incoherent sentences were in vain; but presently, when she became a little more composed, I gathered a small degree of information respecting the scene I had witnessed. The gentleman, she told me was Mr. Fane of Charlton Abbey, in Hertfordshire; "not that it belongs to him," she added, suddenly raising her head quickly, "it's all Miss Zoë's, every stick and stone upon the property, more's the pity; but old Mr. Charlton settled all his money on Miss Zoë when he died, which was only a year after her poor mother, his daughter, and there's been no peace for the child ever since."

The woman was speaking in an excited indignant tone, and when she had finished she swept the money off the table into her lap, muttering audibly as she did so, "Not that I would touch a farthing of it, if it were his,—but it ain't, it's Miss Zoë's."

"And who's Miss Zoë?" I inquired.

"Why, Miss Fane, his own daughter, to be sure, as he's gone and taken off in that way, with nobody to see to her; and she can't dress or undress herself no more than a child. Oh, my poor lamb! my precious darling!" and here the woman subsided into a fit of weeping again.

At this moment, much to my relief—for I am not over partial to weeping, elderly females—the porter put his head into the room

inquiring, "Any one for York by this train? it's going on now. It's against the rules for you to be here, sir; have you any luggage?"

I sent him off in search of my portmanteau, and then set myself to persuade the woman, whose name was Willis, to travel to York in my carriage, and tell me something more about Miss Zoë; and as she seemed quite alive to the pleasure of having an interested listener to her tale, she assented very readily. The little excitement of starting composed her, and when we were fairly off, and she recommenced the story of her wrongs, I was able to understand and sympathise with her more coherent narrative.

Old Mr. Charlton, of Charlton Abbey, whose only daughter Mr. Fane had married, died in 1854, a year after his daughter, leaving his granddaughter, Zoë, Mr. Fane's only child, sole heiress to his immense wealth. He had only two other relations living, distant cousins, of the name of John and Eliza Hollice, the latter of whom had been Zoë's governess ever since she was old enough to require one. This Miss Hollice Mr. Fane had married a fortnight after old Mr. Charlton's death. Miss Fane was to be under her father's guardianship until she attained the age of twenty-one or married; in case of her death, the property was to be divided equally between the present Mrs. Fane and her brother, Mr. Hollice, unless Miss Fane had married, and left children, when it was to descend to them.

This information I only gained through skilful questions; for all Willis's ideas and affections were centred on her young mistress, and she was apt to diverge from the path of strict narrative in order to enlarge upon the unkind usage which, she asserted, Miss Fane received at home.

"They want her to marry Mr. Hollice, sir," answered Willis, to my inquiry as to the reason of the ill-usage, "and Miss Zoë can't bear him. Mr. Fane does just as his wife bids him, and she hates Miss Zoë for her beauty, and for having all the money, and wants to get it for her own children. Why, lor' bless you, sir!" continued Willis, in a tone of profound pity for my ignorance; "Mr. Fane aint got a farthing of his own, except what's allowed him for Miss Zoë; and if he were to die, Mrs. Fane and her children might go to the workhouse any day; and I should like to see them there."

"But why do they want Miss Zoë to marry Mr. Hollice?" I inquired; "she looks such a child."

"She is eighteen, sir, and they are afraid of her marrying any one else, for lots have been after her. But Mr. Hollice is desperately

fond of her, and they say he has promised Mrs. Fane half the money if he marries her."

I pondered over the woman's tale as we were whirled to York, wondering if the account of the unkind usage were really true; and then, as I recollected the scene at the station, I inquired,—

"But what has been the cause of your dismissal? Had you and Miss Zoë run away?"

I daresay I spoke gravely, for the idea of an elopement from her father's house caused me to think gravely for a few minutes of the beautiful young heiress, and the woman flared up immediately.

"Because it was more than flesh and blood could stand, to see Miss Zoë teased and lectured at every turn as if she were a dog; and that by Mrs. Fane, who is not fit to hold a candle to her. I won't say that Mr. Fane's so bad when he's let alone, but Mrs. Fane can turn him round her little finger, and she hates Miss Zoë."

"And what is Mr. Hollice like?" I asked. "Is he a gentleman?"

"He's one if fine clothes will make him one," returned Willis, scornfully; "but he's not one for bothering Miss Zoë. However, she hates him, and she's spirit enough in her to stand 'em all out yet, I do believe, and there are only three more years, and then she can do as she likes."

"And where were you going to-day?" I asked.

"To York. I've a sister as lives there, and Miss Zoë wanted to hide away until she was twenty-one. I got my brother, who is a clerk in London, to tell me all about the will, sir, and that's how we came to know. She don't mind her papa scolding her, and she's as good as possible with him; but when Mrs. Fane begins, she answers her back directly, and speaks her mind a bit—and then she's sent to her own room and kept locked up there for days. She had been there for a week till this morning, when I let her out and we came away."

Somehow, though I could not think the woman right in what she had done, yet the truthfulness of her tale made a strong impression upon me; and when I parted with her I gave her my address, and asked her to let me know if she heard more of her young mistress; promising in my turn to report to her if—as I thought was most unlikely—I should ever see or hear anything of Miss Fane again.

And then I went off to my dry business, and when I returned to London the next day, tried to put the young ill-used heiress out of my thoughts. But the lovely grief-stricken face would not altogether vanish, and many a time in the course of the next two years, I

troubled my brain a good deal about her, though for the whole of that time I never heard or saw anything of her.

CHAPTER II.—THE NORHAM BALL.

THERE was to be a grand ball in aid of the dispensary at one of the midland county towns, and my sister, the wife of a baronet in the neighbourhood, was to be the lady patroness of it.

What use she thought I, Edmund Darent, barrister-at-law, could be to her in this arduous duty, I don't know; but she sent me such an entreating letter of invitation for it, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse. It so happened, though I did not remember it till I got to the platform, that the station at which I left the train was the very one where, two years before, I had encountered Zoë Fane; and perhaps the familiar scene recalled to my mind all the details that Willis had told me of her history, and made the sweet young face picture itself, as vividly as when I had seen it in the flesh, to my imagination.

Certain it was that, during my solitary drive to Sir John Norham's, I thought a good deal of her, and wondered, a little sadly, if the bright young spirit were yet broken, and if, under persecution, she had consented to marry the man she hated.

There was a large party assembled at my sister's dinner-table that night, and I could not help groaning a little in spirit when she whispered to me maliciously that it would be expected of me to dance with them all.

"All the ladies, that is to say, you know, Edmund; and they were so curious to know if you could dance, when I told them you were coming. Since you won that famous case, it is wonderful what reflected glory I have been enjoying."

I answered her at random, for I had caught a name at the other end of the table, and I was curious to hear more. Presently a guest addressed my sister.

"Where did you say the Fanes came from, Lady Norham? Was it Hertfordshire?"

"Yes. By-the-bye, Edmund, we have got some new neighbours since you were here. Did you know that the Markhams had let the Priory, and gone abroad?"

"No. When did that happen?"

"About a year ago; and a Mr. Fane, from Charlton Abbey, in Hertfordshire, lives there now. He is a rich man, and lives in a great deal of style. They have a ball next week, which you must stay for, and they dine here to-morrow. I think you will like them."

Lady Norham was accustomed to drawing quick conclusions. In this case she happened to be mistaken.

"Will they be at that place you are going to to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, I should think so. At least, of course they will; but I wish you wouldn't call it a place so disrespectfully, Edmund, as if it hadn't a name."

I remedied my mistake, and then asked, carelessly, "Is Mr. Fane married?"

"Oh, yes; he has been married twice. This is his second wife, and, *entre nous*, I am not very much in love with her. But his daughter makes up for all deficiencies, as she is perfectly enchanting; though I can't help thinking there's a little mystery about her."

"What sort of a mystery?"

"I can scarcely tell. One thing, Mr. Fane never lets her go out alone—I mean from home. I took a great fancy to her, and have asked her to stay here once or twice, but I can't get her; and, then, I don't think she is happy. However, she is going to be married soon, now; so perhaps she does not like the thought of leaving home."

She was not married then yet, I thought; and unconsciously I felt glad.

"Who is she going to marry, Emmy?" I asked.

"A Mr. Hollice. He is her step-mother's brother, and a very gentlemanly looking man. He appears devoted to her, but I can't say I think she cares much for him. However, you will see and judge for yourself about them to-night, Edmund. I think even you—woman-hater though you profess yourself—will be enchanted with Zoë. Isn't it a funny name?"

Three hours later I was in the Norham ball-room, undergoing the misery of a quadrille on a floor like ice, with one of my sister's pretty guests for a partner. I did my best, and tried to make myself as agreeable as was in my power, with all the surplus energies that were not occupied in keeping my feet from slipping away from my body; but my partner was young and country-bred, and thought a great deal more of the pretty dresses round her, and of her own skirts—which she appeared to be afraid of tearing—than of my conversation. So after the first figure I held my tongue, and allowed her to pursue her own innocent reflections unmolested; occupying myself by vain attempts to see over the heads of my neighbours whether the party I was looking for had yet entered the room. Suddenly a name behind me arrested my attention, and on turning round presently, I saw that four people, two ladies and two gentlemen, were standing behind me on the square of carpet reserved at one end of the room, for the *élite* and aristocracy of the neighbourhood.

There was no mistaking Mr. Fane's tall,

haughty figure, though I had only seen him once, and the lady on his arm would of course be his wife. Even in my first quick glance I took a dislike to the swarthy face and dark flashing eyes, and the gentleman who stood next her—evidently her brother, from the likeness between them, though he looked younger, as well as more refined—came in for a share of this feeling.

But was that girl whose hand rested on the gentleman's arm, the Zoë Fane of my recollection?

I gazed incredulously into the lovely eyes which I had last seen streaming with tears. There were no tears there now, but a world of trouble seemed to lie in their blue depths under the weary-looking lids, and the face which might have been cut out of marble, it was so immobile and still, was the saddest I have ever seen. There was no girlish spirit in it now, no childlike grief or terror such as I had before witnessed; it was as perfectly calm in its mournfulness as the face of a statue, but there was that in its expression which revealed to me a history of suffering and wrong; and when I looked at the dark, swarthy, triumphant woman again, I hated her!

"I will defeat you yet," I inwardly vowed, as I turned away; "and I will never rest till that girl's face looks happier."

It was a resolution worthy of twenty-five rather than of thirty-five; but I made it in the full determination of acting upon it; and after that first dance was over, I went to my sister and made her introduce me to Mr. Fane. I had soon requested the favour of Miss Fane's hand for the next dance; and when I had obtained it, I exerted myself as I had never exerted myself in my life before, to make myself agreeable, and, if possible, win her confidence. She was easy to get on with after I had once broken the crust of reserve with which I could see she was accustomed to treat all her acquaintances; but I had determined to be more than a mere acquaintance to her; and when the dance was over, I gained her promise of another later in the evening, telling her that I had a piece of information to give her, which I thought and hoped might interest her. We were walking up the room towards her step-mother when I said this; and the quick, eager glance with which she looked up in my face as I uttered the words, was instantly checked when she came under the influence of Mrs. Fane's dark, suspicious eyes; and when I left her she gave me the quietest, coldest bow imaginable, and then I saw her standing, quiet and unmoved, by her step-mother's side, until her betrothed husband led her away to dance again. I rather wondered how she would receive the communication I



See page 706.

intended making. I thought it would not be pleasant to receive a scornful or angry glance from those lovely eyes, in return for what she might, perhaps, consider an unpardonable impertinence. But then she looked so sad and unhappy. Surely almost any means were justifiable to let her know she had a friend whom she might trust; and, at any rate, I was determined to try the experiment.

Accordingly, when the dance she had promised me arrived, I took her as far as possible from her step-mother's seat, and then, during a pause to rest, I turned her so that her father—who, I had been conscious, was watching us narrowly during both dances—could not see her face, and said, as quietly and gently as possible,—

"I dare say you will not remember me,

Miss Fane, but this is not the first time I have seen you, and I recollected you the moment I saw you."

She looked a little startled I thought, and paused to consider a moment before she answered, "No, I don't remember ever seeing you before; when was it?"

I hesitated a moment, and then said hurriedly, without looking in her face,—

"It was the afternoon of the 8th of January, 1863, on the platform of the Norham station. Excuse me, I thought you wanted a friend then, but was powerless to interfere, and I think you want one still. I will do for you whatever lies in my power, if you will only trust me. Now shall we go on?"

I bent over her as I spoke, and after one glance into her eyes—those lovely, startled eyes, which had an expression in them like that in the eyes of a frightened deer—I put my arm round her waist and whirled her off just as Mr. Hollice sauntered down the room towards us; and I hoped he did not see the crimson cheeks which I tried in that way to hide. Presently I spoke again, whirling her rapidly round all the time, "Your maid Willis is my mother's housekeeper now, in Yorkshire. I shall be going there next week, and she will be nearly out of her mind when I tell her I have seen you—her 'precious lamb' she calls you. What may I tell her about you?"

"Nothing," she said, and I felt her a dead weight on my arm. I was carrying her round the room now, but I was well content that it should be so—I felt strong enough to carry her anywhere, so that it might be away from what was troubling her. After a moment she continued, half-despairingly, "She had better forget me."

"I think people who have once known you cannot easily do that," I answered; "although I did not know you, what I saw on that afternoon made me ask Willis for your history; and now I do know you, I should like to prove myself a friend. Will you trust me?"

"It will be no use, nobody can do anything for me now. I have given my word, and I cannot recall it."

"Excuse me, but an extorted promise goes for nothing," I answered. "I hear you are to marry Mr. Hollice, but I cannot believe that you will consent to act such a lie."

I was astonished at my own boldness. Here was I speaking to a girl I had only known half an hour, as if I were her oldest guardian and mentor. But she did not appear to think anything I said strange. Poor child! I think she hoped I could save her, after the first sentence of our conversation.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "You

would not have me disobey my father, and I am weary of struggling, and don't seem to care what happens to me now."

"But you must care," I said, gravely and earnestly. "Promise me to care henceforth, and I will promise that you shall not be made to marry Mr. Hollice."

"Will you?" she said, eagerly, and then she added despairingly, "But my father, he will almost kill me. Nobody can help me now."

"But, I assure you, I will help you. When shall you be twenty-one?"

"On the 20th of next May; but I am to be married before then."

"Yes, I suppose so. But the dance is over, and I do not think it will be wise to ask you for another to-night;" then, as I saw with a sensation of gladness her eyes droop, and her face cloud again, I went on, "but you will be dining at my sister's to-morrow, and I will talk to you again then. Meanwhile, I promise to do all in my power to help you if you will only trust me unreservedly. Do you promise?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly; and then she looked up yearningly; "but what must you think of me? I assure you it is not my father's fault."

"I know," I answered, "and I don't think it is. But don't distress yourself about what any one thinks of you; be assured that it is nothing evil." And then I surrendered her to Mr. Hollice, watching angrily the airs of tenderness and devotion he displayed to her, and inwardly vowing again that I would not rest until I had made her love me, and had won her for my own.

During the fortnight that followed, on some pretext or another, I saw Zoë Fane every day; and I managed the meetings so cleverly, that I don't believe Mrs. Fane—who seemed to be Argus-eyed in anything relating to her step-daughter—had the slightest suspicion that I loved her. But Zoë knew it; and, when I went into Yorkshire, I had gained her promise to become my wife.

Poor child! How she clung to me that last night—when, for the furtherance of my plans, I had persuaded my sister into some private theatricals, with a ball to follow. I was afraid her agitation would betray us, but she had learnt to control herself during the last two sad years; and I soon saw, when we returned to the ball-room after that stolen leave-taking, that I need not fear for her.

I went into Yorkshire and gained my mother's promise of hearty co-operation in my plans, whatever they might be, and then I returned to London and had a long interview with the trustees of old Mr. Charlton's property; both of whom I had previously known a little. The result of this interview was that

one of them went down to Norham Priory unannounced, on pretence of business connected with the property, but, in reality, that he might judge for himself if the tale I told him were true. They were wise men, those two trustees, and thought, perhaps, in spite of their previous knowledge of me, that I had an eye to old Mr. Charlton's broad acres; and my only fear now was, lest Mr. Fane should be able to deceive them, and that Zoë might be coerced into hiding the truth. However, two days afterwards, I received a letter from Mr. Mortimer, in which he told me that he was satisfied in his own mind that Miss Fane was averse to the marriage, which was now being speedily pressed forward; that, however, she appeared too frightened whilst under her father's eye to express her dislike to it, and that that being the case, he was powerless to interfere. Thereupon, I wrote an imploring note to Zoë, which I enclosed in one to Mr. Mortimer, begging her to keep firm to her resolution, and to speak boldly out to her father, before Mr. Mortimer, her unwillingness to marry Mr. Hollice; and I wrote by the same post to Mr. Fane, making proposal for his daughter's hand. I should have done this before, only that I feared making the announcement until Zoë had a friend to stand by her; and I heard afterwards that Mr. Fane had flown into a terrible passion with her, and had used language concerning me which was anything but complimentary. Then Mr. Mortimer returned to town and told me he could do nothing to prevent the marriage unless Zoë expressly declared her unwillingness to it, which he feared she would not do if she were left much longer at her father's, or rather step-mother's, mercy.

"Then what is to be done?" I inquired. "I don't suppose I shall ever be allowed to see her, and, of course, all my letters will be intercepted. Can't you do anything?"

"Not unless Miss Fane herself wishes me to interfere," Mr. Mortimer answered; "but how am I to know she doesn't want to marry the man, when she only sits and trembles, and won't open her mouth?"

"My poor Zoë!" I cried out; then, as a sudden inspiration seized me, "but couldn't you get her to sign something to the effect that she doesn't want to marry him?"

"If I couldn't get her to speak," said Mr. Mortimer, reflectively, "I don't suppose I could get her to write. I tried hard, and was up to all sorts of tricks to see her alone, but that woman was one too many for me; and how could I tell Mr. Fane that he was using coercion to the girl, when his look would have made her contradict me? It's no use, I tell you, unless you can get her away."

"But I don't believe she would ever consent to running away with me," I replied. "Besides, it is such a horrid way of getting out of the mess."

"I don't see any other, because, as I tell you, I saw enough to feel certain the girl won't speak. She loves her father, and I believe he loves her, in a way; but that brute of a wife has entire influence over him, and it's evident enough to me that she hates the girl, besides wishing for her money. I think it's lucky it's nothing worse than a wedding they are compassing."

"But I don't see how it will benefit Mrs. Fane for Zoë to marry Mr. Hollice," I said.

"Of course not openly," he replied; "but doubtless the brother, to whom I give the credit of really loving Zoë, has bribed her with promises of something when he has married. And probably a good slice of the property would be made over to her; for once married, I suppose she would not much care what became of her money, and she has absolute power over every farthing after the twentieth of May."

"Then what must I do?" I inquired; "for I swear she shall not marry that man, if I have to cut his throat to prevent it."

Mr. Mortimer laughed. He did not love Zoë as I did; he had not heard her imploring petitions to be saved from Mr. Hollice, and he had not felt the tightening clasp of those clinging arms round his neck, nor the warm passionate kisses on his lips, as I had. I felt nearly mad when I thought of it all, and remembered my own powerlessness; for somehow the running-away scheme was very distasteful to me, and there was such a thing as being overtaken and being carried back in disgrace. I racked my brains in vain for a scheme that would answer better, and whilst I was considering, Mr. Mortimer spoke again.

"Get your mother or Lady Norham to run away with her as you won't, and let them bring her to my house. She will be safe enough there with my wife, and if need be I will forcibly detain her. Very likely, though, they won't discover her till after you are married. Will that suit you?"

Yes, the more I thought over this plan the more I thought it likely to answer, provided only I could get Zoë's consent to it. But how I was to obtain that I couldn't think. My powers of invention seemed utterly at fault, now that they were wanted in my own behalf, though they had served me a good turn many a time when required for somebody else's benefit. It was clear however that I could do nothing in London; so after promising to telegraph if anything occurred, and if I were able to get Zoë away, I set off for Norham, rather

astonishing my sister by my unexpected reappearance.

She was still more astonished when, under the seal of secrecy—for I rather dreaded my brother-in-law's blunt good nature—I told her what I had come for; and it took some little time and an extraordinary quantity of entreaties, threats of suicide, and appeals to her good nature, before I could gain her consent to do what I wanted of her. However, she consented at last reluctantly enough, and the moment she had done so, woman-like, turned round and reproached me bitterly for what I hadn't done to save Zoë. Then she began to arrange the most likely schemes which occurred to her, to be put in practice if a personal interview which I was to demand of Mr. Fane the next day should prove unsuccessful. And I felt certain somehow that it would prove fruitless, although I was determined to try it before having recourse to anything so romantic as an elopement.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XXIV. TOO LATE.

WELL, Mr. Nomad, I told you when we last met, that my time as a Walking Poster was pretty near up. I could not have stood it much longer. But it has come to a close in a way I did not dream of. We have all got the sack; and the living word Amphitryon walks the streets for positively the last time this week. On Saturday we get our wages and a week's extra pay in lieu of notice; and then our band breaks up for good. Things come about so queerly in this odd topsy-turvy world of ours. It seems, as far as I can put things together, from the gossip of my old crony the house-keeper at the Regina Theatre, that Charley Vivian was regularly cleaned out, and sold up, when he tore up young Atkin's bills after the night's play at Philomela Cottage. He had to cut abroad; and, living away there all alone, the recollection of what he had gone through served, I suppose, to sober him. He had been within an ace of becoming the accomplice and confederate of card-sharpers; and, though a man will get used to that, as he will to most things, it is a shock if you have been born and bred a gentleman, to feel that you were on the eve of becoming unfit for the society of your class. Well, I fancy, that having time to think, he began to see that if he went on as he was doing, it must come to this sooner or later. His pigeon days were over; and, if he was to live his old life again, he must live it as a hawk. He had very few relations; his friends had begun

to fight shy of him; and his acquaintances forgot him as soon as he was out of sight. So he was very lonely, and sad, and dull, in his exile across the channel; and, about the only comfort he had, was in the letters of Lily Vernon, who, woman like, loved him better, and was less ashamed of showing her love, now that he was friendless and down on his luck, than she had been in the days when he was sowing his money broad-cast about the town. For the first time in his life, Charley Vivian thought seriously about his prospects and his chances. The game was pretty well up at home; he was not old enough to have the true London feeling, that there and there only is life worth living; and so he made up his mind to seek his fortune in the new worlds beyond the sea. Leaving England as he did, with a host of debts, embarrassments, liabilities, and troubles behind him, he knew well enough that his exile was a life-long one. Once away from his London world, he cared little what his set thought, or talked about him; and he did at last what if he had lived for a thousand years in London he never would have dreamt of doing—he asked Lily Vernon to go with him as his wife. Poor child! she did not need much asking; and so one fine evening Miss Vernon was not forthcoming when the orchestra at the Regina had played the overture to "Amphitryon." A notice was sent round the house craving the indulgence of the audience, owing to the sudden and serious illness of the "talented and popular artiste," so the play-bill ran. But for days nothing was heard of the missing actress, till one morning the lessee received a note, scented, underlined, cross-written, and full of dashes, signed Lily Vivian, and announcing that before the note could be received the writer would have sailed with her husband for Valparaiso. They say that the lessee swore terribly; but that after he had opened a bottle of champagne in company with Polly Peters, who was to reign henceforth at the Regina *vice* Vernon resigned, he remarked that after all Lily was "a precious sight too good for you or me, my dear," and that he hoped she had not made a fool of herself as well as of him. I hope so, too. Your reformed rakes do make good husbands every now and then; but when they don't, they make fearful bad ones.

But though Polly Peters was built on a far more liberal scale than the skinny Vernon girl, as she used to call her rival; and though she "filled" a page's costume, as the Regina dresser said, to perfection, she failed somehow to draw. The public were used to Vernon, and refused obstinately to encore Peters in her break-downs or to listen to the air, "Ah wouldn't you like; but you

shan't you know," which as sung by Lily had made the fortune of Amphitryon. So the house fell off; and the proprietor resolved to try the old-fashioned legitimate drama for a change, and forthwith in recognition of the classic days of the drama cut down the advertising expenses. Posters were not wanted for the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal;" and so because Charley Vivian happened to take it into his head to reform, our gang is to be broken up, and a number of poor devils thrown out of work. It's an odd world this of ours, and I don't suppose it will ever be very different in my time or yours.

However, as I told you before, I don't take this much to heart, as I had made up my mind to strike work, one way or another. I recollect once playing at roulette, when I had put my last note upon the Zero, which was long overdue, the ball instead of falling straight into the hole got balanced, as it sometimes will, on the edge of the revolving basin and spun round with it turn after turn without moving. It was my last chance; and the suspense of watching the wheel turn was so great, that I felt positively happy when the ball at last slid down and I knew that I had lost. Well, I feel much in the same way to-day; I have played my last stake; and I expect to hear every morning, whether I have lost or won. I hardly seem to care much which it is now; all I want is to have it over, and be at rest. How it has all come about, I can tell you now.

It was getting late, as I said, when I got the certificate, at last, from the Major of his marriage with Mrs. Fitz Maurice; and then, as soon as I had got it, I was burning to be off, but we had first to see after the wretched woman, who, when her fury had died away, lay huddled on the sofa in the Major's chambers, sobbing hopelessly. The only thing we could do was to get her away, and Willie, who, when there was a kind deed to do, never thought for one moment how the doing it might affect himself, undertook to see her to her home. So I was free, and having promised to let Willie know how things went, I hurried back as fast as my old legs could carry me to the wretched crib where I had housed Arlingford since his illness. For you see, ever since the morning when I stopped him from jumping over the bridge, he had lain in my room a dying man. That he was dying I could not doubt. A few streets off me, there was a young doctor, who had just started practice, and who I knew by report was as kind and liberal as most medical students are before they have begun to earn fees and give consultations. He came to see my poor friend, when I asked him, and told me that all the

doctors in the world could do nothing in the case. The disease, he said, the man is dying of, ought to be called the "*Lassitudo vitæ*." Take away the trouble which is wearing him to death and you may perhaps bring him back to life; but, short of that, drugs, and tonics, and opiates, will help him nothing. I felt it cruel to bolster poor old A. with hopes that might come to nothing; and so I said nothing of my notion that he might still free himself from the chain which had dragged him down through life; and day by day I saw more and more clearly that if release was to come it must come quickly. Before he had ever told me his story, he had made me give him my word of honour that I would not communicate with his people without his leave; and I could do nothing till I had proved the truth of my suspicions except make him as comfortable as I could. It was not much I could do; but there was very little to be done. Such food as I could give him he could not touch; but I doubt whether all the dainties of Chevet's or Morel's would have tempted him to eat. He could swallow nothing, and the low fever eat away his failing strength; and for days together brandy was well nigh the only thing that passed his lips. When the excitement which enabled him to tell me his life story had passed over, the delirium of the fever seemed to die away; and night and day he lay upon the hard straw pallet—which was my substitute for a bed—very still and quiet; but whether sleeping or waking I could hardly tell. Every morning, before I left for my day's tramp, he would beg me to send him off to the workhouse and not burden myself with him any longer; and every evening, as I came home, he would say that he hoped not to trouble me or anyone much longer. But there had been little talk between us of late. I was full of my own thoughts; and he had lived too long alone, brooding over his own sorrow, to care for talking. He was grown too weak to smoke; but the smell of tobacco seemed to lull him to sleep; and so, by the light of the smouldering handful of coals which served me for a fire, I would sit smoking silently, listening to his hoarse, rapid breathing, broken from time to time by fits of racking cough. I used sometimes to think, Mr. Nomad, that a painter like Rembrandt might have made a weird sketch of us two broken, haggard men, one dying on the straw, the other croning over the half lit embers, while the smoke-wreaths circled about the room, and the flickering fire-light shone upon the blackened rafters, and the bare, mildewed walls.

I have told you in this matter I was playing a game of my own. If I got Arlingford

restored to his friends, free of the bond which had banished him from his home, I reckoned that he would reward me for the service handsomely. I don't wish to make myself out better than I am; and I admit candidly that when I first took up this scheme I thought of naming a figure, and a pretty high one, for the certificate of the Major's marriage, if ever I obtained it. But as I got to know Arlingford, I gave up all idea of the kind, and resolved to render him the service, if I could, and leave it to him to repay me as he liked. And I tell you honestly, that as I came home that day, with the papers in my pocket, I hardly thought at all of the profit they might bring me. I thought only whether I should be in time to save the life of the man who lay on my wretched pallet dying slowly.

He was generally stronger in the morning, and at night he mostly used to doze, half unconscious of his aching pain; and I had made up my mind to keep my story from him till the morrow. But when I got back I found him lying wide-awake, very calm, and quiet, and still, with the same youthful look upon his face, as it had worn on the morning when he had made up his mind to die. I thought at first the fever had spent itself; and so indeed it had, but the life was well-nigh spent with it. There was no time to lose in applying the remedy, if it was to work a cure. I gave him another dose of brandy; I had bought a bottle on my way home, with the last few shillings I had in the world, and then I told him all, as carefully as I could—told him that he might go home and claim his estates without fear of bringing shame on the name he loved so well, or making the child of Kate Colville and her paramour, heir to the title and the lands of Arlingford of Arlingford. I watched him carefully as I told the tale, fearing the news might be too much for his failing strength, and when all was told I handed the marriage-certificate open to him. He glanced at it languidly, let it fall listlessly by his side, and then only murmured to himself, "Poor woman, poor woman, I must bid them not to let her want, when I am gone." Then turning to me, he grasped my hand and thanked me for all I had done; and moaned half to himself, half to me, "Good news, welcome news; but it has come too late." I hope, among my good actions, few as they are, it will be reckoned to me, that then, when I saw he had not many hours to live, I said nothing about myself; the words would have choked me before I could utter them, and I felt that though a few lines of his might place me above want for the rest of

my days, I would sooner starve than ask him then to pay me for what I had done. "Give me some brandy," he said, after a time, "give me a pencil and paper, and pour some brandy into my lips, whenever you see my hand begin to stop." I did as he bade me, and very slowly, with constant pauses, and catches for breath, during which, I thought, time after time, he would have passed away, he wrote on and on, till he had covered a sheet of paper with sprawling, shaky lines. Then at his bidding I called in a man who lived next door, and who put his cross to the paper. Then when I too had signed it, he handed it over to my keeping, folded and sealed; and laid down, as it seemed, to sleep.

Very silently I left the room. I wished that some one might be with him before he died. The doctor I told you of was out when I called; and I had to wait till he came back from a consultation, as his maid-servant said, but from what I suspect was a students' supper party. The minutes passed away very slowly; but at last he came, and then he went with me at once to see if anything could be done. I felt somehow that the end had come, and I opened the door hurriedly, struck a light, for the fire had smouldered out; but by the time I had lit the candle, the doctor turned to me, from bending over Arlingford's bedside, with the words "too late." A smile, almost the first I had ever seen there, was on his lips; in his hand was a photograph of an old woman he had worn at his breast, and which, by the likeness, I took to be his mother; and by his side lay the will. I gave it over to the doctor and begged him to forward it. What its contents are, whether I am mentioned in it, I cannot tell. I have heard nothing from the family. I suppose now, as always, it has been my luck—to be too late.

THE EAST WIND.

He pierces us with shafts of steel,
Thrice-temper'd blades of aleet and blast,
And as he hurries wildly past
He makes the leafless woodland reel;

Or darkens all the heaven with dun
Chill mist, that turns to ghostly night
The day, or if the skies be bright,
He sucks the warmth from out the sun.

And yet we know the buds will break
Their bondage, and the violets peer,
And in the wakening of the year
The thrush his sweet-voiced treble shake;

And southern gales on odorous wing
Will softly fan the lengthening day;
Till He, our Tyrant, dies away,
Charm'd into slumber by the Spring.

W. J. L.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF PIT GEORDIE.

THROUGHOUT the two great coal counties—Northumberland and Durham—the collier goes by the generic name, or nick-name, of "Pit Geordie;" just as English people generally talk of Jack Tar, or John Bull, or as our newspaper writers dub the agricultural labourer John Styles, so do the colliery inhabitants of Newcastle and Shields speak of "Pit Geordie," and speak of him, it must be confessed, with but small respect.

In truth, your pitman when he "comes to town"—and in the pitman's opinion there is but one town and that crowns the northern bank of the coally Tyne, some eight miles from its mouth—can hardly be said to be a respectable character. He swears too loudly, drinks too much, swaggers too widely, stares about him too freely, and is altogether too coarse and unruly in his behaviour even to suit the free and easy notions of the people of Newcastle. He has a trick too, on market days, of making himself generally obnoxious, by squatting at the corners of the streets, in a way which amazes a stranger beyond anything. There you will see him, calmly seated in a position to which a month's training would not inure any one else, watching the ceaseless flow of traffic along the beautiful streets built by Richard Grainger; unconscious apparently that he is in anybody's way, and by no means likely to be moved from his post, even should such an idea occur to him. Only those who have seen the Hottentots squatting about the streets of Cape Town can form any notion of the sight which may thus be witnessed any Saturday in Newcastle.

But the pitman has his good qualities; and they are very noble ones. He is not always strutting about in the gorgeous array which he affects on holiday occasions; nor is he so fond of beating his wife as some persons would lead the public to imagine. In his own place, he is a man we cannot afford to lose, and of whom we have not seldom had reason to be proud. He is eccentric, but so was Isaac Newton, and a good many other people whose names can't be taken out of the roll of English glory. And here is a story to the point, which I might with truth have designated "No Fiction."

My "Pit Geordie" is not the generic man, but a particular individual; to wit, George Harold, a hewer employed at the great Summerfield Collieries, some twelve miles to the north-east of Newcastle. Now this George had earned in the village in which he lived a reputation which even there was not considered enviable. He was quite a young

fellow at the time when I first knew him, and at which I shall introduce him to your notice; but young as he was, his name stunk in the nostrils of the righteous of Summerfield. And in Summerfield there were many righteous. Half-a-mile from the pit was a church, to which nobody but the colliery clerk thought of going from the village, the congregation being composed exclusively of the surrounding agricultural population; but in the village itself were three brown brick barns, denominated respectively—"Primitive," "New Connection," and "Wealeyan" Chapels, and these chapels were crowded to the doors every Sunday, by noisy, but tolerably devout worshippers.

To these worshippers, and to those who sympathised with them, George Harold appeared in the light of a very son of Perdition. He was conspicuously godless amongst the godless, and to make matters worse, it had not taken long years of evil courses to bring him to his present pitch of wickedness, for, as I have said, he was yet very young, barely a man of three-and-twenty. He gambled; but that was a mere matter of course. He drunk; but men both older and younger did the same. He swore furiously; but where is the "unconverted" pitman who does not swear? He joined in dog-fights, cock-fights; horse-races—in which there was much harm—on Newcastle moor; boat-races—in which there ought to have been no harm—on the broad bed of the Tyne; and in pigeon-flying, bowling, and quiet "little mills" between unknown champions at all sorts of places and upon every possible occasion. In each of these varieties of fast life there was some rival or comrade who went beyond him, but nobody could be found who equalled him in his general devotion to all of them. There he was unapproachable; and this made him so conspicuous in a place to which we do not ordinarily look for the correctest and most exemplary modes of living.

As usual, a woman had been at the bottom of much, though not all, of George Harold's abandonment to vice. He had been wild and daring to a degree from his early youth; but he had never been thoroughly bad until he had been jilted by Mary Hall, the acknowledged belle of Summerfield. Perhaps I should not use so strong a word as "jilted," for in the common acceptation of the term, Mary Hall had not jilted him at all. He had loved her—loved her with all the fierce passion of which such men are capable—for many years; and for long he had hoped and believed that she would some day become his wife, and crown his life with a happiness for which—poor fellow!—he longed quite as ardently as

his betters. But the encouragement he had received in his suit had come from Mary's father, and from him alone. Mary had never professed that she loved him; had never given him the slightest hope; but, on the contrary, from the very first, when she was but half-way through her teens indeed, had given her heart to Richard Winter, a young man who now worked by the side of George Harold in Summerfield Pit.

In spite of the plainest evidence to the contrary, George Harold, after the manner of some rejected lovers, when convinced beyond a doubt that Mary could never be his wife, persisted in believing that she had once loved him, and would have loved him still, had she not been vilely deceived and over-wrought by Winter and his partisans. For Winter himself—who was a quiet, steady-going Wesleyan Methodist, the very opposite of Harold in character—he professed the strongest hatred and contempt, and in making such a profession he was no hypocrite. Yet great as was his animosity towards his successful rival, it was not so great as that which he entertained towards Mary's uncle, Ralph Gledson, the "over-man" at the pit, and a shining light amongst the Summerfield Ranters.

This Gledson, a thin weazened man, with hair of a dirty yellow, and a face covered with the blue "gunpowder" marks peculiar to pitmen, was the brother of Mary's mother. After that poor woman's death, he had taken his niece to live with him; for I should tell you that Peter Hall was not the proper man to be entrusted with the care of any woman. He was drunken, careless, and godless, like too many of the pitmen of Summerfield. Yet though in many respects he was a contemptible fellow, he seemed to have some notion of what was right left in his besotted brain. At any rate, he himself felt that Mary was better off with her uncle than she would have been in his house, and all the more so, since, half a year after her mother's death, he took a woman to rule in it, who had never been made its lawful mistress. This feeling had not prevented his furthering George Harold's suit to the utmost of his power. Perhaps he had done this because there was a rude but strong bond of sympathy between the two men; perhaps because he believed that such a marriage would lead his friend to a better mode of life; and perhaps because he could not bear the Methodists, and had no amicable feelings towards Dick Winter.

Be this as it may, Ralph Gledson was the object of common hatred of both Hall and Harold. The one hated him partly because he had been free in the use of reproof and admonition so long as there had been the

slightest intercourse between the two, and partly because since he had fallen into open sin Gledson had refused to allow Mary to visit his house; and the other hated him with a far fiercer hatred, because he believed him to have been mainly instrumental in promoting the union between Mary and Winter, and because in the pulpit of the Ranter Chapel he had openly held him, George Harold, up to the odium of the congregation—Mary being amongst the number—as an example of a prodigal in the midst of his vicious courses.

And yet Ralph Gledson was not a man whom I should have thought at all hateful. That ugly puckered face, rough and harsh as were its lines, was lighted up by man's two noblest qualities—earnestness and honesty; and under the shaggy brows gleamed brown eyes which pierced the heart of the man they looked at, and as they did so, made him feel that he stood in the presence of one who was worthy of his fullest confidence. When he "expounded" in the brick barn devoted to the Ranters or "Primitives" of Summerfield, his discourse would doubtless have driven a refined hearer out of the chapel in disgust; but if it was often very personal, and generally "sensational," it was always characterised by the special qualities I have named—thorough earnestness and honesty.

Ralph Gledson was over-man at the pit; that is to say, he held the highest position under the "viewer" or engineer.

When George Harold knew at last that all hope for him was gone, and that he must be content to leave pretty Mary Hall to the caresses of his rival, he swore a great oath to be revenged upon those who had robbed him of his love. Men often take these oaths, and, happily for successful wooers, nearly as often break them. In this case, however, time did bring George Harold his revenge—as I shall presently show.

He had taken his oath, and he meant to keep it; and the men he had marked out for vengeance were, I need hardly say, Richard Winter and Ralph Gledson. Upon both of them he intended to avenge himself, and those who heard his threats told each other that when the day of reckoning came it would fare ill with these two men.

But in the meantime things went on very peacefully in Summerfield, which was as noisy, as busy, as happy, and as wicked as prosperous pit-villages usually are. Winter's courtship moved along smoothly; and if sometimes on the long June evenings as he and his betrothed strolled together through the pleasant bea-fields, his arm thrown lovingly round her waist and her hand clasped tight in his, they

saw in the distance, standing clear against the yellow sunset, a figure that they both recognised, their happiness was scarcely disturbed by the apparition. Lovers are proverbially selfish, or rather, all their generosity is between themselves; and this pair of lovers were not more selfish than their compeers. Richard Winter, as he looked into Mary's smiling face, indulged in no ungenerous triumph over the man he had beaten in the race of love; but if he pitied him, mingled with his pity was a feeling of abhorrence for his known mode of life, and of congratulation that he should not only have gained Mary for himself, but have preserved her from the arms of such a reprobate.

For, as you already know, George Harold's course had been rapidly tending downwards from the time when he learned the fate of his love. He had drunk harder, sworn louder, gambled more deeply than he had ever done before, and respectable people began to move uneasily when his name was mentioned in their presence. He had already appeared on several occasions before the magistrates in the gloomy Moot Hall at Newcastle, charged with being a participator in various breaches of the peace, and in one instance he had tasted prison fare for fourteen days inside Morpeth Gaol. It need scarcely be said that this by no means tended to improve his manner of living, or to weaken his resolve to be revenged upon those who had, he believed, brought all this evil on him. Daily he renewed the oaths he had sworn at first; and often did he seek Peter Hall's company, and declare to him in confidence, that his daughter should not long be troubled with the attentions of "that canting white-livered Methodist, Winter." And yet at times, when he was in a gentler mood than usual, some faint perception of the truth would steal into his mind, and he would acknowledge to himself that no good could come from the fulfilment of such vows as those he had made, whilst across all his wild enmity towards Gledson and Winter, would flow a feeling of pity for Mary, and for the forlorn condition in which she would be placed should these two men be suddenly taken from her.

At last one day there was an unusual bustle in that portion of the pit-row at Summerfield where Ralph Gledson had his abode. It was Saturday morning; and Mary's wedding-day. A bright autumn morning it was, the first touch of frost having just delivered the roads from the bondage of mud, and freed the earth from the leaden clouds and heavy atmosphere of the previous week; so there was nothing to make the short walk to the church, which Mary then entered for the first time in her life, disagreeable, and the

merry party, consisting of the lovers and a few chosen friends, pleasantly marched in procession to the sacred building, where the ceremony was in due course performed. Then, after the simple custom of their kind, the newly-married pair took train for Tynemouth, where they were to abide till Monday morning—a short honeymoon, but not the less happy, perhaps, on that account.

Neither Peter Hall nor George Harold witnessed the marriage. The former had been at the house of his brother-in-law the previous evening, and had made a final effort to break off a match which he detested. High words had followed, and as he went away, foiled in his attempt, he cursed his daughter and her uncle in terms too terrible to be repeated here. Poor Mary loved her father after a manner, though her long absence from his roof, and his subsequent conduct towards her, had weakened her attachment not a little, and she now heard his dreadful imprecations upon herself with a shrinking heart; but when she heard him call down an early and violent death upon the uncle who had been both father and mother to her, her courage fairly gave way, and she fell into a fit of hysterical weeping. We need not wonder, therefore, that amongst those who stood round the altar in the little church the next morning, Peter Hall was not to be found. As for Harold, he had not known until the day actually arrived, the date of Mary's marriage. When he did know, he betook himself to the Lambton Arms, his favourite resort, and there endeavoured to drink himself stupid. But the liquor, instead of stupifying, only seemed to excite him. At any rate, after spending many hours in the place, as evening began to fall, he rushed forth, with inflamed face and fiery eyes, and turning towards the sea, which lay only a mile or two distant, disappeared into the night. There are moments in every man's life when, like his great Master, he must go forth alone into the wilderness of agony and temptation. Such a moment was this to George Harold; and it is not our intention to intrude upon him in his silent conflict. Perhaps it was as well that the newly married pair had gone to Tynemouth, for there is no saying what awful act of violence he might have committed just at that time. But at any rate, day was almost dawning before he returned, damp and weary, to the little cottage where he dwelt with his mother.

And now at one leap I must transport you from the Sunday to the Tuesday morning, and take you with me down the Summerfield coal-pit. Possibly you know nothing of what the interior of a coal-mine is like. If such be the

case, I am afraid you must apply "further on" for a graphic description. Try, however, to imagine to yourself at the foot of a shaft some six hundred feet in depth, great galleries or passages stretching away on every side to an apparently interminable length. Even by the light of the furnace which is burning fiercely close to where you are, you can see but a very short way along these passages, and your imagination conjures up all manner of hideous shapes out of the darkness. You see, however, that they are very low; that their walls and the wooden props supporting the roof are covered with curious white and brown fungi; that the floor is thick with mud and water, and that at short intervals there are heavy wooden doors, apparently barring your further progress, but which, as you approach them, are swung noiselessly aside by some unseen agency. You pass the stable—glorious realisation of your childhood's dream of "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves"—where a score of stalls are cut out of the rock, and the whole long apartment is lighted by a single flickering lamp; you step aside more than once in the galleries to make way for the long trains of small waggons or tubs which go swiftly by you in the darkness, their approach being heralded by the songs of the lads who watch over them; and at length you reach the actual workings of the pit. Here you find the sides of the galleries composed of coal, and instead of the mud of the waggon-ways the ground is thickly coated with the dust of the black diamond. Presently you hear the stroke of a pick-axe, and then your eye rests upon a solitary miner working in the centre of a small, a very small, circle of light, cast by his safety lamp. He is hewing, and in the side of the gallery he has already cut a deep cavity; close to him is a tub which is waiting to be filled, and when full, it will be taken by one of the lads to the head of the main waggon-way, where the tubs are gradually collected until a train has been formed, which is then despatched to the foot of the shaft, there to be hoisted to the surface. Afterwards you see more hewers at their lonely work, and you are told that ninety of them are at the present moment labouring in the vast, silent pit, the workings of which ramify for miles through the earth.

I have given you, I fear, no idea of what a coal-mine is; but bad as my description is, it must suffice. Down into the darkness of such a place went George Harold and Richard Winter on the Tuesday after the latter had been married. One hundred and ten fellow-creatures descended the shaft in the same hour, and of the whole number, but fourteen ever saw the light of day again.

How it happened, I do not profess to be able to say. People never do know how these things happen; and the sharpest coroner or Government inspector in the world can never arrive at the exact truth. The pit was, in technical language, "foul." The gas abounded in almost all the corners of the workings. There had been some talk of danger amongst the men, and Ralph Gledson, as over-man, had expressed a strong opinion on the subject to the resident viewer, who had softened his language and said the same thing in other words to the chief viewer, who had told their mightinesses, the owners, that "those confounded fellows were grumbling again about the ventilation, as if they could have everything at once. The coal was easier to get than in any other colliery in the trade, and yet they made a row about a little gas." Whereupon, the owners said "they might grumble and be hanged to them," and that was all. Whether it was that some desperate fellow had lit his pipe in spite of every order to the contrary, and indulged in the dearest smoke he had ever enjoyed in his life; or, as many supposed, that some awkward workman had accidentally driven his pick through the gauze screen of his lamp, I know not. But I do know that the pit fired.

I have never, thank God! been down a coal-pit when it fired; but I have often talked with those who have been, and have heard their impressions of a colliery explosion. They are strangely vague. This is what happened to George Harold when the "misfortune," as colliers call it, occurred. Fortunately, too, for him, he was working with a sore heart but an active hand, in a distant quarter of the mine. Suddenly he heard a door far away in one of the galleries bang heavily. Directly afterwards an unseen force flung him against the wall of coal he was cutting away, and, passing on, left him stunned and bleeding on the ground. He came to his full senses almost immediately. When he did so, his light was out, particles of soot and dust were falling thickly around him, filling his mouth and nostrils, and a great strange wind was sighing through the gallery.

It was all over. The pit had fired, and scores of workmen must have been killed. He had been marvellously spared, and his first emotion was one of gratitude to God; and then in the darkness there suddenly played across his features a dreadful deadly smile. "Richard Winter! where was he?" But the smile went as quickly as it came, and the man, with a calm, dogged look, began to think what he should do next. It was quite dark—ay, darker than the darkest night earth has ever seen—and he felt certain that

no lights could be had anywhere in the pit. But he knew the workings better than most men, and, above all, he was acquainted with the "back way," the return course for the foul air, which led to the up-cast shaft.

Presently, as he stood there pondering, a cold and shaking hand was laid upon him. George Harold was a brave man, but at this sudden contact with another being, when he thought that he alone was left alive in the pit, he started convulsively. Apparently the surprise was mutual.

"Who is it?" said he, roughly.

"Ned Blenkinsop. And who art thou?"

"Geordie Harold. The danger's over now, Ned, isn't it?"

"Over!" almost shrieked the other; and then, in a faint, sickly whisper, he murmured, "*The after damp!*"

"Oh, God! I never thought of it," was the response.

Yes, their chief danger was yet to come. They had been spared a sudden and violent death from the shock by which sixty-four of their fellow-workmen had fallen; but even now, stealing through the main-ways of the pit, and falling upon one and another of the survivors, was the deadly stythe, the after-damp of an explosion, fatal to all who breathe it.

"What shall we do, mate?" at last said Harold.

"God in heaven knows. Best stop here and dee, Geordie."

"What, man, wilt thou turn white-livered now, when we've 'scaped the firing?"

"Why, Geordie, lad, the stythe's thick enough by this time atween us and the shaft, and for a' the gowd in Alnwick Castle, I wouldn't gan near the furnace."

"But there's the back way, man; the return course to the up-cast. I have it. I know the road well. Thou and I'll see bank yet, Ned."

"Then, for God's sake, gan on, marrow; only let me howd by your arm, for I'm dreadful afraid of being caught up by the stythe."

"This way, then, I know every inch of the road."

So the two men stepped out into the darkness; George with a bold heart and a tolerably steady head—the other trembling in every limb, and weak with terror. Poor fellow! he had a wife and five children at home, and he was thinking of them now; but the thought gave him no courage.

"I think this road 'll bring us into the 'return' soonest," said Harold, and with that he pushed open a door which, strange to say, had not, like most others in the pit, been blown

from its hinges, and entered the passage beyond. He walked briskly a dozen yards or so, down the gallery, then began to falter. Suddenly he turned round:—

"Ned Blenkinsop, if you want to see your Betty again, leave ago o' my arm and set your face to the door. We're in the stythe."

But the only answer he got was a faint moan, and directly afterwards his companion sunk gently at his feet.

"God help the man! the stythe's got hold of him; and it's nigh getting hold of me, too."

He stooped, caught the sleeper—for such Blenkinsop now appeared to be—in his arms, and staggered with him towards the door through which they had just passed. Weaker and weaker became his footsteps, as he moved uncertainly forward. What a long, dreary length of road that twenty yards which lay between him and the gate seemed to be. The strange sensations in his head became stranger, and all sorts of curious fancies took possession of his brain. He was wandering again by the sea shore; or he was attending to the mauling rebuke of the sleepy old magistrate who had adjudicated on his case in the Moot Hall; but chiefly he was listening to the wild beseeching cries of Mary Winter that he would save her husband.

"Nay, lass, that I'll never do," muttered he, between his teeth; and at the same moment he reached the door, feebly forced it open, and stumbled into the comparatively clear atmosphere beyond. Five minutes more in the gallery they had just left would have been fatal both to him and his companion.

Even as it was, ten precious minutes were lost in waiting till Blenkinsop "came round." At last he was able to stand again, and they moved slowly forward hoping to reach the "return" by a longer way. As they walked on with increasing vigour, for there were no signs of the stythe here, they came to a place where they knew there was a door leading to another branch of the workings. Harold enquired, "Who's in-by?"

"Robert Gascoigne and Dick Winter went there this morning."

George started, then a determined expression of dull animosity formed itself on his features, and he walked steadily on. He was avenged! oh glorious thought.

But anon he paused. Was it not rather unsatisfactory to go on and know nothing of the fate of his rival? He was pretty sure that he must either be dead or dying, for the stythe must already have entered that particular portion of the workings; but how sweet it would be to make certain of his death, and to know that he might have saved him had he chosen. So he turned round again and made

for the door. His comrade querulously implored him to stop.

"Let be. Let be, lad," was his answer. "I mun gan down the Stanley drift, and see if any one's there. Stay thee at the door an' I'll be back in five minutes." He pushed aside the trap-door and entered the gallery. There were no immediate indications of stythe, but ere he had gone far he felt its presence, and at the same moment, from a spot a little way further in, he heard the sound of some one talking, as it were in his sleep.

He listened eagerly, for he fancied that he knew the voice. Awful indeed were its tones as it sounded through that long corridor filled with the deadly gas, and in which one corpse, that had been a strong man, full of life an hour ago, already lay. Was some one praying amid the unconsciousness produced by the stythe? It almost seemed so, for the words muttered at long intervals were words of prayer, and he who prayed was Richard Winter. George Harold held his breath as he moved forward through the thick blackness. He knew that he was risking his life with every step he took. He knew that were he once at the spot where Winter lay the chances were indeed great against his ever coming out of the gallery alive. But an irresistible impulse drew him to the place where his successful rival was gasping out his last breath. He *must* go to him; and he went.

"Oh God, have mercy—keep her—safe—oh Mary!" These were the words that fell upon his ear as he at last bent over Winter's prostrate form. He had him in his power—absolutely. If he turned and left him, no human being could save him, and no living creature would know that he *might* have been saved. He thought of this and he remembered his own vow of vengeance; remembered too that this man had held Mary in his arms a few hours since. As he did so, his mouth closed, his heart hardened, and he half-turned to leave him. But at that moment suddenly, as the flash of God's thunder-bolt, a great light shone into his troubled breast. His good angel had entered the field, and for a few seconds which, to him, seemed almost hours in their unutterable anguish, a mighty battle between Heaven and Hell raged in his bosom. Then with the delirium produced by the gas already beginning to mount to his brain and reproduce the hideous fancies from which he had so recently escaped, he stooped down, seized Mary's husband in his arms, and bore him to the door.

"Eh, Geordie lad, I thought thee would never come nigh me more," was the greeting which he received when he again reached the spot where he had left Blenkinsop.

"Man; I've been 'most done for this time.

The stythe's awful thick in-by; but I've gotten hold of Winter. Here he is, though I reckon we'll have hard work to wake him."

"Winter! and thou's been in-by all this time to save Methody Dick, and him married to Mary Hall——"

"D— thee, hould thy noise," cried the other harshly; and then added, "see, he's coming to; I heard him give a sough for breath the now."

And with that Richard Winter came back to life, as one who had indeed been snatched from the jaws of death.

(To be continued.)

THE RECENT ERUPTION IN ICELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—The late eruption in Iceland has taken place in that vast, mysterious region, called Vatna Jökull, a mighty waste of snow and volcano wholly unexplored, in the south-east of the island. This is unquestionably the chief vent to the volcanic forces in the country. Vatna Jökull covers an area of 3500 square miles. On the south it discharges its ice by huge glaciers into the sea. The peaks and domed mountain-tops which fringe its southern extremity, are called Öreafa Jökull, 6241 feet high, Breidamerkrmúli, Birnudalstindr (4300 feet), Heina-bergs Jökull, and Hofs Jökull. To the east is the detached glacier mountains, called Thrandar Jökull, to the west the great volcano Skaptar Jökull, whose eruption in 1783 is the most appalling on record. North of this wilderness of snow is an extensive desert of lava covering a space of 1160 square miles, and extending some eighty miles by thirty-five, and it has never been explored.

It is said that some Danes once travelled from the western to the eastern extremities of these wastes, skirting the lava where it appeared below the glaciers. They took with them twenty-three horses, and lost seventeen on the way. It is somewhere to the north-east of this snowy pile of mountains that the eruption this year has taken place, between the conical volcano Trölladyngja, or the elf's cap, and the Skaptar. The former mountain frequently erupts. Skaptar has only exploded twice, but its twin brother Sidu Jökull has thrown up also twice, and Öreafa, which is close by, five times. Evidence of past fury is apparent in the great lava-encumbered region of the Odatha Hraun, or lava of ill-deed. Out of this fearful tract rise mountains dimly seen, standing up like islands in a wild, black sea turned suddenly to stone; they can be seen, but not reached. In 1862, I visited Iceland with the intention of exploring Vatna Jökull, or at all events of ascending the higher peaks on the northern fringe, and endeavouring to get a glimpse of the unknown fastnesses of ice and fire beyond; but my plan was frustrated through the inclemency of the summer, and cold of the early spring, so that grass was not to be found in the valleys reaching towards the Vatna, and no hay was to be purchased to carry with one; and though horses in Iceland will do a great deal on short rations, still some eight or nine days on ice and air alone would have knocked up the most hardy.

I should like to hear of Alpine Club men adventuring over Vatna Jökull; it is a noble field for enterprise, with the prospect of great discoveries in the way of volcanic phenomena, but it is one of great danger.

I remain, sir, yours truly,

S. BARING GOULD

BLOIS.

I CHOSE the town of Blois as the place of my residence last summer, for several excellent reasons. In the first place, it was necessary to go somewhere for a holiday's change, and in the second I preferred a strange country with historical memories. Then it struck me that this was a good opportunity to improve my acquaintance with the French tongue, which certainly admitted of improvement. It was this last reason that made me decide on Blois, where I was told that the accent was very good, and the language pure. On this subject, perhaps, a stranger to the country is no judge, but all, whether residents or visitors, seemed to concur in the opinion that the accent of the Blois was purer even than the coveted "Parisian" of scholastic advertisements. Various were the theories given to account for this. I select two. Blois was long the residence of the court, so that the bourgeois accent was moulded on the court example. It was the most French part of France, least open to foreign influence, least conquered by the foe, be it Northman, or Briton, Frank, or Englishman. Whether these causes assigned be fanciful or not, this much is certain, that if any one wants to pick up pure French, he cannot do better than take up his residence for a time at the town of Blois.

The Chemin de fer d'Orléans carries one very comfortably from Paris to Blois. It is on the main line to Bordeaux, which, between Orleans and Tours, runs down the valley of the Loire, and Blois is situated about half way between these two towns. The valley of the Loire, though much admired in France, is very flat, and to eyes accustomed to the Rhine, the Thames, or the Seine, appears the tamest of river scenery; the water, meanwhile, tries to atone for this, by hurrying forward at as swift a pace as if it were accelerated by steep banks and a headlong channel. Blois is, however, situated on a little hill, which gives it a somewhat picturesque appearance. Let me try to describe it.

The town is divided into two somewhat unequal parts by the river. The town proper stands on the north side of the Loire, whilst the smaller part upon the south is called the Faubourg de Vienne. This is what the French call a *tête du pont*, and is to Blois—if I may compare small things with great—what the Janiculum was to Rome, or what Gateshead is to Newcastle. These two parts are joined by a handsome stone bridge, in the centre of which rises a curious stone obelisk, fulfilling the double purpose of being at once a record

of the history of the bridge, and a support to a weather-cock.

Let us take our stand on the south side of this bridge: it is easier now to describe the town. On the hill top on the right is the cathedral, late built and not remarkable for architectural beauty; on the left the old historical château. Between them rise the streets in more or less irregular form, and more or less steep. The town is too old to be arranged with mathematical exactness in streets beautifully placed at right angles, or boulevards, accurately planted, like Versailles or some other French towns one knows. But the old houses are being pulled down in parts, and new white stone appears: and there is a trace of the French love for straight lines in that road which crosses the bridge, and carries the eye a mile and more to St. Gervais, ending in the town with that steep flight of steps which takes you up to its higher parts. There, in the centre, though not visible from our stand-point, is the garden of the Grand Place, surrounded upon three sides by the Prefecture, the Tribunal, and markets. Upon the low ground on the river bank, beginning on the left, there is a hospital or Hôtel-Dieu. Behind it, St. Nicholas Church, well worth seeing. Then comes a college, behind it a theatre, the most unsightly of its kind; then many of the principal hotels and cafés, from which it were invidious to make selection. On the right is the Hôtel de Ville, containing a public library; note the clock, for it is worked by electricity, the works are in the village of St. Gervais; and the town seems to end on the right in that shady promenade: it is the Promenade du Mail, scene of the local fairs.

The town of Blois is rich in institutions: for is it not the chief town of a department? It answers to an English county-town, but we may doubt whether an average county-town is as well furnished as this. Indeed, there are some points in which we might do well to imitate the French, in their gardens and promenades, and in their public libraries. This library of Blois contains more than 20,000 volumes; some of them rare and curious—one an illuminated missal which belonged to Catherine de Medicis.

The system of French local government is interesting. The country is divided into departments, each with a *préfet* (answering to our Lord Lieutenant) and a consul-general, a sort of county parliament, not unlike our Anglo-Saxon "shire-gemote." The department is divided into *arrondissements*, each with a sous-préfet, and a council; the *arrondissement* into cantons, and the cantons into *communes*, each with a mayor, and in the towns, aldermen

also—plenty of officials, and all, from the *préfet* to the beadle in uniform. The councils, however, are only deliberative: they have no executive power. The officials are appointed by the government, which thus really manages to concentrate its power. Hence, one of the pregnant meanings of the epigram, "Paris is France."

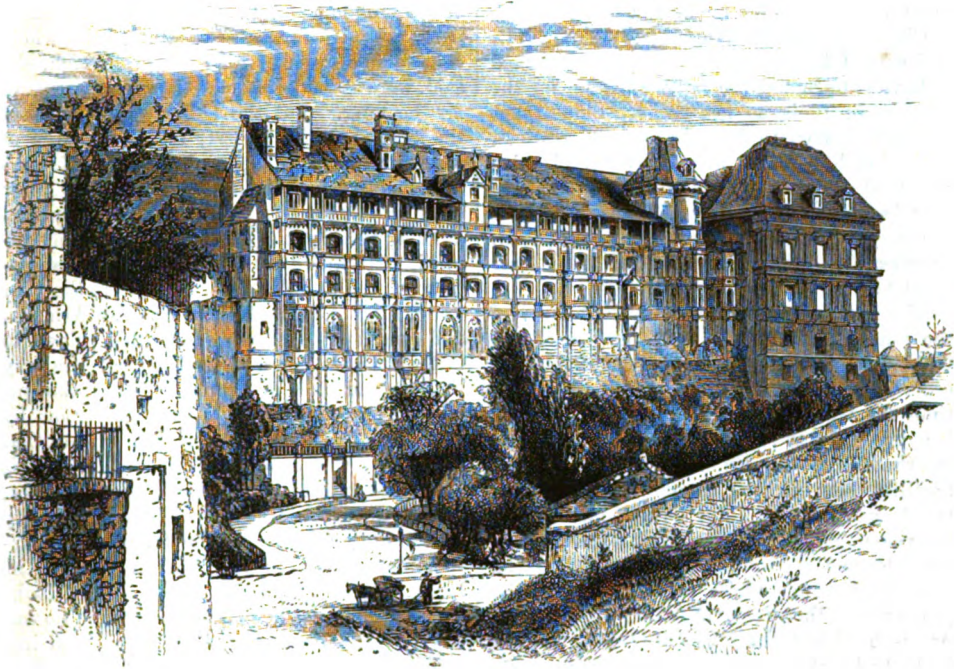
The day after our arrival we were wandering about the town, when we heard a band playing, and following the sound we found ourselves in the quadrangle of the college, which was covered in by an awning for the distribution of prizes. The leading magnates of the place were on the platform; the *préfet* in the chair. The band was composed of the boys, and played very well. It ceased playing shortly after we entered, and the proceedings commenced. An old gentleman got up and read a speech in French, which, though I did not understand it all, sounded like an apotheosis of genius. We were afterwards informed that he was the professor of elocution. Then, after one or two other short speeches, an official began reading a list of prizes, of which there was a very large number. Each youth, and the eldest looked about twenty, advanced. Then one of the gentlemen on the platform, it did not seem to matter which—and those who had to receive many prizes had a new donor each time—presented him with the book, kissing him first on one cheek, then on the other, and putting a crown of laurels on his head. All French colleges consist of eight classes, and as there are many prizes in each class, the ceremony, however interesting at first, when those with moustaches were being kissed, became afterwards tame, so that I did not remain to see it finished. At this school all classes of society are educated, except apparently the lowest, the *ouvrier* class; there the children of the judge and *curé* sit side by side with the bourgeois. It was here that Augustin Thierry, author of the "Norman Conquest" was educated; and he himself tells how, in one of the class-rooms, reading "Les Martyrs," he was first inspired with the enthusiasm of an historian, the zeal which afterwards cost him his eyesight. The "Homer of history," as he has been called, seems to me the greatest of the Bloises; and the city seems to have recognised his importance in the prominent position which they have assigned to his bust in the public library. He was born in Blois, and of very poor parents; his father was an organ-blower, or something of that sort in the cathedral. His brother, Amedée Thierry, also was a historian, the work by which he is best known being the "History of the Gauls."

A day or two after our arrival we went to the Tribunal to see a case of murder (*assassinat*) tried. The culprit looked like an ordinary labourer, dressed in the smock frock of the country, a blue blouse. We found some difficulty in making our way into the court, and then we had to stand—so many individuals were there "dressed in a little brief authority," and in a good deal of uniform, gendarmes, soldiers, and the like. The judge seemed terribly against the prisoner, in accordance with the theory that "every one is guilty unless he is proved innocent." All the while we were in court he was cross-examining the prisoner. It seemed that the chief evidence against him was the trace of a pair of sabots—wooden shoes in ordinary use amongst the lower orders—from the place of the murder right up to the prisoner's house. The judge continually asked him to account for it: whereat he looked puzzled. He was, we afterwards heard, condemned to penal servitude for life.

We were at Blois quite in the gay season. August 15, was the Emperor's *fête*, when we had high mass in the cathedral, at which all the soldiers, Garde Nationale, and gendarmes, attended, keeping their hats on, and saluting to the word of command given with ringing voice as on the drill ground; in the afternoon aquatic sports, &c., which consisted solely of walking on a greased bow-sprit; in the evening there was a really good display of fireworks. But, Sunday, August 25, was a greater day still. It was the festival of St. Louis, to whom the cathedral is dedicated; it was the first day of the races, and the first day of the fair. It was more interesting to me on the first score, than on either of the other two, and I went twice to the cathedral to witness the services. In the morning there was a grand mass, the bishop and all the officers of the church assisting, in the most dazzling of vestments, seeming to blaze with gold. During the service, biscuits and cakes were brought in on a small stretcher, and loaves of bread in two large clothes' baskets, to be blessed. Some of the former were distributed, but I was not fortunate enough to secure a piece. In the afternoon a monk preached in the nave, in honour of the patron-saint of the church, a sermon, which was by no means extravagant. He spoke of him as king, politician, and saint, and dwelt especially on the good influence of Blanche of Castile. He was of course very eulogistic on the king, especially on his justice; but his praises of him could not be stronger than those of his biographer, Joinville, or even those of Sir James Stephen, in his lectures on the History of France, whom certainly no one could suspect of a leaning

towards Catholicism; and I have heard an Oxford professor, whom one could suspect still less of such a leaning, speak so highly of the holiness of St. Louis, that he seemed almost willing to accept the miracles which were popularly believed to attest it. In the

crowd of saints made by the Church of the Middle Ages one cannot doubt that mistakes there were, and that there are some who have received saintly honours who have not deserved them. But here is one about whom there can be no doubt. When one reads in



The Château, Blois.

the history of St. Louis of an almost romantic combination of virtues, one cannot doubt that he must have been loved in his lifetime by subjects and neighbours alike, and that, after his death, the church was right to cherish the memory of the noblest and best of her sons.

The most interesting object in the town of Blois is the château, which has, indeed, a tale to unfold, partly architectural, partly historical. There was a castle at Blois in very early times—perhaps in Roman times—and certainly when it was the residence of the Counts of Blois, one of whom is mentioned by M. Thierry as quitting his ancestral French possessions to share in the spoils of the Norman Conquest. But there are no traces of this castle now existing. The present castle was built by an ancestor of King Louis XII., the first king of the House of Orleans; that king, who, some historian says, was summoned by fortune to the throne, and was called by the love of his subjects, “father of his people.” There are three fine fronts; the western, which was built by

Gaston of Orleans; the northern, which looks over a garden and towards the church of St. Vincent de Paul, built by François I.; and the eastern, built by Louis XII., of whom an equestrian statue is placed over the doorway. It was the favourite residence of Louis XII., who was born here, and his emblem, a porcupine, may be seen together with others, such as the salamander of François I., and the greyhound of Claude, carved in stone, ornamenting the exterior, or gilt on the chimney-pieces and panels of the interior.

The house of Valois-Orleans, and the kindred house of Angoulême, entertained a great affection for the valley of the Loire, and frequently in the reigns following Louis XII. did the French court reside at Blois. They seem to have regarded this valley as their old home, and to have loved to adorn it. So, in this valley, one may see the best specimens of the Renaissance architecture, that style which rose and flourished during these reigns, as Chambord, and Chaumont, and Amboise testify. Therefore, whilst other parts of

France may love to turn to other portions of French history, and may present points of interest to the student of other periods, whether Normandy or Aquitaine, Amiens or Avignon, Blois looks for the zenith of its history to the kings who reigned over France between the good Louis XII. and Henry of Navarre. It is the student of that period who turns with pleasure to the valley of the Loire.

Claude of France, daughter of Louis XII., and wife of his successor François I., seemed to have entertained the same affection for the château of Blois as her father, though her husband seemed to have been more restless. Catherine de Medicis, wife of Henry II., also was fond of Blois. They still show her bed-chamber and her oratory; it was here that she used to practice astrology. Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III., all held their court here.

The most celebrated event in the history of the place is the tragic assassination of the Guises, which took place in this château by the order of King Henry III., whose guests at the time the Guises were. To explain this story it is necessary to recall the position of parties in France at the time. There was great hostility between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; and the former, mistrusting the vehemence of the king against the Huguenots, formed a league which was called the Catholic League, whose sole object was the promotion of the interest of Roman Catholicism. At its head was the Duke of Guise; but the Duke had further motives. The League with him served only as an excuse, a stepping-stone to the throne. He was a relative of the royal family, but on his mother's side, and excluded, therefore, by the Salic law from the throne. Indeed, this law was causing the heralds at this very time to look far back into genealogies; and the nearest heir was found to be Henry, King of Navarre; how distant a cousin to the reigning king of France it were an elaborate calculation to estimate, for their nearest common ancestor was St. Louis. Surely here was material to strengthen the ambition of the Duke. The heir to the throne belongs to the hated sect. Henry of Navarre is a Protestant. And so the Catholics of France rallied round the Guises, and bit by bit the real power of the kingdom came to be in the hands of the would-be heir to the throne, and the king was bereft of it. The Duke of Guise seemed sure of success: men began to worship the rising sun. King Henry, in despair, ventured on the tragic deed, which has given much of its celebrity to the Château of Blois. It was after the "war of the three Henriens," when the Duke of Guise had wrested Paris from the hands of his king, that the

meeting of the States was held at Blois to confer on the condition of the kingdom. But the assembly, which met at Blois in the hall, which in modern times has been so splendidly restored, was composed almost entirely of sympathisers with the League. The most advanced of them wished to shut the king up in a convent, and make the Duke constable of the kingdom; and a court lady of the same party went so far as to exhibit to the whole court a small pair of gold scissors, which, she said, were intended to make the priestly tonsure for the king. But the Duke was a guest of the king, and His Majesty took advantage of this circumstance to get rid of so troublesome an adversary. Some one told the Duke a few days previous that some evil was contemplated against him by the king, but he simply replied, "He would not dare." But he was mistaken; the king did dare. It was in the year 1588, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and perhaps the news of this blow to Catholicism in Spain seemed to clear the way for a second blow in France. The Duke was assassinated at the door of the king's room by the king's guard; and when Henry heard that his enemy was dead, he came out to see his body, and with his foot kicked him in the face, just as the Duke himself had done to the body of Admiral Coligny on the famous St. Bartholomew's day. "Ah, heaven!" said the king, "how grand he looks! He looks grander now that he is dead than when he was alive." His brother, the Cardinal, was immediately arrested, and on the next day, Christmas Eve, he also was assassinated. And in this way poor Henry thought that he had freed himself from his dangerous foes. But wrongly. The very next year he fell himself by the hand of an assassin; and the monk, Jacques Clement, avenged the head of the Catholic League, and the cardinal, his brother. So true is the sentiment expressed by many poets, as by Victor Hugo in "Hernani."

*La vengeance est boiteuse, elle vient à pas lents:
Mais elle vient.*

It was Henry's successor, Henry of Navarre, familiar to us in Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry," who put an end to the long wars of religion in France by his moderation, and his noble self-repression in renouncing his own convictions for the faith of his subjects, and becoming a convert from Catholicism. Still later, he established the peace of the country by the famous edict of toleration, to which the city of Nantes has given its name, the repeal of which was one great mistake in the reign of Louis XIV. Well had it been if the line of the Bourbons had continued as it began.

E. E. M.

"CHOTA SAHIB CHARLIE."

In Four Chapters.

BY A. STEWART HARRISON.

CHAPTER I.



E'S gone to sleep again! Do go and kick him, there's a good fellow. You've only just settled, and I've got into such a lovely position; I shall never get cool again if I move."

"I'll go for three of the Oscuros, you selfish dog."

"Done. They cost me three rupees each; but I don't mind, if you'll only kick him very hard. This is the third time this week he's gone off in the middle of the day."

In accordance with his bargain, the younger of the two speakers left the room; and presently some dull sounds, accompanied by dismal howlings, attested that he had performed his share of the agreement.

"Thank you, my dear fellow; it's positively delightful. Look, it's swinging twenty-six to the minute. It's really quite refreshing. Pray help yourself. It's quite worth the nine rupees, if he'll only keep it up for ten minutes."

The young man lit his Oscuro, and they smoked on in silence for some time.

"Anything new?"

"Nothing. All the old stories over again. The major's grumpy; colonel's coming in a fortnight; usual alarms about the treachery of the natives, and they *are* beastly insolent."

"'Beastly insolent' is strong language, Ensign Larkins."

"'Beastly insolent' is the phrase that precisely describes my opinion of the present manner of these niggers, Lieutenant Browne."

"Larkins, such language is unbecoming. It is most evident to me that you are one of those who regard the natives of this mis-governed country as slaves; who trample on their rights, despise their religion, mock their prejudices, and treat them like a conquered people. If I were governor-general——"

"Which God forbid!"

"I say, if I were governor-general, all this should be altered. I would encourage them to retain their customs. I would support their

religion, respect their most trivial prejudices, and, in short, my policy should be one of sympathy and conciliation. But I waste my time in addressing such sentiments to a man like you, Larkins. I will therefore cease."

"Thank Heaven!"

"You are new to the country, Larkins."

"I am, Browne; I came out exactly and precisely three days after yourself."

"Let us cease discussing the niggers and their treachery. See whether you can find me a single scrap of news. It's dropped to sixteen; kindly throw the boot-jack at the mat; it may hit him if you aim carefully, and throw hard. Thank you; you see it's now twenty-three; it was a judicious cast."

"News by Jove! yes, there is a scrap—Charlie Weston, of the 65th, has joined the depôt, and brought his wife with him."

"Is she nice?"

"So they say. A Kentish girl; dark grey eyes; and as lively as a kitten."

"Charlie has some money, I think."

"Browne—Lieutenant Browne—you're a consummate humbug. Did you not win from him at least a hundred and fifty the last night he was here? Did he not pay you on the spot, in notes?"

"Ah, I had forgotten—he did. I remember now; we really wanted it."

"We did; you had a hundred and forty-five, and I, five pounds."

"True; and you owe me that five now."

"As you say; true, I owe that five, and will pay you when we settle our somewhat complicated accounts."

"Very good; as you will: and she's nice? How very comfortable to have a nice woman on the station. Except the little chaplain's daughter, there's not a woman or girl in Barrabad I'd buy a bouquet for."

"No, I daresay not, though I can remember the time when you bought a bouquet for every woman you met."

"When is she visible?"

"Can't say. There's a youngster only some few months old, so she's not very likely to show much, just yet."

"How very interesting. Can you reach the boot-jack? No; dear me, I've nothing within reach. The dictionary will do. 'Spoil it.' Oh, never mind, I'm up in Persian now,

and it's down to ten. If you could shout at the same time.—Larkins, you are very awkward, you've split the back of the book without producing the slightest effect on the counting; it has sunk to eight. I shall positively have to get up."

"Here, give me that soda bottle; kick it along the floor."

"A thousand thanks. Shall I shout? One, two, three; Jaldi Punkah Wallah."

"That is beautiful, I'm sure it must have hit him; it's gone up to twenty-seven, and the bottle has rolled back to such a beautiful position, close to your hand. What did you say she did, Larkins?"

"Oh, sings, dances, and is one of the best mimics off the stage. A fellow who saw her at Calcutta, says she's splendid at charades, and that kind of thing."

"What a mercy! if she really likes the higher walks of the drama, I could indulge her with my *Romeo* to her *Juliet*."

"Doubtless; and earn Charlie's lasting gratitude by a life-like action in the tomb scene. No, no, Browne; Mrs Weston likes a good laugh, but has a *Romeo* of her own."

"Well, it can't be helped. I must try and get to the hills at the same time that she goes, and have a quiet flirtation. Charlie's a commissioner of something or other, I suppose, so he won't be able to go. I really think if it were not for those delightful grass widows, the hills would hardly be worth the trouble of going to. Shall we call to-night?"

"By all means; I should like to see her myself, so let's have a peg and drop off."

The gentlemen had their peg, but, before dropping off, the elder ejaculated:—

"Larkins, excuse my disturbing you, but do you think it would be as well to remind our friend on the other side of the mat of our existence? It's only going twenty-three."

"Bother! Let it go twenty-three or thirteen. Let's go to sleep. I shall be like an owl to-night."

"Larkins, my child, you'll come to a bad end. You've had three Oscuros, and a peg, and now you refuse to throw that bottle to oblige a friend in distress. I must see the doctor about it. It must be liver—not in-gratitude."

"Hold your tongue, do, and be quiet."

"It's now sunk to twenty-one and a half. It will be motionless when we wake. It must be liver."

"If you say another word, I'll fling the bottle at you, you rampant idiot."

"Poor fellow! Yes, it must be liver! And his best friend, too. Alas for him; better if it were ingratitude." And the speaker turned to the wall, and slept the sleep of those who

sleep on the yielding charpoy beneath the lazier and lazier fannings of the oscillating punkah.

"And the tall one was Lieutenant Browne?"

"Yes, the 'Haw, haw,' fellow; if you did not know that man, and judged him by his outside shell, you'd say he was an empty-headed, foppish libertine, without an idea beyond his own comfort, and yet when you do know him, he's one of the best fellows alive."

"He struck me as having the disease you men call 'heavy swell,' and that we women call insufferable stupidity, very strongly marked. Well, Bridget, what is it now?"

"Will yer see me insulted, marm? Me, the lawful wife of as good a man as there is in the army, and yer own servant. Will yer see me insulted by the great big wretch of a blackamoor?"

"What is it? Of course you shan't be insulted; but who is insulting you? You've driven your master away, so tell me at once."

"Yer see, mistress, that I was just in the cabin place that ye call the kitchen, when I see the nurse coming along with the baby, looking so pale and white, poor little soul, so I takes up the spoon and offers him a drop of the wakest whiskey and whater in the world, that I found with a lump of sugar in one of the tumblers the jintlemen had been a drinking from, just to comfort his little innards, and if she, the black baste, didn't say something in her gibberish and knock the spoon and the sugar and all, right out of my hand on to the floor, and, then went off talking and muttering, 'Drinkee no good for massa bee-bee; peg very bad for bee-bee.'"

"And quite right, too, Bridget. The absurdity of giving a child three months old such things; I'm ashamed of you!"

"But, mistress, darlint, it's my own boy that's only two weeks older than yer own, that never sleeps of a night without just a sup from the father's glass, ye see, and he's as hearty as ye'd have him yerself."

"That may be; but for goodness' sake never do such a thing again, and remember I trust the ayah with the child entirely; so go and make it up. There, run away, there's your master coming in. What's the matter, Charles? You look horrible."

"Matter enough, Isabel. We shall have to part, and at once. These cursed niggers are up to some mischief, or I'm mistaken in the signs."

"Oh! we've heard that for months—ever since we came here."

"This time the wolf is here. You must go to-morrow to Calcutta, and then to Eng-

land. Take the child, and hope for better times."

"It's impossible, Charles. I cannot go, and leave you here."

"My dear girl, if there were no child in the question, I would let you stay—we could but die together. As it is, you must go; a child three months old can't be sent away from you."

"But is it so bad?"

"So bad! If these pottering old fools had had their eyesight, it would have been seen and known long ago; as it is, I hardly know whether you run most risk by going or staying; however, go you must to-morrow."

"Alone?"

"No; you can take Bridget and the ayah, and Browne, who is ordered down with certain despatches, will take care of you."

"It is so terribly sudden; and you won't give me a little more time, dear Charles—a day or two?"

"Not an hour. If you are not ready when the escort starts to-morrow morning at four o'clock, you and our child will have to remain and take the risk of death too terrible to be thought of. Don't argue or plead thus, there's a good girl, but get ready. God knows I've not had you or him long enough to tire of you, and it breaks my heart to part with you; but it must be so. God give us courage and hope for better times."

Dismal were the lamentations of Bridget when she found that she, like her mistress, must leave her husband for the sake of her child, but she had the good feeling to set off next morning with a smiling face, "to keep the darlint mistress's heart up," as she said.

"Browne, my dear fellow, you're going out of danger against your will, and you're taking my heart with you. Don't let her fall into the hands of these people and live. Think of your sister and your mother, and do as you would do to them. Don't scruple; I leave all to you."

"I swear to you, Charlie, she shall be as safe as my life can make her. Does she know the risk?"

"Oh, yes; she's provided as far as a drachm of Scheeles' best acid, that hasn't seen the light of the sun here, can provide for her and the little one. God bless you, Browne."

"God bless you, Charlie," and so they parted.

It was a long, tedious journey for the few who had to travel at racing speed, from Barrabad to Calcutta.

The rising a little after midnight; the start at three o'clock; the rapid morning flight through an enemy's country; the constant watchfulness and danger; all told upon Mrs.

Weston and her servant, while the ayah and the children seemed none the worse for the fatigue. Day after day, the same headlong hurry for safety. Lieutenant Browne had proved himself, as Charlie had predicted, one of the best fellows alive, always the first to wake and the last to sleep, he showed himself fully conscious of the trust reposed in him by his commander and his friend.

On the morning of the sixth day from the start he was aroused by his servant, who told him that there was a spy who had come through his pickets with information.

He rose, and found a native in the outer tent, who told him that a strong force of budmashes and rebels had posted themselves so as to intercept his path by the direct road; but stated that he could guide the party by a *détour*, which would bring them out some ten or twelve miles beyond the enemy's encampment.

It was a painful position for Browne; he could have no adviser as to his decision, no one to share the responsibility. Nevertheless, after some little hesitation, he sent to Mrs. Weston's tent a request to see her.

"I'm glad you've come, Captain Browne. Bridget here has some terrible story that she wishes me to listen to, and you shall hear it from her own lips. I was about to send for you when your servant came. Now, Bridget."

"Well, now, ye see yer honour that it was neither myself nor the child could sleep a bit this blessed night; and I was all of the fidgets when I heard the sentry challenge, and so I turned out and looked and see the budmash blackguard go into your tint, and see him come out again; and then, yer honour, I see him a skulking about as if he was looking for some one. 'Bedad,' says I to myself, 'ye murtherin' black, cut-throat looking thing, I'll have my eye on yer;' so I drops the flap of me tint and looks through the slit, and see him go round to the back of the mistress's tint, and then he began making a noise like a buzzard; and presently I heard a noise like another buzzard, and then, yer honour, what did I see but the blackamoore nurse, bad luck to her, come out of the tint, and begin a hugging of the dirty black nigger as if he'd bin her own son, as mayhap he is, for she's owld enough and ugly enough for it. Then they began jabbering and talking. 'Bedad,' says I, 'I'll know what you're talking about;' so I ups and rouses the young sergeant with his arm off, and gets him into her tint; and we cut some of the stitches in the back, and looks through the hole to see 'em and hear 'em; and, bad luck to 'em, it's murderin' us and the mistress they mane, it is, it is; and if you doubt me, there's the sergeant there, now, that will say the same."

"Go and fetch him; and mind, not a word of this to any one else, or I'll put you in one of the gharries and lock you up in it."

"Divil a word, your honour, to a living soul I'll breathe."

"Do you believe her? is she to be trusted?"

"Trusted as to telling what she sees, not what she hears. You had better ask the sergeant; he knows the language."

The sergeant entered.

"There he is, yer honour; and it's ivery word that he'll tell you the same as myself, that I saw."

"Hold your tongue, Bridget, or I shall have to send you away out of the tent. Now, sergeant, tell us what you know."

"This morning, Captain, about an hour ago, Mrs. Murphy came and roused me, and told me a nigger was talking to the ayah outside the tent, and asked me to come and hear what they said."

"Well?"

"I went, and saw the spy we have had with us talking to the ayah, and, after listening a while, I could hear a little of what they were talking about. It appears, as I made it out, that he is her son, who had been driven away from home by his father, and that she saw him for the first time for some years when he first came to us last week for a spy."

"How old does he seem?"

"About eighteen; a mere lad, but well-made, and strong. He went on to say that he was going down to Calcutta, when he fell in with us and offered his services, hoping that what he would get from you on your safe arrival in Calcutta would set him up in the bazaar; that, last night, as he went forward he was caught by the budmashes about eight miles from here, and that he told them he had been hired by you as a spy; but that he was with them at heart, and hated the whites, and agreed with them to go back and say nothing about their lying there, and report the road all clear to you. They had made him promise to get back to their camp before sunrise; failing which, they would march in upon us at once, and attack the party as soon as started. She asked if he knew any of the people; he said he knew the chief of the gang; that they were only robbers, with a few disaffected soldiers. She then said she would give him all the money and jewels she had, to give the chief, for some purpose I could not make out. It was something to do with a child and a woman; what, I could not tell, though I listened very attentively."

"The murderin' thief! didn't I see her with my own eyes give him the bracelets off her own black arms to give the wretches for mur-

derin' the mistress and the darlint young master?"

"Do be quiet, Bridget."

"Quiet! when it's your life and the life of—"

"Be silent, Bridget, will you, or leave the tent."

"And what is your impression, sergeant, from what you heard? That this man was telling the truth?"

"Quite so—he seemed only anxious to get away soon, for fear they should start before he got back."

"You heard nothing more?"

"Nothing; except the words used with reference to some woman and child."

"Where is the native now?"

"Outside your tent, captain, waiting your orders."

"See the sergeant of the guard; tell him on no account to let the spy out of his sight till he has my leave."

Bridget and the sergeant left the tent.

"I really hardly know—we are not strong enough for their number; if we keep the main road we shall certainly meet them and be slaughtered, if the spy is not a traitor—all depends on that. What sort of a woman is this ayah of yours?"

"A very good, faithful servant; very much attached to myself and my husband, for he saved her child's life at the risk of his own, one day, when it fell into a tank. The child died afterwards of some disease, but she has never forgotten it. I would trust my life to her."

"That does not prove the faithfulness of the son."

"No; but if they attack us, she runs the risk of her life, and he would not be likely to risk her life."

"You see, madam, you have as great a stake in this matter as I have—more, perhaps—"

"I trust most implicitly to you, Captain Browne—most entirely; but I do urge you to trust this young man, for I do not believe so faithful a creature as Tara could let us be betrayed even to save her own son. Will you see her and question her?"

"Yes. Let her come in."

"Your name is Tara?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Who was that you were talking to outside the tent just now?"

"Tara's son, no seen long time. Good boy; serve Captain Sahib; look out days before time to go; good boy."

"What did he tell you?"

"Meet budmashes; budmashes want papers Captain Sahib carry; want blood;

want to shoot Mem Sahib, and piccaninnie sahib; all bad. Tara's son lead all round about safe—go back, make budmashes wait—then come, take Captain Sahib through tope safe. Good boy, Tara's son, Captain Sahib, quite good, like white soldier; all right."

"Let her go; she seems honest enough. We must decide at once, if we are to trust this fellow and let him go, it's time he went, or he'll not be there before daybreak."

"Let him go, I'm sure Tara is to be trusted, and her son, too. If my instinct is right, those bracelets were given to purchase my own and Charlie's safety."

"I suppose it must be so; we can but try the *détour* by the right, as he proposes. You will be ready to move the instant he comes back."

At this moment, one of the cords of the tent was violently shaken, and a curse muttered in the native tongue.

"We have been overheard; some one has listened;" and the captain dashed out of the tent, and saw a native servant running for the adjoining wood. He fired his revolver at him, and the man staggered for a moment, and then sped on.

"Fire at him! Fire at him! A hundred pounds to the man who hits him."

Shot after shot from the rifles of the guard rattled after him, but not one appeared to hit him, and he entered the black shadow of the moonlit wood, uninjured, except by the first shot.

"Who is it? Who is missing?"

The camp, now roused by the reports, was easily mustered, and then it was found that the only person missing was one of the bearers of Mrs. Weston's party.

"And he understood English?"

"As well as you or I; he was most useful to me."

"I fear he has heard everything, then; there's no help for it now; we must keep the spy, and move at once; we may perhaps find a road to the left. If we move at once we shall get some hours' start; they will go round by the right and not find their mistake till they reach this; twelve miles will give us at least four hours start of them."

"They will attack us in the rear, though, when they do come up with us."

"We must risk it; we can hold them in check while you press on, and you may meet the advancing column that we have been looking for, the last three days."

The camp was soon broken up, and the time for marching fixed. Captain Browne gave instructions for the immediate shooting of any native belonging to the camp who was found deserting. Happily, the spy, Tara's

son, knew of a road to the left of the main road, which, though more difficult than that on the right, was practicable; so, under the bright light of the clear moon, they started. They made a temporary halt at eight o'clock, and then once more pushed on, under the now blazing sun, and at their utmost speed.

"I think, madam, you had better take that child from the nurse, and let your own servant have it; she can manage both; and if any thing happens——"

"No! no! I'll keep it myself, it's safer here than anywhere else, and I have a medicine for it, that Bridget has not."

They had started but one short hour, when one of the rear guard rode in, covered with dust, and bleeding from a gaping wound on the cheek.

"They're on to us, captain; sergeant sent me on to tell you. There's more than a hundred of them; half of them sowars. Corporal Blissett's down, and the sergeant's wounded. What orders?"

"Keep them at bay for five minutes till the women and baggage get to the front, and then let them come on. You can make a dash for it, when you see our line."

Hurrying to the rear the whole available force at his disposal, he formed them against a wood in rear of some overturned gharries, as a breastwork, and waited for the arrival of the enemy.

"Give me sword—gun—something, Captain Sahib," said the spy. "I fight like you against budmashes. My mother is risk."

"Take one of my revolvers, my lad, and don't fire too soon; there are six lives in your hand."

They did not wait long. A few minutes, and the sergeant and his now diminished band came galloping along, some two hundred yards in front of the enemy. Halting, and leading their horses, behind the breastwork they waited the attack. They waited in vain, nothing came within the range of their carbines.

"Don't waste your fire. Nothing under two hundred yards, lads, and then give it them. They've halted now. Sergeant, take these papers, go forward to the women, and hurry them on; you may meet the advancing column in the main road again."

"Don't send me, captain. A damned nigger has slit my left arm open with his talwar. Let's have another go at him."

"My good fellow, go forward and get some of the women to bind your arm up; you'll drop in ten minutes if you let it bleed in that way."

"But, captain, indeed, just as one's doing a little duty to be sent to the rear."

"The front, man, not the rear. You're as much doing duty in going there as we are in staying here. The papers and the women must be looked after."

"All right, captain, I'll go; but do think of that grey-bearded beggar in a red turban, on the grey mare, for me, and put a shot through him for me, the beggar!"

"I'll see to him if he comes in my way. Now go, sergeant; hurry them on while we keep the road, and God bless you!"

"God bless you, captain! I'll go, but I'd like to stay best;" and the sergeant rode off.

"Look out, captain, they've doubled on us; they're in front as well!"

It was too true; the enemy had divided his force, forced a party of his best men through the wood, and it was this party that now came galloping along the road. Then there were shouts, groans, curses, and prayers, mingled with the sound of shots from guns and pistols and the clashing of steel; then there was a thunder of hoofs, and then silence.

CHAPTER II.

"CAPTAIN BROWNE, ma'am."

The widow ran out of the room, down the stairs, to the passage, and seized a bronzed, bearded man's hand in both her own.

"Oh, my dear captain! you bring me news; after all these years you have seen him? you know where he is? you have heard something? Oh, for God's sake, speak! You do bring some news?"

"Indeed, madam, I bring none. I don't know, indeed, of whom you want news. Your dress would tell me, if I did not already know, it is not your husband."

"No, no; that I know but too well. It is my boy, my child; you must bring news of him."

"The baby. Ah, I remember, he was with you then; but I bring no news. I merely came as an old friend, who had seen troubled times with you, to know how you escaped, and to talk of those scenes so deeply cut into our minds."

"Come, then, let us spend the day together; you may perhaps help me to trace out that child. Come up stairs; my sister is there, and we can talk it all over."

The captain followed his hostess to the drawing-room, where he found the sister spoken of, and was properly and in due form introduced.

"Now, tell me how you escaped. I left you at the alarm, when you hurried us all forward, and the last things I saw, as I looked out of the dooly, were the overturned bullock-waggons and the men behind them. After that, what happened to me, I will tell you presently."

"Well, the enemy came on, after I had sent

the wounded sergeant to hurry you forward, and we fired at them, and then found ourselves attacked in the rear as well as in front. They had passed through the wood, and came upon us so suddenly, that we were helpless. There was a great deal of cutting and slashing. I had brought down three or four with my revolver, when I got a cut on my head from a talwar, that brought me to my knees. I fired the last shot into the fellow as he rose in his stirrups for a second blow; but, though it hit him just in the breast, he would have made an end of me, then and there, if Tara's son, the spy, had not thrust my sword right through him. Then I fainted from loss of blood, and, when I came to my senses, found myself with my head lying in the spy's lap, in the centre of the wood; this must have been some half hour or more after the blow. And then I heard,

"Captain Sahib all right; live again. Shedallah joy; one day, two days, all right. Keep him rag on."

"Of course I was very grateful to the poor fellow, and, after awhile, I asked him how he managed to escape. But he is below, call him up to tell you the story himself."

Tara's son was called, and came in salaaming profoundly to both ladies, and was told to give his version of the escape.

"When Captain Sahib faint, nearly all cut up. No chance for Sahib, if alive,—only faint. Shedallah kill himself, take tumble over Sahib's head—hide it—budmashes stick lance into Shedallah—no movee—dead—behind him dead budmash, then little time come, look out, cry 'soldiers! soldiers!' then all the budmashes and sowars gallop off; leave dead men—all sorts—budmash, soldiers, dooly wallah, tent wallah, bheestie; little time movee; Shedallah look up; turn him head; see nothing alive; then kneel up; then stand up; walk about; all dead; then shout; no one speak; birds fly away to trees, wait a little, then begin again to sit upon dead man's head; pick out——"

"There, never mind that, tell us what came next; what did you do with your master, the captain?"

"Captain, him dead little time, like sleep; pull Sahib out of road—pull him into wood—then take get water, shake him over Sahib like rain; then open him breast and rub; then put little stick up him nose. Sahib begin to breathe short and quick through him nose, and open him eyes. Shedallah very glad—then shut him eyes; then Shedallah very sorry. Make him more rain, and rub him breast, and the little stick up him nose again. Then Sahib wake up sudden and say, 'What the debbil you do to my nose?' Then Shedallah know all right, all right—English

Sahib all right—always say dam and debbil many times. Sahib know all rest—quite awake—put bit water rag on him talwar cut—bind him up tight—Sahib massa once more again," and Shedallah again salaamed his audience.

"Well, when I had recovered a little," continued Captain Browne, we pushed on through the wood to look after the rest, striking the road now and then to find traces of you and the escort. About three miles further down we came upon the traces of a struggle—some dead coolies, the plundered waggons, nearly all the escort, and some ten or a dozen budmashes. We examined all, and found all dead, except the wounded sergeant I had sent on to get you forward. We thought at first he was dead, but finding his skin more moist and elastic than that of the other poor fellows, we tried to restore him. He became sensible in about an hour, and gave us an account of what had happened, which, of course, you know as well as he. The same night, as we lay in the woods, for he was too weak to walk, we heard a cry like a child's cry—feeble and faint—still, a child's cry. A little search brought us to a ditch, where we found a living and a dead child, both without a rag of clothing of any kind. We took them out and tried to revive the one; it was clearly dead, so we buried it deep under a tree to keep it from the animals, and endeavoured to feed the other."

"Yes, Mem Sahib, Shedallah bite rice in him mouth and put it in piccaninnee's mouth, little and little."

"But which child was living? Was it mine or Bridget's?"

"They were so young I could not tell, and, moreover, so stung by the insects it was quite impossible to distinguish their faces."

"And the living child—what became of it? I have such a terrible feeling of certainty that it was mine."

"I gave it up to the care of Shedallah here, and he fed it day after day as well as he could—getting food at the villages, and we keeping out of sight and trying to reach the river-side. We reached it in a few days' march, for both the sergeant and myself were getting stronger, and managed to hail a boat, and so got down to Calcutta."

"And the child?"

"Was all the time, till we reached the river, fed with rice, then with some milk from a goat the boat's people had. As soon as we reached Calcutta, we looked out for the mother of the child, for, when the swelling caused by the bites had gone down, the sergeant became certain it was the child of the Irishwoman."

"Oughtn't I to know, captain, who have dandled him dozens of times on the road down?" said he.

"I did not know what to do about it. I thought of advertising it, but the sergeant seemed so positive that I allowed myself to be led; and this statement was confirmed, for in a few days the woman herself came and claimed the child from Shedallah; she seemed to me to have gone to the bad, for a more disreputable creature I never saw, and even at that time in the morning I was glad to get rid of her; she had been drinking already."

"And you gave up the child to her?"

"What could I do? The sergeant and the woman both said it was hers."

"Did she at once recognise it? How did she behave?"

"As I told you, she was troublesomely tipsy at that time; she seemed pleased to have her child, but I remember having at the time a feeling of disappointment, and a feeling of dislike for the woman, at the coldness she displayed, so thoroughly un-Irish as it was."

"Did she say anything when she first saw the child? Who had it when she saw it first?"

"Shedallah, Mem Sahib; Shedallah out in doorway; Shedallah grown fond of piccaninnee—feed him—wash him—dress him; piccaninnee fond of Shedallah; Bridget woman come, look at piccaninnee; woman say, 'good God! that not my Denis; no, no, not my Denis.' Then wait a little, then come close again, till I smell brandy pawnee in her mouth; then take piccaninnee from me, and go in to Captain Sahib, and rain out of her eyes, and say, 'Massa too good—husband dead—no money.' Captain Sahib give money, ask where live—then go away with piccaninnee; never say, 'Tank you, Shedallah;' never mind, she dam drunk, not know what she say; so Shedallah go in the dark, and rain out of him eyes; very sore in him breast many days—weeks; then look about in bazaar for Bridget woman; no find, then get well, all right. Very sore now—tink of piccaninnee—bebe—up here, back of eyes, then feel sore down here in inside. When me no tink, me no sore; when me tink, me much sore."

"And do you think it was hers, Shedallah?"

"Shedallah not know what tink; Mem Sahib, very funny, say 'no,' mean 'yes.' Sahib shall say at dinner, 'You have more?' 'No tank you.' Then Sahib shall say, 'A little bit more.' Mem Sahib say 'Yes,' and have more. Sahib say, 'You come live with me—be wife?' Mem Sahib say, 'No, no, no.' Then next day he come again, and Mem Sahib say, 'Yes, yes.' Bridget woman like Mem Sahib; say 'yes,' say 'no.' If piccaninnee's mother, then bad mother; not warm—not much kisse nor squeeze, like Mem Sahib. Sometimes me tink no mother, then me tink mother. Shedallah not know."

Mem Sahib, Bridget woman, all like wind—blow here, blow there—can't tell."

"Now, captain, have you the least lingering suspicion—doubt—that that child was hers?"

"My dear madam, until I entered this room I had no doubt about it whatever, not the faintest; but I will admit it is possible it might not be hers. But what motive could induce her to claim it when not hers, I can't think."

"But I can. Six months ago I made the acquaintance of the wife of Colonel Bridgham, who had, like myself, been separated from her child, and who had advertised in the papers about it. In answer, she saw a woman who brought a child which she said had been found in India, and brought over by a soldier's wife, who had died soon after the voyage and left it to her. The child was not Colonel Bridgham's, and she sent the woman away. I think that child and the one you let that woman have, were one and the same, and I have the most terrible conviction that the child is mine, not hers. I think the woman fell into bad hands, and she took the child as a means of extorting money in the future. The woman Mrs. Colonel Bridgham saw made her sign a paper, promising a very large sum if the child was hers, before she allowed her to see it. I have employed all possible means to find the woman since, without success."

"I'm really very sorry indeed that you should have this feeling so strongly; I fear it is ill-founded; but tell me how you escaped; it may throw some light upon it."

"You left us, you remember, Captain Browne, to hold the road in our rear while we pushed forward to gain, if possible, the main road, and meet some of the advancing column then coming up the country. I had scarcely lost sight of you and the barrier of overturned waggons before I heard the noise of hoofs, and the sergeant came up with orders to push on as fast as possible; the men shouted at the drivers, and beat the coolies that were carrying us to make them go faster. It was all in vain; they came up with us. At that moment I had the child in the dooly with me, and the first thing by which I knew we were attacked was the sudden dropping of the dooly to the ground and the flight of all the bearers. Then I hardly know what occurred; I was stunned by the noise of the guns so close to me as the escort fired, and have so confused a recollection of the time, that I must have fainted. When I came to myself, the child was gone. The advance guard of one of the columns, hearing the firing, hurried up, and arrived in time to drive off the budmashes, who had overpowered the whole escort, and prevented them finishing their work. They

took me with them after vainly searching for the child and Bridget, for I should have told you my ayah had by some means contrived in the confusion to get me out of the dooly into the wood. The officer waited as long as he could, and at last I found one of the original bearers, who said he had seen a sowar with the two children in his arms, and they looked to him as if they were dead then, for a shawl was round both their necks. At last the officer could wait no longer, and told me he could not, and that I must go with them. I asked in vain to be allowed to remain with the ayah and continue the search for the body of my child; he firmly declined, and made me go with his party. I remained with the column, to go back to my husband, until I met a party of sick and wounded going down, from whom I learned that my poor husband had been killed in a skirmish only three days after I left. I then became so incapable of thought or action that I was taken down to Calcutta and carried on board ship almost dead, and from that day to the present, I have never heard of my only child till I saw you to-day, Captain Browne."

"You see, the stories tally to some extent; but I do not at present see any evidence that the dead child was other than yours."

"Neither can I tell why I feel my child is still alive; but I am as convinced of it as if my reason were as much convinced as my feeling."

"I fear much you will have to bear a bitter disappointment later, as a result of this impression. However, I will learn if I can what became of the woman, if you will permit me to call again."

"My dear Captain Browne, whenever you please. I have but one object in life—to discover my child's fate. Now, go and find that woman to whom you gave my child."

"No, no, my dear madam; I must protest. It seemed so natural after the assertions of the sergeant that it should be hers, that I really never thought on the subject till the last few moments."

"And now, like me, think of nothing else. You gave her my child; restore him, and I will forgive you having given him away—till then I tolerate and not hate you, because you can, and will help me."

"I swear, madam, I will find that child if alive, and prove to you how unjust you are."

"Do—prove anything. Bring me evidence in any form, and I welcome you; leave the matter alone, take no trouble, and I will say you robbed me of my child. You will—you must—for his sake—for my sake—find out something. You have no child, nor have had; but I tell you that mother is happy who sees her dearest cold and dead, compared to her

who weeps and fears for what she knows not—
a dead child? No, for it may not be dead.
A living child? And if living, how? The
torments of another world must be something
of the same kind I feel now, only less. Now,
good-bye. Bring news. Midnight is not
too late, and cock-crow not too early. Bring
none, and all times are alike too soon."

LEGEND OF "THE HURLSTANE."*

THE wintry blast blew loud and shrill
When Willy Scott left Wooler Mill,
Well primed with whiskey toddy;
Though stalwart as any border knight,
And bless'd (or cursed) with second sight,
Will was a feckless body.
Prone to see ghosts and hear strange sounds,
Water kelpies, and devil's hounds,
Witches and warlocks—all that crew,
Willy stoutly swore he knew.
Yet as he toil'd up Whitsun bank
Full oft and sore his courage sank.
For long and eerie was the way,
And at Christmas tide,
'Tis said amongst our northern moors,
The witches love to ride.

The crescent moon like a jewel alone
On Cheviot's crown of snow,
The Heavens frown'd black with the storm-cloud rack,
And the moor lay dark below.
Willy hurried on past Coldmarton Lake,
Nor looked he left nor right;
For the story goes that Will-o'-the-wisp
There dances the live-long night.
Down the lane he went, to the four cross-roads,
Where the headless horseman stands,
And a lady fair, with long light hair,
Wrings ever her bleeding hands.
The village was wrapt in silence deep,
And the weary hinds lay fast asleep;
And a cheerless sight to the way-worn wight
Were the tight closed doors on that Christmas night.
Though more cheerless still, the thought of the hill
Where the haunted Hurlstane stood;
Nigh the Devil's Causeway, which legends say,
Was mortared with British blood.
Willy look'd on high, in hopes to spy
Of a twinkling star the friendly eye;
But prone over all lay a thick dark pall,
With a fine Scotch mist beginning to fall.
So, with arms to their utmost span spread out,
Poor Willy went floundering, stumbling about,
Till his hands were grasping between them twain
The cold grey shaft of the haunted Hurlstane.

Nor long was he given to brace his will,
A fairy troop came up the hill
With a thousand clarions ringing;
And shrill and clear in the wanderer's ear
A minstrel Fae was singing.

"Dance, sisters, dance, to welcome Yule-tide,
Our fairy lovers, they bravely ride;
From Hobberlaw Ridge, from Harehope Hill,
From Vitry's Cross and Branksom Moss,
And from Fowberry's ghost-driven mill.
Dance, sisters, dance, round the Hurlstane!
Once, twice, thrice, and then back again;
Dance till the lift is blushing red,
Till the lazy herdsman start from bed,
Till the wild bull lift him from his lair
And shake the dew from his milk-white hair;
Till over the beacon on Rosse's height,
The sun peep after the lingering night.

"Dance as we danced on Flodden hill,
When Scotland's host lay stark and still;
When priest and friar knelt by the dying,
When angels with heaven-bound souls were flying.
And down by the sullen Till there lay
The flower of England's pride,
And the first red beam of breaking day
That lighted Yevering side
Show'd the fluttering standard leave the field,
Show'd the broken spear and batter'd shield.
Dance, sisters, dance, as we danced that night,
Footing it bravely till morning light!
Dance till the stars grow pale and fade,
Like the maiden's cheek when all hope is dead;
And then, when old Sol mounts his glitt'ring throne,
We will leave this world for a world of our own.
And under the rocks of Cheviot sleep,
And into the dells of Hedgehope creep,
Till the garish daylight flits away
And the working world is awake.
When sons of Adam toil out their curse
We fairies our rest shall take."

"Alas! for the days that are past and gone,
Ere the Saxon and Gaul come over;
Ere the virgin soil was rent with toil,
Ere we saw the north sea rover;
Ere the lust for gold had tainted men.
Oh! for the brave, pure days again,
When we fairies might dance the hours away,
Might blow our clarion, carol our lay,
In many a nook of the dim green wood,
Where no foot but a fae's hath ever stood;
Where the glow-worms sparkled all the day,
Thinking the sunshine had pass'd away.

"Dance, as we dance when the ebbing tide
Leaves bare the silv'ry strand!
Across which priest and pilgrim went
To worship on holy land—
To bend the knee at St. Cuthbert's shrine,
And gather beads from the saintly mine;
There lightly we'll trip it after our queen,
Till the crest of the great north wave is seen,
And ghosts of the sea kings sweep the main,
Fighting their battles over again.
Then merrily, merrily, on we fly,
By Ida's turreted castle nigh;
By the islands three, where the pitiless sea
Rings a requiem stern and loud;
And the foam of the wave o'er the sailor's grave
Throws a white and stainless shroud.
On, to our meeting by Vitry's cross,
To tell of our doings by moor and moss,
Till Christmas night shall bring again,
Our midnight tryst at the Hurlstane."

I. D. FENTON.

* The Hurlstane stands on a small hill near Chillingham Castle, Northumberland; and though many writers suppose it to be the shaft of a cross destroyed by lightning, it is more probably a memorial pillar, set up to mark some great deed performed in days of old, and called thence the "Earl's Stone," which, in the local dialect, very easily became corrupted into the "Hurlstane."

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER VII.—ITALY.

THE Italians are people of simple tastes. At table, among one another, the men appear to have the free manner and the abundant cheerfulness of childhood. The dinner proceeds in a careless manner. An Italian has his own way of sitting at table; not a prim way, but an eminently sociable and easy one. The prodigious consumption of macaroni wound upon the fork until it bears a strong resemblance to an ancient crone's distaff, is conducted in a slipshod fashion, and seems to be mixed up with the making and smoking of cigarettes. All the company appear to be on the best terms, and each seems to have just come in for an extraordinarily large slice of fortune. The Italian sunlight glows upon them, and penetrates and possesses them.

It fell to my fortune to be located on the same flat with a Roman family. They were poor, I knew, and had troubles enough. When the blow struck them they made wild gesticulations, and cast up imploring hands to Heaven. You thought their hearts would break. The sobs were convulsive. But in half an hour, the signorina was trying every note in her voice, and carolling blithely as a lark over a corn-field. Some visitors would drop in, and peals of laughter, and the clamour of high-pitched voices—the music of the *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*—would sound through the rooms, and reach your humble servant. These Roman dames with their endless string of bearded, swarthy visitors, were, I say, simple as the children of the desert. They would issue forth in the shades of the evening, gorgeously arrayed, to take tea with a neighbour; but in what primitive, unaffected, nay startling costumes, have I not seen them of mornings. They were never abashed. They were approachable at any moment. They were dining in their bedroom, and the visitor knocked, and the cheery voices called “*entrate.*” A table with plates about it, spoons and forks, a mound of macaroni—*lazzagni* or *spaghetti*—a dish of apples, and a loaf of bread! There was no more order on the table than there was in the proceedings. The signorina would take a turn at the piano, or hunt out a fresh dress from her wardrobe, in the middle of the repast. The macaroni was left wound upon the fork, while a vivacious account of the grandeur and airs of the *marchesa* at the party last night, was given. What frank, cordial, hospitable people were these! Content over their plain light *cuisine*, just varying the flavour from parmesan to tomato, with their

macaroni. You were welcome to anything within their reach. You must taste their mortadella, from Bologna, and cut yourself a bit of the *Formaggio di Cavallo*, a hard, skittle-shaped cheese, made, I believe, of mare's milk—a thing of poor flavour. These Roman dames were ladies in spirit, in manner, and in position. They lived chiefly on fruit and vegetables, with the help of the universal, ever simmering *pignatta*, or pipkin. With a pinch of fire—everybody knows the Italian proverb *Buon cuoco, poco fuoco*—the pipkin bubbled all day long, producing the gravy for the macaroni. I could never understand exactly of what that gravy was made. But when the *signora* was led into the extravagance of having half a fowl from the public establishment underneath, I believe every bone thereof found its way into the said pipkin. Perpetually a little Roman lady popped out of the *salon*, and had a peep at the merry *pignatta*. The *pignatta* interested me. It is the foundation of the Italian people's *cuisine*, and murmured merrily centuries ago, before it passed into France and became general there also, as the *pot-au-feu*. This with some rice or vegetables, or some form of macaroni, together with a handful of fruit, makes the happy Italian's meal. Observe how delicate the meal is. It would not hold the square-built Englishman together, in the bleakness and cruelties of his climate; but it is enough under the sun of Italy; and, for variety, has not the Italian his whimsical changes in the shape of his paste? in his *spumoni*, his *nocchi*, his *lazzagni*. It was hence that good cookery travelled into France—it is said, in the wake of Catherine de Medicis. The *Science de Gueule* was cultivated in Italy when it was new to the French. Albeit the Italians are now far behind their neighbours. They have fallen behind because they have remained, as I have said, a simple race; simple and careless. As they “neither prune their vines, nor consult the proper soil for their culture, nor refrain from leaving them secondary to the other productions of the earth;” so they let the kitchen shift for itself. The fork is an Italian “neatness,” we are told; and what a part I have seen Italian fingers play in a modern repast!

I found my table prettily laid out. The little mound of parmesan, the flakes of Bologna sausage, the sardines, butter, and lemon, were happily disposed in the centre of the table, with a handsome supply of two toothpicks to each plate. The Milanese soup was good. I was impressed, however, with the dish of fried eels with toast and bacon, flavoured with lemon—a delicate *plat* of strange flavours harmonised. And now you see we fall back

into the French *cuisine*, and find the Italian a poor and not unfrequently over-greasy imitation of it. *Manzo Stufato* is but beef *à la mode*; and *Fasano Arrosto*—well, the English may flatter themselves that they can produce this dish as it cannot be got anywhere on the European continent. The Italians are happy in salads, but their happiest, to my mind, is their anchovy salad,—served as a *hors d'œuvre*. It is a plain and not expensive dish. There is a run upon it wherever it appears. Anybody could make it; and yet how often is it seen in France or England at a private table? A couple of layers of anchovies, garnished with olives, beetroot, and eggs cut into eighths, the anchovies being lightly sprinkled with capers:—and it is made. The Italians, again, are great at creams and ices; and they served me one of delicate flavour designed to imitate the national colours.

But I was on the point of forgetting about my happy and vivacious Roman friends. One dish, which was the special delight of the elderly and more matronly lady of the party, was macaroni moulded into the shape of hats, and served either filled with spiced meats, and in a soup, or flavoured with parmesan or tomato. There is no special flavour in the *Cappelletto*, but the *signora* delighted in it beyond other forms of macaroni, and would have that it was specially excellent, and would remember that it was particularly Roman. English ladies would have been astonished, perhaps disgusted, at the piles of hats which I have seen a trio of Roman dames consume. But it had never entered their heads that there could be anything graceless or repugnant to the sight of the other sex, in a hearty appetite. The foolish idea which our English girls have, or rather which we have given our English girls, that a sickly appetite which can only master a few morsels of food is an elegance, should be contrasted in order to fully expose its absurdity with the appearance of French or Italian, or Spanish ladies, at table. Bone-picking, and other little freedoms apart, the French matron surely contrasts advantageously with her English sister. As I sat over a glass of Capri—I think perhaps the wine of purest flavour, at its best, that is pressed from Italian grape—and waiting my coffee, an Italian party of holiday-makers came, lively assinging-birds, into the room. The restaurant-proprietor received them in a joyous, somewhat familiar manner, with less bowing and more cordiality than is customary in France. They fell to at the table presently, as in their own room. I and two fellow-travellers had been sitting opposite each other, dropping a forced sentence now and then.

“Why should we be moping and trying to

say something, while those people keep up a perpetual chatter?”

My old American friend (Americans turn up everywhere now-a-days; but none of them know much about eating) was with me, and answered,

“Chatter: that’s just the word, I guess. People who talk like that don’t do much thinking. Who was it among your countrymen, said that those who had very few ideas in their head were glibbest, as people get out of church quickest when it is ‘nearly empty.’ At any rate, those people are enjoying themselves.”

The Englishman who was with us voted them, the men, fools; and the women, babies. For they played with their knives and forks, and one dark Italian of military appearance, beguiled the time, furtively darting bread pellets at the handsome girl opposite him, who affected not to know whence the pellets came, but knew perfectly well, all the time. The master of the establishment joined the lively group. A hole in the floor led to the kitchen. The white cap of a *chef* bobbed up, and at once the party, who by this time had a pyramid of macaroni before them, engaged him in sprightly conversation.

“Talking to the cook, now!” grunted the Englishman.

“Well, I take it, that’s more sensible,” said Tomkins. “There’s something to be got out of *him* anyhow.”

“Yes, grease,” from the Englishman.

“That’s so,” said Tomkins. “Now we, in America, hate grease. Just think of one of our griddle-cakes. Why you might make a book-marker with a bit of it, it’s that dry. That macaroni’s a puzzle to me. Watch that girl. If I hadn’t seen it a score of times before, I should say it was right down dangerous.”

With infinite contempt, “Now I suppose there is somebody in the world who would marry that girl?” said the Englishman.

“Well, yes; I guess there is;” from Mr. Silas, “and that somebody’s not far off.”

I here ventured to interpose: “I really cannot understand why, because that young lady is happy, cheerful, completely at her ease, in the enjoyment of, well—let us say, robust health; and has consequently a good appetite, she should be compared to the boar with the blanket, for eating a good dish of macaroni. Pray observe that she takes her wine, Barbera, Asti, or whatever it may be, plentifully diluted.”

“Right,” said Mr. Silas, emphasizing his approval with a blow upon the table. “You’ve remarked that you don’t find much water in an English lady’s wine-glass. I’ll tell you

what. It isn't long since I was dining at the *table-d'hôte* of the Grand Hotel, one of your sweet little English girls of the ripe age of nine was my neighbour. Her parents and I were on talking terms, and on the first occasion when she appeared at the *table-d'hôte*, I asked her whether I should pour her some water. 'Oh, dear no,' said the little minx, with a toes of her flaxen curls. 'I'll take some Champagne; but presently, when the meat comes!'

"A little strong," I admitted, but I held to my point, and I think, won over Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins to my side. He deplored the candy eating of his own countrywomen, and admitted that it was pleasanter to see a bright girl in perfect health, eating naturally, like the Italian lady before us, than to sit in the midst of elaborately dressed affectation, and spin out lukewarm conversation among ladies who have dined solidly in the nursery.

"One taste of the Falernian," I suggested, "and we go." For Mr. Tomkins would not leave any experience untasted. We had the sweet *Lacryma Cristi* before us, and we had already tried some of the *Muscadine* wines, and I had found the sparkling *Moscato* most to my taste.

The Italians have the grape, the sun, and the soil for the richest and most delicate wines; but the skilful labourer has yet to make his way into their vineyards.

W. B. J

THE GRAVE OF TOUCHSTONE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

MR. EDITOR.—Having read the interesting paper which appeared in a recent number of *ONCE A WEEK* (September 7th), p. 275, on "Our Thoroughbreds and their Victories," it occurred to me that had the writer known the fact he would probably have mentioned that Touchstone, honoured as he was during his life, has been honoured even in death; for his skeleton is preserved, in its entire perfection, in a house built purposely for its reception on the banks of the River Dee, close to the Stud House, at Eaton, where he lived and died.

We find that, so far back as the time of Herodotus, the burial places of such horses as had gained the prize of victory did not pass unnoticed, for in his sixth Book, ch. 103, the following passage occurs:—"Now Cimon lies buried in front of the city of Athens, across the road called *Calé*; and opposite to him are buried the mares which gained three prizes at Olympia."

I may add that Ghuznee and Satirist—winners respectively of the Oaks and St. Leger in 1841—repose under the green and primrose covered grass at Eaton, their last resting-place marked by a stone and a holly tree; while their portraits, together with that of their sire, Pantaloon, ornament the walls of Eaton Hall, near Chester, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, in company with many pictures of Touchstone and other favourites of fame.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c., PHILIPPUS.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

"You'll spend Christmas with us?" John Mellish had said to his cousin; and Brian, remembering how very gloomy last Yule-tide had appeared, as viewed from the solitude of his chambers, he gladly accepted. Brian's exile, if it may be so called, was entirely voluntary. If he had accepted the invitations that poured in, he might have passed his days hunting, shooting, or dining; but being of an ambitious turn, and having, from his earliest boyhood, heard it asserted that he would "do something," and attain some position above the ordinary herd, Brian had laid down a course of hard law-reading, to which he had hitherto stuck honestly. Perhaps there was not much merit due to him yet; the plough and furrow may have been as fascinating as the outer world. He had run the gauntlet, it is true, of many of those temptations which most easily beset a man. But he had never been in love; that trial remained, and we shall see how he met it: of flirting, he had done his share, possibly more than his share. Law is, we know, at best, dry work, requiring counter excitement now and then, and Brian being indolent in his amusements, took that which was at hand. But the women with whom he flirted said he had no heart.

It is written that there is a tide in the lives of all men. This particular tide had not as yet set in upon the even shore of Brian's life, but the crisis was not far off, and as is generally the way, fate came concealed by the most innocent of disguises; and so it was, that being in a fair way to become a Q.C., if nothing more, Brian, running against his cousin John Mellish in the Strand, was summoned to meet his fate at "The Cedars"—where, a week before Christmas, we find our hero, sitting by the Squire's young wife, but looking with all his eyes at the pretty face of the wife's younger sister Kate, and trying with all his ears to catch the murmurs of her low, soft voice.

"I'll marry that girl or none," Brian said to himself as he undressed the night after his arrival; and so he repeated still more passionately, when on the footman rousing him next morning he became conscious that Kate's grey eyes had been shining upon him in his dreams.

"The hounds meet at the kennels, sir," said the servant, "and master says you'd better be down soon, as he and Miss Kerr are going to ride to cover."

"All right," quoth Brian; and having luckily come provided with breeches and tops, it was not long before he descended to the breakfast-room, where he found Kate presiding, and the squire and a couple of strangers from the

other side of the country busy in fortifying against the chances of a long day.

"I've ordered the young chestnut for you, Brian," said John. "I want him shown off, and I am too heavy for the country we'll most likely cross to-day: besides, you handle a horse better than any man I know." Then the conversation turned upon the merits of the horse, and the prospect of having a run.

For the first ten minutes after starting Brian had his hands full, and not until the chestnut quieted down had he a fair opportunity of looking at Kate, who, like all pretty women who can really ride, looked better on horseback than anywhere else—and as Brian watched her brightening colour, and lithe figure, swaying with every motion of the horse, the remembrance of his chambers came up like a nightmare.

What had green leaves laced with dew-laden gossamers, caroling larks, and full-throated robins, to do with dusty folios, and blue-lined foolscap? Brian thought it over that night, while the picture was still fresh on his memory, and he thought it over every night, till, as the reader will see, the odds against the Q.C. became longer and longer.

What the riding, dancing and games had left undone, the dressing up of the church and house, for Christmas Day, completed; and by the time the greenery was gathered and hung, Brian knew that "the tide" had set in, and that the full waves were beating down every obstacle in their course.

And yet he had not by word or look betrayed himself to Kate. He was much too deeply in earnest to risk asking too soon. He knew it was life or death, so to speak; and so, though he haunted Kate's steps, people did not see what the truth was, partly because of the mask he wore, partly because of a very special reason which I shall explain presently.

Christmas was over, some guests left, and others came. So that going into the drawing-room one evening, and being rather late, Brian found every one assembled, enjoying that pleasantest of all times, the gloaming half-hour before dinner. Kate was sitting near the fire, and consequently in the lightest part of the room, and by her side a stranger, not a young man, but old enough to be her father; so Brian stood aside content to worship his divinity at a distance. Presently she caught his eye, and beckoning him to her, introduced him to General Amberly, who held out his hand, saying—

"I have just been telling Kate that your father and I were comrades in early days, and saw some hard times together with the Duke of York. You've heard him speak of Jessy

Amberly?" And then, turning to Kate, he went on, "Jessy was my nick-name when I joined; I believe in those days I was considered a pretty boy, and coming fresh from a mother's care, my ways and wants were different to those of public-school men. This young gentleman's father joined the same year, and being bigger and stronger at that time, stood by me in more than one row."

"His father is dead, General," whispered Kate, her soft eyes filling.

"Yes, my dear, I know; but the memory of a good man never dies. His father was one of the best of them."

So Brian's heart was at rest, and what was left of it went straight to the outspoken old soldier whose old-fashioned courtesy and chivalrous attention to Kate seemed in poor Brian's eyes the greatest charm he possessed. Two days after this, Brian's visit terminated. As bad luck would have it, Kate had a headache; the last day she neither appeared at dinner nor yet in the evening. Brian, who had made up his mind to speak out, was down an hour before any one else next morning; but Kate only showed herself when breakfast was half over. So, as time waits for no one, he had to take his departure minus the hoped-for interview, and there was nothing for it but to trust his fate to the post. So after reaching London he wrote a manly, straightforward letter, telling Kate the truth, and asking her to be his wife.

In two days the reply came, and Brian's fate was sealed.

"I am deeply grieved," wrote Kate; "more deeply than I can possibly tell you. I thought you knew I was engaged to General Amberly. John should have told you, and I cannot understand how it was you never heard; the fact is so universally known amongst my friends, that I never doubted you knew, and that will, I hope, enable you to forgive me if my conduct has helped to pain you. I showed your letter to the General, and he bids me say that he feels as I do, very, very sorry, and that as your father's friend, you must look upon him as a true friend."

Over and over again, Brian read this letter, quietly enough, too; but with the quiet that comes of despair. He saw it all; and there was not a shadow of reproach or blame in his heart against Kate. But the light seemed to go out of his life, and for three weeks Brian tried the old trick of driving away his misery by a life of riot. At the end of three weeks nature gave way, and he was raving with brain fever. Dissipation did not suit him, and luckily the stop came before he was utterly lost.

"You must leave London," said the doctor; "quiet is necessary—try a sea voyage."

"I must see her first," thought Brian, "and then I don't care where I go. I shall see what I want to know in her face."

So as soon as he could move about, Brian took the morning express, and hiring a gig at East Cross Station drove over to "The Cedars." "Mr. Mellish was out—the mistress was with the baby, but would be down directly." So Brian went into the morning room to wait, and presently coming from the garden he saw Kate. She walked up to the house rather slowly, and hidden as he was behind the curtains, Brian could see without being seen, and his heart grew sick even while a wild triumph seemed to fill his being; for he saw what he had hoped, even while he dreaded, in Kate's face. She stopped opposite the window, and looked at the dog-cart as if uncertain to whom it belonged, or whether to go on. Then suddenly a flush came over her, and she turned quickly down the avenue. Brian had come out of his hiding-place, and leant against the window: he was desperate just then.

When Kate was out of sight, came the remembrance of where he was, and the certainty that if he stayed he would have to face Mrs. Mellish. If the thought of this interview had seemed difficult when he first sat down in the room, it became still more hard after seeing Kate, and at last grew so intolerable that Brian fairly turned and bolted, and the dog-cart was half-way to the station before Mrs. Mellish, who had waited for the nurse coming up from her dinner, deposited the baby in that functionary's arms, and having seen that her hair was straight, descending to speak with Brian, found the bird had flown.

"What could he mean?" she said, afterwards, to Kate. And Kate, looking very pale, answered,—

"He wanted to see John, perhaps; won't John go up and see him?"

And John, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, went up to town next day, taking with him Mrs. Mellish, and they, having done some shopping, proceeded to Brian's chambers, where they heard the fiat pronounced by the doctor, and learned that Brian, having tired of reading law, meant to try a settler's life in Australia.

"You'll come back to us some day, old fellow?" was the squire's farewell.

"Ay, in ten years I'll spend Christmas Day with you."

"Well, that's a bargain; in ten years we'll lay a knife and fork for you."

Brian laughed bitterly, repeating, "In ten years," and Mrs. Mellish coming up to him, put her hands upon his shoulders and kissed

him, whispering, "her blessing, too, Brian; you are a noble fellow."

She followed her husband down-stairs, and taking a cab, they drove to Euston Square.

Kate was sitting by the library fire when they reached home, and very wistfully the girl looked at her elder sister, who said, as she took off her shawl,—

"We have seen Brian, Kitty; he is much better, and has been ordered a sea voyage; so he is going to try how Australian air will suit him. He has promised to spend Christmas with us ten years hence. How did baby get on without me?"

Spring came; but the General was not well, and the marriage was put off until Christmas; but when autumn came, the old man was prostrate. He lingered on nearly two years; Kate nursing him, and to her he left his property. Once or twice during his illness he had asked for news of Brian, and by his request the squire had written to relations and friends, but no tidings could be obtained.

"He might have had the grace to write," said John, when he told the General the result of his inquiries. But the latter shook his head.

"Nay, John, he is right. 'He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not meet for the kingdom of Heaven.' The poor boy has done well; he will come back in ten years, and when he does, tell him I said so."

When the General's warfare was over, and the old soldier had answered his last muster-roll, Kate remained altogether at The Cedars, and, calling herself the old maid of the family, was looked up to with much respect by the rising generation of nephews and nieces. Nor was Kate's money idle; many a wrinkled old face in the village grew anxious when gossip gave out that Miss Kate had another wooer, but when the lover mounted and rode away, and Kate was still Miss Kate, the news spread like sunshine, and the smiles came back again; and Christmas after Christmas brought good cheer and full larders to every home in the little village, a softer glow to Kate's cheek, and a brighter smile to Kate's lips.

At last the tenth Christmas was near at hand. The winter was a hard one. Upon the morning of Christmas Eve, Kate and the children went forth to gather greenery. Young Ethel, now nearly as tall as Kate herself; Dick upon the Sheltie; Tom and Harry armed with knives, big enough to do serious damage to the holly trees. Amongst them stood Kate; time, in taking away the lightness of girlhood, had perfected the maturer beauty of womanhood, and very fair and loveable she looked as, with her hands full of gleaming



GATHERING THE GREENERY.

holly, she stood in the wintry picture—a picture very unlike that of a Christmas on the other side of the world, where the seasons are turned upside down, and Christmas Day comes at Midsummer. So thought a man who was leaning against the churchyard gate. He had been standing there for some time before the children came down the avenue, and moving a little so as to bring the branches of a tree between him and them: he still stood, until the thud of horses' feet on the snow made him turn, and as the squire trotted up, the men came face to face.

John Mellish reined in his horse, and stared, stooped down in his saddle, and grew red, as he cried,

"Not Brian!—and yet, by the Lord Harry, it is. Welcome home, old fellow!" As he spoke the squire had got down from his horse, and was clasping Brian's hands. "Why didn't you write?"

"I'll tell you some day, old friend; let bygones be bygones."

"Right there; but see, lad, there's something to mark the bygone," and John pointed to the group so busily gathering greenery, but which that instant catching sight of him, broke up, the boys running forward to meet him, leaving Kate and Ethel alone, up to whom John and his cousin went.

"I have brought the guest of the year, Katie," her brother said, "a guest come from the other side of the world to keep a tryst made ten years ago, before you were born, Dick; think of that;" and taking the Sheltie's rein, John ran down the road, calling to the other boys to bring his horse.

Kate's eyes had darkened as Brian came towards her, and the holly fell from her hands, so that both were ready to be put in his. Beyond this double shake, the meeting was quiet enough to strike Ethel as a very cold way of receiving a friend after being away for ten years; but Ethel, you see, had a great deal to learn yet. They walked up to the house together, and when Brian went to speak to Mrs. Mellish, Kate disappeared.

What a dinner that was! Surely some of us have known or shared in the happiness of welcoming one long absent to the home fire-side; and, after many days of exile by sea and land, of strange adventures, perils, and hair-breadth escapes, have felt the heart grow full, as looking down the table past familiar faces, the old face changed and yet the same, turns to us, and the eyes throw back their answer of affection and faith. So, at least, felt John Mellish, and so too felt one true heart not far from John. But it was not until later in the evening, when they were all standing about in the front rooms listening to

the Carol singers, that Brian found an opportunity of saying, in Kate's ear,

"I never loved a woman but you, Kate, and I've been faithful to my love through all these ten hopeless years. May I ask for my wages?"

Kate had no voice to make audible reply, but a warm hand stole into Brian's, and he knew that after many days he had his reward.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF PIT GEORDIE.

(Concluded from page 716.)

SOME minutes elapsed before Richard Winter was fully restored to consciousness, and then feeling that he was resting against a living man's knees, and knowing where he had fallen a short time before, he inquired the name of his deliverer, and was told it in ungracious tones.

"May the Lord in Heaven bless and reward thee, George Harold, and may He save thy soul from Hell," said he, with earnestness.

There was no response to this, but presently Harold said, "We're at the head of Stanley drift just now; and the stythe will be upon us directly, we mun make the best use of our legs for the up-cast. Can ye walk yet, Winter?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he at once sprung to his feet, and the three pushed on. For fully half an hour they pursued their devious way steadily and without a pause. The latter part of the journey was through the "return," a long passage, not cut through coal, but burrowed out of earth and rock. Here in the darkness they continually stumbled and fell; whilst it required no little caution to save themselves from serious injury from the inequalities in the low roof. These obstacles, however, did not stop them. The air here was fresh and good, and as they walked they all gained strength. More than once a bitter feeling of baffled rage swelled up in George's heart; but when it did so, that strange impulse of good, which had led him to lift his rival in his arms when he lay dying in the Stanley drift, seemed to meet and overcome it; so they walked on in silence.

After a while that silence was broken by a sound of feet and voices in the distance. They raised a loud halloo, to which there quickly came back a joyful answer; and both parties hurried forward to meet each other. If either of them hoped to find in the other a band of deliverers they were disappointed. The party now encountered by Harold and his companions consisted of nine of the other men who had been in the pit when it fired, and they brought discouraging intelligence.

They had tried to get to the up-cast, but could not, for the stythe had got there before them.

A great gloom fell upon the hearts of the three men whom we have been following when they heard this news; but renewed action soon dispelled it. Wilkinson, the leader of the others, the deputy over-man, a quiet, decent fellow, who, strange to say, was neither a Methodist nor a blackguard, but spent his Sundays in studying mathematics, was taking them, as their last chance of life, to an air-shaft, which opened from a portion of the "return" into a field, a hundred fathoms above it. So they turned with the larger body, and made rapidly for the desired place. And now all were silent and serious. They knew that even if they reached the bottom of the air-shaft before the stythe got there, the stythe would not be long in following them; whilst they were by no means certain that the men "at bank"—in other words, on the surface—would think of trying to rescue them by means of this shaft; whilst supposing they did so, some time would necessarily be lost in providing the means of raising them from the pit. But though they felt that the chances were many and strong against their being saved, they did not lose heart; and why? Because they were Englishmen, and it is not the wont of Englishmen to lie down and die before their appointed time.

At length the wished-for spot was reached. They came to the bottom of the air-shaft, and looking up, beheld far above them "God's great heaven of blue," and a star, blessed harbinger of mercy, twinkling in it, though the hour was noon. The star could not be seen by those who were walking in the sun-light. Only to these poor captives, shut in by the heavy clasp of Mother Earth, was it visible; and how it cheered them, who shall say? Ah! and who can tell the longing agony with which, straining their eyes upwards, they waited for the first sign that some one was attempting their deliverance. They knew that the stythe was all around them by this time, and that their only hope of escape was by this shaft; and never did shipwrecked mariners clinging to a rock in the ocean, watch the tide rising over it more anxiously than they watched the progress of the gas. At intervals, two of their number (by the bye, I should mention that two more hewers had joined them) went down the long passage to ascertain if the stythe was drawing near them. At first they had had to advance a long way into the workings before they found any indications of it; but presently it came nearer, and nearer yet, until at last they knew

not at what moment they would be enveloped in it. And so the dreadful minutes passed by, one by one.

All this time they had remained almost silent—another characteristic of Englishmen in mortal peril. Some of them, including Wilkinson, the mathematical deputy over-man, had sat apart from the rest musing quietly. Others conversed in soft whispers; not about their wives, their families, their souls, but about the ventilation of the pit, their own fortunes since the accident, and, strangest of all, what would be said at the inquest! Amongst those who thus conversed were George Harold and Richard Winter, and they addressed their conversation to each other.

When a long, long time had passed—thirty minutes by the clock, a whole day by the hours "which are not Time's,"—Winter turned away from his companion and spoke aloud. Had he been talking in the Wesleyan Chapel up in the village above him, his voice could not have been calmer or steadier; and yet it was but three days since Mary Hall had become his wife.

"Men," said he, "it becomes us, as Christians, standing nigh to death, to worship God, and to thank Him for giving us this space in which to prepare for meeting Him. Brother Tibbs will raise a hymn, and then we'll all engage in prayer."

Whereupon, out of the darkness sounded a rough and unmelodious voice; and after a hawking and scraping, as bashful as if its owner were facing all the Methodists in Summerfield, it led off a hymn to a doleful Ranter tune.

Sad doggerel it was, I own; but this was not the first time that the "rumbling wain" of verse, driven by Isaac Watts, had cheered the dark valley through which we all must pass. When the last echoes of the hymn died out, Richard Winter began to pray, and for at least ten minutes he continued to pour out his soul in prayer to God, amid the frequent responses of his little congregation; but just when the "amens" were becoming loudest, and his prayer seemed at its highest pitch, he suddenly brought it to a close; and the reason of his doing so was that God had already answered it.

In praying, he had knelt under the very centre of the air-shaft, and with his eye fixed upon the star in the heavens above, which to him seemed a token of the actual presence of God. As he knelt there the star suddenly disappeared from his gaze, and he knew that deliverance was at hand.

And now, as we are not confined to the Golgotha of the pit, we must again ascend "to

bank," and see what had been going on there during all this time.

The news of the great catastrophe that had occurred below had been very speedily brought to the surface. There had been a sudden rush of wind, and dust, and soot, up the shaft, which had told the story. The men in charge at bank knew at once that the pit had fired. The first thing they did was to send for Ralph Gledson, who happened to be the only official at hand; the second, to send a series of signals down to the bottom of the shaft. Alas! to all their signals there came no reply, and they knew then that Death had been busy below.

The tidings spread through the village with wondrous rapidity; and almost before Gledson reached the pit-mouth, there were numbers of women and children screaming and sobbing hysterically around it. Amongst these, though neither of them joined in the noisy demonstrations of the rest, were the bride, Mary Winter, and old widow Harold, George's mother.

Gledson gave a swift glance round amongst the women-folk; then told them, in quiet tones, not to stay there where they were only in the way, but to go home, and get beds and hot coffee ready for the reception of their bread-winners when they came to bank. He said nothing of any of them being dead. Some of the women took his advice, and turned mournfully away; but the fools, who were in a decided majority, remained where they were to screech and obstruct.

Then he cast his eyes on three men, the only idle hands about the place, and said, "Which of you fellows there will go down with me?"

All three stepped towards him. Two of them were immediately seized upon by their wives and daughters, and, in spite of very decided struggles on their part, held back triumphantly.

The third man was Peter Hall. Nobody tried to stop him.

The over-man started when his brother-in-law came towards him; but he thought nothing of that curse which had rung in his ears on the Friday evening previous. He looked wistfully at him, then at the other two men, who were as securely pinned to the earth as Prometheus to his rock: lastly, he spoke to Peter Hall apart.

"Peter," said he, "there's death in that pit, and it may be death to any man who goes down into it now. I dare not take you with me. You are not fit to die."

Drunken, violent, Peter's face fell; but he urged his claim bravely; urged it so well that at length Ralph was forced to relent, and

the two entered the cage together, and were swiftly lowered into the darkness of the shaft.

When they reached the bottom they saw what they had both expected to see. The furnace-man, the shaft's-man, and two boys were all lying dead on the ground; and, as they looked around them they became conscious that they were in the very midst of the after-damp. But they went a little way towards the workings, and thrice raised a loud halloo. Nothing but a silence which spoke of the grave answered them. Then faint and sick, and stupid with the rapidly increasing influence of the stythe, they made their way back to the shaft, gave the signal, and were raised to the surface. With what a dreadful wail were they received, when they were seen to come back alone.

A long time was next lost in trying to go down by the up-cast shaft; but I need not say that when the attempt at last succeeded, the same result followed. There were more dead bodies, and more after-damp. Nothing else.

Then Gledson thought of the air-shaft away to the west, and blamed himself bitterly that he had not thought of it sooner. He had no reason to do so, for the two methods he had just tried were those which he was bound to try first; but the honest fellow blamed himself for failures which were not his.

However, no more time was wasted. A rough windlass, with a rope long enough for the purpose, was hastily rigged up, and then hauled off across fields and hedges to the mouth of the air-shaft. Poor Mary Winter, watching with a breaking heart, the progress of the party towards the spot, recalled to mind how she had sauntered by it with her lover, just one short week ago.

As the men went along, they fastened to the end of the rope an apparatus, the technical name of which is unmentionable to ears polite; but which we shall dub "body-loop." This body-loop consisted of two separate triangles, the bases of which were formed of pieces of wood, and the sides of strong rope. They are always used in ascending and descending a coal pit, when there is no cage or coop. Speedily they threw the windlass across the narrow mouth of the shaft, and as they did so, they put a stop to Richard Winter's prayer, by hiding the star from his gaze.

Just as Winter paused in his prayer and uttered an abrupt "Amen," another voice was heard in the darkness, that of a south countryman lately come into the district, and who had hitherto been silent.

"The stoithe be hawful near us, now measters," said he; and it was no news to any of them.

But at that moment came singing down the shaft a joyful sound, the cheery metallic "jowl" of the pitman, produced by striking "three times three and one over" on a metal bar. There were no metals with which they could respond, but they raised a happy cheer, which put new life into the heart of Ralph Gledson, up above.

Then the orifice was darkened altogether, a couple of loose stones fell down the shaft and warned them not to stand beneath it, and they knew their deliverers were coming. Even then, however, it seemed an age ere the creaking of the rope and the body-loops was distinctly heard, and a still longer interval elapsed before the two brave men, who had risked their lives for them, stood in their midst. Then few moments were lost.

Said Gledson, "How many men are there here?"

Answered Wilkinson, "Fourteen all told."

"Are no more saved?"

"There's not another living soul in the pit."

"Oh, my cannie lads! I hope their souls are safe!" wailed Gledson. It was his first and last outburst of emotion.

Quickly he took hold of two of the men, asked them their names, and with Peter's assistance seated them in the body-loops. Then he gave the signal, and the men above began to turn the windlass furiously. As the two thus rescued went slowly, far too slowly, upwards, those who stood below became conscious of something peculiar; and every man amongst them knew what it was. *The after-damp had reached them.*

But as yet it was not strong, and there was some hope that all might be saved. Gledson and Hall (who did his work as cheerfully and bravely as if he had never been drunk in his life) formed the twelve hewers into six couples; and then, directly afterwards, made them reform themselves into four groups of three each. When at last the rope came swinging down again, the three men forming the first of these groups were speedily attached to it. It would bear no greater weight without awful risk of breaking.

One of these men was George Harold; and to the lasting amazement of everybody at bank, he just kissed his poor old mother, and then ran straight for the door where Mary Winter stood, to tell her that her husband was alive and might yet be saved. His good angel had fairly beaten the devil for once.

But after all it was no certain tidings of her husband's safety which he conveyed to Mary. Down in the pit an awful, noble scene was being enacted. Death was amongst the

men now, and they knew it; but not a soul stirred out of his turn, only the prayers to God began to be audible. Two more batches of three each were brought to bank, the latter being all of them in a sickly semi-swoon, and requiring fresh air and brandy before they came to themselves.

Then the loops went down once more, and reached the bottom of the shaft, where three men lay insensible, and two little better stood over them. These two were Peter Hall and Ralph Gledson. Quickly, but with almost nerveless fingers, they tied their three comrades to the cable, and then they paused.

They were both light men, and they knew that the rope might bear the additional weight of one of them without breaking. They knew, too, that three minutes longer in that atmosphere was certain death. So they paused just for one second.

Then said Ralph Gledson: "Peter Hall, get thee to bank and save thy soul."

But, not to be out-done in generosity, the other answered, "Nay, nay, lad. I'm but a 'wastrel.' Thou'rt more use than me. Gang thou."

"Peter, I'm ready for a longer journey! art thou?"

"Oh, lad! oh, lad! I'll take my chance. God help us both!"

"Chance, Peter! Your only chance is in gaining bank, and repenting of your sins. Go;" and thrusting Peter to the rope, he gave the signal. "Go; and may we meet at God's right hand in Heaven!" and with that the last batch of living men were hauled out of Summerfield Pit, Peter Hall being one of them.

Six years afterwards when I visited the spot, and was told the story of the great Summerfield "misfortune," I was taken by Richard Winter to see the monument erected in the church-yard to the memory of the slain. More than ninety of them had been buried in a common grave; but I was gratified to find that the mortal dust of noble Ralph Gledson lay apart—and rightly so; for it was certainly more sacred even in its decay than the mouldering remains around it. A plain head-stone, with his name and age, and a few simple flowers, tended with loving care by Mary Winter, were all that marked the spot. I was introduced to Peter Hall, a reformed man; married now to his former mistress, and leading a very different life; and I was told, that shortly after the "misfortune," George Harold had emigrated to Australia, done well at the diggings, married into a respectable family, and became a happy and prosperous settler in the land of his adoption.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. XXV.—BREAKING UP.

WELL, Mr. Nomad, so you and I, and for that matter, the Walking Posters, have met for the last time. The world will know us no more; and if the world regrets us as little as I for my part regret the world, there will be very little sorrow at our parting. I suppose I ought to feel sentimental at having just said good-bye to all my old mates and fellow Posters; but always excepting poor O,—who said, when we shook hands for the last time, that now A was dead, and I was going, there was not a soul left to give him a civil word—I can't say I felt any particular regret at the notion that I should never see any one of them again. I don't suppose gaol-birds, who have picked oakum together, or galley slaves, who have worked at the same hulks, feel any especial satisfaction at the notion they may meet again in after life; and I cannot see, that we Walking Posters are much better off, than if we had turned a crank, or slaved at the oar. I know that in my dreams for many a long day to come, I shall fancy I am tramping up and down the streets with the boards swinging against my back and beating about my chest; and the chief comfort that I look forward to in after life is that I shall be able to turn round and go to sleep again when I wake up in the gray chill early morning.

You may guess by this, Mr. Nomad, that things have not gone so badly with me at last. But I have only just learnt my fate, and when I went to our last meet this morning, I could not tell but another week might see me a life inmate of a workhouse—a pauper nurse maybe in a union infirmary. I had not chosen to give my address to anybody, but I had asked the young doctor, who had promised to hand over the will and the papers relating to the marriage to the Arlingford family, to let them know that a letter would find me at a public-house, where I am known under the name I bear. And I made up my mind that I would not go and ask if any letter had come for me, till I had finished for once and for all with my Poster life. So I went to the meet, as poor and forlorn a creature as any one of my fellows. I don't mind telling you that since the night when Arlingford died, I have not had the heart to go home to my old crib. The doctor had promised to see about the funeral; and I was not going to hang about there as if I was on the lookout to get something from any of Arlingford's friends, who might come to look after him.

Where have I slept, do you ask, for the last few nights? Well, the weather has been warm; and I have tried the benches in the Mall one night, and a skeleton house Notting Hill way another, and a night refuge, a third. All this week, knowing that we had got the sack, we Posters have shirked our work as much as possible, and have put ourselves on short time and half duty. Thus I was not as fagged out as you might fancy; and besides this, when you have got a big stake, as I had, upon the chance, you don't think so much about your own comfort as you do at other times.

Eleven o'clock was the hour we had to meet at the Regina this morning to draw our pay. But when I got to the little back street, out of which the stage door opens, I found it blocked up by a noisy crowd. If you want at any time to see a shabby washed-out lot of people, you should go to the stage-door of a theatre at the time when the supers, and workmen, and ballet-girls are coming to draw their salary. Somehow your theatrical people are made up for the footlights, and never look well, even the best of them, by day; and as to the subordinates at a second-rate establishment, all I can say is, till you have seen them in their work-a-day attire, you don't know what the words shabby, and tawdry, and frowzy really mean.

I guessed, at once, what had happened when I saw the crowd. The stage door was closed, the shutters were up, and a notice was posted outside, that owing to unexpected circumstances, the theatre was shut for a few days, and that due notice would be given of the reopening. All communications concerning the management to be addressed to Mr. Mortimer Morris, solicitor, Knaves Inn. In fact, our spirited proprietor had drawn out the contents of the till at the close of last night's performances, had borrowed a sovereign from the leading low comedian, had asked Polly Peters for change for half a sovereign, and omitted to give her the gold piece in return, had got eighteenpence out of the housekeeper to pay for a cab, and had left London quietly by the Boulogne night boat, leaving liabilities to the tune of many thousands, and not a farthing to pay the weekly wages. By to-night he will be safe in Paris, dining at the Maison Dorée, and if he has not chambertin to drink and ortolans to finish up with, he is not the man I have known him for all these years. I may wrong him, but I don't think his appetite could be one whit the less keen, if he could have seen the scared faces of the poor creatures who had come for their week's wages, and found themselves thrown upon the streets penniless. It was a sad sight enough, I can tell you. Our Poster lot have been too much knocked about,

and broken down, to feel this sort of thing as cruelly as those who are new to it. You get used to being kicked in time, and take your kicking as all in the day's work. There was a kindly publican, too, who had had the custom of the Regina for many a year, and who, though he held a returned cheque in his till, which he had cashed for our proprietor the night before, threw his doors open and allowed any one connected with the theatre, down to the call-boy, to run up pretty well what score he liked. But the steady men who had families at home, and the lone women, who had to pay their rent or run the risk of being turned out of doors, and the little children, who played the sprites and fairies in the Realms of Bliss, and were afraid of being beaten, when they came back penniless, were very sad to look at. There were kind people, however, at hand, then, as there are generally at such times. The author of "Amphitryon," who had driven down in his cab when he heard the news, was as hard hit, I suspect, as any one, but he had brought a lot of gold and silver with him; and he must have had very little of it left when he got back to his Albany chambers. Polly Peters, too, who had come as usual for the rehearsal, with any number of rings upon her fingers, entrusted her jewellery to the care of Mr. Nathan of the Golden Balls, and though she walked home for once jewel-less, sent the little children away happy with their wages paid, and something to buy sweets with on the way. Then, too, whenever misfortunes happen, there are people on the spot ready to make something out of the wreck. Amongst the crowd I saw the advertising agent of the Corona Theatre, who had come down to offer us Posters a week's wages in advance, on condition of our making a bargain with him for ninepence instead of a shilling a day.

Whether my mates took the offer I cannot tell, for I slunk away very sad at heart. It seemed to me the smash was of bad omen for my own success in this my last venture. The tavern where my letter was to be addressed was the house I have just mentioned, fronting the stage-door of the Regina; and the bar was so crowded with the customers whom the landlord was treating gratis, that I knew I had no chance of getting attended to. So, very foot-sore and weary, and wretched, I stole away, till I reached the Mall, where, thank Heaven! there are still a few seats on which poor homeless, fagged-out wretches can sit for a while; and there I sat, thinking about the old time that could never come again, till I saw that the shadows were getting long and the day was drawing on. Then I tramped back to the Regina, and asked the barmaid at

the public opposite if any letter had come for me. My heart beat so, I could hardly speak clearly; but I would sooner have heard that there was nothing, than be told, as I was by the girl, that the "missus" had all the letters locked up in her drawers, and had taken the keys with her; that she had gone out shopping, and would not be back for an hour or more. However, the girl saw that I looked very tired and ill, and told me I could sit down till the landlady came home. I don't know how long I waited; it seemed to me a mortal time; and what I thought about I could hardly tell you. Odd fancies take hold of you when you are tired and nervous, and have hardly touched food for days; and I got it into my head, somehow, that if a hundred customers entered the room before the mistress got back I should find a letter, such as I hoped to receive. So I kept counting the times the door opened, and at last my head got confused, and I could not recollect whether I had counted nineteen or twenty, and I lost my reckoning, and then suddenly the postman came in and laid a letter on the bar. The girl looked at it, and then handed it to me, asking if it was the letter I had asked for. My hands trembled so violently that I could not open it; and my eyes grew so dim that I could not read the writing, and I begged the girl to read it for me; and I recollect no more, for I fainted clean away.

I don't suppose it was long before I came to myself; but it was long enough for the landlady, who had come in meanwhile, to have me taken to the private room behind the bar and laid upon the sofa. The moment I got my senses back, the recollection of the letter returned to me; and I had little need to ask its contents, as soon as I observed that the landlady called me Mr. —, and begged me to take a sup of their extra fine Cognac. She was a good, kindhearted woman enough; but if I had been nothing but a walking Poster she would have called me "my good man," and brought me to with British brandy. So, as soon as I had steadied my nerves with a glass of the best liquor that has passed my lips for many a long day, I asked for my letter, and found it to be a formal communication from the solicitors of the late Mr. Arlingford, of Arlingford. I was entitled—so the letter run—by their deceased client's will to an annuity of five hundred a year, to be paid to me quarterly, in such manner as I chose to direct. I was requested, further, to furnish the firm with the names and addresses of certain persons who had been associated with the late Mr. A. during the latter years of his life, that they might be presented with certain small gratuities according to the testator's wish.

Well, the landlord was glad enough to help a gentleman of property: and I got my clothes out of pawn, and had as good a dinner as the tavern could supply; and then I came on here, as I thought you might like to hear the last of the Walking Posters. I don't suppose you or I are ever likely to meet again. In a day or two, when I have got my business, such as it is, settled, I shall leave England, and shall bid farewell to London as soon as maybe. There are reasons—no matter what to you or anybody—why, though I could live here as a Walking Poster. London is not a good place for me as an annuitant, with money on which contributions might be levied.

You would like perhaps to know what my own story is? You will not learn it from me. There are very few people left who know anything about it now, and those few would probably give you completely different versions. We none of us know anything about each other, and very little about ourselves. I declare to you honestly, when I think over the past, I can hardly tell myself whether I was more sinned against or sinning. Anyhow, whatever my shortcomings may have been, I have suffered for them very bitterly, and I think my last years will be quiet and peaceful.

But I shall do one good act at any rate in my old age. Before I go I shall make arrangements that such a sum shall be paid out of my annuity as will keep poor O from the workhouse, and hinder his little daughter from begging in the streets. As to the rest of the lot, they must fight their own battle; as for me, I shall rub on well enough, I dare say, for a few years more to come. In some one of the warm sunny out-of-the-way towns in the south of France, you may perhaps find before long an elderly gentleman, whose name is Smith, who spends his time walking about the seaports, playing dominoes for sou's at the *café*, and trying to make friends with the little children, who will always find sugar-plums in his pockets. Such is the life I dream of for myself. I am too shattered and broken to try and do anything. All I wish is to shuffle on decently and live unknown. If by any chance anybody should come to the town of A—— and recognise Mr. Smith,—well A—— will know Mr. Smith no more; and B—— will have a new resident, Mr. Brown, who seems to be Mr. Smith's twin brother. Not a very cheerful prospect, you may think, but cheerful enough for me. And so, good-bye, Mr. Nomad, and take my advice, that if ever you should be brought as low as I have been, you had better do anything in the world than be a "Walking Poster."

THE END.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

SUGGESTED BY THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE BY PAUL DELA-ROCHE, IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

Yes, the sad day of life was past:
Calmly she slept—in peace at last!
The waves just lightly stirred her hair,
The light shone on her cheek so fair,
And the murmur'ing river for ever made
Soft ripples around her of light and shade.
Yes, *this* was true peace at last!

All had been rendered up to Heaven,
All earthly ties her heart had given;
The pleasures for which so many live
Were nought to the bliss that Heav'n could give.
And she fought the fight and won the palm,
And she sings in Heaven the angels' psalm;
For she gained the victory.

With cruel cords they bound her hands,—
Bound them across in tightest bands;
But they could not bind her guileless soul,
Which death released from their harsh control.
She lay on the waters floating calm,
Like a babe asleep on its mother's arm,
And her tears were dried for ever.

They watched her from the river's shore—
Watched as she floated the waters o'er,
And as they gazed they saw light down
On her golden hair a martyr's crown.
It gleamed on her brow in radiance bright,
And that sweet pale face was bathed in light
Till it seemed alive once more.

They stood—those murderers harsh and stern—
And saw that crown of glory burn;
They thought it a sign of judgment near,
They fled from the shore in coward fear;
And one star through the night was seen to shine
As the martyr slept 'neath the crown divine.
With her face upturned to Heaven.
ALICE EVERARD.

ZOE FANE.

A Love Story in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.—IN DURANCE VILE.

AT three o'clock the next afternoon, Emmy and I were driving to the Priory, both of us, I think, feeling a little uncomfortable, and very anxious as to how the impending interview might end. But we were doomed to disappointment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fane were out driving," the man who opened the door informed us; "but Mr. Hollice was in the library, if we would walk in."

We had no particular desire to see Mr. Hollice, and looked blankly at each other at this news, which somehow we had not anticipated; and then Emmy inquired,—

"And Miss Fane, is she at home?"

The man hesitated.

Yes, he believed Miss Fane was at home;

but he thought she was in her room—in fact, he believed she was not very well.

"Not well? How long has she been ill?" Emmy asked, eagerly.

The man couldn't at first say; but the sight of a sovereign which I displayed above my waistcoat pocket appeared to refresh his memory, and after looking over his shoulder into the hall, he condescended to inform us that for a week—ever since the wedding-day had been fixed, in fact—Miss Fane had kept her room.

"The wedding-day!" Emmy echoed. "Is it settled, then?"

"Yes, my lady, it is settled; but I understand it is to be a secret. Mr. Fane wishes it to be as private as possible."

"But you know it," I interposed, sternly, pressing a couple of sovereigns into the man's hand. "You need not be afraid; I shall not mention your name if you tell me."

"It is to be next Thursday," said the man, slowly.

Next Thursday, and to-day was Tuesday! It was fortunate indeed that I had come down to Norham.

"I shall stay until your master returns," I said to the man, making up my mind in a moment what to do. "I want to see him on business of importance; so let him know that I am here the instant he returns. Meanwhile, Lady Norham will go up to see Miss Fane. I suppose she is not too ill to see any one."

"I don't know, sir; I'll inquire." And then, with the greatest alacrity, he ushered us into the drawing-room, shut the door upon us, and disappeared.

"Will he inquire, do you think?" said Emmy, doubtfully.

"Certainly not, I should think," I answered. "Should your mind going off on a voyage of discovery to find Zoë? If you could only see her, we might arrange something."

"I shan't mind a bit," said Emmy, bravely. "I know which is her room, and I'll speak to her, come who or what may."

Thereupon, after a few instructions from me, Emmy set off on her quest, and I was left to wait as patiently as my anxious reflections would allow me, until either she or Mr. Fane returned. I afterwards heard how she sped, and I may as well relate her proceedings here.

She ran noiselessly upstairs, and easily found Zoë's room—the fact of the servants' tea-bell having just rung accounted for her not meeting or hearing anybody during the conversation that followed—and when she tapped softly at the door, Zoë called out, feebly,—

"Who is there?"

"I—Lady Norham," Emmy answered, as softly as possible; "may I come in?"

There was a moment's pause, then a low, joyous exclamation, and the sound of a foot-step crossing the floor, and in another second Zoë answered, breathlessly, with her mouth pressed close to the key-hole,—

"The door is locked—I can't open it. How did you get here?"

"Never mind. Edmund is downstairs. Can't you get out anyhow?" Emmy asked, eagerly.

"No; mamma has the key," was the answer. "It isn't papa, Lady Norham; don't think it, please. Tell Edmund to save me. I am to be married on Thursday."

"Nonsense. They can't marry you if you won't be married," Emmy answered; "and you will be very wicked, Zoë, if you let them threaten or frighten you into anything."

"I won't, indeed I won't," was the sobbing response, "if only Edmund will come; but mamma persuades papa it is all for our good; and he is so angry with me. Will you tell Edmund to come?"

"Yes, if you can't get away before; but listen;" and Emmy related, in as low a tone as possible, the plan Mr. Mortimer had suggested, and after a moment or two of reflection, Zoë consented to try to escape, if only escape were possible.

"Not with Edmund though. Tell him I couldn't bear him to see me ever again, if anybody should ever be able to say I had eloped."

"I will tell him; but now be quick and settle what we must do. What is your maid like?"

"I think she will help me, and she is kind when mamma is not by. But mamma takes the key of my door when she goes out."

"But who has it when she is at home? Who will have it to-night, for instance?"

"My maid, Simmons,—she sleeps in my dressing-room."

"Then try what she will do for you, and if she consents to help you, at ten o'clock to-night set your candle in the window-seat, and draw up your blind. Do you understand? Let it remain up for a moment and then draw it down again. We shall be watching, and if you do this we shall understand that early in the morning, as soon as the back doors are open,—say at half-past six,—you and she will come down the avenue. I will be at the gates in my carriage."

Though I have written these instructions as if Emmy had spoken them, in reality she had written them on the back of an envelope, and pushed it underneath the door, taking this precaution in case any listener should be near.

"I will do it," Zoë said, when she had read

the communication; "only don't let Edmund be in the carriage, Lady Norham. Promise me that he shan't be there."

"I promise," said Emmy; and then after another whispered word or two, she ran down-stairs as lightly as she had ascended them, and joined me radiant and triumphant in the drawing-room.

I cannot say I felt at all certain of success when she related to me what she had settled. It seemed to me that no one could save Zoë but myself, and here was I thrust out of the scheme entirely. However, there was nothing else to be done; so I could only do all in my power to prevent it being frustrated. Accordingly I rung the bell, and when the footman appeared, looking rather uncomfortable, I inquired angrily,—

"Did you send up to inquire if Miss Fane could see Lady Norham?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir; but Miss Fane was asleep, and no message came down till just this minute. Miss Fane is very sorry, my lady; but she feels too ill to see any one this afternoon, and hopes you will excuse her."

I wonder if the man thought he imposed upon us. Certainly he told his lie with the greatest barefacedness I have ever witnessed. The front-door bell at this moment sounded through the house, and he retreated hastily to usher his master and mistress into the drawing-room a few moments later.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Mr. Fane said sarcastically to me, after courteously greeting Emmy. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Darent?"

"My business with you is private," I said, returning Mrs. Fane's haughty stare as haughtily, "and I think you are quite able to make a guess as to its purport."

He made no answer, but led the way to his study; and then when I formerly demanded of him permission to address his daughter, he flatly and emphatically refused it.

"It is nothing new to me to see gentlemen in a passion about this matter," he said, smiling coldly. "Unfortunately for my child, her wealth has been a great prize to many fortune-hunters. However, she has made her choice at last, and it has my full approval."

"Will you let Miss Fane tell me so with her own lips?" I asked, quietly. "She promised to be my wife only a fortnight ago."

"I am afraid your imagination must have greatly misled you," sneered Mr. Fane; "and I deeply regret that it is not in my power to let you have an interview with Miss Fane. But she has been suffering the last few days from a severe cold, and has not been able to leave her room. I will gladly convey

to her, by your permission though, your congratulations on her approaching marriage, or perhaps you will give us the pleasure of your company at it."

I could listen to no more. With a muttered imprecation, I turned away and strode into the drawing-room, followed by Mr. Fane, who I saw returned the anxious glance of his wife with a significant and triumphant smile. In a few more minutes we were driving down the avenue again, and as we returned homewards I related to Emmy how my interview with Mr. Fane had terminated.

"So now there is nothing more to be done," I finished. "As we pass through Norham, I will telegraph to Mr. Mortimer, and prepare him for our possible arrival to-morrow. He will send his carriage, and probably come himself to meet all the trains; and once in his house, my darling will be safe."

"Yes, but we have got to get her there first," said Emmy; "and I shall have to tell John no end of fibs when I get home. He's so matter-of-fact that he will pooh-pooh all our nice little arrangements, and make no end of difficulty about the carriage being out so early."

"Don't tell him. I will leave a note to-morrow for him; and will arrange everything with the coachman to-night, for of course I shall be obliged to take a horse to the Priory to-night, when I go for Zoë's signal."

"Yes, you can see her window easily from that side of the park I pointed out to you; and you must be sure and be there in time, Edmund."

No need to tell me to be there in time! By nine o'clock I had left my horse in charge of the wondering coachman half-a-mile from the Priory, and was walking slowly up and down just outside the park gazing steadily, up at a certain window, in which a faint light was visible through the closely drawn blind. How many times I wandered up and down I cannot tell, but ten o'clock had struck long ago from a stable clock near, before the blessed signal at last came. But I saw it at last. The blind of the window I had been watching was drawn up and a bright light appeared close to the pane for a minute; then the light was withdrawn, the blind pulled down, and there was only a faint glimmer as before. I waited a moment longer, and then returned home exultantly, and told Emmy, who was in a state of feverish impatience at my prolonged absence, that so far our plans had prospered. But would they continue to do so? And would Zoë be mine at last? No one, who has not himself experienced the like anxiety, can understand the misery of the long hours of that night.

CHAPTER IV.—TWO LADIES RUN AWAY.

THE next morning at six o'clock Emmy, accompanied by her maid, who was trustworthy, and had been with her a good many years, got into her carriage and drove off towards the Priory, and a few minutes afterwards I followed on horseback. It was a cold February morning, and there was only a faint streak of light in the sky, showing where the sun would presently appear; but I was too feverish with anxiety to feel the cold, and chafed angrily at Emmy's momentary delay for wraps and hot-water tins. I had written to Sir John, telling him a few of the facts of the case, and begging him if Mr. Fane applied to him, to do his utmost to send him on the wrong scent; and this note I sealed and deposited on the hall table. I afterwards found that he had obeyed my direction to the letter, and that Mr. Fane, accompanied by the bridegroom elect, had started off to Scotland after us.

I reached the Priory gates at half-past six, and found the carriage drawn up by the side of the road, with the horses' heads turned towards Norham Station, and Emmy sitting with the window down, gazing eagerly up the dark avenue. I dismounted, and gave my horse to the footman, and then quietly opened the little side gate leading into the Priory grounds. I could not see Zoë's window from this part of the park, so all I could do now was to hope fervently that she might be able to get away in time for us to reach the London train due at Norham at a little after seven.

It was wonderful how quietly we all waited during the next quarter of an hour. There was no sound except the occasional pawing of the horses and the jingling of their harness; but as it grew gradually lighter I began to feel afraid that the people at the lodge would be astir, when the sight of my sister's carriage would of course enable them to direct Mr. Fane in his pursuit. But as yet everything was quiet, and there was a chance of our being able to get away without being seen.

Twenty minutes had passed, and there would barely be time for us to reach the station. I was growing quite sick with anxiety when I heard a slight sound, and in another moment two figures came hastily round the corner of the avenue. I stood still for fear of frightening Zoë, until they reached the gate, and then as she saw me and uttered a low cry, I caught her in my arms, and drew her towards the carriage. "My darling, I have got you at last," I whispered. "I was beginning to feel afraid."

"Oh! Edmund, you shouldn't have come," she murmured; but I did not mind her words

when I felt the clinging embrace of her arms round my neck.

I hurried her into the carriage, and mounted my horse, and then we set off as fast as we could go to Norham, reaching the station as the train arrived. I gave both men-servants strict injunctions that they were to know nothing of their morning's work if any one questioned them, and enforced my orders by the present of a five-pound note apiece.

"You brought your mistress and her maid to meet the York train," I told them; "but I think you have not seen anyone else?"

"No, sir, it's very dark this morning," they returned, grinning: "we ain't seen nobody but you;" and well satisfied that I could trust them, I followed the two ladies to the carriage I had secured.

"Now tell me how you managed it all, my darling," I said, when we were fairly off; "and don't look so frightened, Zoë, for I hope and trust all your troubles are over now."

There had been a terrible scene with her step-mother the night before, Zoë said, caused by my visit, "and for a long time, Edmund, I thought I should have no chance of sounding Simmons. I had only a few minutes to do it in, before I gave the signal, Edmund, and oh! I was so frightened for fear you should have gone away and not seen it. She was very kind to me, though, and consented directly I told her Lady Norham had planned it all; and I think we have taken such precautions that they will not find we have gone for a long time. Simmons has the key of my room. She locked the door before we came away, and as I have never had my breakfast lately till after ten o'clock, and Simmons has never gone downstairs before then, none of the servants will miss us; and mamma is never down before twelve."

"And have you had nothing to eat this morning, Zoë?" I asked.

"No; how could I get it? I didn't want anything but to get away."

At which speech, Emmy, who had more forethought than I gave her credit for, laughed exultantly up into my face and produced a huge packet of sandwiches and a flask of sherry, from a leathern pouch at her side, and commenced forthwith to cram them down Zoë's throat.

By the time we got to London, Zoë was already happier, and for the first time in my life I heard her laugh merrily; though she was still a little frightened at what might be the consequences of what she would persist in calling her elopement. My only fear now was that, by telegraphing, Mr. Fane might be able to stop us; but when we reached King's Cross all my doubts and anxieties were set at

rest. Mr. Mortimer, with two servants at his side, was awaiting us; and when we descended from our carriage and the two maids joined us from theirs, not even a suspicious look was directed to so eminently respectable a family party; and my uncomfortable visions of policemen and detectives in plain clothes vanished. Not a bit like a runaway couple did we look, I am sure; and I breathed freely and had no further fear when I gave Zoë up into Mr. Mortimer's care.

I left my chambers and took lodgings near Mr. Mortimer's big house in — Square, and on the following three Sundays our banns were shouted out amongst countless others, in the parish church, one of the ugliest and most secluded in London; and as I listened, amused, to the glibly pronounced names, I thought that even Mr. Fane would have some difficulty in recognising them for mine and his daughter's.

The Monday afterwards we were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Mortimer giving the bride away, Sir John and Emmy, with my mother and several other relations, forming the bridal party; and four young cousins of mine making a very pretty bevy of bridesmaids.

I don't think the officiating clergyman who assisted at the ceremony had a suspicion that he was helping to unite a runaway couple, though my eldest brother, the Bishop of M—— who tied the knot, was of course made aware of all the circumstances.

Zoë has been my wife for more than a year now, and her sweet face is as happy as I vowed to make it. We have a hopeful son and heir, aged two months, to whom she makes a very pretty-looking and youthful mamma; and I have seen many envious and admiring eyes directed towards her carriage, when—as generally happens once a day—she takes this youthful individual out for an airing.

Mr. Fane has a fortune of his own now, Zoë having made over to him five thousand a year, which at his death is to go to his two little sons; and I do not think that he very much regrets that I ran away with and married his daughter. He and his little sons often pay us a visit when they are in town, but Mrs. Fane and her brother I have declined to admit into my house, and even Zoë's forgiving petitions for them will never make me alter that decree.

A DAY AT SHANKLIN CHINE.

Of all the fair spots which dot the pleasant southern coast of England, in spring or summer, autumn or winter, few are fairer than the Isle of Wight: and in that lovely island a traveller might walk hither and thither for

many a long day before he could find out a spot more delicious than Shanklin, on its south-eastern coast. Looking down upon the calm blue sea from above the ruddy sandstone cliffs through which opens the "Chine," it seems the model of a watering-place for those who wish for peace and retirement; for peaceful and quiet it still is, though we fear that the recent opening of a railway to it from Ryde will shortly put an end to its charms, and cover the green fields which now surround it with rows of "Prospect Villas," and cockney "Victoria Terraces." At present it reminds one of the green retreats of Babbicombe or Clovelly; though on a considerably smaller scale.

The late Lord Jeffrey, who lived here for a time,* and had a good eye for the picturesque in scenery, and who, as a native of Scotland, would not carelessly or causelessly have praised the south in comparison with the charms of his own native hills and coasts, thus writes of it only a year or two before his death:—"The village is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise up behind into breezy downs, 800 feet high, and sink down in the front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine, which they call the Chine."

Having read this picturesque description, and having heard much of the beauties of Shanklin, I resolved to pay it a hasty visit, and happening to be at Ryde, I took the train early one morning, and soon found myself at my destination, or, at all events, near it. A walk of a quarter of a mile brought me to the village, where, turning to my left, and passing through a meadow that had been recently invaded by the demon of bricks and mortar, I found myself at the top of some rustic steps, roughly hewn in the surface of the cliff, which soon led me down to the "pretty beach" so pleasantly indicated by Lord Jeffrey. The waves were moving in a lazy ripple, and some little children were idly walking about in the cool wavelets, whose picturesque dresses made me wish that I were an artist, and could sketch them with the pencil of a Leech or a Millais. Here was a family party just launching a little boat for a row; there were some wheelwrights and carpenters at work, sawing planks for the villa which was being erected on the cliff above their heads; a small awning spread out upon poles gave shelter to half-a-dozen fair girls, who, with tresses that told of a recent visit to the domain of Neptune.

* He was living as a visitor here in 1846, the year before his death.

were reading the last new novel from Mudie's, and one, with excellent taste and judgment, was busily engaged on "ONCE A WEEK."

Passing onwards, under a row of pleasant villas, covered with evergreens, that nestle

under the cliffs almost down to the water's edge, we ascend a sloping path and find ourselves in a labyrinth of wood. This is the entrance to the famous "Chine." The cliffs on either side are covered with oaks, and



The Chine, Shanklin.

evergreen shrubs, and bushy underwood, and tower to the height of some 200 feet. The entrance is narrow, and the defile widens as you proceed up it, having first obtained an entrance through a locked wicket-gate, the guardian angel of which on the occasion of my visit was a little maiden of some eight years old.

"Whose child are you, my little one?" I asked.

She answered, "Mother's."

"And where do you live?"

"At home," was her reply, as she dropped a curtsy.

I passed on my way, and mentally blessed her happy and charming innocence.

This Chine* is the natural work of a little stream which rises above the village, and trickling down a woody glen, has formed in the course of ages a ravine, the soil being of a sandy and clayey nature, illustrating the line of Ovid,—

Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpè cadendo.

* "This name is common to the Isle of Wight, and to all the south coast of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, is an old English word, derived from the Anglo-Saxon 'cinan,' to chink or rive, which is found as a verb in Spenser, and even in Dryden; its local signification is a cleft in the rocks, scooped out by the action of a rivulet."—*Murray's Handbook for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight*, page 375.

At the top of the ravine the water forms a cascade some twenty or thirty feet in height; in summer it is small and scanty; but after heavy showers, and during the winter months, it approaches more nearly to the dignity of a waterfall. In the picturesque effect it is a great pity that the water is not clear and bright, as is the case with the cascades in our Devonshire rivers; it is here of a dingy brown, which spoils the effect. It carries down with it a good deal of mud and sand, and works for itself a fresh course into the sea through the shingle at every tide.

Hic pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare vivo.

The sides of the Chine, too, are here so carefully trimmed and embellished, that we cannot help regretting the fact that nature has given way to the hand of art, losing thereby so much of its original charm. A rustic wooden bridge is among its leading features. The sides of the hollow in which the water falls are of the blackish indurated slaty clay, of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp arising from the constant waterflow and its spray, has covered most of it with shining green lichens and mosses of various shades, which form an agreeable contrast to the red and brown of the sandstone.* The walk from one end to the other of the Chine is dotted with rustic seats and arbours, and carefully gravelled; and the steps are kept constantly in good repair, so that accidents are almost an impossibility. The place is extensively haunted by persons in their honeymoon, and one of the unfortunate couples lately in that predicament is shown in our illustration. I should add that although there is no charge for entering the Chine from below, there is at the top a gate which the *custos loci* does not care to open except with a silver key.

On the south side of the glen the scenery is rather wilder, and the trees rather finer than on the north; and among the latter I noticed in particular some handsome beeches, ashes, and sycamores. The lichens and mosses, too, are of a finer colour. It is almost needless to remark that, with the usual bad taste of our middle and lower classes, the names of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, innumerable, both male and female, are carved upon the trees and soft sandstone cliffs. But I suppose that human nature is the same now as it was in

Virgil's time, and that the habit of fond lovers inscribing their names and those of their lady loves in such places must be confessed to be of older date than the London cockney. For what says Virgil in his last eclogue?—

Certum est in sylvis inter spelæa ferarum
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: crescent illæ; crescetis amores.

Such is Shanklin Chine beneath the mid-day sun. When moonlight is making its depths mysterious, there is no limit to its romantic beauty, and looking at the ravine, from the seat half-way up the South Cliff, the prospect is a true glimpse of fairy-land. On the right is the broad bay, with the Culver rocks gleaming like a snow wall in the pale, cold light; on the left the Chine wrapped in a soft haze, which, rising at sunset, envelops the trees as with a veil. This much for the eye; for the ear we have the continuous flow of the waterfall, the ripple of the stream mingling with the low, sweet voices of the waves as they break in a hushed whisper upon the flat beach far below.

A pretty ivy-wreathed cottage residence stands at the head of the Chine, passing the gate of which and turning down a lane to the left, we strike into a footpath which leads across the fields to Luccomb and the Landlip. The former is like, and yet unlike, Shanklin; it is enclosed in the private grounds of Mr. Alfred Francis, whose good taste is gradually aiding nature in the work of embellishment. The owner's house overlooks the Chine, and is a neat picturesque building made for comfort rather than show, but nestling amidst fine trees and fragrant flowers, which seem to grow luxuriantly. Protected from the north, west, and south winds the Chine is exposed to the east, and although as a summer dwelling it must be wellnigh perfect, the sun, even in October, was suspiciously near the crest of the range of Downs (called, not inaptly, the backbone of the island), although it yet was two hours off sunset.

There is a good view of the Landlip to be obtained from a small summer-house in the grounds of the Chine, a view which shows the brittleness of the stuff of which these sea walls are made, and the resistless force of the restless waves. The Landlip is no chance name; thirty or forty acres of the ground have slipped or fallen; and this feature in the geography of the east coast, is no past one. All along the shore to Sandown, you may notice the same, though on a lesser scale, and yet within twenty or thirty feet of this unstable boundary are springing up villas of all sizes and shapes, ornamental and otherwise. That many were

* "The upper part of the Chine is of a greenish-white sand, resting on a bed of dark-blue clay; the lower of ferruginous sands, with concretionary layers of green sand full of fossil *erectostylus*."—*Black's Picturesque Guide to Hampshire and the Isle of Wight*.

"To be sold," struck me as the only mark of their builders' sanity.

The return walk from Lucomb to Shanklin is finer than any I have seen in the island. At our feet is the bay, with Sandown and Shanklin lying snugly upon its shores. Brading Down shuts out Spithead and Portsmouth, but you can see Selsey Bill, and trace the billowy outline of the South Downs. As you draw nearer Shanklin, you have the most comprehensive view of the town, and see the little shingled spire of the parish church peeping out from its surrounding trees.

The church, the foundation of which is uncertain, is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and according to different authorities bears date, severally, to Stephen, and Edward III. It is one of those mentioned in *Doomsday Book*, at which time it belonged to Brading (the earliest Christian place of worship in the island): subsequently it was held with Bonchurch until the present incumbency, when the livings were divided. There is no attempt at architectural display, or even order; additions and repairs have been made from time to time, utterly regardless of any law but that of necessity.

Its cruciform outline is the result of so-called improvement, and by the addition of transepts out of all proportion to the body of the building. The interior of the church is carefully tended, but is totally inadequate to the requirements of the parish; seats, even in winter, being difficult to obtain. This want will soon be obviated, as a handsome new church is in process of erection upon the North Cliff. The parsonage is a pretty, peaceful looking dwelling, embowered in myrtles and shrubs, and its charming garden is a paradise in miniature.

Shanklin has its historical and literary associations to add to its natural interest. Froude, in his "*History of England*,"* singles out the Chine as the point where the Chevalier d'Eulx landed for a supply of fresh water.

"The task," says the historian, "was tedious, and the Chevalier, who, with a few companions, was appointed to guard the watering parties, seeing no sign of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of a down adjoining. The English, who had been engaged with the other detachments two days before, had kept on the hills, watching the motions of the fleet. The Chevalier was caught in an ambuscade, and, after defending himself like a hero, killed with most of his followers."

Lord Jeffrey, as we have said, was at Shanklin a year before his death; and it was here that Keats wrote "*Lamia*," the noble

strains of which seemed to ring in my ears as I stood upon the cliffs, and saw the pathless waters, stretching, as it were, into eternity.

In days gone by, the island obtained an unenviable notoriety as the haunt of smugglers, whose deeds of daring are still told round the cottage fire; and many an old man will rouse up, and grow almost young again, as he tells you of the ways and means used in his younger days to blind or hoodwink the coast-guardsmen. In a little book lent me by its author, Mr. Clayton,* and entitled "*Sketches and Tales of the South Coast*," there are a number of smuggling stories; one of which I may quote as illustration of the humour that sometimes sparkles amidst the dark doings of these men.

The coastguard having received information that a landing of contraband goods was to take place upon a certain night, the lieutenant in charge came down to Shanklin. Evening came; he was comfortably seated at the inn fire; the inn-keeper was a first-rate cribbage-player, so was the lieutenant. The game went on, so did the night; and when the lieutenant rose victor, the grey dawn was breaking. So he went quietly home, and to bed. Next day, a barrel of raw spirits was laid at his door, with a bit of paper attached to it, on which was written, "For his knobb."

Of the aspect of the island, in the early part of the seventeenth century, Sir John Oglander draws an amusing picture in his *Memoirs*:—

"Money," he says, "in Queen Elizabeth's time, was as plenty in yeoman's purses as now in the best of gentry, and all the gentry full of money, and out of debt.

"I have heard, and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there was no lawyer nor attorney, coming in owre island, but, in Sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming into the island, was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging to his breech, lighted; with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island, insomuch, as, owre ancestors lived here so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London or Winchester, so they seldom or never went out of the island; insomuch, as, when they went to London (thinking it an East India voyage,) they always made their wills.

"The Isle of Wight since my memory is infinitely decayed, for either it is by reason of so many attorneys that hath of late made this their habitation, and so by sutes undone the Country (for I have known an attorney

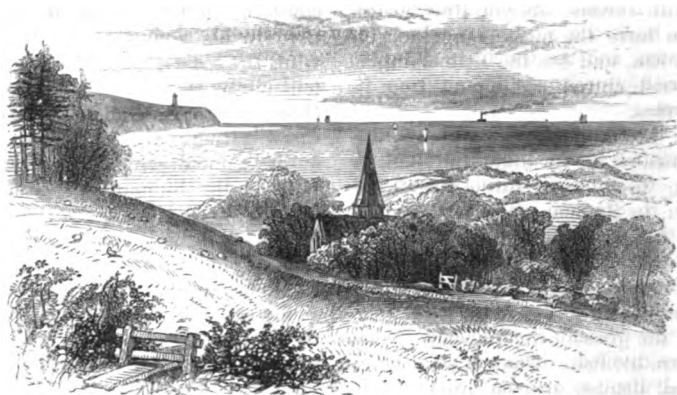
* Mr. Clayton will be remembered by those who read the trial of Edward Oxford, for his attempted assassination of our Queen, as the man who seized the pistol out of the would-be-murderer's hand.

* Vol. iv., p. 429.

bring down after a term, 300 writs; I have also known, twenty nisi prius of our Country tried at our assizes, when, as in the Queen's time, we had not six writs in the year, nor one nisi prius in six years); or else wanting the good bargains they were wont to buy from men of war, who also vended our commodities

at very high prices, and readie money was easie to be had for all things. Now peace and law hath beggared us all."

I have mentioned Lucomb Chine, and the Landalip specially, because it was my good fortune to attain unto a sight of both; but other and beautiful walks abound round the



Shanklin Church.

town. One of these, leading to Apse Castle, is a great favourite,

When old Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
And cloths him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.

Here, amongst the budding brushwood, primroses, hyacinths, and violets, paint the mossy ground, and perfume the soft south wind with their fragrant breath. Then, again, we have Cook's Castle, a lofty look-out, from which we have a panoramic view of the island. Next comes Appuldercombe; a princely mansion built by the late Earl of Yarborough, but now used as a boys' school; then Ventnor, Sandown, and Brading, all within an autumn-day's walk, and attainable in the depth of winter by railway.

Sheltered by the Downs, and attracted by the very moderate rental of good houses, Shanklin, of late, has become a favourite winter residence with those in search of health, or of retirement and economy. The air is strong and bracing, the drainage admirable; there are walks to be found sheltered from all winds. The only precaution to be attended to by persons with delicate chests is to secure the early portion of the day for their walk or drive; as, in consequence of the height of the surrounding Downs, Shanklin loses the sun's rays between three and four o'clock. By this hour, however, invalids ought to be at the fire-side, and under the home-roof. Cold winds may be defied, while

the system, braced by the air and fair sights of the morning, may well rest content in the pleasing thought of bright scenes past, and brighter scenes to come.

For the passing visitor there are several good hotels, and, as comparisons are odious, and in this case would be invidious, I shall leave the traveller to discover their several and separate merits by that most truthful of all tests, experience. The town contains good shops, where every commodity of life can be obtained at moderate prices; and, for the benefit of those who are looking out for their winter quarters, I may mention that the Shanklin butcher sells his meat by the reformed tariff.

Murray, as usual, is a good hand-book to carry with you upon a visit to Shanklin; and for those who wish to go more deeply into the history, geology, and botany of the island, there is, also, an admirable guide to the Isle of Wight, by the Rev. Edmund Venables, M.A.

My autumn-day was at its close when, having glanced at the mercantile aspect of Shanklin, I went down to the North Cliff to take one last fond lingering look. The sun had bidden good-night to the Chine, but was still gleaming upon the bosom of the glassy bay, kissing the Culver cliffs till they blushed a rosy red, while a soft brown haze came curling round from the Solent, as if to veil them. Gradually the haze stole on, until it blotted out the whole coast-line; then only I turned away, and bade a long, though, I trust, not last adieu to Shanklin Chine.

"CHOTA SAHIB CHARLIE."

In Four Chapters.

BY A. STEWART HARRISON.

CHAPTER III.

"NICE mess you're in, Captain Browne! You're in a mess, and I don't see how you'll get out. Why did you go near the widow to-night, like a great salmon on the first day you smell fresh water; and a widow too with a child that's missing? I really think, Captain, you'd better not go there again—it's not safe. If you had no money or friends it would be another affair; widows are the fish for those who have them not, but for you with a fortune——!"

"Don't exaggerate, Larkins; it's not worth while calling 5000*l.* a-year a fortune."

"Not a fortune? What do you call it, Captain Browne? What do you call it?"

"Well, I call it genteel poverty."

"I'm sure I should be a richer man as a beggar, if you had the naming of incomes, than I am now under the old names for riches."

"I daresay. But the widow's charming. I was in love with her the moment I saw her, and then to have the luck of taking her down the country and doing the protective and heroic—and the further luck of pulling safe through."

"And of losing her child?"

"Damn the child!"

"Certainly, with its proper dam. Nothing could be better."

"Now do be serious, Larkins, there's a dear fellow, and tell me what I'm to do."

"Behold me! I am serious; answer me first, What do you want?"

"To marry the widow."

"Good! Secondly, what is the obstacle? Be perfectly frank."

"The uncertainty of the child's fate."

"Good. Now for number three. (a) Can the obstacle be removed without a crime? (b) without what the world calls dishonour? (c) in sufficient time?" and Larkins told off the questions on his fingers.

"Categorically.—(a) Yes. (b) Yes. (c) Yes."

"Very good. What do you want? Remove the obstacle and you have what you want."

"That's the very thing. How?"

"We must begin again. What do you want? To find the missing child. What is the obstacle in this case; where is the broken link, the vanishing point?"

"The woman Bridget."

"Good; trace her."

"She's dead—I have."

"After that?"

"The child passed to a woman named Doolan, in the same regiment."

"Traced Doolan?"

"No, can't; came home, a widow with the child, and then I lose her."

"Good. The woman Doolan is the obstacle."

"Exactly."

"Now—Crime, Honour, Time?"

"Nothing but time is against me."

"Advertised?"

"Yes."

"Detectives?"

"No, no; not criminal—a private affair."

"Private Enquiry?"

"Yes."

"Result?"

"Seventeen Doolans—nine children from three to eighteen—all of good parentage—but with nails as long as broad, if anything a little broader—all with Doolan features. First two facts on Bible oaths with collateral evidence of cousins and aunts. Other results *nil*. Bill, six pounds a day for three weeks, Sundays included, and a promise of any number of Doolans."

"That's rather more than four pounds ten apiece, one with the other. I could do genuine Doolans ready to swear to anything at from twenty to thirty shillings each, collateral evidence and surrender of all rights in any one member of the family selected, included. We'd better try back and strike the trail again. What do you want? The child and not the woman, it seems to me."

"Don't care a curse for the woman, except as a means to an end; the finding of the child."

"Good. Captain, I shall make you a logician in time. Got any cards?"

"Cards?—Oh, hang cards. Let's get a glimmer in this matter first."

"All right, my child, all right; cards used to be in the cupboard. Here they are. Now look, captain, here's a lot of cards; now pick me out the ace of clubs."

"Ace of clubs be —"

"Don't swear, Browne, don't; I'm doing it for your good. I wish Locke or Bacon could see me. Pick me out the ace of clubs."

"What an ass you are, Larkins, to ask me to pick you out a card from among fifty-two backs all alike."

"What an ass you are, Captain Browne, to go looking for a child among fifty thousand children, and know nothing of the marks on the front of the card of such a pack. Turn over your cards, man; look at the pips. One child's like another child, only he has pips somewhere to know him by."

"Right, Larkins, quite right. I forgive your calling me names, in consideration of your temper at the time."

"Now, captain, what marks?"

"Don't know."

"Go and see his mother; she knows every hair of his eyebrows, and has amused herself by counting them at times."

"That's so, Larkins. I'll go at once, this minute, and see her."

"Do; ask how she would know her child from another. No, how anybody else might know hers from another. She'll tell you she'd feel it was hers if you asked the first."

"All right, I'm off."

"Now, wait a moment. Ask, 1st. If any natural skin-marks, moles, and the like? 2nd. If any injuries or defects, scalds or a squint? 3rd. If any deformities, bandy legs, six fingers, three toes, or any little thing of that kind? Try and think she's charged you with having taken her purse in an omnibus; treat her like an interesting burglar, à la mode Old Bailey counsel, and know all she knows."

"All right. Come again soon. I'm off to see the widow."

"There he goes; a fine fellow hooked like a fish, with a nibbled bait too. Men are awful fools, even the best of them."

The captain called on the widow, and asked her several questions, as prompted by Lieutenant Larkins, and was answered.

"Marks, Captain Browne?—I should need none, a glance would tell me."

"No doubt; but I fear that I saw too little of him at that time to know him again readily, and then he was very young at the time too; not six months old."

"But more than four months."

"Well, there's a difference you see between

a child of three months and one of eight years; so what I want to know is what permanent marks there are—strawberry marks like the old tale, or moles, or scars?"

"He had none, except a little brown mole that I've kissed many a time, on his——"

"Yes?"

"Never mind, it was of no consequence, it would not be likely to be seen, unless—you gentlemen don't understand. He had no marks that could be seen."

"Dr. Fergusson, ma'am."

"What's that you're saying? Who had no marks that could be seen, my dear Mrs. Weston?"

"My poor little Charlie, doctor."

"No marks? Why, if ever there was a human being on earth I could swear to dead or alive, that poor Charlie of yours would be he. Marks! pshaw, the child was positively branded. I'd swear to his skeleton if they only brought me the skull. You've forgotten the canteen sugar-basin."

"So I had, my dear doctor. I was so taken up with moles and that kind of thing, that I forgot it."

"What about the sugar-basin? You see I am not in the secret."

"Simply this, captain, that my poor dear husband had ordered a new canteen, and on the day it arrived he was showing it to me as I stood with the child in my arms. The child moved as I stooped and fell from my arms head foremost into the chest, on to the sugar-basin that was fitted into it, and the three feet of the basin dug little holes in the poor child's head."

"The most beautiful case of depression of the skull I ever saw," said the doctor. "I came in within ten minutes of the accident; had the child all right in less than half-an-hour; but he was marked for life after, with three of the prettiest circular depressions I ever saw. The bones had yielded like a piece of metal. The triangle lay base upwards, and nearly horizontal, one point on the posterior part of the parietal, the other higher up and nearer the frontal suture, on the same bone; and the last and deepest on the temporal, just above the ear. A beautiful case, captain; I used to put my fingers on the child's head for the mere satisfaction of feeling I had had something to do with it."

"Of course the poor child suffered dreadfully, it's almost a blessing it did not live; it might have been an idiot."

"Indeed, captain, not a bit; the child was as bright and lively next day as though nothing had happened. Bless your heart! you'd be astonished if I were to tell you how much you may knock a child's head about

and it be none the worse for it as far as we know."

"You think then you would be able at once to recognise the child if you could see these marks?"

"See them, man! I'm ready to swear to the child or his skull either, at any time, if you'll only put my hand on his head."

"Doctor, I'll hold you to your word. In less than six months I'll produce that child, if he's alive."

"Or dead, captain," said the widow. "If he be dead; in six months you can set my heart at rest."

"I don't know how, if he's dead."

"I can tell you. Send me Shedallah; I suppose he's below?"

"Yes; he can't forget his native habits. He's never far away from me. Talk of French or German valets! he's worth twenty of them."

"You'll lend him, then?"

"Oh, yes; treasure as he is."

"Send Captain Browne's servant up."

Shedallah entered, salaaming slightly to the two gentlemen, profoundly to the widow's sister, and most profoundly to Mem Sahib Weston.

"Shedallah, you remember telling us of the poor little child that you buried under the tree?"

"Yes, Mem Sahib, Shedallah remembers Chota Sahib very well."

"Do you remember if he had any marks on his head?"

"No lookee—tink too much of other Chota Sahib dat open him eyes; other one gone—no good—bury him, take no much notice."

"Had the other any marks about him?"

"No marks, no. Shedallah know him any time. Shedallah see him; feel him; hear him. Shedallah not chew rice every day and not know him again. No, anywhere, any time, all the same, day or night, know Chota Sahib."

"Will you go back to India for me, and find the place where you buried the child, and bring me home his poor little——"

"Mem Sahib not rain out of eyes—no good—make Shedallah feel lump in him throat—no good at all. Yesterday Shedallah go away anywhere for Mem Sahib; cold; hot; short—where—long—where all same;—to-day Shedallah not go—stop here—can't go."

"Can't go, you rascal; I'll——"

"All right, Sahib, all right. You good Sahib, but me can't go."

"And, pray, why not?"

"Shedallah in the street to-day, see what you call mob—budmashes—susti wallahs—hackery wallahs—sweeper wallahs—chota

budmashes—chota susty wallahs. Shedallah go up; hear chota budmash cry 'Qui hye, nigger! Nigger!' Shout much 'Qui hye, nigger!' Then Shedallah see budmash push ayah in street; one look—me in de middle—knock him down—big budmash with stick; then row. Ayah, Shedallah's mother! Then two Sahibs come—yellow beard, brown face—say in my tongue 'what matter?' when me tell Sahibs, Sahibs knock budmashes with fists; then call me 'gharry.' Say 'dam shame, dese English blackguards'—all right—drive on—and me find Tara, and Shedallah, her son, in gharry. So Shedallah can't go; stay, take care of Tara, Shedallah's mother."

"Why, it's my old ayah he's speaking of. I'll take care of her, Shedallah, as long as she lives. I was obliged to part with her in India, but I can take good care of her now."

"Very well, Mem Sahib; then Shedallah go away, any place."

"Then go to India, and bring me home the body of that poor little soul you buried under the tree."

"But are you sure you can find it?"

"Yes, Sahib Captain, me find it."

"Why, you lose your way every day in London here."

"Oh, London all de same; brick boxes—stone boxes; little holes to look out of—all same. Big holes—hang up shirt, carpet, meat, bread—all same. Not same in wood; one tree long, one short; know tree—know pass—know where to find him; can't tell how. Like pigeon; take him in basket, let him out; him take one,—two,—three great flies round, then go away straight home. Cat—him same—dog—him same; horse—know him stable. Shedallah find everything."

"I can help him, for I remember driving a broken piece of a ramrod into the tree in order to find it again if we had any occasion."

"Then you will go?"

"Yes, Mem Sahib, me go."

"And when you come back you shall ask of me anything; I will give it you."

"All right, Mem Sahib. Sahib Captain say 'go,' me go; me not want anything now, you take care of Tara, Shedallah's mother."

"And I'll go, too, Mrs. Weston. You say I've given away your child; I'll go and prove to you I was right;—at least, I mean I'll not let you suffer this suspense any longer."

"No, you're not in earnest, Captain Browne. You don't mean it."

"I do; quite seriously. I'll go with him by the next mail."

"God bless you! Captain Browne; I shall owe you a life. You are in earnest?"

"Yes, most in earnest. I have, like you,

but one object in life, and that is your happiness—may I say Isabel?"

"Come back quickly and I will answer you; till then I have only one thought and cannot answer."

And so, with hope in his heart, Captain Browne left for India to find the tree and the child's bones.

CHAPTER IV.

TARA proved an acquisition to Mrs. Weston, for to her she could talk unreservedly of the unhappy little one.

The captain kept up a constant correspondence with the widow—so constant, indeed, that her sister remarked that it was always the way; widows always could pick and choose amongst the nicest men, whilst poor wretched spinsters like her could only take what was offered them or leave it alone altogether. To which the widow replied that she was not going to pick and choose, and that she never would marry again until her mind was at ease about poor little Charlie, and she didn't know even then. Whereupon her sister said that she did know, and Captain Browne thought he knew; on which the widow replied that she, her sister, was a wretch; and the sister replied that she, the widow, was,—in fact, a widow; all of which evidently showed that the two ladies lived together in great happiness and concord.

It happened some three months after the captain's departure that the two ladies were sitting together as usual, and talking as usual, about the captain's journey, not about the captain, when Tara, with more than usual haste, glided into the room.

"Tara seen Chota Sahib Charlie, Mem Sahib."

"Good God! Tara, what do you mean? Where? Where is he? Who has brought him? Speak, woman."

"Sit down, Isabel dear. Don't rave; let us hear her, and try to make out what she says."

"Tara walkee in street; much bazaar—much people. Hear tom-tom—go see—music wallah beat tom-tom with handle,—strings, so," and Tara gave a dignified imitation of a person playing on the banjo. "Other music wallah pullee; pushee chota box—make sweet noise; piccaninny Chota Sahib Charlie dance wid him face black like nigger, and two rattles in him black hands. Tara know him—try get near him; then chota budmashes say 'Hooray! here real nigger—no mistake;' then one say 'Let her go, it's Kid's mother.' All sorts things—makee row; den Tara get hold Sahib Charlie—nigger music wallah say 'Go way, old

woman.' Tara 'sulted—only fortsee-tree—not old dat. Den he pushee Tara, then Sahib Bobbee—he come in black topee—he say 'Move on, move on, go away woman—not stop here.' Den all go—music wallah—Sahib Charlie—all go. Tara follow till come many roads—all full—hackery nackery—gharry—horse—big bus—everything. Tara wait; other Sahib Bobbee with black topee take Tara cross. Much walkee—no see Sahib Charlie—no see music wallah—all gone."

"I told you, my dear, that child was alive."

"Don't be so silly, Isabel. How on earth would she know the child, with his face blacked, too, when she has never seen him since he was three months old? It's absurd; there's some mistake."

"No mistake, Missee Sahib; Tara see Chota Sahib Charlie."

"But how, Tara, how do you know?"

"How Tara know? Don't know; something here in breast say 'Sahib Charlie.' Me know noting—English always how?—how him sheep know him own chota sheep? Don't know how—Tara know Sahib Charlie—Tara know him all over—washee—dressee—feellee—smellee; all not like—one good, one bad—can't tell how know."

"That's the worst of it; these people all go back to their instincts when you want evidence."

"But, my dear, these instincts are often the best evidence."

"In this case the only evidence; and little enough."

"What Mem Sahib do to findee Sahib Charlie?"

"I don't know, Tara. What made you lose sight of him? but, of course, you could not help it. If Captain Browne were only here now I could ask his advice."

"Send for Doctor Fergusson; perhaps he might be able to help you."

"Most extraordinary thing, my dear madam, most extraordinary. I was actually stepping into my brougham to come to you at the very moment your note came; it is the most extraordinary thing."

"What were you coming round about, doctor?"

"A most singular story; it's almost incredible; but let me tell you, madam. There's a patient of mine, an old man who keeps a barber's shop at the East End of London I knew him years and years ago, at the hospital, he used always to be fond of being there; used to shave the patients, and in various ways made himself useful to us. He's not quite so bright as he might be; rather blind to his own interests; in fact, what we

surgeons would call, somewhat of a dull blade—only wants a little grinding and sharpening though, to make a notable man. He has a little back room, where I have often dissected animals. He's a thorough cockney. I remember I once wanted to ask him to let me have an arm in, for the dissecting-room was closed at four o'clock, and I wanted to finish it. 'No, Mr. Fergusson,' he said; 'not a harm nor a leg henters my place. Hanimals I don't hobject to; but the 'uman subject is sacred. Bring a helephant, if you like, Mr. Fergusson, and I'll welcome yer; but not a little finger would I have for my best friend.' He is a great phrenologist, too; the back room is full of casts of heads. 'Sir,' he used to say, 'I believe that 'air dressin' hain't been done justice to. If you ask me where there's a purfession has has wasted its hopportunities, I say it's 'air dressin'. When you come to think, sir, 'ow many 'eads a man has under 'is 'ands in a year that he can manipulate has he likes, and then think 'ow precious little of the science is known amongst the 'air dressin' purfessors, it's quite hamazin', sir, it is.' Well, I have had my hair cut by him for years, and he has always made me the depository of his scientific experiences—gone so far, indeed, as to ask me to write a preface to his proposed work on the relations of the inside and outside of the human skull. Last night he came to me to tell me that he had that day cut the hair of a child who had the most extraordinary developments he ever had handled. He's at my house now, and if you like I'll send round for him. I think you'd like to see him."

"It's about Charlie, doctor!"

"It is about Charlie, madam; but I won't spoil his story."

In a short time the old man arrived, and was soon full of his narration.

"He came in, sir, to my place haccompanied by his mother."

"'Mornin', mum,' says I."

"'Mornin', sir. I want my little boy's 'air cut and curled. I've 'eard of you in the purfession; and I want it curled tight like a nigger's; for you see, Mr. 'air-cutter, this little boy of mine—"

"'Excuse me, mum,' says I; 'that there little boy is not your own little boy—you're not his mother.'

"'Pray, 'ow do you know?' says she."

"'Mum,' says I, 'science 'as hits secrets. Hit's took me nigh upon twenty year to learn that you're not that boy's mother. I can't teach hit you in a minute; but that child's no more your child than I ham,' says I."

"'Well,' says she, 'I never said he was, Mr. 'air-cutter; so we needn't quarrel about

that matter. You curl his 'air tight up like a nigger.'

"'Mum,' says I,—purliteness goes a long way with females, sir; and I 'ave has large a female connection as hany man in my line, sir; so I halways says 'mum' to heverybody that's got a gown on,—says I, 'Mum, hart is hart, and nater is nater; this child's 'ead haint fitted for that style of 'air.'

"'I can't help that,' says she; 'if I pays you my threepence, I expects you'll do what I want, hart or no hart,' them's her barbarous words."

"'Mum,' says I, 'a customer's a customer; if you was to ask me to shave his 'ead it should be done. Standin', as you appear to do, in "locus parentums" (I picked that hup at the 'ospital, sir), in locus parentums—which means, you know, ladies "like a father," as the sayin' is—If you'd horder me I'd shave his 'ead.'

"'I don't know nothing about locus parin-thumbs,' says she; 'but if you mean standin' somethin' neat when you've done the job, and done it well, I don't mind; if you can send and fetch it.'

"The hawful hignorance of these lower classes is frightful, sir; as hif I wanted hany-one to stand hanything! And fetch it hin, too, to a shop like mine! If it 'ad bin a reg'lar ha'penny shavin' shop in Whitechapel she couldn't have said more."

"'Mum,' says I, 'I want nothin'; his 'air shall be curled like a nigger's.'

"'That's a good man. I'll leave my basket and humbereller 'ere beside 'is cap, and I'll come back for 'im hin a quarter of a hour.'

"'He'll be done, mum,' says I, 'without fail.'

"There that boy sat hon my stool—we only use the chair for grown persons, becos then the 'ead's above the rail—there he sat, sir; so says I to him as he looks at me sly like as I sharpened my scissors,

"'What's your name?' says I."

"'Doolan,' says he."

"'What Doolan?'

"'Jemmy Doolan, 16, Fox in the 'Ole Court, Whitechapel.'

"'And what do you 'ave your 'air curled like a nigger's for?'

"'Cause I'm goin' to be a nigger. I'm comin' out to-morrow along of Mr. Welks and the Windmill. Mr. Welks taught me the bones and the clog-dance; and I'm to 'ave 'ot sausages and baked taters hevery night for supper, I ham. There's Bill 'Arris in hour court, I see him last Sunday with 'arf-a crown—a new un—and he stood pickwicks; but, then, he plays the banjo and sings.'

" 'Well,' I thinks to myself, as I keep a lookin' at him, 'that boy's got it in him—'is mother must have been a clever woman in the hactin' line—she must;' boys mostly, sir, 'ave their mother's 'eads and father's chins, as far as my experience goes. Thinks I, that boy's got a fine development. He's worth better things than that in good 'ands, sir. It's a great point in a boy's favour, is good development; but good 'ands to look harfter 'im and put 'im in the right track is a great point too. I've seen a good many good dispoositions go to the bad, sir, for want of good 'ands to shunt 'em on the right line of rails. What's the use of hexpress speed if you're not hon the right line? None at hall, sir. So I takes 'old of the boy's 'ed just for a feel like, for the 'air's a little in the way at times, more particeler among women, when I found, has I told you, sir, the most hextraordinary development I hever met with. I remember the man with such a deficiency of conscientiousness that ran haway with all the money in the drawer hunder the shop-board, and arf his face lathered, when I left the shop a second or two; and I remember the American sailor-fellow, with the lumps behind his ears as big as two eggs, who cursed and threatened to murder me for squeezing his nose too 'ard when I was shaving 'im; but he was in that tremble, I couldn't 'ave shaved 'im at hall if I hadn't steadied him a bit. But I never met with such depressions on hany 'uman 'ed before; three distinct depressions, into which I could put the point of my finger, sir. One——"

"It was my Charlie, doctor, you know it was. Where is he? Don't keep me in suspense, for God's sake! Take me to him, or I shall die!"

"Now, be calm, my dear madam; be calm. The child shall be found."

"But you didn't let him go?"

"Now do be reasonable, only reasonable. How could this man know anything of the matter?"

"Come now, Isabel, dear, let us listen. I begin to believe myself, so let us learn all we can; let him go on."

"Now, my good fellow, go on."

"Well, sir, there was these three depressions, as I told you of, and I never see the like hon hany hother 'uman 'ed. Hof course I was hexcited, and I cut the child's 'air, and curled 'im tight with the tightest of curls; and his mother, I mean the woman, came in and paid for 'im and took 'im away; and as soon as I shut hup shop I came to tell you, doctor."

"That was last night, doctor?"

"Don't blame me, madam. Within ten

minutes of my seeing Mr. Slade here a description of the child was in the hands of one of the smartest of the city detectives, who is having a month's holiday. He is a patient of mine, who, has the curious taste not to like going out of town except on business."

"A thousand thanks, dear doctor. I am very fretful and ungrateful. You must forgive me, and, my dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"I've done nothing, madam, nothing. If you'd kindly let the young ladies of your establishment have these cards, they might patronise me. I can refer 'em to families in the neighbourhood, mum. Thank you, mum. No, I don't like money for nothing. Much obliged, mum; it hain't many twenty-pund notes I see; but I'd rather not; thank you all the same."

"But is there nothing I can do? Do let me do something."

"Well, mum, if it is your son, as you seem to say, and as I see no hevidence to the contrary in your developments, but rather the contrary, if there's one thing I might ask——"

"You shall have it."

"It's honly to be allowed to take a cast hof 'is 'ed, mum. Most careful man, I hassure you, Signor Brugiotti, mum, of Leather Lane—most careful man."

"You shall have it."

"Thank you, mum. You'll let me know when you find the child. Good-night, ladies. Good-night, doctor."

"There now, what do you think of it now, doctor?"

"My dear madam, I'm convinced that child is your child, the position of the marks as he describes them exactly tallies with those on your son's head."

"Can I do nothing, doctor, but sit here and wait, and wait, when, after all these years, he may be within a mile of me? It's more dreadful than anything."

"I don't know what you can do."

"Cannot I go to the address the child gave?"

"That was done last night; it was a false one."

"What could make the child give a false address?"

"I should think that he'd been taught it. The woman, you see, fears his being claimed by some one, and has taught him this to mislead any one wanting to trace him."

"I can do nothing, then, but sit still?"

"Yes, you can; it will keep your mind occupied if it does nothing else. You can roam about the streets and listen to the street music—you may come across him."

"What, walk about, doctor?"

"No, you need not walk, I can send you an energetic, civil fellow, who drives a hansom; go about in that."

Great was the sensation when it was understood in the servants' hall that missis was going about in a hansom with that black woman.

Go about they did, day after day. Wherever the sound of a banjo was to be heard, there a fast-going hansom was pulled up and a lady in black stood up, and looked as if she meant to get out, and then sat down, and the cab drove off again.

A fortnight after Mrs. Weston's interview with the old barber, when on one of these drives, the Ayah suddenly touched her mistress.

"Mem Sahib—him dere—music wallah, tom-tom wallah."

The cab was stopped and the lady hurried out.

"Where's that child? Do, for God's sake, tell me. I'm his mother!"

"Will your ladyship walk into the bar?" said the landlord, who was airing himself in his shirt-sleeves at the door.

"Oh, thank you, yes."

The landlord remarked to a friend that night, "It was a good spec; she gave me a sovereign for the use of the room, and I took more than a pound in half-pints and glasses of gin, in their anxiety to just look at her."

"Now, do tell me, there's a good man, where is that child?"

"I've no objection, mum, at all; he was only with me about a week when he caught a frightful cold. You see it's hard work for a young 'un, that dancing and the bones, too; still me and my mate was bound to make it out of him; we gave the old woman seven bob a day for him, and, of course, as I say, we was bound to make it up somehow; still it was hard work, and after a week he got this cold and they got him into the Child's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and that's the last I know of him; he was a nice little chap."

"Then he's there now?"

"Ah, yes, the cold he'd got on, would have kept a man down a month, let alone a youngster not eight years old—Oh, thank you, mum, I'm sure you're very kind; me and my mate will drink your health in bumpers."

"Great Ormond Street, quickly. I've found him, Tara; I've found him!"

"All right, Mem Sahib, Tara know she see Chota Sahib Charlie dance in street."

The cab, fast as it went, seemed to crawl along.

"Do make haste, cabman."

"There's some one running after us, I think, he came out of your house as we passed, mum."

"Never mind; go on. Gallop."

At last they reached Great Ormond Street, and making known their desire to see "little Doolan" were shown into the office to wait for the nurse.

"Jemmy Doolan, ma'am; oh yes, a dear little soul, so patient and good—he's very bad, ma'am, very bad. Sit down a bit, ma'am, you seem ill. He's not so bad now, but he has been very bad; inflammation of the lungs. We feared we should lose him at one time two or three days ago, but he's better now."

"Thank God! May I see him?"

"Oh yes, if you'll come this way. It's very kind of you to take such an interest in the little fellow."

"Interest, nurse! he's my child!"

"Your child, ma'am?—you must be mistaken; his mother brought him here, a Mrs. Doolan."

"No, he's my child."

"Are you sure? It would be such a dreadful disappointment to you not to know him; he's very much altered, very thin and his head shaved. They'd so plastered it with grease and black that the doctor ordered it should be, as he was so feverish and light-headed."

"But, dear nurse, it is my child, though I've not seen him since he was four months old in India."

"Oh, ma'am, how do you think you'd know him?"

"Tara know him, Tara seen him; know him any place."

"Hasn't he some marks on his head?"

"Yes, three funny little holes, like——"

"Oh, nurse, God bless you; take me to him, it is my own little Charlie."

"There's a man outside with a telegram for the lady who came in just now; the cabman says it's for her."

Mrs. Weston tore it open and read:

"Calcutta—Isabel—we have found the body—there are no marks on the head. It was your child left India. Home next mail. Will bring the body with us."

"I knew it, I knew it; take me to him at once."

There could be no mistake. The instant they entered the room, Tara's quick glance fell on a little thin face with great eyes.

"There Chota Sahib Charlie."

"Don't shock him, please ma'am. Break it to him gently; he's not very strong. Please be as calm as you can, it's so bad for the children to get excited. Jemmy!"

"Yes, nurse."

"Here's a lady come to see you."

"All right, what does she want?"

"It's I, Charlie dear; your mother—your own mother!"

"That's gammon. My name's not Charlie, and you're not my mother. You're a swell; my mother's name's Doolan."

"She's not your mother."

"Oh, no, I suppose not; only I don't know any other."

"But I am your real mother."

"Well, if you are, please don't squeeze me quite so hard, ma'am—it hurts my chest; and don't cry, there's a good lady, don't cry. I'll be your child if you don't cry; I am a good boy, so don't cry."

"Won't you kiss me, Charlie?"

"Yes, I don't mind kissing you; you smell so nice, and your lips are smooth. Have you brought me anything? the other mother does. No? Never mind; next time you will. I say—you won't want me to go out niggering with Wilks and the Windmill, again?—don't, it's dreaful hard work, both together, dancing and bones."

"No, no, my darling, never any more; you shall come to my nice house, and live with me."

"I can bring my guinea pigs? Who's that black woman? She made a row in Regent Street the first day I was out, and set the bobbies on us. Wasn't I tired that night! What do they have for supper at your shop? Hot sausages and taters, eh? Don't you like sausages and mashed taters? Your husband's dead, I know, cause of that white thing round your head, under your bonnet. Mrs. O'Flanagan had a bigger one than that when old 'peg leg' was buried. I say, ain't it a funny thing your being my mother! I wonder what Mother Doolan will say. Where do you live? Up some swell place—Islington or Clerkenwell? Have you seen the holes in the side of my head—look at 'em—rum, ain't they? As if some one had chucked three marbles at me very hard. I say, nurse, may I have some drink?"

"Yes, and you must say good-bye to your mamma, and she'll come to see you any time."

"Oh nurse, mayn't I stay a little longer?"

"I think you'd better not, it will over excite him; but I'll ask the superintendent."

Wisely the superintendent refused to allow her to stay.

"He will be fit to move to-morrow, and with the doctor's permission you shall take him away; but of course it must be with the consent of the woman, Doolan."

"Are you going away, mother? There, don't cry—kiss me if you like; and—I say—

mind and bring some oranges and cakes to-morrow. Good-bye—I'm tired, I shall go to sleep."

And so she left her long-lost son.

The doctor saw the woman Doolan and succeeded in inducing her to tell the truth for a consideration. She said that the woman, Bridget, after hearing of the death of her husband, had taken to drinking and gone to the bad, and had taken the child as a means of extorting money in the future. When dying, she had told Doolan all about the matter, and entreated her to restore the child. That she, Doolan, didn't very distinctly understand whose child it was, and had offered it to one person, whose it was not, and had then resolved to do her best for him and herself, by bringing him up to earn his own living, in what she thought a respectable way of business, and that she, Doolan, was quite ready to swear to these facts on her most sacred oath, and was very much obliged to Dr. Fergusson, and would set up a shop in the general line, "which have always been the height of my hambition, doctor."

The folks at Great Ormond Street gave their consent, and the widow and Tara went in solemn state, accompanied by Doctor Fergusson, to fetch home the hero. Whereupon his mother put him in the daintiest little bed in the world in her own room, and fell down and worshipped her little image most unceasingly, and he in return began to love the sweet-scented lady who called herself his mother, and who permitted a guinea-pig to run about, even on his bed.

And then, when the mail came in, the dry bones were handed to the doctor, who at once pronounced that the skull was essentially and entirely of the Bridget type, and there was then added to the list of worshippers yet another worshipper who became servant, slave, and master, to the high-priestess, in a very short time; a circumstance which caused less surprise to the friends of the family than the formal announcement, which was made some short time later, that the doctor himself being wearied of single blessedness had decided to follow the aforesaid noble example and had, without anyone's knowledge, quietly engaged himself to the late widow's sister. It is needless to say that a life-like cast of Master Charles's head adorns the collection of the venerable hair-cutting professor.

Likewise it is needless, but pleasant, to state, that the very large amount that figures in the yearly subscription list of the Hospital for sick children, under the name of "A friend, per Doctor Fergusson," is the gift of the happy mother of "Chota Sahib Charlie."

END OF THE YEAR.

I.

THE year is ending; all its good and ill
At length lies mute and still;
Whether our sorrows or our joys increase,
The stars keep steadfast and the heavens at peace:
Oh, the long nights of winter, how they shine!

II.

The days of spring, the fresh inspiring hours
Of woodland songs and flowers,
They first went by and left us all too soon;
For mellow Maytime broadens into June:
Oh, but the blue May mornings, how they shine!

III.

The summer days, so stately and so pure,
So calm and seeming-sure,
Lucid and lovely as a good man's soul,
They with their green delights have perish'd whole:
Oh, the long days of summer, how they shine!

IV.

The days autumnal, sweetest of the year
To hearts that dwell not here,
In one majestic glow of earth and sky
Have pass'd away, and taught us how to die:
Oh, the rich autumn sunsets, how they shine!

V.

And thus the year is ending; and the Maid,
Lowly and all afraid,
Comes with her Child, and folds up them that grieve
In the soft snowy sleep of Christmas Eve:
Oh, the white stars of Christmas, how they shine!

ARTHUR MUNBY.

"HALF-PRICE AT NINE O'CLOCK."

THE plan of admitting the public to the theatres at "half-price," after the conclusion of a certain portion of the entertainments of the evening, has, of late years, rather gone out of fashion. Indeed, at several of the London houses, half-price privileges have been altogether abolished. Half-price was an institution of old date, however, and by no means without advantage to the play-goer.

Formerly, the prices of admission to the theatres were not fixed so definitely as at present. In Colley Cibber's time it was held to be reasonable that the prices should be raised whenever a new play was produced, on account of which any great expense in the way of scenery, dresses, and decorations had been incurred, or when pantomimes were brought out involving an outlay of a thousand pounds or so. After the bloom had a little worn off these novelties, the prices fell again to their old standard; consisting for some years of four shillings, two shillings and sixpence, eighteen pence, and one shilling.

In November, 1744, when Mr. Fleetwood was manager of Drury Lane, he was charged by the public with raising his charges too capri-

ciously, without the excuse of having presented his patrons with a new or a costly entertainment. Thereupon ensued a disturbance in the theatre, and Mr. Fleetwood was required by the audience to give an immediate explanation of his conduct. The manager pleaded that not being an actor he was exempt from the necessity of appearing on the stage publicly before the audience; but he gave notice, through one of his players, that he was willing to confer with any persons who might be deputed to meet him in his own room. A deputation accordingly went from the pit to confer with the manager, and the house waited patiently their return. The result of the consultation was stated in a note to the play-bill of the following day (Saturday):

"Whenever a pantomime or farce shall be advertised, the advanced prices shall be returned to those who do not choose to stay; and, on Thursday next, will be published the manager's reasons for his conduct in the present dispute."

This arrangement was very far from giving satisfaction however, and the disturbance was renewed the next night. A country gentleman, who had distinguished himself by the warmth and violence of his expressions of disapproval, was forcibly removed by the constables from the upper boxes and carried before a magistrate, who, however, it would seem, declined to entertain the charge against the offender. The theatre was closed for two or three nights, and a notice appeared in the play-bills:—"The great damage occasioned by the disturbances makes it impossible to perform." The manager published an address to the public in the "General Advertiser," setting forth a statement of the case and justifying his conduct.

He reminded the public that the extraordinary disturbances which had lately occurred, greatly affected their diversions as well as his property. He apprehended that the reasons of complaint assigned were, "the exhibition of pantomimes, advanced prices, and insults on the audience." As to the first charge, he submitted that however distasteful pantomimes might be to the delicacy of some judgments, yet they were suited to the taste of many others; and as the play-house might be considered as the general mart of pleasure, it was only from the variety of entertainment the different desires of the public could be supplied. He urged that the receipts of the house were sufficient evidence that without the occasional performance of pantomimes he could not afford to produce plays of a higher class. With regard to the advance in the prices, he hoped he should be thought justified in that measure, when the great increase in his expenses was considered.

Further, he conceived he should be no longer the subject of the displeasure of the public, since he had complied with the demand that the advanced prices should be returned to those who quitted the theatre after the first piece, without waiting to see the pantomime. He denied that he had ever had any intention to insult the audience. The arrest of the gentleman in the upper boxes was not in consequence of his orders, nor was he in any way acquainted with the fact until after the discharge of the prisoner. There had been a quarrel in the theatre and much confusion consequent upon some persons flinging the candles and sconces on the stage. He denied that he had employed "bruisers" to coerce the audience. The peace-officers, carpenters, and scenemen, (which last, on account of the pantomime, were very numerous,) and other servants of the theatre, had not appeared until the tumult was at its height. The benches were being torn up, and there were threats of storming the stage and demolishing the scenes. If any "bruisers" were in the pit, the manager presumed that they must have entered the house with the multitude who came in after the door-keepers had been driven from their posts. Finally, he appealed to the public to pronounce whether after the concession he had made, and the injury he had sustained, to the extent of several hundred pounds, they would persist in a course which would only deprive them of their diversions, the players of subsistence, and compel him to resign his property.

This appeal had its effect: the disturbance ceased; although there was some discontent that an arrangement so profitable to the manager had been agreed to. It was found that in practice when people were once comfortably seated, "very few ever went out to demand their advanced money; and those few very soon grew tired of doing so; until at last it settled in the quiet payment of the advanced prices." Mr. Fleetwood, however, did not long continue in the management.

In the year 1762, there occurred another disturbance in connection with the half-price question. An adaptation of Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by Mr. Benjamin Victor, had been produced at Drury Lane Theatre. It was played five nights with success, but, on the sixth, when, according to the old theatrical custom, the receipts went to the author of the adaptation, the performance was interrupted. "A set of young men," writes Mr. Victor, "who called themselves 'The Town,' had consulted together and determined to compel the manager to admit them at the end of the third act at half-price to every performance except in the run of a new pantomime; and they chose to make

that demand on the sixth night of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' though it was printed on the play-bills 'for the benefit of the author of the alterations.'" The performance of the play was actually forbidden. One Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was the avowed ringleader of the reformers, harangued the audience from the boxes, and set forth in very warm language the impositions of the managers, vehemently pleading the right of the public to fix the price of their bill of fare. Garrick came forward to address the house, but was received with a storm of disapprobation, and refused a hearing. The uproar continued; the benches were torn up, and the lustres and girandoles broken. Ultimately, the money taken at the doors was returned to the audience, and the theatre cleared.

On the following night, Mr. Mallet's tragedy of "Elvira" was played for the first time. The disturbance was renewed, and Mr. Garrick was called for. He was asked peremptorily, "Will you or will you not give admittance for half-price after the third act of a play, except during the first winter a pantomime is performed?" The manager dreading a repetition of the riot of the preceding evening replied in the affirmative. A demand was then made for an apology from Moody the actor, who had interfered to prevent the theatre being fired. Moody appeared, and, after an Irish fashion, expressed regret that he had displeased the audience "by saving their lives in putting out the fire." This pleasantry was very ill received. Mr. Fitzpatrick's party insisted that the actor should go down on his knees and implore their pardon. Moody refused with an oath, and abruptly quitted the stage. He was received with open arms by Garrick in the wings, who assured him he should not suffer for his spirited conduct. But the tumult in the theatre became so great, that the manager was compelled to promise that Moody should not appear on the stage while he was under the displeasure of the public. A reconciliation was some time afterwards brought about between the actor and his audience.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's plan of reform was supposed to be chiefly levelled at Mr. Garrick, yet it became evident that the management of the rival theatre must be made to accept the regulations that had been imposed on Drury Lane. With this view, the rioters paid a visit to Covent Garden, where the opera of "Ar-taxerxes" was being represented. Mr. Fitzpatrick delivered his inflammatory speech from the boxes, and insisted upon immediate compliance with the demands of his party. Mr. Beard, the manager, replied with great firmness. He stated that operas had never been

performed at such low prices as at his theatre; that his expenses were very great; and, he urged, that the public should not grudge the full price of admission, seeing that no expense in the way of actors, dresses, scenery, music, and decorations of all kinds, had been spared for their entertainment. Finally, he declined to accept the tariff of admission proposed by Mr. Fitzpatrick. A riot then ensued, and so much damage was done that the carpenters were employed for four or five days in repairing the theatre. Mr. Beard, however, by means of a chief justice's warrant, brought two or three of the rioters before Lord Mansfield. His lordship solemnly cautioned Mr. Fitzpatrick that if any loss of life were to occur in consequence of the breach of the peace he had instigated, the law would hold him accountable for the disaster. This somewhat checked the violence of the rioters, who contented themselves thenceforward with laughing and hissing, and forebore to inflict injury upon the furniture and fittings of the theatre. Mr. Beard, at last, finding it impossible to keep open the doors of his theatre to any purpose, submitted to the terms of the dictators; peace was restored and half-price established.

The exception made in favour of new pantomimes was much remarked upon at the time. It was declared that the effect of the arrangement would be to exalt a worthless class of entertainment at the expense of tragedy and comedy; in order to obtain full prices the managers would be encouraged to produce a succession of pantomimes to the neglect of works of real dramatic worth. Further, it was declared that the proceedings of Mr. Fitzpatrick, though professedly in the interests of the public, were, in truth, due to motives of private resentment and malice. According to Davies, in his "Life of Garrick," there would seem to be much reason for this charge. Mr. Fitzpatrick was a gentleman of moderate fortune, constantly attending the theatres, frequenting the coffee houses about Covent Garden, and dabbling in dramatic criticism. He had been introduced to Garrick, had been received with much favour by the great actor, and placed on the free-list of Drury Lane. His success somewhat turned his brain. He began to conceive himself a person of great importance. He assumed severely critical airs, and published letters in "The Craftsman," dealing with the players, and especially with Garrick, after a very arrogant and acrimonious fashion. Garrick took up his pen to reply, and in his poem the "Fribbleriad,"—the hero of which is named Fizgigg,—he severely satirized his critic. Churchill, following suit, to the eighth edition

of his "Rosciad" added fifty lines, scourging Mr. Fitzpatrick savagely enough. The "half-price" disturbance was the method of replying to these attacks of the actor and his friend, which Mr. Fitzpatrick found to be the most suitable and convenient. Arthur Murphy, however, says for Mr. Fitzpatrick, that he was admired for his talents and amiable manners, and that Churchill caricatured him in the "Rosciad" to gratify the resentment of Garrick. In any case, however, it would be hard to justify the riot of which Fitzpatrick was certainly the instigator.

In 1817, the experiment was tried at the English Opera House, or Lyceum Theatre, of giving two distinct performances in the evening, in lieu of taking half-price at nine o'clock. The management alleged that objection had been taken to the length of theatrical performances, which were often made to extend over five hours; that the half-price system did not remedy the evil complained of by those whose habits of life or avocations would not permit their early attendance at the theatre. "Many persons who would be desirous to witness the early part of a performance, are indisposed to pay the price of a whole evening's entertainment, for that portion of it only which they can enjoy; and it may reasonably be supposed, that thousands who might wish to enter the theatre at a later hour (as at the usual time for second price), are wholly excluded by the certainty of finding the best seats occupied. Thus numberless persons, from the one or the other cause, are deterred from frequenting the amusements of the stage." In order, therefore, to accommodate the patrons who required the performances to commence at an early hour, and to gratify those who demanded that the entertainments should be continued until late, it was proposed to divide every evening's entertainment into two distinct parts or performances. Each performance was to consist of a full three act-opera; or of a short opera with a ballet or musical entertainment. The first performance was to begin at six o'clock, and to last till about nine; and the second performance was to begin at half-past nine, and to conclude at twelve; the prices to either performance being considerably reduced. "We are fully aware," said the public address of the management, "that we shall have to encounter many professional jokes on this occasion, but we are prepared to smile at the good-humoured raillery of our friends, and the hostile attempts of our enemies, who may both, perhaps, be inclined to call this a 'Bartholomew Fair scheme.' Let them call it what they will, we know that our sole aim is to exist by your favour, and by devising all means for your

entertainment, till we ultimately receive an honest reward for our labours."

The new plan was not found to work very well, however. A very thin audience attended the first performance, and a few hisses were heard in opposition to the project; the friends of the management applauding lustily. At the conclusion of the first entertainment, certain obstinate persons refused to resign their seats and make way for their successors, though the stage lamps were extinguished and they were threatened with total darkness. The manager then came forward, and formally announced that the first performance had concluded. One or two then threw their money on the stage, as the price of their admission to the second performance, and, finding that the malcontents were resolved to keep their seats, the manager submitted and retired. The plan was only continued for ten nights, when the theatre was closed for the season. In a farewell address, the manager stated that the experiment, so far as he could judge, had succeeded; during the ten nights, compared with the ten preceding, an addition of one-third having been made to the number of persons visiting the theatre. Still, he did not feel justified in pledging himself to continue the arrangement in future seasons. There was indeed no further trial of the double performance system in lieu of half-price.

It is rather curious to find the plan of half-price having any sort of effect upon dramatic literature, yet we find in the "Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin" (1827) the following advice given him by Lewis, the stage-manager at Covent Garden, in regard to writing for the stage, and *apropos* of Mr. Dibdin's comedy, called "Liberal Opinions."

"MY DEAR TOM,—This will be your first five-act production, and don't be offended if an old practitioner ventures to offer (from the respect he bears you) the fruits of his long experience. Half-price is a very proper privilege for those whose time or pockets do not afford them an opportunity of visiting the theatre earlier; but it is often the bane of an author on the first night of a five-act play. The new-comers know nothing of the foregone part of the drama; and having no context with which to connect allusions in the fourth and fifth acts, are apt to damn without consideration that which they are no judges of,

And what they cannot comprehend deny.

"To be fore-armed against this contingency, contrive to make some character (either in the heat of passion, or in any way you please) briefly run over all the foregoing parts of the story, so as to put every one in possession of

what they otherwise would have lost by absence; and, take my word, you will reap the benefit of it."

Mr. Dibdin expresses so much gratitude for Mr. Lewis's counsel, and recommends it so earnestly to the consideration of all young dramatists, that we cannot doubt that some effect upon subsequent writings for the stage must in this indirect way have arisen out of the half-price system, and in avoidance of its disadvantages as set forth by the stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

DUTTON COOK.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

I.

Praise ye the Lord this Christmas morn,
Sing "*Gloria in excelsis*."
Sing as the angel clothed in light
Sang to the shepherds keeping watch by night,
"Peace and good will on earth, the Christ is born."
Rejoice, "For unto us a Son is given;"
Swell the triumphant chord first struck in Heaven,
Loud sing ye "*Gloria in excelsis*."

II.

Praise ye the Lord this Christmas morn,
Sing "*Gloria in excelsis*."
Open your hearts, your riches wide
Scatter with liberal hand this Christmas-tide;
Forget not in your joy the travail-worn;
HE said, "The poor ye have with you always;"
Who mindeth this forth-chants a hymn of praise,—
Almsdeeds are "*Gloria in excelsis*."

III.

Praise ye the Lord this Christmas morn,
Sing "*Gloria in excelsis*."
Strong sinewed ones, brave hearts and true,
Work out the work your hands shall find to do;
Great souls that well the battle's brunt have borne,
Lift up your voice. Who stout maintains the fight,
And earnest labours, praises God aright,—
Labour is "*Gloria in excelsis*."

IV.

Praise ye the Lord this Christmas morn,
Sing "*Gloria in excelsis*."
Ye feeble ones whose worship lies
In waiting for the dawn; in sacrifice;
In bearing in life's crown the wounding thorn;
The Master heeds that anguished service pure:
Blest are the meek who patiently endure,—
Patience is "*Gloria in excelsis*."

V.

Praise ye the Lord this Christmas morn,
Sing "*Gloria in excelsis*."
Let love abound in every heart,
Of prayer the best, of man the noblest part,
The mightiest Him who all our griefs hath borne.
Hushed be all strife, and every wrong forgiven:
All-conquering Love hath opened the gates of Heaven,
And Love is "*Gloria in excelsis*."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE CHRISTMAS CHOIR.—BY F. A. FRASER.



A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

With a Knife and Fork.

CHAPTER VIII.—SPAIN TO DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

I KNOW nothing within the scope of that experience of which I am in search, that I bear away so pleasantly stored in my memory as the macaronis, Capri, the Mortadelle, and above all the delectable variety of ices, of the now great kingdom of Italy. The poor Englishman, who, unless he have access to great places, is restricted to two or three cream or water-ices, knows not the sweet delight of the ever-changing *bombe*, nor how grateful to the sense on the summer nights it is to hack at a firm rock of *tutti-frutti*. Every good flavour is laid under contribution. It is not merely strawberry, and raspberry, and lemon, and vanilla thrust into a long wine-glass, with an uncouth head, plastered to a point with a spoon. Your wife's lady's-maid—her ladyship being weary—can trot out and return with a Neapolitan ice, in a little paper-bag, dainty as her ladyship's curl-paper.

"It was to the music of laughter," I wrote to my mother, "that I turned from my latest gustatory experiences of Italy. You know what sweet, smiling, and yet plaintive faces those poor children from the sunny mountain-sides of the sub-Alpine territory, turn to you in our hard London streets. What attentions they have for the hideous little *marmottes* they keep warm in their bosoms! Your kind lessons to me when we have stopped together to pity and console one of these forced wanderers whom hard task-masters whip of nights; have risen to my memory of late days, and I have wondered with you, who could lift the lash over heads jewelled with such eloquent eyes. I have wandered—homeward, remember, mother!—to the midst of another race of the sweet south; a sad, haughty, handsome, but unstable, and vexatious race of men and women. You know—what do you not know in that life which has been the daily object of your love—that I am not among the Spaniards for the first time. I am in the quiet establishment of Señor Quevedo of Madrid. I can hardly realise the dream. The Spaniards are solemn, quiet folk, probably the soberest civilised people on the face of the earth. The Spanish *café* is not the scene of perpetual tipping, that is acting from early morn till the small hours in the gilded saloons of the Paris *boulevards*. Flavoured sugar-and-water contents the exquisite of Madrid. Between the *buvette* of Bayonne, and the refreshment stall on the Spanish side of the Bidassoa, what a contrast! It is a jump from bad brandy,

absinthe, and that horrible manufacture our neighbours call *madere*, to rows of great tumblers with those porous rolls of sugar in each, that dissolve at the touch of water. Sugar-and-water, cigarettes, and fruit! The appearance of the people changes almost as suddenly. The proud inhabitants of the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, the stately Basque, as he leads the way before his oxen, that with solemn step are drawing grain into the granaries of Bayonne, prepare the traveller from the north for the changes in manner and in mien, he is about to experience. The Spaniard is as distinct, as the Englishman, from the volatile Frenchman. In the great *café* opposite the theatre, I remember to have remarked the proud disdain and silence with which the gentlemen from the southern side of the blue Pyrenees, that lay stretched to our view as we toyed with our cigarettes;—the proud disdain and silence with which, I say, these magnificent personages watched the gambols, grimaces, and airs, and listened to the frivolities of the *gaudins* who had deigned to travel from their *boulevards*, and were here, *en route* for Biarritz.

"I described to you my first dinner in Spain,—that delightful dish of eggs with the cream sauce just perfumed with cinnamon; and, again, the excellent *vin du pays*, a light, unbranded Port, which was copiously served along the tables, as cider is served at a Norman or Breton *table d'hôte*. I took leave, moreover, to observe upon the all-pervading garlic! There was a good fricassee of fowl, a faultless salad, and throughout, that easy carelessness as to time, which seems to become every Spaniard, and everything Spanish. The duchesses who were in attendance, and were good enough to hand round the dishes, added to the impressiveness of the scene. The Spaniards kept themselves to one end of the table: the stranger was not welcome.

"There is much the same atmosphere where I am sitting; but this must be Quevedo's with a calamity overhanging it. The ladies of the *comptoir*—I assure you I have only ventured in the most diffident manner to steal a glance at them—have intensified Spanish solemnity; only a few sombre Spaniards are dotted about the floor at the little tables. In one corner are piles of noble fruit, and in another, stacks of the 'generous wines of the Peninsula.' Generous! Mr. Silas Z. Tomkins—an irrepressible man!—has tasted two or three and pronounced them to be, remarkable varieties of red ink. It was not a bad point of his. Said he, over a glass of Val de Peñas, 'This is stuff to rule a ledger, not a roast.'

"Why should I trouble you with an account

of the Spanish *cuisine*, as I have experienced it here to-day. I think I can conscientiously say, it consisted of an unbroken series of nasty things—over which, Mr. Tomkins waxed very wroth indeed, and would not be comforted by any little lecture on the duties, and the necessities for courage in the experimental philosopher.

"I am struck as I sit here, in the delightful occupation of writing to the best of mothers, at this; within there are not half a dozen people. The manager, with his napkin tucked under his folded arms, is gazing into vacancy with a fixed expression of dignified resignation on his olive countenance. There are those piles of luscious fruits temptingly spread in the windows. The list of Spanish drinks is in gold letters on the glass. Twenty varieties of 'generous wines' are exposed to the public view. I have seen laughing Frenchmen, stately Turk and Arab, and fair-haired Germans by the dozen, to say nothing of my inquisitive countrymen and countrywomen—dressed, can you tell me why, as though they were going to a picnic—; all, gazing at the fruit, reading the labels on the bottles, and struggling through the gold letters on the glass; and, not one has had the curiosity to taste the wine or buy the fruit. There is a mighty jumble of the nations at the doorway. But Spain lies apart—lies in state. She is out of her element in a bustle like this. See how very differently friend Silas Z. Tomkins' countrymen appear.

"Since I saw the Owl-cage in your Zoological-gardens, sir," Tomkins said to me half-an-hour since, 'I reckon I have not seen by half so stately and vacant-looking a bird as that there!' pointing to the immovable figure of the Manager. 'If Isabella wants,' he went on, 'to set up a statue, representing stagnation, I guess she can't do better than that for a model. He ought to be fixed in enduring marble. The thing's a downright failure: one eye's enough to see that. I suppose he'll wait till some one puts up the shutters and lifts him out into the open air,' and then Mr. Tomkins shouted '*Garçon*,' in a voice sharp as the crack of a whip. The manager gently turned his head, bobbed it towards a distant waiter, who was reading a newspaper, and then nodded in our direction.

"He moves!" Mr. Tomkins cried.

"The manager rose, sauntered to the counter and deigned to speak to one of the ladies presiding thereat, who deigned to answer him.

"He speaks!" exclaimed Mr. Tomkins.

"And I am left alone here to write this letter to you, while Mr. Tomkins is striding nervously and rapidly past the window every four

or five minutes, consuming Havannahs at a rate we have not reached in England yet. You would have been amused with his illustrations of Spanish lethargy, idleness, and *laissez-faire*. Why, the nation lies coiled up—this was one of them—like a serpent you have carried to the north. It wakes now and then and shows its fangs, and goes to sleep again.

"Another. The housewife has gone to sleep against the door of the store-closet, and the brats are starving.

"Beg of my dear and honoured father to be patient with me. I am conscious of how much was promised and how little has been realised. Yet have I been a 'valiant trencherman,' and a constant. I fear we opened the 'eye of expectation' too wide in the beginning,—we who dwell within reach of the most perfect forms gastronomy has yet taken. Impressed as I am, more and more, with this fact, as I proceed, be assured that I am not disheartened. The hope deferred has not sickened my heart yet.

"What is there to be said worthy the ear of my honoured father, of the *olla podrida*? It is an excellent economy; but one does not travel to peer into a stock-pot. Indeed what hope is there of a delicate *cuisine* in a country that has nothing better than a pig's-skin to hold the generous juice of the grape? Never was a country more highly favoured by nature for the production of pure rich wines. The Peninsula was meant to be one vineyard, distilling new and beautiful flavours to the cultivated palate; and the hand of man touches the grape which the sun has loved through the summer, only to defile it! So grand are the qualities of the juices which nature yields, that all the harm which ignorance, clumsiness, and uncleanness, can do cannot destroy them! The intelligent foreigner has thrust himself in here and there, to mend the ways of the Spanish sluggard in the vineyard, as at Xeres and Malaga. The wines that are to be exported are rescued from the contamination of the pigskin. You see, Spain wants everything. The Spaniards haven't casks, even for some of their noble grape, and then they haven't roads. The wine must journey on the mule's back. You have only to contrast the rich and generous Val de Peñas, that has not touched the defiling pigskin with that which has, to know how coarse the taste must be that can suffer the degrading flavour of the contamination. The Val de Peñas, as the Spanish gentleman may drink it near the Valley of Stones, must be as unlike that we tasted under the auspices of Quevedo, as small beer is unlike Château-Lafitte.

"I close my letter, dear mother, abruptly,

for Mr. Tomkins is guessing we shall lose the train, and vows that he shall be compelled to shake Quevedo's manager, who has relapsed into his attitude of repose, and resumed his vacant stare. I send my love and duty to my father, and to you that which will most delight your sweet, motherly heart—the promise of the speediest possible return home.

"Your devoted and respectful son,
"MONTMAUR."

By the gray olives, and with the fields ablaze with the melon and the tomato, it stirs the blood a little to wander in imagination to the ice-bound roads, the tumbled rock-lands, and the moaning lakes of the land of Thor and Odin!

But here stern Fate compels me to break off the thread of my story; I do so, however, with the promise that the narrative of my wanderings shall appear shortly in a complete form.

W. B. J.

BYE-DAYS OF SHOOTING.

WILD FOWL.

WE may be allowed to assume that the snow predicted by the follower of the plover has arrived; that it has been falling at intervals, for many days, and that we are in the midst of what is called an old-fashioned winter. All the discomforts proper to such a season have, we will suppose, arrived also. The water-pipes are frozen. The bye-roads are drifted up. No letters have been received for twenty-four hours. The butcher's pony with difficulty drags the square beef-laden cart to the door. Of course, in the midland counties all shooting operations have, save under very exceptional circumstances, come to a standstill. There are certainly a few fieldfares to be killed, for hunger sends them to the hips and haws on the hedges, and standard thorns, where, by stalking from tree to tree, the gunner may get within shot of them. But the schoolboys at home for the holidays are, by common consent, allowed a monopoly of these birds, and dog them about from morning to night with unflagging zeal. The grown-up sportsman who lives inland, has no use for his gun in the first days of a deep snow. Both fields and woods are, for the time, impassable, and he is at his wits' end for a pursuit. He is not wanted in-doors, and out-of-doors he has nothing to do. He is a nuisance in the drawing-room, and cannot stare at horses in a stable all day long. His position, if he have no taste for reading, is a very irksome one; but he must make the best of it, and get through the hours with as little trouble to other people as possible.

More fortunate by far is the man who lives within reach of the sea. On many parts of the coast, say, for instance, along the Norfolk shore, abundance of wild sport is to be met with. It must be admitted that the passage to the shooting-ground, through four or five miles of bad roads and snow-drifts, is not a very tempting one. It may, however, be effected with a little trouble either on foot or in a light cart. If there be anything like a direct road open, and time be an object, as, it being necessary to take the tides into account, may well be the case, of course it is better to drive. On the other hand, if it is high water late in the afternoon, or, the direct road being choked and impracticable for wheels, the drive round is a long one, walking has its advantages. It is always better to arrive on the field of action warm than cold, and warm it is impossible to be after a drive of several miles in severe weather. Not much preparation for the expedition is necessary. A tough companion, to carry a game-bag and some spare ammunition, should be engaged. A dog, too, will be wanted. A water-spaniel is the best sort to take, and the Irish variety, if possible; but it is easier to prescribe such an animal than to get possession of him. In the matter of guns, any good double-barrelled one, such as is used for partridges, will do excellently well. It will kill, if not overloaded, just as far as a ponderous duck gun, and has the great advantage of being light to carry. For shot, No. 5 should be used as a rule, some still larger being taken for very large game, or for extra long ranges. There is no necessity to take out any snipe shot, for the opportunities for using it with effect will be very rare. As to the covering of the feet, let all idea of keeping out the wet be abandoned, and with it the clumsy jack-boot that comes above the knee. A short sort of Wellington boot, with thick sole, and stiff, well-dressed leather top, large enough to admit of the trousers being tucked inside, is perhaps as good for the purpose as any that can be devised; but so long as freedom is secured to the foot and leg, and the boot is strong, it matters not in the least of what shape it is. As regards the rest of the costume, a stout, easy-fitting suit, with coat and waistcoat lined with flannel, should be worn, and by all means a "sou-wester,"—not the wretched substitute palmed off upon the unwary, as "a much lighter article," and called sometimes the shepherd's hat, but the real thing which sailors love. It is the most independent head-dress that can be worn, for it protects against all weather, and the stronger the wind, the more closely it adheres to the head.

These necessary preliminaries adjusted, and

arrangements having been made for a cart to be driven round in the afternoon to the public-house in the coast village which is to be the head-quarters for the day, to bring a change of dress, and as a conveyance home, when the day's work is over, let the gunner and his companion get upon their way. They should so time their departure as to reach the shore just as the tide begins to turn, because the water ebbs to a great distance, and it is convenient that the birds should be driven back from their feeding-grounds upon a constantly diminishing area. That walk to the shore, how intelligible it is to all who have ever attempted it! The plunge into the cold air; the dodging by-footpaths, comparatively well worn, out of the village into the open country; the hazardous crossing of that deep lane over the frozen drift which chokes it; the weary toil, and the blundering over three turnip-fields and a ploughed land; the striking of the footway, once a Roman road, penetrating the country for miles, some say as far even as London itself, but of late years only a narrow green lane, with high hedges, memorable in the recollection of old men as a smuggler's path. Fortunately, thanks to its protecting hedges, it is comparatively clear on this occasion, from snow; that is to say, under the weather bank there is a narrow passage, down which master and man glide at a rapid pace, till at last they reach the top of the rolling chalk swell which overlooks the shore. Everything is curiously still. The wind has died away with the tide. There are no labourers about in the fields, nor apparently any one moving down in the village, which looks like the ghost of itself, so white it is, and quiet. Immediately beyond it lie the salt-marshes, commonly called "the Salts," from a quarter to half a mile broad. Beyond them is the flat shore, with its shining pools of stagnant water, and its black boulder stones scattered about at intervals in the foreground, and beyond that again the "hoary" sea, protesting against the laws of tide, and muttering low in the distance. Away in the far horizon hangs a black cloud, suggestive of another fall of snow, and against it are seen the crests of the tumbling waves, and the white wings of the sea-gulls heavily flying to and fro. Half a mile more of road is traversed, and the view has vanished. In its stead there rises immediately in front "The Admiral Nelson," the public-house of the village, its white walls and tall sign-post making it a sufficiently conspicuous object across the open space into which the rough lane leads. For the convenience of the fishing population, it is on the coast side of the village, and at its corner, looking out silently seaward, are two

men in hybrid sailor dress. In every such village, two or more such men are always to be seen, looking out to sea, dressed in a like costume, and grimly silent. The couple in question are elderly and weather-beaten, and local gossip hints that, once upon a time, they were smugglers. Of the surlier-looking of the two, it is also whispered that he had a hand in murdering an exciseman who was missing in the neighbourhood some years ago, and that his gloomy look arises from a troubled conscience. The story is probably so far true that both men were smugglers in early life, for every one who lived on the coast was a smuggler more or less in those days; but there is no other foundation for the charge of murder than that love of the terrible and mysterious which always prevails in uncultivated minds. It is well to order a fire to be lighted in the spare room of the inn by the afternoon, that the necessary change of dress may be made in comfort; but it is not well to make acquaintance with that shred of a man in a shooting dress who is drinking brandy and water in the morning, nor with the individual in rougher costume who is nursing a long single barrelled gun, and helping him.

The former of these is a waif from a neighbouring town. He is paid so much a week out of the profits of his business, on condition that he in no way interferes with it. He killed his wife with unkindness; and is now killing himself with drink at "The Admiral Nelson," which, with some insane idea that he is a shooter of wild-fowl, he has adopted as his home. His companion is one of those men of mixed pursuits who are always found in a sea-side village. His status in life is that of labourer, but the oldest inhabitant does not remember ever to have seen him do a day's hard work; probably, he does not know how to do one. He keeps ferrets, and goes out, when it pleases him, killing rats. He is an understanding man about nets, and, though not a regular fisherman himself, helps those that are, at odd times. In the summer, too, when some inland piece of water is to be dragged, be sure that the birds of the air will tell him of it, and that he will be present at the ceremony, taking second place only to the head-keeper. Fortunately, he is single, and his board and lodging do not cost him much. Just at this time he is refreshing himself, and idling away the morning on the strength of intending to go out "flight shooting" at night. He has neither taste nor capacity for killing birds in detail, and does not attempt to do so. It will be of no use to take him as a guide this morning, because, though he knows every corner where a duck may be hid, he will by no means introduce a stranger to

it; rather he would lead him the other way. After all, there is not much need of a guide. The work to be done is patent.

First of all, there is the Salt-marsh. Of course, that was walked over at dawn of day, in search of snipe or of larger game overtaken by daylight in its night's retreat. Still, it is worth while to search again. Because one set of snipe was killed or driven away at eight o'clock, that is no reason why others should not have come into it by eleven. Wherever inland there is a running stream or a green spring-head, there has the snipe been feeding, and there has he been disturbed. When there is so much ice about it is difficult to approach such without giving an alarm; so even supposing—it is a most gratuitous supposition—that every snipe shot at has been bagged, there will yet have been many others put on wing, which have not been shot at at all. These birds, if the coast is within reach, will naturally betake themselves to it; and, by ones and twos, from pond and stream it is probable that several have this morning sped their way to the salt-marsh, unnoticed by any, as high in air they reconnoitred the ground, and then swiftly descended upon the spot selected for retirement. These ought to be looked for. Two or three will surely be found, and a specimen or two of that beautiful but provoking variety the "Jack snipe." To say truth, the presence of the latter worthy is not much to be desired. His manner of flight is flickering and uncertain, and, though of course few will confess it, he is hard to hit. Also, he is a very seducing bird; and will keep the sportsman following him about and missing him, to the great advantage of the more honourable full-bodied snipe, who is thus advised of the neighbourhood of an enemy, and escapes.

After the Salt-marsh has been walked over, there is, beyond it and the road leading to the beach, lying back, and on a line with the shore, a sluggish stream, some ten or fifteen yards wide, with reeds and sedge on its banks. This is a very favourite resort of duck, teal, and widgeon, who, in rough weather, are flying into and out of it all day long. It is a dark and gloomy looking piece of water even on the brightest days, though no doubt there are lively fish in it of some sort or other, and behind those reeds now so frail and frosted, boys have lurked and angled in the summer months. Once, there was a boat upon it, the remains of which may still be seen, half in and half out of the water, slowly rotting away. Who built the boat, and why it was built, are questions which intrude themselves, not unnaturally; but they cannot be answered or attended to now. The cunning, watchful

wild-fowl are about, and would surely escape from the careless dreamy man. Let the sportsman then cross the stream by the bridge in the road, so as to be on the landward side of it, and to have the wind in his face; and then, walking carefully across the slippery plank which spans that large drain, let him drop silently down upon it again. He is on private property now, but he need not care for that, for one of the peculiar features of life in a sea-side village is, that everybody who carries a gun may walk wherever he pleases. Let him make quietly for that angle in the stream, and, crouching low as he approaches the bank, peer out upon the water. Of course there is something there. The two or three black spots, seen about two hundred yards off, and looking at first sight like patches of earth or grass cropping out from the water, are resolving themselves into living things. They are birds, no doubt; and, by their size and appearance, widgeon. The discoverer must retire immediately, silently, and far, and beckon up his companion. There are two ways of approaching the birds. The first is for the gunner to steal down directly upon them, favoured by the wind, which will carry off all sound of his footsteps; the second is for him to creep about forty yards below them, and to send his confederate to walk them up, in the expectation that they will come round with the wind to be shot at. This second plan has its advantages. Widgeon are apt to rise singly one after the other, in which case, it is very unlikely that any two of them will, in the first moments of their flight, be so close together as to be covered by one discharge. On the other hand, if they are walked up by the non-shooter, who must not descend directly upon them, but show himself a few yards above them, so as to determine as much as is possible the line of their flight: it is to be expected that they will not only fly in the way of the gunner, but also that they will be so closely packed by the time they reach him, that, by the use of both barrels, several of them may be bagged. It will be admitted that there is a strong temptation to adopt this plan; but, on the whole, it is much safer not to do so. It is not by any means the rule that things turn out as expected. In this case, it is very likely that they might take such a decidedly contrary turn, as to leave the gunner without even a shot at his coveted prey. In the first plan, when looking stealthily at water-fowl two hundred yards off, up a long reach of river with sedge banks, it is not at all certain that all the birds actually on the water are present to the eye. One or two of them, and they important characters, may be paddling about among the

reeds out of sight, and separated a little from the rest. Now, if this should be the case, and the assistant should come, as very possibly he might, between these outlying gentry and their friends, it is just as likely as not that the direction of the latter's flight will be determined by that of the former, which may, and probably will be, in the very opposite direction to that which it is desired that they should take. In calculating chances of success, this has to be borne in mind. But, even supposing that all the birds were together feeding, and that the assistant approached them exactly in the proper manner, though, of course, according to all the rules of arithmetic, they ought to fly in the direction of the gunner, there is nothing really to prevent them flying away from him instead. It is a free country and they can do as they please. No, in the shooting of wild-fowl, if by adopting a certain method, a positive chance, amounting almost to a certainty, of getting one good shot can be obtained, that is the plan which ought to be adopted, however showy and pretentious another may be. Therefore, when the situation of the birds has been clearly ascertained, and the best way of approach without a cracking of ice, or other disturbance, let the sportsman go straight to them, leaving his companion to follow when called for, and let him take his chance of one or two single shots, easy or difficult, as the case may be.

When the game, if any have fallen, is picked up—and let it be remembered that if a bird be winged, and swimming about, it is better to shoot him again—it will be time to turn to the shore, for the freshening wind tells that the tide is coming up in good earnest, and one or two reports of a duck-gun up the sands hint that the wild fowl are moving inland. So away across the sand-hills to the beach. A variety of sounds at once strikes the ear. There on the mud-bank, not yet covered by the advancing waves, the curlew are piping mournfully; and mixed with their cry are the gaspings and croakings of the gulls, and the notes of several noisy and uneatable frequenters of the coast. Feeding at intervals along the sands, or wheeling about in well-drilled motion, are flocks of the little bird called the stint, a caricature in appearance and taste of the snipe; and further back, half swimming, half paddling on the tide, and about a hundred yards from the bare sand, is a flock of black ducks, some two or three hundred of them. These are the materials for the afternoon's sport; what is to be done with them? On the curlew it is not worth while to waste time. It is not likely that he will allow himself to be approached. He may come of his own accord, from a momentary forgetful-

ness, within range, and, if so, all the worse for him, that is if the gunner do not miscalculate the distance, as on the open shore it is so easy to do, and suppose him to be only forty or fifty yards off, when in fact he is sixty or seventy. The gulls, too, and other uneatable birds, may be left alone. They all have their uses, though not culinary ones, and it is simply mischievous cruelty to kill them. The black ducks and the stint are the sportsman's proper prey. The former should be first assailed, because, feeding as they are in shallow water, they are more accessible than they will be at any other time, for, when the power of the tide increases, they will become unsettled and watchful. It is best to walk straight up to them, having first drawn the No. 5 shot from each barrel, and rammed down in its place the proper dose of No. 4 or 3. As much expedition should be made and as little noise as possible, the feet not being lifted out of the water and put into it again with a splash, but drawn quietly through it. No one ever gets to close quarters with these birds, and it is necessary to fire at them at a very long range. The gunner must watch them very closely, and quite the best plan is to fire the first barrel just over them as soon as ever he sees their heads raised from the water. The outstretched neck and compressed wing are sure symptoms of flight, and, if the gun be fired as directed, they will rise into a storm of shot, and will leave one or two of their number dead on the water or swimming about wounded for the dog to pick up. The second barrel should, of course, be discharged immediately after the first, and straight into the flock. One very important caution must be given which it concerns the safety of the sportsman to attend to. He must not lose a moment more in advancing upon his game, shooting, and picking it up, than he can help. Indeed, as to the picking it up, if one of the fallen birds be a strong swimmer, and disposed to dispute the question of life and death with the dog, diving about and behaving inconveniently, it is much better to leave the wretch, killed though he will be, and mangled in half an hour by the gulls, than to stay very long after him. For the tide is running up, and fifty yards from the wavelets, what a quarter of an hour ago was but a shallow-looking depression of shore, is filling up. Where there was then but bare sand is now a ribbon of frothy water. Let him hasten back over it. In ten minutes more, or even in less time than that, it will be a broad and strong running stream, and very shortly will be so deep that, with powder-horn in teeth, and gun and shot-belt held high overhead, he may think himself a very

favoured person if he gets across it alive. Any stumble or slip in his walk and there is not much hope for him. No help is at hand, for his companion will be in a like strait, and will have enough to do to take care of himself.

It shall be supposed, however, that the ducks have been shot and bagged, and that the gunner has returned safely out of the snares of the tide. He may then, as it will be high water in another hour or so, devote himself to the stints. These little fellows will be restlessly feeding on the expanse of sand yet left uncovered, or, disturbed by the tide, will be flying in small parties within range of the edge of the sea. In the first case they had better be approached from the west if the sun be visible, for, low in the sky, his rays will on that side dazzle them. When within range, the distance being not very nicely calculated, they must be treated as if they were golden plover, first shot at on the ground, and then waited for till they return to look after the slain, before the second barrel is discharged among them. In the second case, there is nothing to do but to fire at the passing groups from the shore, and to leave the dog to pick up the results. He may be safely trusted to do it, for, if of the kind particularly recommended, he knows his business and does not want anybody to teach him. The face of that animal looking out over the sea for his prey is a study.

And so time runs on, all the more quickly from the excitement of sport, till the tide is at its height. What would the summer idlers who call the sea "pretty" (!) think of it, if they could see it now, and feel the wind that raves across it. The waves are thundering on the shore, abetted in their fury by a strong north-east gale. The foam is flying all along high-water mark. There is no doubt but that an ugly night is coming on. It is not easy to stand still; it is impossible to speak so as to be understood ten yards off. There is no use in staying, for the fowl are gone. So back behind the shelter of the sand-hills and away to the inn. Pleasant is the warm room, and the change of dress. Let all the coats and wrappers be put on while standing over the fire, for it is best to take out plenty of caloric. And then away home. A searching thing is a wind frost; it seems to penetrate to the very bones. But the drive is soon over. The horse is eager to regain his stall, and impatiently he drags his burden through gathering drifts, and across the hard creaking snow. There is the direction post which tells that home is only one mile distant, and then there shine the lights of the village, and, further on, the plantation which marks the lodge gate stands up against the sky. *Dulce*

domum! it is always pleasant to get back to one's own fireside; particularly is it so when coming out of a cold air, after a long day's hard walking, and with a well-filled game-bag.

EMERITUS.

A TIPPERARY MURDER.

It is now more than forty-six years since the perpetration of the crime which I am about to relate; and yet the remembrance of it is as fresh upon my mind as though it was an event of yesterday. It certainly was a deed to make an impression on any youthful mind, however unconnected with the scene of its occurrence. But upon one who, like the writer of this article, had spent great part of his childhood close at hand, and whose nearest relations saw the flames, as they rose upwards from the burning house, during the darkness of the night, the effect was literally electrifying. I was absent from that part of the country at the time, but returned soon enough to see the blackened walls which remained for many a day to tell their tale; and I was witness of more than one exciting occasion on which "tardy justice did o'ertake the crime."

I forget the exact provocation which the Sheas had offered to their neighbours. There was, I believe, more than one ground for offence. I am convinced, however, that in the main, it was not one of those cases of agricultural dissensions, with which ninety-nine out of a hundred murders used in those days to be connected.* If my memory is not wholly wrong, there was, to say the least, another ground of offence. At that time, the crime of abduction was not uncommon in Ireland, and, next to disputes arising out of the tenure of land, was, perhaps, the most fruitful source of the shedding of blood. One of the Sheas, son of the old man, had forcibly carried off a young woman, who was affianced to another suitor, and though, by the help of her friends, she had escaped, vengeance was vowed against the entire family of the Sheas. The dwelling-house of the Sheas was a substantial farm-house, though, according to the custom of the day, with a thatched roof, situated in a retired spot on the side of Slieveneman mountain, in the county of Tip-

* The Annual Register under date of Nov. 21, 1821, says:—"A respectable farmer, Edmond Shea, felt himself obliged, in consequence of the under tenants and cottiers of his farm having refused either to pay their rent, or to labour for him in its discharge, to dispossess them, and bring labourers to dig his potatoes from a neighbouring village." It then goes on to say that Shea and his wife, seven children, three female servants, and five labourers, in all seventeen individuals, were murdered. This statement is quite incorrect as to numbers. The account given is most meagre; nor can I find, in subsequent volumes, any record of any trial in the case.

perary. It so happened that, at the time, the inmates included several persons besides the usual members of the household. Among others was a young woman not long married, whose end was one of the most tragical episodes in the terrible affair. Another was a young woman said to have been of surpassing beauty, with a fortune of 300*l.*, who had hoped, within a few short weeks, to be united to the object of her choice, and who, meanwhile, sought protection in her uncle's house from the very crime which brought such vengeance on him and his family. The fatal night arrived. On their way to the scene of blood, the murderers, well-armed, by way of drowning, beforehand, any temptation to pity or remorse, paid a visit to a "sheebeen-house," as it was called, where they indulged in copious potations of illicit whisky. That visit, as the event proved, cost several, if not all of them, their lives. The old woman who served them suspected some foul play, and followed them. She was a hidden witness of what followed. Her previous acquaintance with their features, aided by the full view which the fire they lighted up gave of them and their proceedings, detected them to her unerring gaze, and reserved them for the day of vengeance, which, though slowly, came at last. The house was set on fire, and every soul within perished; twenty-three persons in all. More than one had, in agony, rushed to the door to escape, but each one who did so was instantly shot, and thrown back into the flames. Among the rest were the two young women already named. In the midst of the fire one had given birth to a child, and was found next day stretched beside a tub containing some water, in which, with a mother's instinct, she had placed her new-born babe, hoping, evidently, if not to save it altogether, at least to mitigate its pains. The other young woman was burnt well-nigh to a cinder, and was scarcely, if at all, to be recognised. The next morning several of my relations, above referred to, were on the spot, and found a state of things which baffles my power of description. At a distance they perceived that a vast crowd had assembled. There they were, neighbours from far and near, the murderers themselves, who hoped by their presence to disarm suspicion, the old woman who still watched them, and carried their death-warrants in her bosom—well for her they knew not that she was in their fatal secret—policemen, magistrates, all were gathered round the hideous remains of twenty-three bodies, in every grade of disfigurement, awaiting the verdict of a coroner's inquest.

It is hard to conceive a temptation to a smile intruding itself at such an awful

moment. And yet so it was. A magistrate from the neighbourhood was in the act of haranguing the multitude in terms of scorn and indignation. In true Irish fashion, he seemed to take for granted that every one whom he addressed was a murderer. By a bold kind of figure of speech he pronounced himself in favour of the shedding of blood, provided only it was not aggravated by such additional horrors as were presented in the scene before them.

"You infernal ruffians," he cried, in a voice quivering with emotion, "look at these bodies, if bodies they can be called, lying now before you. Look at those unoffending women, and at that innocent babe. If there was anything against Mr. Shea, why did you not, like men, call him to the door and blow his brains out, and not deliver these children and women to the flames?"

Believe it, reader, if you can, in the midst of such sights—a smile, and more than a smile, ran from face to face, and added fresh fuel to the indignation with which these burning words were uttered.

But to pass on. The jury gave their verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown;" and the dead were immediately buried out of sight. Many a day, and many a month—years, if I remember aright—passed away, and the "person or persons" were, as far as justice was concerned, still "unknown." Strange rumours went abroad. It was broadly hinted that one person, at least, who knew all, had been anxious to come forward and give evidence of the crime; but for some reason or other—fear, it was generally supposed—had been prevented. Some were known to hint that on the death of a certain priest, something would come out. It was never so much as imagined that the good man was, even in thought or approval, *particeps criminis*. The utmost that was surmised was this, that he could not be induced to deliver it, *ex cathedra*, as a theological dogma, that it was the bounden duty of one of his penitents to volunteer to give public evidence as to the commission of a crime. It falls not, happily, within our province to discuss, still less to settle, such a momentous question. Certain it is, as I well remember, the death thus speculated on did take place; and very soon after, one, and one only, of the supposed murderers was arrested. The others, though no longer unknown, were nowhere, for the present, to be found. In the hands of a new confessor, the old impulse to give evidence was, as was supposed, revived, and ere long the old woman of the sheebeen-house was confronted, in the courthouse of Clonmel, with the prisoner at the bar. Never shall I forget the excitement of

that occasion. The evidence of the old woman, notwithstanding the most powerful efforts to invalidate it on the score of its tardiness, was irresistible; and at an advanced hour of the night, and by torchlight, if my memory is not at fault, and as I have on more than one occasion witnessed, the prisoner was sentenced to execution.

Time again passed on, and a considerable interval occurred before justice had overtaken any more of the criminals. But her march, though slow, was sure. Once more the same court-house was crowded to suffocation on the occasion of a second trial for the same offence. And now a scene presented itself which for the effect produced was, as far as the experience of a long life is concerned, without a parallel. Nay, the experience of many a long life may fearlessly be challenged to produce a moment of more thrilling interest, one in which a vast assembly was struck dumb with a deeper awe, than the moment about to be described. The prisoner had been arraigned, the statements against him made, other preliminary evidence offered, and at length the moment arrived when the old woman of the shebeen-house was once more to be called on for her fatal testimony. The crier, in a stentorian voice, shouted out her name, and summoned her to appear. Over and over again her name, and the summons, were repeated, and still no answer to either was returned. The excitement became intense, and all the more by reason of the profound and unbroken silence in which the multitude was wrapped. At length a movement became apparent in the crowd, and every eye was instantly turned towards the passage whence witnesses were wont to make their way towards the seat from which they were to deliver their evidence. At last the old woman came in sight, led, like an infant, by the hand, till with difficulty she reached the table. There she stood, not, as on the previous occasion, casting around her the anxious but penetrating glance which was soon to be fixed with unerring aim on the prisoner at the bar. She stood, a monument of total and incurable blindness, hiding, with a thick veil, her sightless orbs from the common gaze; and as she was guided across the table to her chair, a shudder ran like an electric shock through the crowd. Every one seemed awe-struck—spectators—jury—counsel—to the judge himself upon the bench. It will readily be believed that the impression—the awful impression—of that moment could never have been lost on any one of the multitude then present. The old woman's evidence was given, and given with unfaltering determination, and was resistless as it was before.

Others deposed to the fact that the prisoner was the man whom she described; and he, as well as others at subsequent trials, received sentence of death.

And now, reader, deny it who can, or account for it who may, the effect produced by the scene which has been described was not merely that of awe at the sudden misfortune which had befallen a fellow-creature: her affliction was regarded as a manifest judgment from the Almighty. It is but too true that in those days, more, it is to be hoped, than at the present moment, there was, if not a widespread sympathy with the criminal, yet certainly a wide-spread antipathy to the law viewed as the instrument of a detested power. It has been said by no mean authority that, "in an English court of justice, if a criminal on trial for his life were, by a sudden effort, to escape from the bar, every hand in the crowd would be raised to force him back; whereas, under similar circumstances in Ireland, the crowd would open a free passage to facilitate his retreat." And why this great difference? Not to speak of agrarian outrages where there doubtless existed a very general sympathy with the criminal—a sympathy too frequently justified by oppression—not to speak of these—it is undeniable that in cases where a prisoner was on his trial for some offence which, in itself, would evoke no sympathy, but on the contrary, the utmost indignation, on the part of the multitude—even here, such was the hatred of the law as administered by what was regarded as a hostile power, the prominent feeling would be abhorrence of that law, and not detestation of the crime. Not that the crime was detested less, but that English rule was detested more. Nor let this be altogether wondered at. Let Englishmen, be placed in the hands of some foreign power. Let the French, for example, have possession of our free and happy country, and erect their tribunals in the land. Let them administer justice with unimpeachable fairness and impartiality—still, let even a Palmer stand impeached, and horror at his unexampled atrocities would be well-nigh lost in the deeper hate which the presence of his judges would inspire. Let us hope and believe that, under a juster state of things, this feeling is more and more dying out. Not long since, in that same court-house of Clonmel, a man of a highly respectable position in society, was tried and convicted of a crime very rare, if not unique, in Ireland—that of poisoning his wife. He was of the same religion as the vast majority of the people. Still, not a word was uttered, not a hand raised, in his favour. He was followed to execution by the execrations of the multitude.

J. H. W.

A WINTER WALK AMONGST THE LAKES.

ON the 16th of last January, starting from the comfortable Railway Hotel at Windermere, I walked to Dungeon Ghyll. But for a few flying snow-showers, the day was fine, and the mountain views over the lake, especially from the front of the Low Wood Hotel, were very lovely. The Langdale Pikes were of course pre-eminent, and all the mountain array, wherever snow would lie, was clothed in white. Loughrigg Tarn was frozen over, and failed to set off the views across it as it does in summer. Passing above Elterwater, and up Great Langdale, I managed to miss the main road, as all paths in the snow were alike, and in endeavouring to regain it, just behind the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, I stepped on a slope of ice covered by snow, and got a severe fall. I found I had twisted my left ankle, and feared for the anticipated pleasures of my walk. Slowly I limped on to the Upper Hotel, and leaving my knapsack, and ordering dinner to be ready in an hour, I went higher up the valley to survey the commencement of my next day's work. In a few minutes I had the whole vale-head before me. To the right was the Stake pass, and in front was a steep ravine which must be Rossett Ghyll, up which I hoped to go to Wastdale Head. The fall I had met with, and this little exploration above the hotel, showed me the chief difficulty I should have to encounter, the presence of surface ice on the slopes in large quantities, and often concealed by snow. Indeed to the lesson which I got I think I owe my escaping others in more dangerous places. They made me very comfortable at the hotel. Of course fresh meat was not to be expected, but the eggs and bacon were excellent, and with the remains of the Christmas good things, made a very good dinner. After using both hot and cold applications to my ankle, I felt in the morning rather better, and got away at nine with the intention of going over the Scawfell Pikes to Wastdale Head. Soon after starting I crossed the stream, and made straight for the foot of Rossett Ghyll. I got one slip before I reached it, and that I am glad to say was my last. The "Pedestrian Guide" which I carried in my pocket bid me keep the stream down the Ghyll on my right, but I thought it would not make much matter, and struck the slope on the right of the stream, at some distance from it. The ground soon became steep, and as everything was hard frozen, the footing was by no means good. After crossing some rocks, I came to a steep slope of snow, which to my surprise was quite hard, and I had to cut steps

across it (I fortunately had a light ice-axe). I now thought I had better edge away to gain the beck hollow, but found I was cut off from it by a line of cliffs, not very high, but quite enough to make descent impossible, and a slip dangerous. So up I must go, first over some more rocks, and, bending sideways as these became too steep, I came to a chimney-shaped gully, where the snow had run into ice. This ran steeply down, opening out below into a slope of snow, which extended to the edge of the cliff. It was not too wide for a long step, but the footing on the other side was so small, that I durst not venture. I cut a large step in the middle, and so landed safely on a bit of rock about half a foot square. Above this the rock for about four feet was vertical, and then rose in a slant, so smooth that I could find no handhold within reach, though I cleared away the snow and ice most carefully. I crossed the gully again to try the rocks on the other side, but these were too steep. Almost despairing I returned to the place of difficulty, and at last found a crevice about five feet above, in which I inserted the pike of my axe. I put up one knee on the slope, and after a moment's hesitation pulled myself up. I believe this single step cost me more than a quarter of an hour. The worst was now over; a few more easy rocks were crossed, and I gained the plateau above them; and though this was covered with loose blocks and snow amongst which I stumbled, the top of the Ghyll lay in sight, and no more difficulty lay between. A few more minutes placed me on the crest, after wading through some heavy drifts of snow, which filled the head of the Ghyll almost like the *névé* of a glacier. I looked at my watch: I had been three hours and three-quarters in getting over ground which but for my blunders should have taken about half the time. The clouds were close above me and snow was falling occasionally. To my left I could just discern Angle Tarn and the slopes above it; in front was Esk Hause, invisible, and to the right I could see down the Long Strath in the direction of Borrowdale. The ascent of the Pikes was out of the question. I descended to the Tarn, mounted the next ascent, and went to the bottom of the second dip. The walking here, though the slopes were gentle, was heavy, from the deep drifts. I was now at the foot of the last ascent of some 500 feet. I had been before on Esk Hause, and at Styhead Tarn; but between these lay a *terra incognita* to be passed in fog and snow. To the weather there was added the additional inducement of hunger; for I had taken nothing with me, imagining my work would not at most exceed five hours. Before these arguments my courage

gave way, and I turned to the right down the hollow in which I was. I had soon to forsake it and cross to the stream from Angle Tarn. This descent was easy enough except for the drifts, which almost filled the deep beds of the lateral streams. I crossed the main stream several times to get to better ground. The ice was generally above the water, and let me in more than once. The five miles or so down the valley occupied three hours, and I was very glad when I gained a tolerable path about a mile from Stonethwaite. I reached the Royal Oak at Rosthwaite about five, almost famished. Even to get water had been a matter of difficulty, and the first glass of ale was delicious. In fact the ale here was the best I got in the course of my walk. Next morning I was very lazy, and was only roused by the beauty of the sunshine on the snowy slopes opposite my window. I did not get off till ten, and felt on starting that I had done too much the day before. As far as Seathwaite I had a good road; the path after this was almost constantly covered with ice, and had rather to be shunned than followed, and this was the case up the whole ascent of the pass. Taylor's Ghyll had some water in it, but nothing was visible save a gigantic ice-cascade. The views as I went on were very fine. A few thin clouds shaded the highest tops, but most of the mountains were almost too dazzling to look at. The snow on the pass lay pretty uniformly, and not often very deep. In two hours I was at Styhead Tarn. The ravine between the Gables, by which I crossed last winter to Buttermere, was filled deep. Opposite was the pass I should have made yesterday, which, if I had hit the direction, was evidently quite easy; I could not even see any ice on this side. Here I should have turned off to ascend either Scawfell Pikes or the Great Gable. There could not possibly be a finer day for it. But I felt both lame and tired, and unwillingly abandoned the idea of either. From the crest of the pass the view of the plain country and the sea, framed as it were by the vast shoulders of Lingmell and Yewbarrow, was very beautiful. The snow covered the path thickly on this side, and it was rather tiresome wading through it, and the descent tried my ankle much more than going up. It was nearly 2 P.M. when I reached Ritson's Inn, where they did everything to make me comfortable. But however well the house may be in summer, it is not warm in winter, and keep as close as I would to the fire I could not get warm. The snow made it a very hard time for the sheep, and I observed that generally they were feeding them twice a day with hay. Here they were using holly (hollin as they called it) which they got from a wood of their own, and Ritson said the sheep

were so eager for it, they would almost pull it out of the cart. He himself bore evidence of the season in the shape of a patch on his face, the consequence of a fall on the ice. He told me that his favourite amusement was hunting, of course not on horseback, and amused me by telling me of a well-known member of the Alpine Club, famous for walking twice as fast as ordinary men, who came for the special purpose of joining in one of these hunts; and how at first he led the hunt up hill and down, over rough and smooth, before them all, but by degrees the hardy dalesmen, tough with frequent practice, passed him; and he returned and said it was the best warming he ever had in his life. Talking of the accident on Great Gable in 1865, he said that Mr. Butler used always to walk with his left hand in his trousers pocket, and his staff in his right hand: that when they found the body, the left pocket was turned inside out; and that the alpenstock was found above, near the spot where he slipped: and Ritson said it was his belief that he stepped on the slope, not expecting it to be hard, and finding himself slipping, he jerked his hand out so violently as to turn his pocket inside out, and at the same time threw his staff away, losing with it his only chance of safety; and that so his careless habit of walking was the cause of his death.

Out of the way as this place is, they are seldom without visitors in the winter. There was at this time in the house a gentleman who had regularly visited them in the winter for many years.

On Saturday, I was again late in getting off. I thought of going up Mosedale and to the left, between the Pillar and Steeple, but Ritson dissuaded me, as he said that side of the Pillar was all ice. I therefore followed the usual route to the Black Sail Pass and found no trouble except that of avoiding the patches of ice, which compelled me to make frequent detours. At the passage of the stream nothing but bosses of ice were visible, and as there was a fall just below, I was obliged to cut them away to get footing on the stones, for fear of a slip. Fortunately they were not solid. Towards the top, the drifts were heavier than ever, and had they not been partially hardened, I could not have got through. Some rocky points on my left with the snow slopes below, more nearly resembled high mountain scenery in Switzerland than anything I had yet seen. On the Ennerdale side there was a great deal of ice, and I had to be very careful for the first few hundred feet. Below this there was no difficulty, and I reached the Liza, near the miners' huts, in about three hours from Ritson's. The view of Ennerdale

Head was here very fine. The crags of the Great Gable stand out nobly; and I am almost inclined to think it surpasses Wastdale Head in grandeur. I had now choice of two routes, by Scarf Gap to Buttermere, or down the valley to the Angler's Inn; as I had visited Buttermere last winter, the latter was preferred. The scenery on my left was for some time very striking; the whole face of the Pillar was magnificent, and especially the rock of that name, which stood out like a black and very pointed pyramid. But the walking was very wearisome from the quantity of ice and my lameness, which made my progress very slow, so much so that after the farm of Gillerthwaite came in sight, for a long time I seemed to get no nearer. After passing it the road improved a little, but I was disgusted on rounding a promontory to see the inn nearly at the lower end of the lake, and it was nearly 5 P.M. before I reached it. Here my inquiries after a bed were received almost uncivilly. I heard the landlady muttering, "Who would expect folk at this time;" and after asking where I came from, "lucky ye got ower at a'," but I soon found her rudeness was occasioned less by her unwillingness to receive me, than her fear that she could not supply my wants, and she became more gracious when she found I would gladly take whatever they had. In fact I had the best dinner yet, for beyond the eternal mutton and ham, they had been sacrificing a pig, and the result was some excellent spareribs. Besides the care for my inner man, I had reason to be grateful for the trouble she took to air my sheets and warm my bed quite in a motherly way. But she would not spare her comments on the rashness of travelling amongst the fells in such weather. Once, she told me, in the winter time a man was seen in the afternoon traversing the opposite shore of the lake towards its head, and was then observed to turn up the valley to the right; and next morning he was found dead in one of the fields near Gillerthwaite. He had evidently sought after nightfall to retrace his steps and gain the shelter of the farm. He had succeeded in reaching and crossing the first wall, but here the snow was deep, and after struggling for a few yards he fell exhausted to rise no more. He was a poor man, with tolerable clothes but bad shoes, and sadly starved, "his belly," she said, "was down to his backbone." He lay four days at the inn, in hopes some one might claim the body. The clothes she had cleaned and still kept wrapped up. The inn stands close on the shore, and the view from the window in the full moonlight was very beautiful.

Next morning I walked to Ennerdale bridge, and after hearing service in the church (which

has been rebuilt since my last visit twenty years ago), I continued my walk through Lamplugh and by Loweswater to Scalehill. This lake was the first of any size that I had seen frozen, and some score of people were amusing themselves on it. The sky in the afternoon became overcast, and before reaching the hotel there was a sharp snow-storm with a fierce wind.

My ankle was getting more troublesome, and I resolved the morrow should be my last walk if I could only get through it. Throughout the night the howling of the wind seemed an evil omen, but the morning was without a cloud, though the wind was strong. After making my way with some trouble through the Lanthwaite woods, I emerged just opposite a ruined farmhouse, at the entrance of the valley between Grasmere and Whiteside, whence a foot-bridge afforded easy means of access to the right bank.

At first I kept along the stream, but in ten minutes found no further passage between it and the rocks, and had to climb up the steep bank, till at some height up I found the path. After getting well into the valley I had to cross so many and deep snowdrifts that I thought time would fail me to make the pass, but in a little time the way improved, and the wind became less violent. The cliffs of Whiteside on my left were very fine, especially when the sun burst over the shoulder of Grasmere and gilded the jagged summit of the ridge. The valley presently forked at a circular sheepfold, and I had to take the right-hand branch. This was a mere ravine with steep but not precipitous banks. The stream was entirely frozen (at one place I saw a waterfall playing inside a transparent case of ice) and covered often with patches of snow, which presently became continuous. Finding the surface tolerably hard, I thought it the best travelling, but was warned to quit it by being nearly let through. The head of the ravine was closed by a huge drift of snow, which was almost vertical, and I had to make my way to the left up a steep slope, where I found the snow so hard in parts as to require cutting steps; a few minutes of this, and a turn to the right, brought me to the top of the pass, a neck of grassy land forming the intersecting point of spurs from Whiteside, Grasmere, and Griesdale Pike, about 1800 feet above the sea level. I had at once before me the Keswick vale, Skiddaw and Saddleback, and beyond these the plain towards Penrith, the Beacon being conspicuous. The violence of the wind was here very great; all the snow was cleared off and blown into the ravine behind. The descent into Coldale led down at first gently to a flat (which must in summer be very boggy, and

where, as it was, I sank deep enough in snow and frozen rushes) terminating in a circle of cliffs enclosing the valehead. Warned by a mistake last winter which led me in the fog to a stiff scramble, I kept towards the right to a point by a small stream, where the rocks, interrupted by some steep slopes, afforded a better descent. A slope of hard snow stopped me for a little. I could only avoid it by reascending and crossing the stream higher up, but this I thought would be a waste of time and trouble. I did not like to slide down, as there were many rough stones at the bottom, and I therefore had to cut steps down, which I did awkwardly enough.

In the amphitheatre formed by the cliffs are the Force Crag mines, worked for barytes. From these an indifferent road, about two miles long, led to Braithwaite, where the road over Whinlatter enters the Keswick vale. Passing through Portinscale, I arrived at the Queen's Head at Keswick about three o'clock, having been nearly five hours in crossing from Scalehill, a distance not more than nine miles. I was surprised to find that Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite lake had been frozen for nearly a fortnight, whereas none of the larger lakes I had seen showed any symptoms of freezing, probably on account of their greater depth. Large parties of skaters were on the ice, and the game of curling was going on vigorously. Next day I went to Penrith, and rejoined my friends at the Windermere Hotel by the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway. The frost gave almost immediately, and the wet and stormy weather which ensued, helped me to give my ankle plenty of rest by taking away every inducement to walk.

I had with me on this walk two quarter-sheets of the Ordnance Survey Map, Nos. 98 N.W. and 101 S.E. I wish I could speak of either of them in terms of unqualified approbation. In the former the higher mountains are much too darkly shaded, and many of the names in these parts are very illegible, indeed, sometimes wholly so, even with a magnifying glass. Some names I could only make out by knowing what they ought to be. For instance, near the head of the Langdales, Rossett Ghyll, and the hill north of it, Sprinkling Tarn and Styhead Tarn, the Long Strath (down which I went into Borrowdale) are illegible, if not almost invisible. In Great Langdale itself the names are very obscure. And the same may be said of most of the dark portions of this sheet. The other quarter-sheet is free from this fault, as the heights are indicated by contour lines, at particular intervals of elevation, which offer no hindrance to the clearness of the writing. But whereas some mountain roads are passable for carriages, as, for in-

stance, from Borrowdale to Buttermere, Ambleside to Patterdale, or (though with difficulty) from Keswick to Ullswater over Matterdale Common, and others are only fit for horses, as the Scarf Gap, Blacksail, Styhead, and others, all are indicated in the same manner by two dotted lines. Again, as the horsetracks over passes are inserted, those up or over mountains should not have been omitted (which they frequently are), and if a pass has a received name it ought to have been added, as well as the line of road marked. I was also surprised to see in the latter, that whilst the date of publication is September, 1866, the line of the Keswick, Cockermouth, and Penrith Railway, opened some two years ago, is also omitted. But I suppose the Ordnance-office cannot be expected to acknowledge the existence of a railway sooner than the Post-office, which still sends letters from Keswick to Cockermouth, a distance of thirteen miles by railway, round by coach to Windermere, and thence by Penrith, Carlisle, and Whitehaven, to their destination, in all 130 miles. I was quite disappointed to find maps to whose publication I had long looked forward, and in which I hoped to find the most perfect representation of the Lake district, not only so deficient in execution and clearness, but with errors and omissions which would render them useless if not hurtful to the traveller, who looks on his map as a guide-book, at least as regards the features of the country, and particularly in a district more frequented by tourists than any other part of England.

ANA.

HUMAN HORNS.—In the year 1830, the attention of the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris was directed to a couple of human horns which had been removed from a man's thigh, and from the posterior part of his leg. The former in every respect resembled a ram's horn. They had produced neither pain nor uneasiness, and the wounds made by their removal, being cauterised, healed speedily.

WALKING SKELETON.—A phenomenon thus entitled, and described as a man of thirty years of age, and sufficiently *enbonpoint*, flourished at Douai in 1830. He could at will contract his muscles and reduce his flesh so as to leave the bones protruding, and assume the appearance of a skeleton. He could take poison with impunity, and swallowed, with no perceptible ill effect, arsenic, sulphuric acid, corrosive sublimate, and *live coals*. Shall we any longer discredit the story of Portia, the wife of Cato? Like a Davenport brother of other days, he could at will free himself from every kind of chain and manacle. Thumb screws, handcuffs, and irons of all sorts were vainly applied by the most expert of the *gendarmérie*. The irrepressible bag o' bones was not to be subdued, and by one or two movements of which he alone knew the secret, he freed himself of a triple chain fastened round his body, and secured by screws. His name was Pierre Decure, and he gave himself out as a native of Africa.



CHRISTMAS.

WHEN snow lies deep upon the
ground,
And winter winds are blowing,
And on the hearth with crackling
blaze
The winter fires are glowing;
Then through the land a magic voice
A pleasant song is humming,
"Friends parted long shall meet ere
long,
For Christmas Day is coming."

The school-boy hears it at his task,
And his heart is lighter beating;
The plodding student lifts his head
And thinks of a happy meeting:
To old and young, to rich and poor,
The gentle voice is humming,
"Friends parted long shall meet ere
long,
For Christmas Day is coming."



Throughout the house a busy stir,
The cook in glory reigning,
The maids' soft dream of mistle-
toe
'Midst graver cares disdaining;
For, in her ears, the magic voice
Another song is humming,
"The Christmas pudding must be
made,
For Christmas Day is coming."

The dreaming poet hears the voice,
And it seems as bells were ringing,
And angel quires a Christmas song
To all mankind were singing;
And he echoes forth the note of
peace,
The voice to him is humming,
"God bless each friend, forgive each
foe,
For Christmas Day is coming."
JEAN BONCOUR.

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